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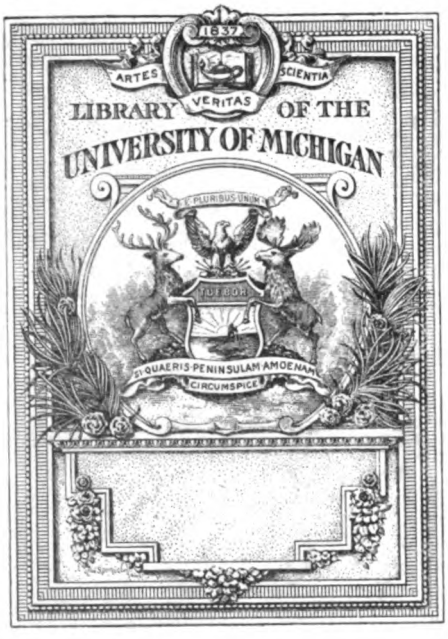
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JULY TO DECEMBER, 1904.

THE

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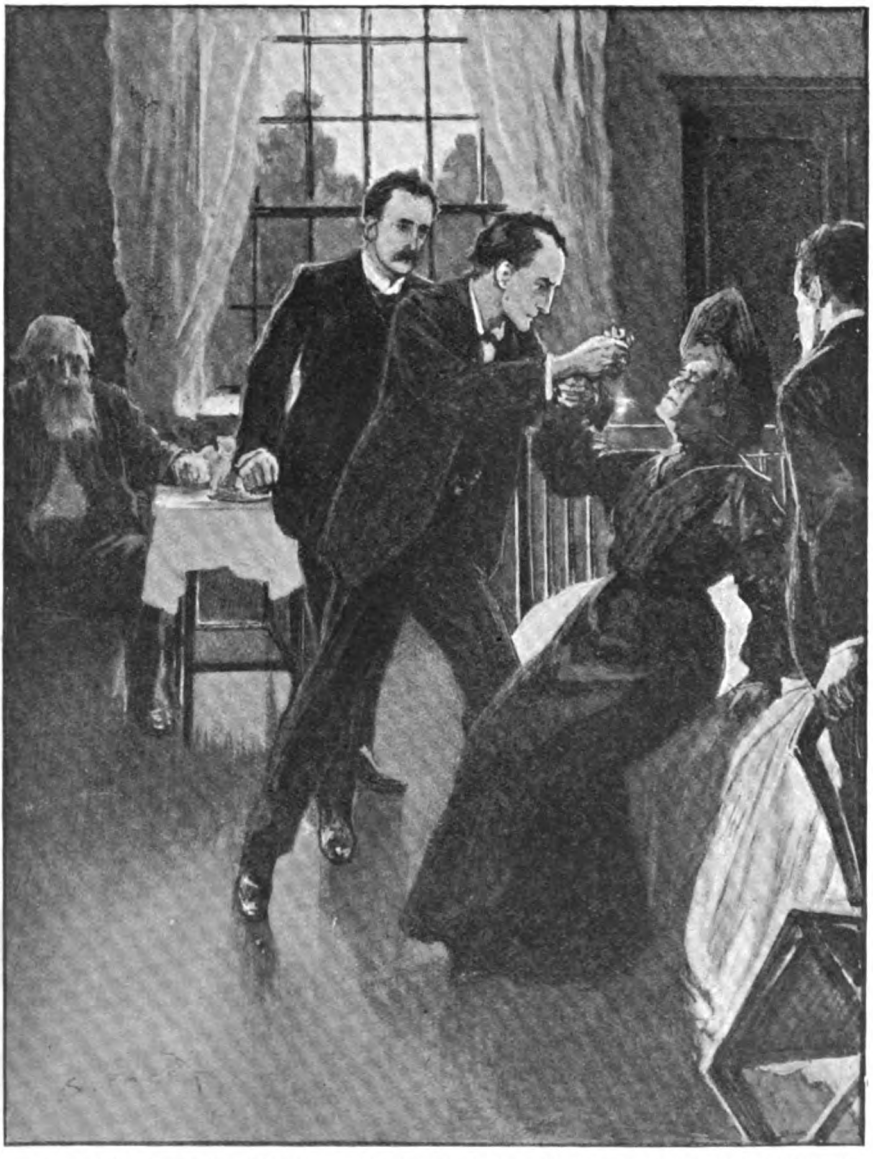

"HOLMES HAD BOUNDED ACROSS THE ROOM AND HAD WRENCHED A SMALL PHIAL FROM HER HAND."

(*See page* 16.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxviii. JULY, 1904. No. 163.

THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

X.—The Adventure of the Golden Pince-Nez.

WHEN I look at the three massive manuscript volumes which contain our work for the year 1894 I confess that it is very difficult for me, out of such a wealth of material, to select the cases which are most interesting in themselves and at the same time most conducive to a display of those peculiar powers for which my friend was famous. As I turn over the pages I see my notes upon the repulsive story of the red leech and the terrible death of Crosby the banker. Here also I find an account of the Addleton tragedy and the singular contents of the ancient British barrow. The famous Smith-Mortimer succession case comes also within this period, and so does the tracking and arrest of Huret, the Boulevard assassin—an exploit which won for Holmes an autograph letter of thanks from the French President and the Order of the Legion of Honour. Each of these would furnish a narrative, but on the whole I am of opinion that none of them unite so many singular points of interest as the episode of Yoxley Old Place, which includes not only the lamentable death of young Willoughby Smith, but also those subsequent developments which threw so curious a light upon the causes of the crime.

It was a wild, tempestuous night towards the close of November. Holmes and I sat together in silence all the evening, he engaged with a powerful lens deciphering the remains of the original inscription upon a palimpsest, I deep in a recent treatise upon surgery. Outside the wind howled down Baker Street, while the rain beat fiercely against the windows. It was strange there in the very depths of the town, with ten miles of man's handiwork on every side of us, to feel the iron grip of Nature, and to be conscious that to the huge elemental forces all London was no more than the molehills that dot the fields. I walked to the window and looked out on the deserted street. The occasional lamps gleamed on the expanse of muddy road and shining pavement. A single cab was splashing its way from the Oxford Street end.

"Well, Watson, it's as well we have not to turn out to-night," said Holmes, laying aside his lens and rolling up the palimpsest. "I've done enough for one sitting. It is trying work for the eyes. So far as I can make out it is nothing more exciting than an Abbey's accounts dating from the second half of the fifteenth century. Halloa! halloa! halloa! What's this?"

Amid the droning of the wind there had come the stamping of a horse's hoofs and the long grind of a wheel as it rasped against the kerb. The cab which I had seen had pulled up at our door.

"What can he want?" I ejaculated, as a man stepped out of it.

"Want! He wants us. And we, my poor Watson, want overcoats and cravats and goloshes, and every aid that man ever invented to fight the weather. Wait a bit, though! There's the cab off again! There's hope yet. He'd have kept it if he had wanted us to come. Run down, my dear fellow, and open the door, for all virtuous folk have been long in bed."

When the light of the hall lamp fell upon

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our midnight visitor I had no difficulty in recognising him. It was young Stanley Hopkins, a promising detective, in whose career Holmes had several times shown a very practical interest.

"Is he in?" he asked, eagerly.

"Come up, my dear sir," said Holmes's voice from above. "I hope you have no designs upon us on such a night as this."

The detective mounted the stairs, and our lamp gleamed upon his shining waterproof. I helped him out of it while Holmes knocked a blaze out of the logs in the grate.

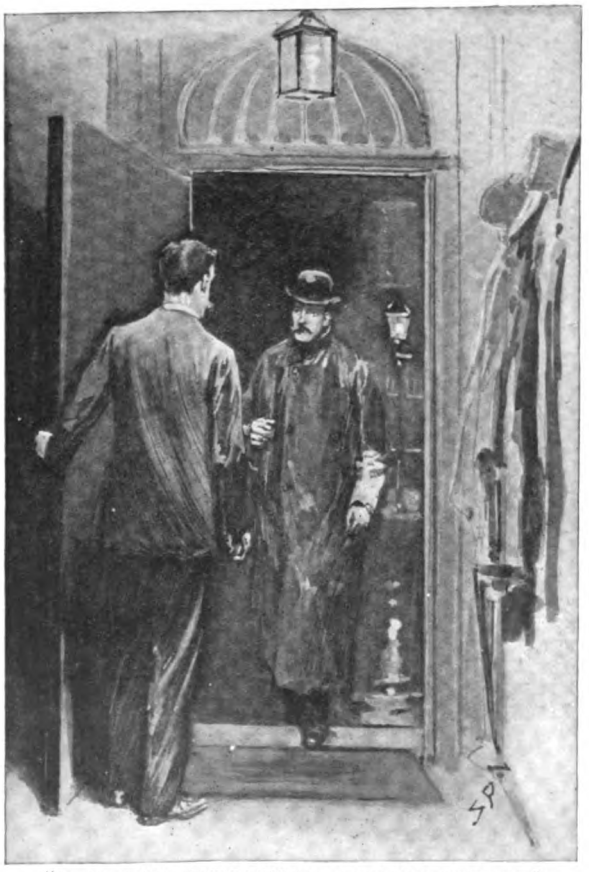
"Now, my dear Hopkins, draw up and warm your toes," said he. "Here's a cigar, and the doctor has a prescription containing hot water and a lemon which is good medicine on a night like this. It must be something important which has brought you out in such a gale."

"It is indeed, Mr. Holmes. I've had a bustling afternoon, I promise you. Did you see anything of the Yoxley case in the latest editions?"

"I've seen nothing later than the fifteenth century to-day."

"Well, it was only a paragraph, and all wrong at that, so you have not missed anything. I haven't let the grass grow under my feet. It's down in Kent, seven miles from Chatham and three from the railway line. I was wired for at three-fifteen, reached Yoxley Old Place at five, conducted my investigation, was back at Charing Cross by the last train, and straight to you by cab."

"Which means, I suppose, that you are not quite clear about your case?"



"IT WAS YOUNG STANLEY HOPKINS, A PROMISING DETECTIVE."

"It means that I can make neither head nor tail of it. So far as I can see it is just as tangled a business as ever I handled, and yet at first it seemed so simple that one couldn't go wrong. There's no motive, Mr. Holmes. That's what bothers me—I can't put my hand on a motive. Here's a man dead—there's no denying that—but, so far as I can see, no reason on earth why anyone should wish him harm."

Holmes lit his cigar and leaned back in his chair.

"Let us hear about it," said he.

"I've got my facts pretty clear," said Stanley Hopkins. "All I want now is to know what they all mean. The story, so far as I can make it out, is like this. Some years ago this country house, Yoxley Old Place, was taken by an elderly man, who gave the name of Professor Coram. He was an invalid, keeping his bed half the time, and the other half hobbling round the house with a stick or being pushed about the grounds by the gardener in a bath-chair. He was well liked by the few neighbours who called upon him, and he has the reputation down there of being a very learned man. His household used to consist of an elderly housekeeper, Mrs. Marker, and of a maid, Susan Tarlton. These have both been with him since his arrival, and they seem to be women of excellent character. The Professor is writing a learned book, and he found it necessary about a year ago to engage a secretary. The first two that he tried were not successes; but the third, Mr. Willoughby Smith, a very young man straight from the University,

seems to have been just what his employer wanted. His work consisted in writing all the morning to the Professor's dictation, and he usually spent the evening in hunting up references and passages which bore upon the next day's work. This Willoughby Smith has nothing against him either as a boy at Uppingham or as a young man at Cambridge. I have seen his testimonials, and from the first he was a decent, quiet, hardworking fellow, with no weak spot in him at all. And yet this is the lad who has met his death this morning in the Professor's study under circumstances which can point only to murder."

The wind howled and screamed at the windows. Holmes and I drew closer to the fire while the young inspector slowly and point by point developed his singular narrative.

"If you were to search all England," said he, "I don't suppose you could find a household more self-contained or free from outside influences. Whole weeks would pass and not one of them go past the garden gate. The Professor was buried in his work and existed for nothing else. Young Smith knew nobody in the neighbourhood, and lived very much as his employer did. The two women had nothing to take them from the house. Mortimer the gardener, who wheels the bath-chair, is an Army pensioner—an old Crimean man of excellent character. He does not live in the house, but in a three-roomed cottage at the other end of the garden. Those are the only people that you would find within the grounds of Yoxley Old Place. At the same time, the gate of the garden is a hundred yards from the main London to Chatham road. It opens with a latch, and there is nothing to prevent anyone from walking in.

"Now I will give you the evidence of Susan Tarlton, who is the only person who can say anything positive about the matter. It was in the forenoon, between eleven and twelve. She was engaged at the moment in hanging some curtains in the upstairs front bedroom. Professor Coram was still in bed, for when the weather is bad he seldom rises before midday. The housekeeper was busied with some work in the back of the house. Willoughby Smith had been in his bedroom, which he uses as a sitting-room; but the maid heard him at that moment pass along the passage and descend to the study immediately below her. She did not see him, but she says that she could not be mistaken in his quick, firm tread. She did not hear the study door close, but a minute or so later there was a dreadful cry in the room below. It was a wild, hoarse scream, so strange and unnatural that it might have come either from a man or a woman. At the same instant there was a heavy thud, which shook the old house, and then all was silence. The maid stood petrified for a moment, and then, recovering her courage, she ran downstairs. The study door was shut, and she opened it. Inside young Mr. Willoughby Smith was stretched upon the floor. At first she could see no injury, but as she tried to raise him she saw that blood was pouring from the underside of his neck. It was pierced by a very small but very deep wound, which had divided the carotid artery. The instrument with which the injury had been inflicted lay upon the carpet beside him. It was one of those small sealing-wax knives to be found on old-fashioned writing-tables, with an ivory handle and a stiff blade. It was part of the fittings of the Professor's own desk.

"At first the maid thought that young Smith was already dead, but on pouring some water from the carafe over his forehead he opened his eyes for an instant. 'The Professor,' he murmured—'it was she.' The maid is prepared to swear that those were the exact words. He tried desperately to say something else, and he held his right hand up in the air. Then he fell back dead.

"In the meantime the housekeeper had also arrived upon the scene, but she was just too late to catch the young man's dying words. Leaving Susan with the body, she hurried to the Professor's room. He was sitting up in bed horribly agitated, for he had heard enough to convince him that something terrible had occurred. Mrs. Marker is prepared to swear that the Professor was still in his night-clothes, and, indeed, it was impossible for him to dress without the help of Mortimer, whose orders were to come at twelve o'clock. The Professor declares that he heard the distant cry, but that he knows nothing more. He can give no explanation of the young man's last words, 'The Professor—it was she,' but imagines that they were the outcome of delirium. He believes that Willoughby Smith had not an enemy in the world, and can give no reason for the crime. His first action was to send Mortimer the gardener for the local police. A little later the chief constable sent for me. Nothing was moved before I got there, and strict orders were given that no one should walk upon the paths leading to the house. It was a splendid chance of putting

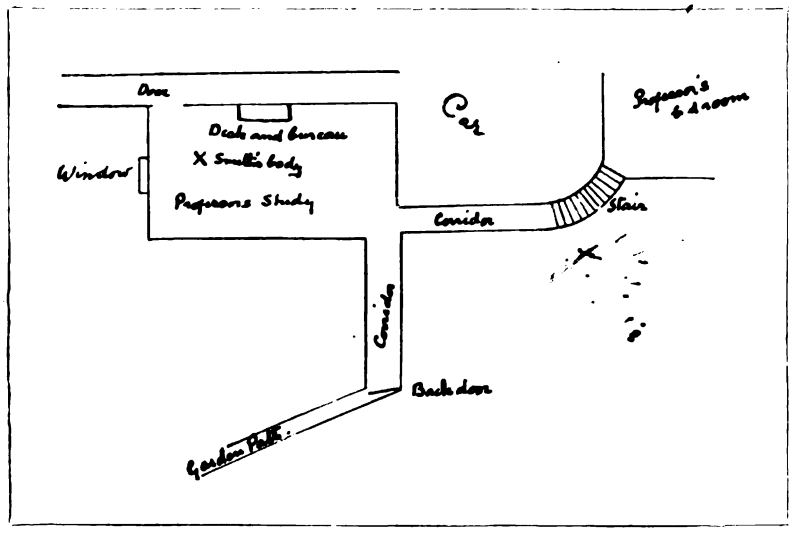
your theories into practice, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. There was really nothing wanting."

"Except Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said my companion, with a somewhat bitter smile. "Well, let us hear about it. What sort of job did you make of it?"

"I must ask you first, Mr. Holmes, to glance at this rough plan, which will give you a general idea of the position of the Professor's study and the various points of the case. It will help you in following my investigation."

He unfolded the rough chart, which I here reproduce, and he laid it across Holmes's knee. I rose, and, standing behind Holmes, I studied it over his shoulder.

"It is very rough, of course, and it only



deals with the points which seem to me to be essential. All the rest you will see later for yourself. Now, first of all, presuming that the assassin entered the house, how did he or she come in? Undoubtedly by the garden path and the back door, from which there is direct access to the study. Any other way would have been exceedingly complicated. The escape must have also been made along that line, for of the two other exits from the room one was blocked by Susan as she ran downstairs and the other leads straight to the Professor's bedroom. I therefore directed my attention at once to the garden path, which was saturated with recent rain and would certainly show any footmarks.

"My examination showed me that I was dealing with a cautious and expert criminal. No footmarks were to be found on the path. There could be no question, however, that someone had passed along the grass border which lines the path, and that he had done so in order to avoid leaving a track. I could not find anything in the nature of a distinct impression, but the grass was trodden down and someone had undoubtedly passed. It could only have been the murderer, since neither the gardener nor anyone else had been there that morning and the rain had only begun during the night."

"One moment," said Holmes. "Where does this path lead to?"

"To the road."

"How long is it?"

"A hundred yards or so."

"At the point where the path passes through the gate you could surely pick up the tracks?"

"Unfortunately, the path was tiled at that point."

"Well, on the road itself?"

"No; it was all trodden into mire."

"Tut-tut! Well, then, these tracks upon the grass, were they coming or going?"

"It was impossible to say. There was never any outline."

"A large foot or a small?"

"You could not distinguish."

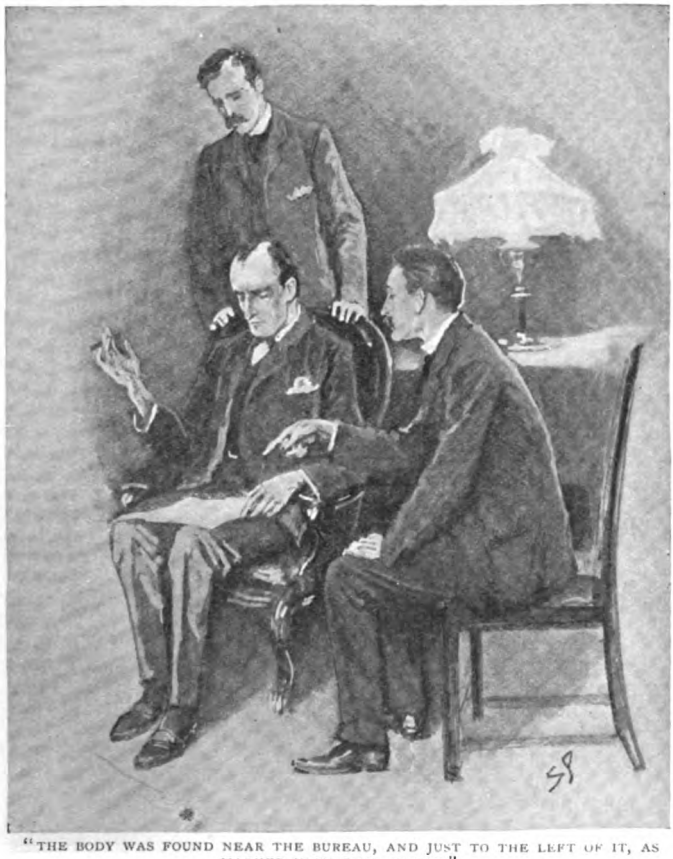
Holmes gave an ejaculation of impatience.

"It has been pouring rain and blowing a hurricane ever since," said he. "It will be harder to read now than that palimpsest. Well, well, it can't be helped. What did you do, Hopkins, after you had made certain that you had made certain of nothing?"

"I think I made certain of a good deal, Mr. Holmes. I knew that someone had entered the house cautiously from without. I next examined the corridor. It is lined with cocoanut matting and had taken no impression of any kind. This brought me into the study itself. It is a scantily-furnished room. The main article is a large writing-table with a fixed bureau. This bureau consists of a double column of drawers with

a central small cupboard between them. The drawers were open, the cupboard locked. The drawers, it seems, were always open, and nothing of value was kept in them. There were some papers of importance in the cupboard, but there were no signs that this had been tampered with, and the Professor assures me that nothing was missing. It is certain that no robbery has been committed.

"I come now to the body of the young man. It was found near the bureau, and just to the left of it, as marked upon that chart.



"THE BODY WAS FOUND NEAR THE BUREAU, AND JUST TO THE LEFT OF IT, AS MARKED UPON THAT CHART."

The stab was on the right side of the neck and from behind forwards, so that it is almost impossible that it could have been self-inflicted."

"Unless he fell upon the knife," said Holmes.

"Exactly. The idea crossed my mind. But we found the knife some feet away from the body, so that seems impossible. Then, of course, there are the man's own dying words. And, finally, there was this very important piece of evidence which was found clasped in the dead man's right hand."

From his pocket Stanley Hopkins drew a small paper packet. He unfolded it and disclosed a golden pince-nez, with two broken ends of black silk cord dangling from the end of it. "Willoughby Smith had excellent sight," he added. "There can be no question that this was snatched from the face or the person of the assassin."

Sherlock Holmes took the glasses into his hand and examined them with the utmost attention and interest. He held them on his nose, endeavoured to read through them, went to the window and stared up the street with them, looked at them most minutely in the full light of the lamp, and finally, with a chuckle, seated himself at the table and wrote a few lines upon a sheet of paper, which he tossed across to Stanley Hopkins.

"That's the best I can do for you," said he. "It may prove to be of some use."

The astonished detective read the note aloud. It ran as follows:—

"HE ENDEAVOURED TO READ THROUGH THEM."

"Wanted, a woman of good address, attired like a lady. She has a remarkably thick nose, with eyes which are set close upon either side of it. She has a puckered forehead, a peering expression, and probably rounded shoulders. There are indications that she has had recourse to an optician at least twice during the last few months. As her glasses are of remarkable strength and as opticians are not very numerous, there should be no difficulty in tracing her."

Holmes smiled at the astonishment of Hopkins, which must have been reflected upon my features.

"Surely my deductions are simplicity itself," said he. "It would be difficult to name any articles which afford a finer field for inference than a pair of glasses, especially so remarkable a pair as these. That they belong to a woman I infer from their delicacy, and also, of course, from the last words of the dying man. As to her being a person of refinement and well dressed, they are, as you perceive, handsomely mounted in solid gold, and it is inconceivable that anyone who wore such glasses could be slatternly in other respects. You will find that the clips are too wide for your nose, showing that the lady's nose was very broad at the base. This sort of nose is usually a short and coarse one, but there are a sufficient number of exceptions to prevent me from being dogmatic or from insisting upon this point in my description. My own face is a narrow one, and yet I find that I cannot get my eyes into the centre, or near the centre, of these glasses. Therefore the lady's eyes are set very near to the sides of the nose. You will perceive, Watson, that the glasses are concave and of unusual strength. A lady whose vision has been so extremely contracted all her life is sure to have the physical characteristics of such vision, which are seen in the forehead, the eyelids, and the shoulders."

"Yes," I said, "I can follow each of your arguments. I confess, however, that I am unable to understand how you arrive at the double visit to the optician."

Holmes took the glasses into his hand.

"You will perceive," he said, "that the clips are lined with tiny bands of cork to soften the pressure upon the nose. One of these is discoloured and worn to some slight extent, but the other is new. Evidently one has fallen off and been replaced. I should judge that the older of them has not been there more than a few months. They exactly correspond, so I gather that the lady went back to the same establishment for the second."

"By George, it's marvellous!" cried Hopkins, in an ecstasy of admiration. "To think that I had all that evidence in my hand and never knew it! I had intended, however, to go the round of the London opticians."

"Of course you would. Meanwhile, have you anything more to tell us about the case?"

"Nothing, Mr. Holmes. I think that you know as much as I do now—probably more. We have had inquiries made as to any stranger seen on the country roads or at the railway station. We have heard of none. What beats me is the utter want of all object in the crime. Not a ghost of a motive can anyone suggest."

"Ah! there I am not in a position to help you. But I suppose you want us to come out to-morrow?"

"If it is not asking too much, Mr. Holmes. There's a train from Charing Cross to Chatham at six in the morning, and we should be at Yoxley Old Place between eight and nine."

"Then we shall take it. Your case has certainly some features of great interest, and I shall be delighted to look into it. Well, it's nearly one, and we had best get a few hours' sleep. I dare say you can manage all right on the sofa in front of the fire. I'll light my spirit-lamp and give you a cup of coffee before we start."

The gale had blown itself out next day, but it was a bitter morning when we started upon our journey. We saw the cold winter sun rise over the dreary marshes of the Thames and the long, sullen reaches of the river, which I shall ever associate with our pursuit of the Andaman Islander in the earlier days of our career. After a long and weary journey we alighted at a small station some miles from Chatham. While a horse was being put into a trap at the local inn we snatched a hurried breakfast, and so we were all ready for business when we at last arrived at Yoxley Old Place. A constable met us at the garden gate.

"Well, Wilson, any news?"

"No, sir, nothing."

"No reports of any stranger seen?"

"No, sir. Down at the station they are certain that no stranger either came or went yesterday."

"Have you had inquiries made at inns and lodgings?"

"Yes, sir; there is no one that we cannot account for."

"Well, it's only a reasonable walk to Chatham. Anyone might stay there, or take a train without being observed. This is the garden path of which I spoke, Mr. Holmes. I'll pledge my word there was no mark on it yesterday."

"On which side were the marks on the grass?"

"This side, sir. This narrow margin of grass between the path and the flower-bed. I can't see the traces now, but they were clear to me then."

"Yes, yes; someone has passed along," said Holmes, stooping over the grass border. "Our lady must have picked her steps carefully, must she not, since on the one side she would leave a track on the path, and on the other an even clearer one on the soft bed."

"Yes, sir, she must have been a cool hand."

I saw an intent look pass over Holmes's face.

"You say that she must have come back this way?"

"Yes, sir; there is no other."

"On this strip of grass?"

"Certainly, Mr. Holmes."

"Hum! It was a very remarkable performance—very remarkable. Well, I think we have exhausted the path. Let us go farther. This garden door is usually kept open, I suppose? Then this visitor had nothing to do but to walk in. The idea of murder was not in her mind, or she would have provided herself with some sort of weapon, instead of having to pick this knife off the writing-table. She advanced along this corridor, leaving no traces upon the cocoanut matting. Then she found herself in this study. How long was she there? We have no means of judging."

"Not more than a few minutes, sir. I forgot to tell you that Mrs. Marker, the housekeeper, had been in there tidying not very long before—about a quarter of an hour, she says."

"Well, that gives us a limit. Our lady enters this room and what does she do? She goes over to the writing-table. What for? Not for anything in the drawers. If there had been anything worth her taking it would surely have been locked up. No; it was for something in that wooden bureau. Halloa! what is that scratch upon the face of it? Just hold a match, Watson. Why did you not tell me of this, Hopkins?"

The mark which he was examining began upon the brass work on the right-hand side of the keyhole, and extended for about four inches, where it had scratched the varnish from the surface.

"I noticed it, Mr. Holmes. But you'll always find scratches round a keyhole."

"This is recent, quite recent. See how the brass shines where it is cut. An old scratch would be the same colour as the surface. Look at it through my lens. There's the varnish, too, like earth on each side of a furrow. Is Mrs. Marker there?"

A sad-faced, elderly woman came into the room.

"Did you dust this bureau yesterday morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you notice this scratch?"

"DID YOU DUST THIS BUREAU YESTERDAY MORNING?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"I am sure you did not, for a duster would have swept away these shreds of varnish. Who has the key of this bureau?"

"The Professor keeps it on his watch-chain."

"Is it a simple key?"

"No, sir; it is a Chubb's key."

"Very good. Mrs. Marker, you can go. Now we are making a little progress. Our lady enters the room, advances to the bureau, and either opens it or tries to do so. While she is thus engaged young Willoughby Smith enters the room. In her hurry to withdraw the key she makes this scratch upon the door. He seizes her, and she, snatching up the nearest object, which happens to be this knife, strikes at him in order to make him let go his hold. The blow is a fatal one. He falls and she escapes, either with or without the object for which she has come. Is Susan the maid there? Could anyone have got away through that door after the time that you heard the cry, Susan?"

"No, sir; it is impossible. Before I got down the stair I'd have seen anyone in the passage. Besides, the door never opened, for I would have heard it."

"That settles this exit. Then no doubt the lady went out the way she came. I understand that this other passage leads only to the Professor's room. There is no exit that way?"

"No, sir."

"We shall go down it and make the acquaintance of the Professor. Halloa, Hopkins! this is very important, very important indeed. The Professor's corridor is also lined with cocoa-nut matting."

"Well, sir, what of that?"

"Don't you see any bearing upon the case? Well, well, I don't insist upon it. No doubt I am wrong. And yet it seems to me to be suggestive. Come with me and introduce me."

We passed down the passage, which was of the same length as that which led to the garden. At the end was a short flight of steps ending in a door. Our guide knocked, and then ushered us into the Professor's bedroom.

It was a very large chamber, lined with innumerable volumes, which had overflowed from the shelves and lay in piles in the corners, or were stacked all round at the base of the cases. The bed was in the centre of the room, and in it, propped up with pillows, was the owner of the house. I have seldom seen a more remarkable-looking person. It was a gaunt, aquiline face which was turned towards us, with piercing dark eyes, which lurked in deep hollows under overhung and tufted brows. His hair and beard were white, save that the latter was curiously stained with yellow around his mouth. A cigarette glowed amid the tangle of white hair, and the air of the room was

fetid with stale tobacco-smoke. As he held out his hand to Holmes I perceived that it also was stained yellow with nicotine.

"A smoker, Mr. Holmes?" said he, speaking well-chosen English with a curious little mincing accent. "Pray take a cigarette. And you, sir? I can recommend them, for I have them especially prepared by Ionides of Alexandria. He sends me a thousand at a time, and I grieve to say that I have to arrange for a fresh supply every fortnight. Bad, sir, very bad, but an old man has few pleasures. Tobacco and my work—that is all that is left to me."

Holmes had lit a cigarette, and was shooting little darting glances all over the room.

"Tobacco and my work, but now only tobacco," the old man exclaimed. "Alas! what a fatal interruption! Who could have foreseen such a terrible catastrophe? So estimable a young man! I assure you that after a few months' training he was an admirable assistant. What do you think of the matter, Mr. Holmes?"

"I have not yet made up my mind."

"I shall indeed be indebted to you if you can throw a light where all is so dark to us. To a poor bookworm and invalid like myself such a blow is paralyzing. I seem to have lost the faculty of thought. But you are a man of action—you are a man of affairs. It is part of the everyday routine of your life. You can preserve your balance in every emergency. We are fortunate indeed in having you at our side."

Holmes was pacing up and down one side of the room whilst the old Professor was talking. I observed that he was smoking with extraordinary rapidity. It was evident that he shared our host's liking for the fresh Alexandrian cigarettes.

"Yes, sir, it is a crushing blow," said the old man. "That is my *magnum opus*—the pile of papers on the side table yonder. It is my analysis of the documents found in the Coptic monasteries of Syria and Egypt, a work which will cut deep at the very foundations of revealed religion. With my enfeebled health I do not know whether I shall ever be able to complete it now that my assistant has been taken from me. Dear me, Mr. Holmes; why, you are even a quicker smoker than I am myself."

Holmes smiled.

"I am a connoisseur," said he, taking another cigarette from the box—his fourth—and lighting it from the stub of that which he had finished. "I will not trouble you with any lengthy cross-examination, Professor Coram, since I gather that you were in bed at the time of the crime and could know nothing about it. I would only ask this. What do you imagine that this poor fellow meant by his last words: 'The Professor—it was she'?"

The Professor shook his head.

"Susan is a country girl," said he, "and you know the incredible stupidity of that class. I fancy that the poor fellow murmured some incoherent delirious words, and that she twisted them into this meaningless message."

"I see. You have no explanation yourself of the tragedy?"

"Possibly an accident; possibly—I only breathe it among ourselves—a suicide. Young men have their hidden troubles—some affair of the heart, perhaps, which we have never known. It is a more probable supposition than murder."

"But the eye-glasses?"

"Ah! I am only a student—a man of dreams. I cannot explain the practical things of life. But still, we are aware, my friend, that love-gages may take strange shapes. By all means take another cigarette. It is a pleasure to see anyone appreciate them so. A fan, a glove, glasses—who knows what article may be carried as a token or treasured when a man puts an end to his life? This gentleman speaks of footsteps in the grass; but, after all, it is easy to be mistaken on such a point. As to the knife, it might well be thrown far from the unfortunate man as he fell. It is possible that I speak as a child, but to me it seems that Willoughby Smith has met his fate by his own hand."

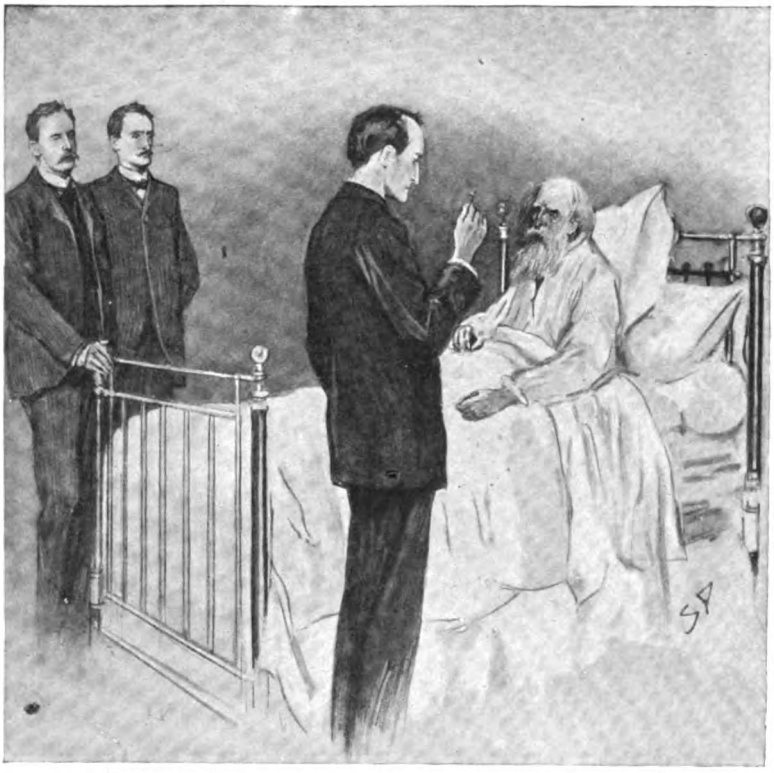
Holmes seemed struck by the theory thus put forward, and he continued to walk up and down for some time, lost in thought and consuming cigarette after cigarette.

"Tell me, Professor Coram," he said, at last, "what is in that cupboard in the bureau?"

"Nothing that would help a thief. Family papers, letters from my poor wife, diplomas of Universities which have done me honour. Here is the key. You can look for yourself."

Holmes picked up the key and looked at it for an instant; then he handed it back.

"No; I hardly think that it would help me," said he. "I should prefer to go quietly down to your garden and turn the whole matter over in my head. There is something to be said for the theory of suicide which you have put forward. We must apologize



"HOLMES PICKED UP THE KEY AND LOOKED AT IT FOR AN INSTANT."

for having intruded upon you, Professor Coram, and I promise that we won't disturb you until after lunch. At two o'clock we will come again and report to you anything which may have happened in the interval."

Holmes was curiously distrait, and we walked up and down the garden path for some time in silence.

"Have you a clue?" I asked, at last.

"It depends upon those cigarettes that I smoked," said he. "It is possible that I am utterly mistaken. The cigarettes will show me."

"My dear Holmes," I exclaimed, "how on earth——"

"Well, well, you may see for yourself. If not, there's no harm done. Of course, we always have the optician clue to fall back upon, but I take a short cut when I can get it. Ah, here is the good Mrs. Marker! Let us enjoy five minutes of instructive conversation with her."

I may have remarked before that Holmes had, when he liked, a peculiarly ingratiating way with women, and that he very readily established terms of confidence with them. In half the time which he had named he had captured the housekeeper's goodwill, and was chatting with her as if he had known her for years.

"Yes, Mr. Holmes, it is as you say, sir. He does smoke something terrible. All day and sometimes all night, sir. I've seen that room of a morning—well, sir, you'd have thought it was a London fog. Poor young Mr. Smith, he was a smoker also, but not as bad as the Professor. His health — well, I don't know that it's better nor worse for the smoking."

"Ah!" said Holmes, "but it kills the appetite."

"Well, I don't know about that, sir."

"I suppose the Professor eats hardly anything?"

"Well, he is variable. I'll say that for him."

"I'll wager he took no breakfast this morning, and won't face his lunch after all the cigarettes I saw him consume."

"Well, you're out there, sir, as it happens, for he ate a remarkable big breakfast this morning. I don't know when I've known him make a better one, and he's ordered a good dish of cutlets for his lunch. I'm surprised myself, for since I came into that room yesterday and saw young Mr. Smith lying there on the floor I couldn't bear to look at food. Well, it takes all sorts to make a world, and the Professor hasn't let it take his appetite away."

We loitered the morning away in the garden. Stanley Hopkins had gone down to the village to look into some rumours of a strange woman who had been seen by some children on the Chatham road the previous morning. As to my friend, all his usual energy seemed to have deserted him. I had never known him handle a case in such a

half-hearted fashion. Even the news brought back by Hopkins that he had found the children and that they had undoubtedly seen a woman exactly corresponding with Holmes's description, and wearing either spectacles or eye-glasses, failed to rouse any sign of keen interest. He was more attentive when Susan, who waited upon us at lunch, volunteered the information that she believed Mr. Smith had been out for a walk yesterday morning, and that he had only returned half an hour before the tragedy occurred. I could not myself see the bearing of this incident, but I clearly perceived that Holmes was weaving it into the general scheme which he had formed in his brain. Suddenly he sprang from his chair and glanced at his watch. "Two o'clock, gentlemen," said he. "We must go up and have it out with our friend the Professor."

The old man had just finished his lunch, and certainly his empty dish bore evidence to the good appetite with which his housekeeper had credited him. He was, indeed, a weird figure as he turned his white mane and his glowing eyes towards us. The eternal cigarette smouldered in his mouth. He had been dressed and was seated in an arm-chair by the fire.

"Well, Mr. Holmes, have you solved this mystery yet?" He shoved the large tin of cigarettes which stood on a table beside him towards my companion. Holmes stretched out his hand at the same moment, and between them they tipped the box over the edge. For a minute or two we were all on our knees retrieving stray cigarettes from impossible places. When we rose again I observed that Holmes's eyes were shining and his cheeks tinged with colour. Only at a crisis have I seen those battle-signals flying.

"Yes," said he, "I have solved it."

Stanley Hopkins and I stared in amazement. Something like a sneer quivered over the gaunt features of the old Professor.

"Indeed! In the garden?"

"No, here."

"Here! When?"

"This instant."

"You are surely joking, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. You compel me to tell you that this is too serious a matter to be treated in such a fashion."

"I have forged and tested every link of my chain, Professor Coram, and I am sure that it is sound. What your motives are or what exact part you play in this strange business I am not yet able to say. In a few minutes I shall probably hear it from your own lips. Meanwhile I will reconstruct what is past for your benefit, so that you may know the information which I still require.

"A lady yesterday entered your study. She came with the intention of possessing herself of certain documents which were in your bureau. She had a key of her own. I have had an opportunity of examining yours, and I do not find that slight discoloration which the scratch made upon the varnish would have produced. You were not an accessory, therefore, and she came, so far as I can read the evidence, without your knowledge to rob you."

The Professor blew a cloud from his lips. "This is most interesting and instructive," said he. "Have you no more to add? Surely, having traced this lady so far, you can also say what has become of her."

"I will endeavour to do so. In the first place she was seized by your secretary, and stabbed him in order to escape. This catastrophe I am inclined to regard as an unhappy accident, for I am convinced that the lady had no intention of inflicting so grievous an injury. An assassin does not come unarmed. Horrified by what she had done she rushed wildly away from the scene of the tragedy. Unfortunately for her she had lost her glasses in the scuffle, and as she was extremely short-sighted she was really helpless without them. She ran down a corridor, which she imagined to be that by which she had come—both were lined with cocoanut matting—and it was only when it was too late that she understood that she had taken the wrong passage and that her retreat was cut off behind her. What was she to do? She could not go back. She could not remain where she was. She must go on. She went on. She mounted a stair, pushed open a door, and found herself in your room."

The old man sat with his mouth open staring wildly at Holmes. Amazement and fear were stamped upon his expressive features. Now, with an effort, he shrugged his shoulders and burst into insincere laughter.

"All very fine, Mr. Holmes," said he. "But there is one little flaw in your splendid theory. I was myself in my room, and I never left it during the day."

"I am aware of that, Professor Coram."

"And you mean to say that I could lie upon that bed and not be aware that a woman had entered my room?"

"I never said so. You *were* aware of it. You spoke with her. You recognised her. You aided her to escape."

Again the Professor burst into high-keyed laughter. He had risen to his feet and his eyes glowed like embers.

"You are mad!" he cried. "You are talking insanely. I helped her to escape? Where is she now?"

"She is there," said Holmes, and he pointed to a high bookcase in the corner of the room.

I saw the old man throw up his arms, a terrible convulsion passed over his grim face, and he fell back in his chair. At the same instant the bookcase at which Holmes pointed swung round upon a hinge, and a woman rushed out into the room. "You are right!" she cried, in a strange foreign voice. "You are right! I am here."

"A WOMAN RUSHED OUT INTO THE ROOM."

She was brown with the dust and draped with the cobwebs which had come from the walls of her hiding-place. Her face, too, was streaked with grime, and at the best she could never have been handsome, for she had the exact physical characteristics which Holmes had divined, with, in addition, a long and obstinate chin. What with her natural blindness, and what with the change from dark to light, she stood as one dazed, blinking about her to see where and who we were. And yet, in spite of all these disadvantages, there was a certain nobility in the woman's bearing, a gallantry in the defiant chin and in the upraised head, which compelled something of respect and admiration. Stanley Hopkins had laid his hand upon her arm and claimed her as his prisoner, but she waved him aside gently, and yet with an overmastering dignity which compelled obedience. The old man lay back in his chair, with a twitching face, and stared at her with brooding eyes.

"Yes, sir, I am your prisoner," she said. "From where I stood I could hear everything, and I know that you have learned the truth. I confess it all. It was I who killed the young man. But you are right, you who say that it was an accident. I did not even know that it was a knife which I held in my hand, for in my despair I snatched anything from the table and struck at him to make him let me go. It is the truth that I tell."

"Madam," said Holmes, "I am sure that it is the truth. I fear that you are far from well."

She had turned a dreadful colour, the more ghastly under the dark dust-streaks upon her face. She seated herself on the side of the bed; then she resumed.

"I have only a little time here," she said, "but I would have you to know the whole truth. I am this man's wife. He is not an Englishman. He is a Russian. His name I will not tell."

For the first time the old man stirred. "God bless you, Anna!" he cried. "God bless you!"

She cast a look of the deepest disdain in his direction. "Why should you cling so hard to that wretched life of yours, Sergius?" said she. "It has done harm to many and good to none—not even to yourself. However, it is not for me to cause the frail thread to be snapped before God's time. I have enough already upon my soul since I crossed the threshold of this cursed house. But I must speak or I shall be too late.

"I have said, gentlemen, that I am this man's wife. He was fifty and I a foolish girl of twenty when we married. It was in a city of Russia, a University—I will not name the place."

"God bless you, Anna!" murmured the old man again.

"We were reformers—revolutionists—Nihilists, you understand. He and I and

many more. Then there came a time of trouble, a police officer was killed, many were arrested, evidence was wanted, and in order to save his own life and to earn a great reward my husband betrayed his own wife and his companions. Yes, we were all arrested upon his confession. Some of us found our way to the gallows and some to Siberia. I was among these last, but my term was not for life. My husband came to England with his ill-gotten gains, and has lived in quiet ever since, knowing well that if the Brotherhood knew where he was not a week would pass before justice would be done."

The old man reached out a trembling hand and helped himself to a cigarette. "I am in your hands, Anna," said he. "You were always good to me."

"I have not yet told you the height of his villainy," said she. "Among our comrades of the Order there was one who was the friend of my heart. He was noble, unselfish, loving — all that my husband was not. He hated violence. We were all guilty— if that is guilt — but he was not. He wrote for ever dissuading us from such a course. These letters would have saved him. So would my diary, in which from day to day I had entered both my feelings towards him and the view which each of us had taken. My husband found and kept both diary and letters. He hid them, and he tried hard to swear away the young man's life. In this he failed, but Alexis was sent a convict to Siberia, where now, at this moment, he works in a salt mine. Think of that, you villain, you villain; now, now, at this very moment, Alexis, a man whose name you are not worthy to speak, works and lives like a slave, and yet I have your life in my hands and I let you go."

"You were always a noble woman, Anna," said the old man, puffing at his cigarette.

She had risen, but she fell back again with a little cry of pain.

"I must finish," she said. "When my term was over I set myself to get the diary and letters which, if sent to the Russian Government, would procure my friend's release. I knew that my husband had come to England. After months of searching I discovered where he was. I knew that he still had the diary, for when I was in Siberia I had a letter from him once reproaching me and quoting some passages from its pages. Yet I was sure that with his revengeful nature he would never give it to me of his own free will. I must get it for myself. With this object I engaged an agent from a private detective firm, who entered my husband's house as secretary — it was your second secretary, Sergius, the one who left you so hurriedly. He found that papers were kept in the cupboard, and he got an impression of the key. He would not go farther. He furnished me with a plan of the house, and he told me that in the forenoon the study was always empty, as the secretary was employed up here. So at last I took my courage in both hands and I came down to

"'I AM IN YOUR HANDS, ANNA,' SAID HE."

get the papers for myself. I succeeded, but at what a cost!

"I had just taken the papers and was locking the cupboard when the young man seized me. I had seen him already that morning. He had met me in the road and I had asked him to tell me where Professor Coram lived, not knowing that he was in his employ."

"Exactly! exactly!" said Holmes. "The secretary came back and told his employer of the woman he had met. Then in his last breath he tried to send a message that it was she—the she whom he had just discussed with him."

"You must let me speak," said the woman, in an imperative voice, and her face contracted as if in pain. "When he had fallen I rushed from the room, chose the wrong door, and found myself in my husband's room. He spoke of giving me up. I showed him that if he did so his life was in my hands. If he gave me to the law I could give him to the Brotherhood. It was not that I wished to live for my own sake, but it was that I desired to accomplish my purpose. He knew that I would do what I said—that his own fate was involved in mine. For that reason and for no other he shielded me. He thrust me into that dark hiding-place, a relic of old days, known only to himself. He took his meals in his own room, and so was able to give me part of his food. It was agreed that when the police left the house I should slip away by night and come back no more. But in some way you have read our plans." She tore from the bosom of her dress a small packet. "These are my last words," said she; "here is the packet which will save Alexis. I confide it to your honour and to your love of justice. Take it! You will deliver it at the Russian Embassy. Now I have done my duty, and——"

"Stop her!" cried Holmes. He had bounded across the room and had wrenched a small phial from her hand.

"Too late!" she said, sinking back on the bed. "Too late! I took the poison before I left my hiding-place. My head swims! I am going! I charge you, sir, to remember the packet."

"A simple case, and yet in some ways an instructive one," Holmes remarked, as we travelled back to town. "It hinged from the outset upon the pince-nez. But for the fortunate chance of the dying man having seized these I am not sure that we could ever have reached our solution. It was clear to me from the strength of the glasses that the wearer must have been very blind and helpless when deprived of them. When you asked me to believe that she walked along a narrow strip of grass without once making a false step I remarked, as you may remember, that it was a noteworthy performance. In my mind I set it down as an impossible performance, save in the unlikely case that she had a second pair of glasses. I was forced, therefore, to seriously consider the hypothesis that she had remained within the house. On perceiving the similarity of the two corridors it became clear that she might very easily have made such a mistake, and in that case it was evident that she must have entered the Professor's room. I was keenly on the alert, therefore, for whatever would bear out this supposition, and I examined the room narrowly for anything in the shape of a hiding-place. The carpet seemed continuous and firmly nailed, so I dismissed the idea of a trap-door. There might well be a recess behind the books. As you are aware, such devices are common in old libraries. I observed that books were piled on the floor at all other points, but that one bookcase was left clear. This, then, might be the door. I could see no marks to guide me, but the carpet was of a dun colour, which lends itself very well to examination. I therefore smoked a great number of those excellent cigarettes, and I dropped the ash all over the space in front of the suspected bookcase. It was a simple trick, but exceedingly effective. I then went downstairs and I ascertained, in your presence, Watson, without your quite perceiving the drift of my remarks, that Professor Coram's consumption of food had increased—as one would expect when he is supplying a second person. We then ascended to the room again, when, by upsetting the cigarette-box, I obtained a very excellent view of the floor, and was able to see quite clearly, from the traces upon the cigarette ash, that the prisoner had, in our absence, come out from her retreat. Well, Hopkins, here we are at Charing Cross, and I congratulate you on having brought your case to a successful conclusion. You are going to head-quarters, no doubt. I think, Watson, you and I will drive together to the Russian Embassy."

The Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt.

CHAPTER IV.—AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

DURING a few years after the terrible and grievous war of 1870 I went from the Comédie Française to the Gymnase, to the Odéon, and then back again to the Comédie Française. My reputation had increased with a rapidity of which I had no idea, as I never read the newspapers in those days. My return to the Comédie Française had aroused public interest, but my first performances, which had been awaited anxiously, were indifferent. The following is an extract from the *Temps* of November 11th, 1872. It was written by Francisque Sarcey, with whom I was not then acquainted, but who was following my career with very great interest:—

SARAH BERNHARDT AS THE QUEEN IN "RUY BLAS."
From a Photo. by Charles Reutlinger, Paris.

"It was a very brilliant assembly, as this *début* had attracted all theatre-lovers. The fact is, beside the special merit of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, a crowd of stories, true or false, had been circulated about her, and all this had excited the curiosity of the Parisian public. Her appearance was a disappointment. She had, by her costume, exaggerated, in a most ostentatious way, a slenderness which is elegant under the veils and ample drapery of the Grecian and Roman heroines, but which is destitute of charm in modern dress. Then, too, either powder does not suit her or stage-fright had made her terribly pale. The effect of this long white face emerging from a long black sheath was certainly unpleasant"—(I looked like an ant)—"particularly as the eyes had lost their brilliancy and all that relieved the face were the sparkling white teeth. She went through the first three acts with a convulsive tremor, and we only recognised the Sarah of 'Ruy Blas' by two couplets which she gave in her enchanting voice with the most wonderful grace; but in all the more powerful passages she was a failure. I doubt whether Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt will ever find in her delicious voice those deep, thrilling notes expressive of paroxysms of violent passion which are capable of carrying away an audience. If only Nature had endowed her with this gift she would be a perfect artiste, and there are none such on the stage. Roused by the coldness of her public, Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt was entirely herself in the fifth act. This was certainly our Sarah once more, the Sarah of 'Ruy Blas,' whom we had admired so much at the Odéon," etc., etc.

As Sarcey said, I made a complete failure of my *début*. My excuse, however, was not the "stage-fright" to which he attributed it, but the terrible anxiety I felt on seeing my mother hurriedly leave her seat in the dress-circle five minutes after my appearance on the stage. I had glanced at her on entering, and had noticed her death-like pallor. When she went out I felt that she was about to have one of those attacks which endangered her life, so that my first act seemed to me as if it would never end. I uttered one word after another, stammering through my sentences haphazard, with only one idea in my head—a longing to know what had happened. Oh, the public cannot conceive of the tortures endured by the unfortunate comedians who are before them on the stage in flesh and blood, gesticulating and uttering phrases, while their hearts, torn with anguish, are with the beloved one who is suffering at home. As a rule, one can dismiss the worries and anxieties of every-day life, put off one's own personality for a few hours, and take on

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another and, forgetful of all else, enter, as it were, into another life. But when our dear ones are suffering that becomes impossible; anxiety then lays hold of us, attenuating the bright side, magnifying the dark, maddening the brain, which is living two lives at once, and tormenting the heart, which is beating as though it would burst. These were the sensations I experienced during that first act.

"Mamma! What has happened to mamma?" were my first words on leaving the stage. No one could tell me.

Croizette came up to me and said, "What's the matter? I hardly recognise you; you were not yourself at all when you were on the stage."

In a few words I told her what I had seen and all that I had felt. Frédéric Febvre sent at once to obtain news, and the doctor came hurrying to me.

"Your mother had a fainting fit, mademoiselle," he said, "but she has just been taken home."

"It was her heart, was it not?" I asked, looking at him.

"Yes," he replied; "madame's heart is in a very agitated state."

"Oh, I know how ill she is," I said; and not being able to control myself any longer, I burst into sobs. Croizette helped me back to my dressing-room. She was very kind; we had known each other from childhood, and were very fond of each other. Nothing ever estranged us, in spite of all the malicious gossip of envious people, and of all our little faults and vanities.

My dear Mme. Guérard ("*mon petit dame*") took a cab and hurried away to my mother to get news for me. I put on a little more powder, but the public, not knowing what was taking place, were annoyed with me, thinking I was guilty of some fresh caprice, and received me still more coldly than before. It was all the same to me; my thoughts were not with them. I went on, speaking Mlle. de Belle-Isle's words (a most stupid and tiresome *rôle*), but all the time I, Sarah, was waiting for news about my mother. I was watching for the return of "*mon petit dame.*"

"Open the door on the O.P. side just a little way," I had said to her, "and make a sign like this if mamma is better and like that if she is worse." But I had forgotten which of the signs was to stand for better, and when, at the end of the third act, I saw Mme. Guérard opening the door and nodding her head for "yes" I became quite idiotic.

It was in the big scene of the third act, when Mlle. de Belle-Isle reproaches the Duc de Richelieu (played by Bressant) with doing her such irreparable harm. The Duke

"WHEN I SAW MME. GUÉRARD OPENING THE DOOR AND NODDING HER HEAD FOR 'YES' I BECAME QUITE IDIOTIC."

replies, "Why did you not say that someone was listening, that someone was hidden?" I exclaimed, "It's Guérard bringing me news." The public had not time to perceive my blunder, for Bressant went on quickly, and so saved the situation.

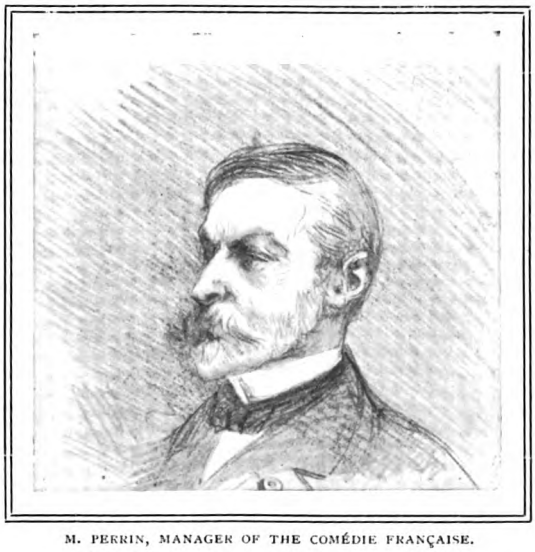
After a very tame recall I heard that my mother was better, but that she had had a very serious attack.

Poor mamma! She had thought me such

a fright when I made my appearance on the stage that her proud indifference had given way to grievous astonishment, and that, in its turn, to rage on hearing a lady seated near her say, in a jeering tone, "Why, she's like a grilled bone, this little Bernhardt!"

MLLE. SOPHIE CROIZETTE.

I was greatly relieved on receiving the news, and I played my last act with confidence. The great success of the evening, however, was Croizette's, who was charming as the Marquise de Prix. My success, nevertheless, was assured in the performances which followed, and it became so marked that I was accused of paying for applause. I laughed heartily at this, and never even contradicted the report, as I have a horror of useless words. I took such a position, in a very short time, at the Comédie that some of the artistes began to feel uneasy, and the management shared the anxiety. M. Perrin, the Director of the theatre, an extremely intelligent man, whom I have always remembered with great affection, was horribly masterful and overbearing. I was much the same, so that there was perpetual warfare between us. He wanted to impose his will on me, and I would not submit. He was always ready to laugh at my *boutades* when they were against the other actors, but he was furious when they were directed against himself. As for me, I will own that to get Perrin in a fury was one of my delights. He stammered when he tried to talk quickly—he who weighed every word on ordinary occasions; and his pale, distinguished-looking face became mottled with purple patches like the dregs of wine. His fury made him whip his hat off and on every minute, till his extremely smooth hair stood on end with the mad flourishing of his headgear. Although I had certainly arrived at the age of discretion, I delighted in my wicked mischievousness, which I always regretted afterwards, but which I was always ready to recommence; and even now, after all the days, weeks, months, and years that I have lived, it still gives me infinite pleasure to play anyone a trick.



M. PERRIN, MANAGER OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

All the same, life at the Comédie began to affect my nerves. I wanted to play Camille in "On Ne Badine Pas avec l'Amour." The *rôle* was given to Croizette. I wanted to play Célimène; that *rôle* was Croizette's also. Perrin was very partial to Croizette. He admired her, and, as she was very ambitious, she was most thoughtful and docile, which charmed the authoritative old man. She always obtained everything she wanted, and, as Sophie Croizette was frank and straightforward, she often said to me when I was grumbling: "Do as I do; be more yielding. You pass your time in rebelling; I appear to be doing everything that Perrin wants me to do, but in reality I make him do all I want him to. Try the same plan."

I accordingly screwed up my courage and went to see Perrin. "Ah, how do you do, Miss Rebel?" he said. "Are you calm to-day?"

"Yes, very calm," I replied. "But be amiable, and grant me what I am going to ask you."

I tried to be charming, and spoke in my prettiest way. He almost purred with satisfaction, and replied with the most witty speeches (this was no effort to him, for he was naturally witty), and we got on very well together for a quarter of an hour. I then made my petition:—

"Let me play Camille in 'On Ne Badine Pas avec l'Amour.'"

"That's impossible, my dear child," he replied; "Croizette is playing it."

AN INTERVIEW WITH M. PERRIN.

"Well, then, we'll both play it; we'll take it in turns."

"But Mlle. Croizette wouldn't like that."

"I've spoken to her about it and she would not mind."

"You ought not to have spoken to her about it."

"Why not?"

"Because the distribution of parts concerns the management and not the artistes."

He no longer purred—he only growled. As for me, I was in a fury. I dashed out of the room, banging the door after me.

All this preyed on my mind, however, and I used to cry all night. I then decided to take a studio and devote myself to sculpture. As I was not able to use my intelligence and my energy in creating *rôles* at the theatre as I wished, I gave myself up to another art, and began working at sculpture with frantic enthusiasm. I soon made great progress, and started on an enormous composition—"After the Storm." I was now indifferent to the theatre. Every morning at eight my horse was brought round and I went for a ride; at ten I was back in my studio, 11, Boulevard de Clichy. I was very delicate, and my health gave way from the double effort I was making. I suffered from hemorrhage of the lungs, and for hours together I would be unconscious. I never went to the Comédie except when my duties there obliged me. My friends were seriously concerned about me, and Perrin was informed of what was going on. Finally, urged on by the Press and the Department of Fine Arts, he decided to give me a *rôle* to create in Octave Feuillet's play, "Le Sphinx."

The principal *rôle* was given to Croizette, but, on hearing it read, I thought the part destined for me charming, and I resolved that it should also be the principal *rôle*. There would have to be two principal ones, that was all. The rehearsals went very smoothly at the start, but it quickly became evident that my *rôle* was more important

than had been imagined, and friction soon began.

Croizette herself got nervous and Perrin was annoyed; but all this had the effect of calming me. Octave Feuillet, a shrewd, charming man, extremely well bred though slightly sarcastic, thoroughly enjoyed the skirmishes that took place. War was doomed to break out, however, and the first hostilities came from Sophie Croizette.

I always wore in my bodice three or four roses, which were apt to open under the influence of the warmth, and some of the petals naturally fell. One day Sophie Croizette slipped down full length on the stage, and as she was tall and not slim she fell rather awkwardly, and got up again ungracefully. The stifled laughter of some of the subordinate persons present stung her to the quick, and turning to me she said: "It's your fault; your roses fall and make everyone slip down."

I began to laugh.

"Three petals of my roses have fallen," I replied, "and there they are, all three, by the arm-chair on the prompt side, and you fell on the O.P. side. It is not my fault, then; it is just your own awkwardness."

The discussion continued, and became rather heated on both sides. Two clans were formed, the "Croizettists" and the "Bernhardtists." War was declared, not between Sophie and me, but between our respective admirers and detractors. The rumour of these little quarrels spread in the world outside the theatre, and the public, too, began to form clans.

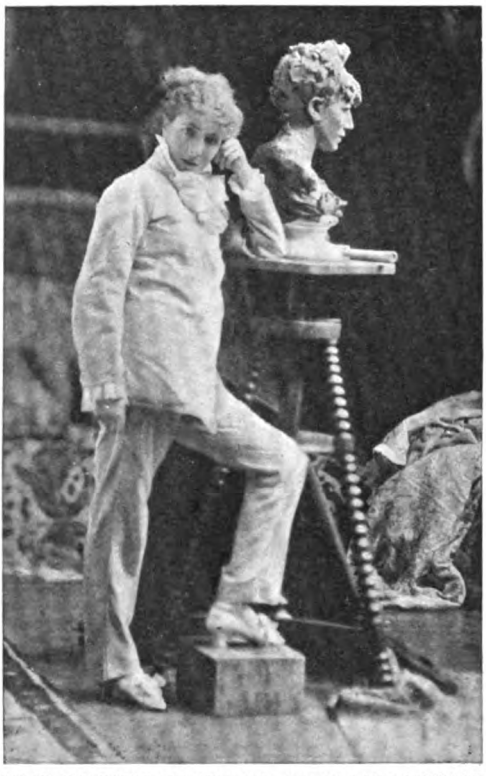
When once war was declared there was no drawing back from the strife.

The first, the most fierce, and the most definitive battle was fought over the moon.

We had begun the full-dress rehearsals. In the third act the scene was laid in a forest glade. In the middle of the stage was a huge rock upon which was Blanche (Croizette) kissing Savigny (Delaunay), who was supposed to be my husband. I (Berthe de Savigny) had to arrive by a little bridge over a stream of water. The glade was bathed in moonlight. Croizette had just played her part, and her kiss had been greeted with a burst of applause. This was rather daring in those days for the Comédie Française. But what have they not given there since then?

Suddenly a fresh burst of applause was heard. Amazement could be read on many faces, and Perrin stood up terrified. I was crossing the bridge, my pale face wild with grief, and the ball-wrap, which was intended to cover my shoulders, dragging along, just held by my limp fingers, while my arms were hanging down as though despair had deprived me of their use. I was bathed in the white light of the moon, and the effect, it seems,

A DISPUTE ABOUT THE MOON AT THE COMEDIE FRANÇAISE.



SARAH BERNHARDT AS A SCULPTOR—WORKING ON A PORTRAIT-BUST OF HERSELF.
From a Photo. by Melandri, Paris.

was deeply striking and impressive. Suddenly a nasal, aggressive voice cried out: "One moon effect is enough. Turn it off for Mlle. Bernhardt."

I sprang forward to the front of the stage. "Excuse me, M. Perrin," I exclaimed, "you have no right to take my moon away. The manuscript reads, '*Berthe advances, pale, convulsed with emotion, the rays of the moon falling on her.*' I am pale and I am convulsed. I must have my moon."

"It is impossible!" roared Perrin. "Mlle. Croizette's line, 'You love me, then,' and her kiss must have this moonlight. She is playing the Sphinx, which is the chief part in the play, and we must leave her the principal effect."

"Very well, then; give Croizette a brilliant moon and give me a less brilliant one. I don't mind that, but I must have my moon."

All the artistes and all the *employés* of the theatre put their heads in at all the doorways and openings, both on the stage and in the house itself. The "Croizettists" and the "Bernhardtists" began to comment on the discussion.

Octave Feuillet was appealed to, and he got up in his turn.

"I grant that Mlle. Croizette is very beautiful in her moon effect. Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt is ideal, too, with her ray of moonlight. I want the moon, therefore, for them both."

Perrin could not control his anger. There was a discussion between the author and the director, followed by others between the artistes, and between the doorkeeper and the journalists who were asking him questions. The rehearsal was interrupted; I declared that I would not play the part unless I had my moon. For the next two days I received no notice of another rehearsal, but through Croizette I heard that they were trying my *rôle* of Berthe privately. They had given it to a young woman whom we had nicknamed "The Crocodile," because she followed all the rehearsals just as that animal follows boats—she was always hoping to snatch up some *rôle* that might happen to be thrown overboard. Octave Feuillet refused to accept the change of artistes, and he came

"AFTER THE STORM"—BY SARAH BERNHARDT.
This work obtained Honourable Mention at the Salon, 1876.

himself to fetch me, accompanied by Delaunay, who had negotiated matters.

"It's all settled," he said, kissing my hands. "There will be moon for both of you."

The first night was a triumph both for Croizette and for me. The party strife between the two clans waxed hotter and hotter, and this added to our success and amused us both immensely, for Croizette was always a delightful friend and a loyal comrade. She worked for her own ends, but never against anyone else.

From this time forth, March, 1874, Perrin always had a grudge against me. I was made a life member (*sociétaire*) in 1875, but at the Comédie things were being made more and more unbearable for me. Perrin was offended with me, and I never played the *rôles* I wanted to play.

I was still working at my enormous group of sculpture, "After the Storm"; once I had flung it to the ground and had recommenced it. It was simply exhausting me. Dressed in boy's clothes,

SARAH BERNHARDT AS A PAINTER.
From a Photo. by Melandri, Paris.

FRONTISPIECE TO THE ALBUM OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE—BY SARAH BERNHARDT.

standing on a ladder from morning until night, and often from night until morning, I spent my time dabbling with clay. I had grown very fond of this group. I loved the old woman who was posing for my Breton grandmother, and the Italian *bambino* who posed for the dead child. When I was summoned to the Comédie to hear "Rome Vaincue" read, I refused the *rôle* of the young vestal virgin, Opimia, and asked for that of the old woman of seventy, Posthumia. I had in my own mind immediately associated the peasant woman weeping for her little son with the old Roman woman praying for pardon for her grandchild. I saw in the features I had carved the expression I should give to this old Roman woman. Perrin was at first nonplussed; he then gave way on account of the originality of my idea, but his taste for order, his love of "counterparts," made him anxious with regard to Mounet Sully. He was accustomed to see Mounet and me acting together. We were always the two victims, the hero and heroine, or the two lovers, and here I was setting aside this fancy for harmony by wanting to play the part of an old grandmother. But, thanks to the Providence who watches over bourgeois people, there happened to be

an old fool in Parodi's piece—a very old fool.

"Well, then," exclaimed Perrin, "that's perfect. Mounet can play old Vestapor"; and so equilibrium was restored.

This very ordinary piece had a huge success on the first night. I was decidedly winning over the crowd in spite of everything and everyone. It was "Hernani" that finally won the public to my side. I soon became its spoiled child. I was talked about on all occasions, and my extreme slenderness gave the pamphleteers a chance of making fun at my expense, which for me was a perpetual advertisement.

At the Salon my group obtained a mention, and, fairly intoxicated by my success, I wanted to begin painting. Upon this a regular hue and cry was raised against me. Why did I want to do anything else, since the stage was my career?

Perrin came to see me one day when I was very ill. He began to preach. "You are killing yourself, my dear child," he said. "Why do you go in for sculpture and painting? Is it to prove that you can do it?"

"Oh, no, no," I answered; "it is merely to create a necessity for staying here at home."

"I don't understand," said Perrin, listening very attentively.

"This is how it is. I have a wild desire to travel, to see something else, to breathe another air, and to see skies that are deeper than ours and trees that are larger—something different, in short. I have, therefore, had to create for myself some kind of task which will hold me to my chains. If I did not do this, I feel that my desire to see other things in the world would win the day and that I should do something foolish."

This conversation was destined to cause me a certain amount of prejudice some years later when the Comédie brought an action against me.

The Exhibition of 1878 put the finishing stroke to the state of exasperation that Perrin and some of the artistes of the theatre had conceived against me. They blamed me for everything—for my painting, my sculpture, and my ill-health. I had a terrible scene with Perrin, but it was the last one, for from that time forth we never spoke to each other again; a formal bow was the most that we exchanged.

SARAH BERNHARDT AS DONA SOL IN "HERNANI."—"IT WAS 'HERNANI' THAT FINALLY WON THE PUBLIC TO MY SIDE."
From a Photo. by Nadar, Paris.

The climax was reached over the question of my balloon ascension; I adored and I still adore balloons. Every day I went up in M. Giffard's captive balloon. This persistency had struck the *savant*, and he asked a mutual friend to introduce him.

"Oh, M. Giffard," I said, "how I should like to go up in a balloon that is not captive."

"Well, mademoiselle, you shall do so if you like," he replied, very kindly.

"When?" I asked.

"Any day you wish."

I should have liked to start immediately, but, as he pointed out, he would have to fit up the balloon, and it was a great responsibility for him to undertake. We therefore fixed upon the following Tuesday, just a week later. I asked M. Giffard to say nothing about it, as, if the newspapers should get hold of this piece of news, my terrified family would not allow me to go. M. Tissandier, who a little time after was doomed, poor fellow, to be killed in a balloon accident, promised to accompany me. Something

happened, however, to prevent his going with me, and it was young Godard who, the following week, accompanied me in the "Dona Sol," a beautiful orange-coloured balloon specially prepared for my expedition. Prince Jerome Napoleon ("Plon-Plon"), who was with me when Giffard was introduced, insisted on going with us. But he was heavy and rather clumsy, and I did not care much about his conversation, in spite of his marvellous wit, for he was spiteful, and rather delighted when he could get a chance to attack the Emperor Napoleon III., whom I liked very much.

We started alone, George Clairin, Godard, and I. The rumour of our journey had nevertheless spread, but too late for the Press to get hold of the news. I had been up in the air about five minutes when one of my friends, the Comte de M——, met Perrin on the Saint-Pères Bridge.

"I say," he began, "look up in the sky. There is your star shooting away."

Perrin gazed up and, pointing to the rising balloon, he asked, "Who is in it?"

"Sarah Bernhardt," replied my friend.

Perrin, it appears, turned purple, and, clinching his teeth, he murmured: "That's another of her freaks, but she shall pay for this one."

He hurried away without even saying good-bye to my young friend, who stood there stupefied at this unreasonable burst of anger.

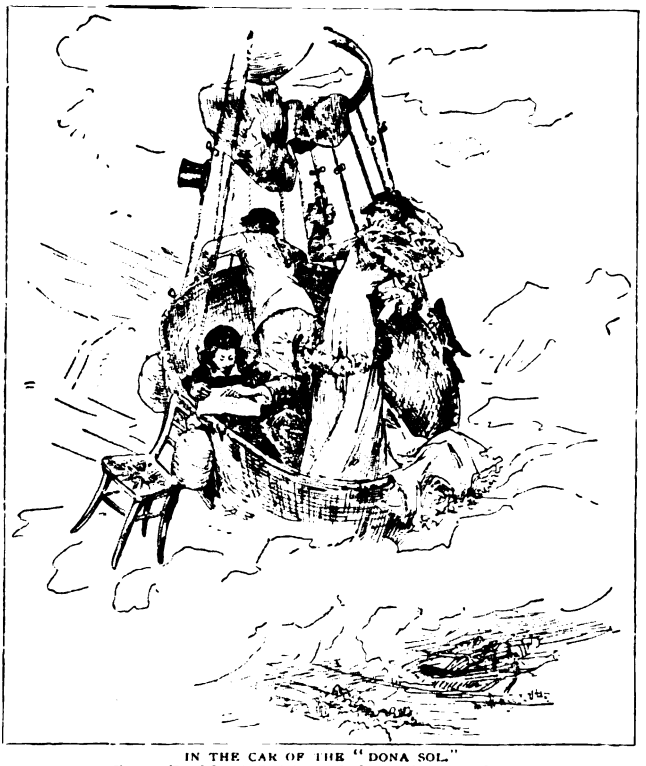
When I returned—rather late at night—from my expedition in the air my maid told me that the Comédie had sent twice to see if I were back.

"Has the play been changed?" I asked.

"No, I think not," replied my maid; "but it appears that M. Perrin is furious, and that they are all in a rage with you. Here is the letter that was left, so you will see."

I opened the envelope and read the note.

I was requested to be at the Comédie the following day at two o'clock. On arriving at the hour fixed I was received by Perrin with exaggerated politeness, mingled with severity. Then commenced a series of recriminations about my *boutades*, my caprices, my eccentricities, and he finished his speech by announcing that I had incurred a fine of one thousand francs for having gone on a journey without the permission of the administration.



IN THE CAR OF THE "DONA SOL."
From a Sketch by M. Clairin, made during the trip in the air.

I burst out laughing.

"The case of a balloon was never foreseen," I said, "and I vow that I will never pay my fine. I do as I like outside my theatrical work, and it's no concern of yours, my dear M. Perrin, so long as I do not fail in my engagements. Then, too, you bore me to death. I'll send in my resignation. Be happy!"

The following day I sent in my written resignation to M. Perrin, and a few hours after I was asked to call on M. Turquet, the Minister of Fine Arts. I declined to go, and a mutual friend was deputed to call on me. He assured me that M. Perrin had overstepped the limits of his authority, and that I had only to withdraw my resignation. This I did. But the situation was very strained and could not continue. It was the visit of the Comédie Française to London which caused the final rupture.

(To be continued.)

That "Dreffful" Sea-Cow.

By Louis Tracy.

"GOSH! That's a queer insec'."

"You bet!"

"'Pears to hev stirred up them niggers."

"Just a few!"

"Goin' ter see it?"

"Nit."

The gentleman who expressed his thoughts so laconically propped his sturdy form against the exterior of the saloon. He was broke to the world. Beyond his worn clothing his total assets were a revolver and a cake of tobacco.

His companion, a younger man, looked to be in equally desperate need. Their appearance betokened men who could act as either miners or cowboys. At present they belonged to the leisured class.

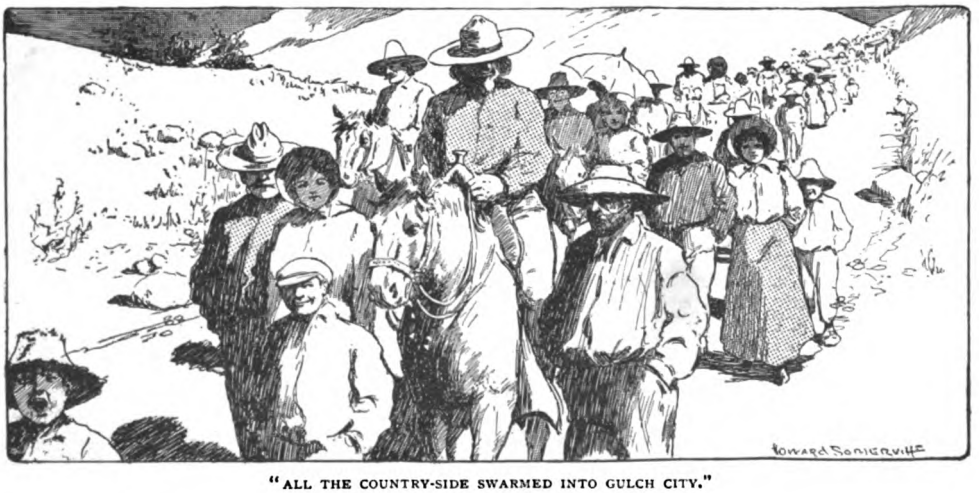
Across the dusty street stood the small local bank. A dismantled frame-house occupied the next location, and the enterprising "agent in advance" of a travelling circus had seized upon the spot as the best in all the town to exhibit his most effective poster.

This work of art was not a coloured lithograph, but a painting—a fearsome daub, sublime in its glaring monstrosity. From out a vividly blue sea a gigantic creature that might have roamed through antediluvian swamps was rushing with a ferocity indicated by blasts of fire from its nostrils. Its cavernous jaws had already crunched a huge canoe, from which negroes were falling in dozens. Many other wretched blacks were flying to the yellow shore with a frantic terror displayed by distended red lips and very white eyeballs. The animal had the horns of a cow, the mouth of a hippopotamus, and the bulk of a mammoth.

Comparatively speaking, it was sixty feet in length and twenty-five feet high, so it well deserved its name—"The Terrible Sea-Cow"—and no reasonable man or woman could pretend that a charge of "fifty cents; children half price" levied for the sight of such a beast was too high, especially when combined with manifold attractions in the shape of bareback riders, tumblers, jugglers, clowns, and all the oddments of the "World's Greatest Show."

No such pretence was made by the public. Family parties in buck-board waggons, men riding very small horses in very large saddles, laughing women and children trudging through the thick dust—all the country-side, in fact—swarmed into Gulch City that afternoon, and not a soul passed the picture of "The Terrible Sea-Cow" without comment. That their remarks were wholly ribald would not disturb the soul of the artist. The true message of his creation lay in the symbols "50 c," and herein he was successful.

The two individuals lounging on the opposite side-walk soon lost interest in the subject. The younger man gazed at the cheerful



"ALL THE COUNTRY-SIDE SWARMED INTO GULCH CITY."

passers-by with glazed eyes and a resentful frown. The other, the laconic one, covertly surveyed him, and cut off a plug of tobacco before he growled:—

"Wot's yer name?"

"Frank Perry."

"Well, mine's 'Sam.' Got the price of a wet?"

Perry grinned scornfully. Then, yielding to a sudden impulse, he produced a quarter—in English money a shilling.

"It's the last," he said. "What does it matter? Come on!"

They entered the saloon. They talked—Frank of hard times and no work; Sam of hard times only. Gradually the bustle in the street subsided. The afternoon performance had commenced. Frank ordered two more glasses of lager, and, with a fine air, placed his remaining five-cent piece on the counter.

"Give us as much bread an' meat as that will run to," he commanded.

The saloon-keeper smiled, but he procured a liberal supply of eatables. The two men carried glasses and plates to a small table near the window, which, like the doorway, was blocked by a screen of fine wire, intended to keep out flies and admit air.

Across the street the sheriff and the bank-manager were chatting, so the landlord thought it safe to leave the bar. He opened the door-screen and stood fanning himself on the step, with eyes lazily searching the road and ears alert for any movement inside.

Gulch City was a small place. It straggled through a valley that nestled among the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains.

The little town had been boomed, and survived the operation. The boomers vanished, but there came men who said: "Here are wood, and oil, and water. Up there in the hills are gold-mines. Let us erect cyanide mills, chlorination plants." And they did these things, so Gulch City throve.

A man came rapidly up the street on the saloon side of the road. His expression was preoccupied. Care sat heavily on his tired face. He was spare of figure, but tall and sinewy. He walked as if the Colorado sun were an iceberg.

"How do, Mr. Bryan?" said the saloon-keeper.

The wayfarer stopped in surprise. He had not noticed the landlord standing motionless in the doorway.

"First-rate, thank you," he answered, smiling pleasantly. "Indeed, I am so busy that I have no time to be ill, or even to feel this trying weather."

His accent marked him as an Englishman. The pair inside the saloon surveyed him through the window-blind with latent curiosity. Being in the street, he could not see them.

"Busy, eh?" repeated the saloon-keeper. "How's things goin'?"

"Capitally, I am glad to say. I am having a clean-up at the mill to-day. Within the next few hours I will be a wiser, but, I hope, not a sadder, man."

"Well, good luck to you, anyway," said the other, and Mr. Bryan strode on towards the station.

The sheriff and bank-manager had gone and there was not another soul in sight, so the landlord returned to the bar, for the distant blare of the circus band made him wish he was with his friends inside the big tent.

"Who was that?" questioned Perry.

"That, sir, is a man who deserves well of the community. He is a worthy pioneer of local enterprise. He——"

"Any chance of a job at his place?"

"No, sir. Leastways, not yet. He's just makin' a start. Took that broken-down fit-out left by the Bunkum Process Company. He only employs three hands. Shovels in the ore himself, and is his own ore-buyer, manager, chemist, and assayer. Gulch City is proud of such men as James Bryan, sir."

"H'm!" growled Sam.

There was no more food or drink available, so he abruptly went out. People who made long speeches tired him, and when he was tired he used monosyllables.

Frank Perry followed. They strolled aimlessly towards the circus. Neither spoke for some minutes. Then Sam grunted:—

"Havin' a clean-up, eh?"

Now, Perry's thoughts ran in the same groove, but he answered not.

"Gold brick to-night," went on Sam.

Still no reply.

"Wonder how many tons he crushed?" said Sam.

Then Perry halted suddenly. "Say," he exclaimed, "let's go an' locate that chap's mill."

Thus was the compact made. How it was kept is the unusual part of the story, for wherever there is gold there will always be thieves.

"Oh, mammie, mammie! I've seen such a dreffu! sea-cow!"

A little flaxen-haired girl ran into the Bryans' cottage on the banks of the Arkansas,

"'SAY,' HE EXCLAIMED, 'LET'S GO AN' LOCATE THAT CHAP'S MILL.'"

thereby driving a handsome fox-terrier into a frenzy of joy. She dashed her sun-bonnet aside and climbed into her mother's lap, her big blue eyes sparkling and her cheeks rosy with excitement.

A smile chased away the pensive look on Mrs. Bryan's face.

"Seen what, dear?"

"A sea-cow at the circus. The man asked teacher if we mightn't come. And teacher said we might, so we all went."

"That was very kind of him," said Mrs. Bryan. She was too perturbed in mind to guess the reason of this benignity on the part of the showman. When the performance started there were a few empty seats, and the children droning over their lessons in the neighbouring school would make splendid advertisers.

"Wasn't it, mammie, darling? We saw a boofful lady jumping froo a hoop, and the horse was going ever so fast. And the clown was so funny. But the sea-cow was horrid. It can eat people. I saw it eat lots of nigger mans."

"Maggie, my pet, what *are* you talking about?"

"Oh, it's quite, quite true. It's all in the picture. The man said the sea-cow he has is only a baby one. It hasn't growed yet. And he said that daddy and you would be sure and come to-night. Please say 'yes,' mammie—and—and—take me."

"Did he really invite daddy and me?"

"Well, he said that to all of us. *Do* take daddy. If I must go to bed I don't mind—very much."

The sweet childish voice was not so confident in making this supreme offer of self-abnegation. Yet the words went to the mother's heart. She looked through the open door to the far-off blue hills. From the summit of Pike's Peak came a glint of reflected sunlight. Outside, the yellow river dashed over its boulder-strewn bed with noisy melody. But she saw nor heard not. Her thoughts flew back along the vista of years to a day when she travelled on the steam tram from Swansea to the Mumbles and first met the clever young metallurgical chemist whom she married. What happy times were those first years! Why did they ever come to Colorado? Better a quiet life in the old land than pursuing the gilded phantom that led them to the far West.

To-day, for the first time, she acknowledged the bitterness of the struggle. She had not a coin in the house. Her husband paid his helpers that day with his last dollar bill. Truly they were at the parting of the ways, and it is not to be wondered at if the tears trembling in Mrs. Bryan's eyes finally welled forth.

Then the child wept for very fear.

"Oh, mammie," she wailed, "what is it? Am I a naughty little girl?"

"No, my sweet one. I am just a trifle weary of things. That is all."

"Then don't cry, mammie."

"No, dear, I will not. There now, you must have your tea."

She rose, and with an effort recovered her self-possession. Maggie, exercising the divine tact of childhood, dropped the subject of the circus for the moment, but her mother, smiling sadly at sight of the thoughtful little face, soon recurred to it.

"Daddy and I cannot go to the circus to-night, dear, because we have no money to

spare just now. In any case daddy could not go, as he will be at the mill until long after you are in bed and asleep."

"I'm so sorry," said the tiny maid, after a pause induced by bread and molasses. "I did so want to show him the sea-cow. And I've got plenty of money."

She solemnly produced two five-cent pieces from the pocket of her pinafore.

Maggie wondered why her mother snatched her up and kissed her, but matters that day were wholly beyond her comprehension. When, later in the evening, the lively notes of the music reached her ears, she puckered her brows in the vain effort to discover why daddy should remain in that ugly old mill when such thrilling events were taking place yonder in the big tent.

"MAGGIE WONDERED WHY HER MOTHER SNATCHED HER UP AND KISSED HER."

She sat by her mother's side in the veranda, after a delightful romp with Bobby, the fox-terrier. The evening was gratefully cool after the torrid heat, and Mrs. Bryan soon enlisted the child's wandering thoughts by telling her the tale of the Eleven Swans. The woman was calmer now. Happily, she did not understand the momentous issues depending upon the operation which detained her husband so late at the mill. He had not dared to tell her when they parted.

At last a bell tolled, with clear, emphatic clang. In these Western towns the citizens have revived the curfew. All children under sixteen must promptly leave the streets, or come under the notice of the marshal, the local policeman.

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Bryan, "it is high time that good little girls were in bed."

Maggie said her prayers and curled up in angelic repose, whilst Bobby disposed himself in an arm-chair at the foot of the bed. Soon afterwards her mother retired. She was exhausted in body and mind. The present was so dreary, the future so ominous, that she was not only tired, but depressed.

In the Bryans' house they had no dread of marauders. The wire netting that alone blocked doors and windows was deemed sufficient protection, for the cluster of houses in Gulch City could easily be watched by one man, and the Mexican thieves who dwelt in a village two miles away knew that the town marshal carried a revolver of large calibre.

The circus ended; the last buck-board rolled away over the dust-laden tracks; even the terrible sea-cow slept in peace, as the caravan did not travel to the next town until the following day.

A resplendent moon slowly climbed over the distant mountains, and Colorado became indeed a silver State. Steadily the Queen of Night rose and circled until her glorious radiance flooded Maggie's room and clothed the child in garments of a hue that cannot be painted. It was a time for elves and gnomes to disport, so what more natural than that the sea-cow should step down from the picture and pay a visit to the little one?

The monster was in frivolous mood. It gambolled so merrily that Maggie laughed and awoke, whereupon Bobby opened a sleepy eye. The child sat up in bed and looked at the moon. What a beautiful lamp it made, to be sure! Its light seemed to quicken her faculties. Fanciful visions chased each other through her excited brain. Was daddy home yet? No. A quiet peep into her mother's room decided this important question. What a pity that he should miss the one chance of his life! To-morrow the sea-cow would vanish utterly in the Somewhere behind the hills.

Then the man in the moon whispered a

plan, accompanying it with a plain wink. Daddy must soon leave the mill. He would pass close to the tent, and for ten cents the man would certainly give him one peep. If daddy only knew! It was not far to the mill. She had often gone there with him when it was not much lighter than now.

But what would mammie say? Well, she was asleep, and it could not be wrong to go to her father. Besides, Bobby would come with her, and Bobby could fight any nasty dog in Gulch City. Indeed, Bobby's peculiar readiness in this respect was a matter of common talk and some complaint. The reasoning was flawless. Maggie could fasten her own slippers. As for clothes, even her night-dress was too warm.

Bobby surveyed the ensuing preparations with manifest astonishment. He hopped out of his chair and stretched himself, yawning loudly the while. A cat mewed in a neighbouring garden and the yawn ended promptly, whilst a ridge of hair rose on his back. Oh, very well, Bobby! You must be tied! And tied he was, with a handkerchief slipped through his collar. Then Maggie, holding the dog with one hand and tightly grasping the two five-cent pieces in the other, walked downstairs, unfastened the front-door screen, and passed out into the street.

How quiet it was! She had never seen the town like this before. She was in no sense frightened; timidly elated rather, joyous in the knowledge that daddy would be so surprised and pleased.

The child and the dog sped unseen past the saloon and across the railway line. As it happened, the town marshal had extended his patrol to the bridge. The mere existence of a bag of money in the circus made it essential to keep a watchful eye on those Greasers.

Soon the pair were mounting the uneven path that led to the mill through a small ravine. There were rocks here, and bushes. Three hundred yards up the hillside stood the gaunt building where Mr. Bryan was at work, engaged in his laboratory at that very moment in the last task of all which should determine success or failure.

Maggie, almost breathless now, drew nearer. The dog strained at the handkerchief, for there were field-mice abroad. Suddenly he stood still and growled—none of your ordinary cat-yelps, but the snarl of genuine suspicion.

One of two men, crouching behind a rock, whispered: "What the deuce is this?"

The other muttered a single word, a word so absurdly inapplicable to the apparition that it need not be mentioned.

Bobby tore himself free and jumped forward with all the splendid valour of his race. The men involuntarily started up. Maggie, much relieved at seeing them—for children in the West have no terror of men—cried, shrilly:—

"Down, Bobby, down! What a naughty dog you are!"

Thus admonished, the dog retreated somewhat, still facing the strangers and breathing defiance.

"I'm sorry if you're frightened," she added, apologetically, for Maggie had nice manners.

Frightened! The idea would tickle a

"THE MEN INVOLUNTARILY STARTED UP."

mummy. The men advanced. They could not help themselves. Nothing so strange as this fairy child, with the moon shining full upon her wondrous tresses and white robe, had ever before been witnessed by them in Colorado at one o'clock in the morning.

Clearly some explanation was needed, and Maggie gave it.

"I'm going to daddy," she said.

"You don't say!" exclaimed Perry.

Sam was silent. His vocabulary could not deal with such situations.

Maggie looked at them. Their faces were unfamiliar, as well they might be. Both men had darkened their eyebrows and given themselves moustaches with coal-dust. Their features reminded her of the circus acrobats.

"Daddy hasn't seen the sea-cow," she went on, "so Bobby and me have come to tell him about it. Do you b'long to the circus?"

"We were fixin' up another sort of circus," said Frank, lamely.

Then Sam found his voice.

"Who's yer daddy?" he inquired, and the gentleness in his tone surprised even himself.

"I'm Mr. Bryan's little girl," replied the child. "And this is our dog, Bobby. Daddy is working late at the mill. And mammie cried 'cause we was poor, so I'm bringing daddy ten cents, and p'r'aps the man will show him the sea-cow. And please can I see your circus?"

As evidence of good faith she held out her chubby hand. The two men could see the bits of nickel in her palm.

Sam looked at the moon and silently consigned his eyes to perdition.

But Perry remembered another mother who cried, not because she was poor, but for other reasons. He spoke, merely in order to say something, though the words were metallic:—

"So you are Mr. Bryan's little girl, the man who is workin' at the mill there?"

"Yes; and please I'm going now. Good-night."

They puzzled her. The other man was so silent and queer. She did not repeat her request about the circus, but recaptured Bobby and resumed her interrupted journey, leaving the pair of would-be road agents motionless and amazed. Not a United States marshal in the land could have held them up more effectually. What their next move would have been no man can tell, they themselves least of all, had not a tiny white figure higher up the ravine stumbled and fallen, whilst a child's cry of distress came through the silent air.

"Heavens!" said Frank, and he ran forward.

Sam, hesitating an instant, followed. This time, oddly enough, Bobby was not resentful of their presence.

Poor Maggie was crying pitifully when Perry picked her up.

"Are you hurt, my dear?" he said.

"No, but I've lost my ten cents. And now daddy can't see the sea-cow."

Oh, dear, what trouble! She struggled out of his hands to resume her search. Then the compact ended. Frank Perry lifted her in his arms and soothed her:—

"Never mind, you little angel. I will carry you to your daddy an' tell him all about it. We will find the nickels in the mornin'."

"Here! Wot the——" growled Sam.

Perry turned. "There will be two of us, Sam," he said, quietly.

But Sam's answer was almost majestic. "I didn't mean that," he muttered. "Better let the kid go alone."

Frank shook his head and walked on. Again Sam followed. The child placed a trusting arm round Perry's neck. He tried to wipe the coal-dust from his eyebrows and lip.

"Why are you doing that?" she asked.

"I guess it's a warm night, dearie. Don't you feel hot, Sam?"

"Bless'd if I know." And, mark you, he said "bless'd."

Mr. Bryan's hands shook slightly when he took the ingots from the crucibles and placed them in the scale. By unheard-of exertion he had crushed one hundred tons of three-ounce ore in his ramshackle mill. Now, the price for treating ore is fixed by its value. If the method he had evolved, after infinite labour and much practical experience, did not show a higher percentage of extraction than that obtained by the big reduction works in the district he was a ruined man, for he could never hope to build up a business against their competition. The local percentage was eighty-five, as a good average. How much would his ingots weigh?

His face was white and set as he adjusted the weights. It was a trying moment, one of the few great ordeals of a man's life.

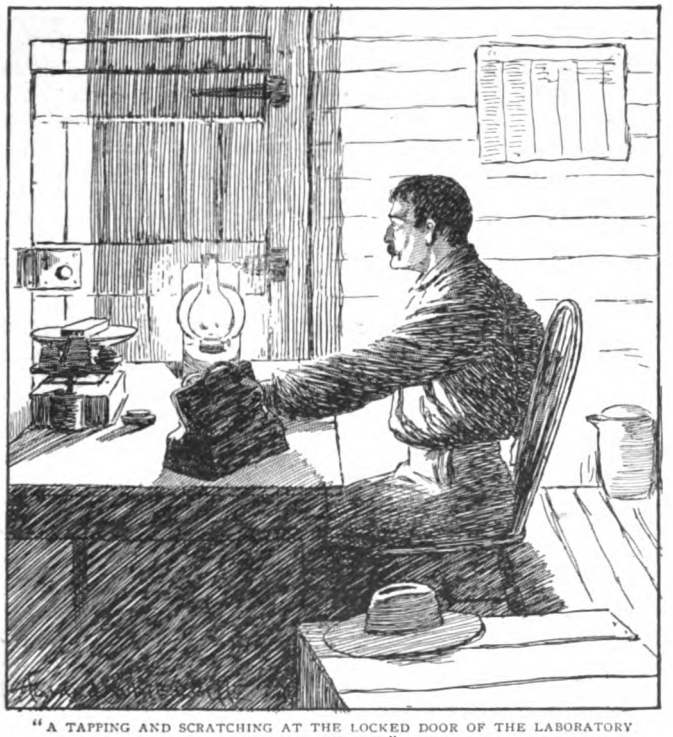
Two hundred and eighty-five ounces! Better by one hundred and twenty pounds than the best record of any mill in Colorado!

He mechanically tested the scales again to make sure that there was no mistake. Then

he bowed his head in humble thankfulness. He knew what his achievement signified, how Gulch City would burn with the news on reading the bank's certificate, and backers would come with ample capital to equip a magnificent plant for this new treatment. But those two loved ones in the cottage by the river! How the careworn look would vanish from the older Maggie's eyes! Their child might be a great heiress.

Well, God was good. This hour was worth living for.

A tapping and scratching at the locked door of the laboratory startled him. He was



"A TAPPING AND SCRATCHING AT THE LOCKED DOOR OF THE LABORATORY STARTLED HIM."

quite alone in the works. His men had left him early in the evening. Being an Englishman, he had never adopted the habit of carrying a revolver. Especially in Gulch City he did not think such a thing necessary.

"Daddy," cried a well-known voice "I've come."

He ran to the door and opened it. Bobby rushed in and barked a loud greeting. He liked these nocturnal adventures.

"It's me and Bobby and two gentlemans," explained the child as Perry lowered her from his arms so that her head should not strike the lintel.

"Maggie," cried her astounded father, "how on earth did you get here?"

"I guess she's dead stuck on you seein' the circus," said Perry, coolly. "We met her in the gulch an' took the liberty of bringin' her along because the little maid fell on the rocks."

"And I've lost my ten cents, which would have shown you the sea-cow," whimpered Maggie, for this great grief was still fresh upon her.

In a few eager words she repeated her tale. Meanwhile Bryan, with a deadly fear in his breast, was noting certain disquieting details in the appearance of his unknown visitors.

In the lamp-light they looked unpleasantly like the typical scoundrels described so frequently by the American Press. Sam had not even troubled to remove his coal-dust moustaches. His sinister aspect was awe-inspiring, and Perry did not look much better.

They were both gaping at the ingots. Great heavens! Did they intend to rob him, thereby adding disgrace to ruin? For out of the proceeds of the gold he had to pay for the ore, meet some heavy charges for railway freight, and other items. His brow might well grow clammy and his face become ashen.

"Daddy," said the child, instantly noting the change in his expression, "am I a naughty girl?"

He took her in his arms and kissed her passionately.

"No, my darling," he murmured. "I do not understand matters yet, but you have done nothing wrong."

"P'r'aps she has done some things right, mister," said Frank. Then he nodded towards the ingots. "Good extraction?" he asked.

"Ninety-five per cent."

"Gee whiz!" said Sam.

"That's first-rate," said Perry.

"Yes. If I get these ingots safely to the bank to-morrow I am a made man." Bryan's tone was subdued, but his lips quivered.

"Well, now," went on Perry, "it ain't 'xactly my business, Mr. Bryan; but don't it

strike you as tarnation foolishness to cart about stuff like that—you wouldn't leave it here, sure—at this hour, over a lonely road, an' not a soul to help if you was held up?"

"An' Greasers around!" put in Sam, severely.

"Yes," admitted Bryan. "I never thought of it. I was so wrapped up in my work."

"Don't do it no more, if you take my advice," said Perry, firmly. "If you're about through we'll see you home. Then you'll run no more risk."

"We're heeled," said Sam, tapping his hip pocket.

Frank shot an angry glance at him. Mr. Bryan placed Maggie on the table until he had packed the ingots into a small bag.

Then he lifted her to his left shoulder and took the bag in his right hand. He was completely in the power of these two men if they meant mischief, so he made the best of a bad business.

"Would you mind extinguishing the lamp and locking the door?" he said.

"You've got too much to carry," exclaimed Perry. "Give me the little girl."

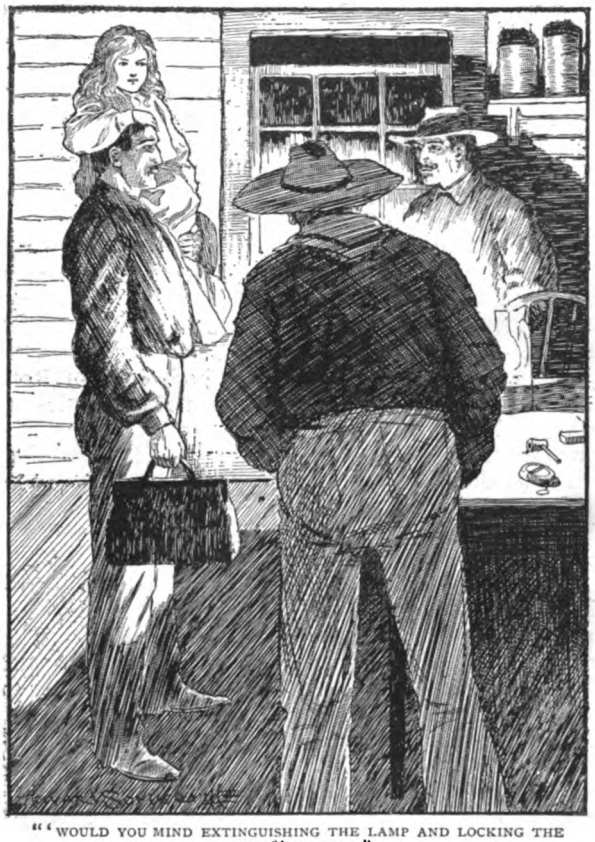
Bryan smiled wistfully. "She is dearer to me than the gold," he answered. "Take the bag."

He was so agitated that he did not see how the other man blushed beneath the dirt and sun-tan. In such wise they passed down the gulch into the town, and met a frenzied woman flying towards them, pursued by an excited policeman.

Somehow Mrs. Bryan had discovered Maggie's absence. The town marshal was so gratified by the harmless explanation of an unparalleled episode in Gulch City that he took little notice of Perry and Sam, nor did they court his scrutiny.

The procession re-formed, with Bobby in the van. Thus they all reached the house. The two strangers were at once invited to remain for supper or breakfast, but Sam made an unheard-of stipulation. He wanted to wash first.

Mrs. Bryan, too fluttered to properly appreciate her husband's success, hurried Maggie off to bed, with Bobby in attendance, and Perry seized the opportunity.



"'WOULD YOU MIND EXTINGUISHING THE LAMP AND LOCKING THE DOOR?' HE SAID."

"Say," he explained, confidentially. "Me an' my pard are hard up. Kin you give us a job in your works? You'll want more hands now."

"Most certainly. Come, both of you, to-morrow."

"Well, now, that's real good of you," said Frank.

"But tell me," went on Mr. Bryan, after a pause. "How was it that you fell in with my little girl? I must confess, to my shame, that I was greatly startled when I first saw you — and your friend."

"It's a long story, Mr. Bryan, an' it's hard to say what might hev happened. But the Lord sent that little maid to your mill to-night, an' she kinder fascinated my pard an' me with her fairy-tale of a circus."

"An' a sea-cow!" put in Sam, polishing his face with a roller towel in the kitchen. "By Gosh! she axed if we was frightened. I never did!"

Off the Track in London.

By George R. Sims.

IV.—"DOWN TOWN" IN ROTHERHITHE.

"DOWN TOWN" is the name given by the inhabitants to a district which, in his novel "The Captain's Room," Sir Walter Besant declared was as much forgotten and as little known as any of the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee.

It is a fine spring morning as I and my colleague come up from the depths of the earth and find ourselves in Deptford Lower Road. We might have left the train at Rotherhithe Station, which was once the mouth of the Thames Tunnel, but we should have missed the strange highway that leads from the outer world to the inner and hidden away world which is so far off the track that the regular inhabitants know little of any other portion of London. They have lived there—the same families—for generations, intermarried, and seen little change around them save that bit by bit the river, which is opposite their front doors, has been hidden from their view by the walls of dock and wharf.

Starting from Deptford Lower Road, through a busy thoroughfare of which the distinguishing note is a small forest of blue shirts swinging in the breeze from long poles outside the clothiers' shops, we turn off towards the Thames and make our way by gardens whose green glory has vanished and vast yards piled high with timber, till suddenly we come to a bridge that spans a portion of the Surrey Commercial Docks.

Stepping aside for a moment on to the little quay, we catch the fresh breezes blowing in from the broad, sparkling river. We see the tugs going and coming, and get the first full whiff of rope and tar—that healthy odour of ship and sea that is always sweet in the nostrils of the true-born Englishman.

One tug has a big white board against its funnel, and on it is an inscription which is puzzling to the landsman. According to the notice-board this tug is a "Post Office Savings Bank and Money Order Office."

Curious to know how this latest development of the postal system is worked, I make inquiries, and find that the board is treasure-trove. It has been picked up floating in the river, and the captain of the tug has put it up against his funnel for purely ornamental purposes.

Soon after leaving the bridge across the docks we enter a long, narrow, winding way, which is practically a fence of high palings, with here and there a quaint dwelling-house or an old inn on one side of the strange thoroughfare, and at intervals a break in the fence leading to the water's edge and labelled "Right of Way." For the next mile or two as we make our way "Down Town" we shall find this notice again and again.

There is not much "way" in some of the labelled places. Many of them have gates closed and apparently locked, but it is important to the inhabitants that some of the ancient accesses to the river should be preserved. The first necessity of a population which gets its living mainly by the river is that they should be able to get to it. We shall appreciate the importance of these rights of way more fully when we know that there are frequently times when Rotherhithe proper is cut off from the rest of the world for ten or fifteen minutes. When the bridges are up at both ends of Rotherhithe Street the inhabitants are practically prisoners.

"Ships that Pass in the Night" is a romance we have all delighted in. "Ships that pass in the day" are realities that the natives of Rotherhithe occasionally regard with mixed feelings.

You come into Rotherhithe suddenly, after winding in and out between the long line of high palings, over a footway which is earth and gravel and tar and broken shells. You don't meet many people on your road. Occasionally you come upon a couple of children, a boy and a girl, ragged and muddy and ill-shod. They have sacks dirtier than themselves over their shoulders. The sacks are full of wood, perhaps pieces of coal—anything and everything that the little ones have been able to lay their hands upon in the way of waterside pickings.

You think you are going to walk along this country roadway between high palings for ever, when suddenly you emerge into freedom. The palings have vanished—a step or two and you are in Rotherhithe Street, the most extraordinary street in the whole of London.

It is a long, narrow, dirty thoroughfare, yet from one end to the other it is full of the romance of land and sea. As the Old World note is dominant on one side of it, so is the

New World note on the other. We are in old "Redriff," whence Lemuel Gulliver started on his travels, and presently we shall find that the boats of the watermen who still ply for hire from this "haven" have "Redriff" painted on them as their "port of origin." I believe that in all the watermen's licenses Rotherhithe is still described by its ancient name.

Rotherhithe Street follows the bend of the river for three and a half miles. On the landward side are quaint, old-world houses, ancient inns, shops, and dilapidated little dwelling-places, with ships and "things of the sea" in the sitting-room windows. There are public-houses with strange signs above them, and there are public-houses which have taken down their signs and closed their doors and are empty and desolate.

A SCENE IN ROTHERHITHE STREET.

We shall pass to the back of Rotherhithe Street before we get on to the track again, and then all the modern meanness will vanish and we shall see the romance of a day that has passed. But back and front one thing will strike us with astonishment. While in both the scene will be dominated by the shipping, we shall not see the river. That is wharfed and docked and warehoused from view. But everywhere we shall see the ships.

Over the roofs of the houses we shall see the masts of the great vessels that pass. Across a narrow street here and there the bowsprit of a big ship will project. In some instances it will stretch so far across the roadway that the people in the houses opposite could swing themselves from their second-floor windows on to the bows.

The houses in Rotherhithe Street run from No. 1 to No. 684, and there is not one of them before which, if you give reins to your imagination, you cannot linger and be interested.

But I have brought my colleague to take sketches, and we must wander "Down Town" in Rotherhithe with some method in our meandering.

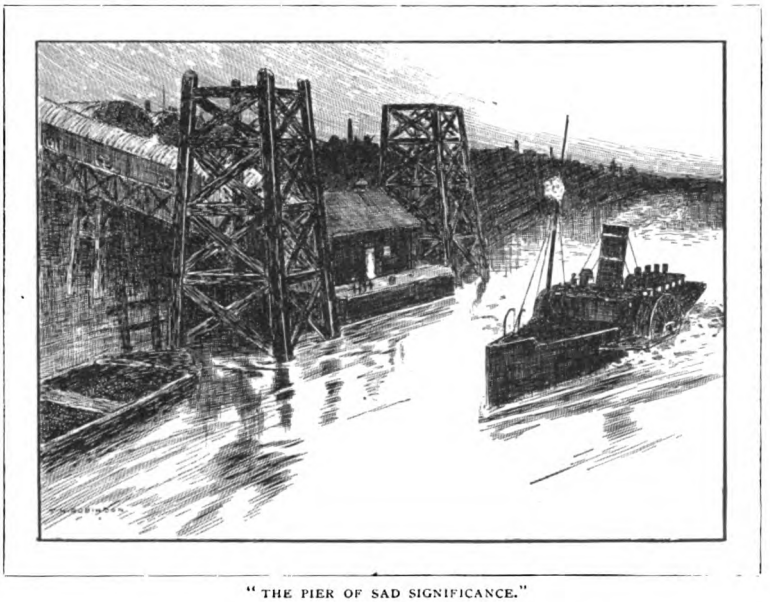
Soon after entering the street, which, if you are tired, will seem interminable, you find the foreign note. You have passed a Norwegian church, "The Kirko," on your way. You have seen a foreign-looking building, with a legend upon it in a foreign language, and directly you come to the street you find a foreign sailors' lodging-house, a quiet seamen's reading-room and rest, and you see Scandinavian and Dutch names over many of the little shops. But you do not see so many foreign sailors now. They came and made a colony in Rotherhithe in the days of the sailing-ships. Now when the foreign sailors come they go farther afield. They do not cling to the old spot like the natives. But now and again you may see the fair-haired, blue-eyed Scandinavians loitering in the street. In the little public-houses they know them well, and they can anticipate their orders at the bar. The Scandinavian refreshing in Rotherhithe enters the house quietly and calls for two drinks—a glass of neat whisky and a glass of beer. He swallows the whisky, washes it down with the beer, nods to the landlord, and goes out.

A little way down the street you come to a row of neat-looking houses. The end house goes round the corner and has old-fashioned bow windows and a pretty garden, with a vine growing against the back wall. This is the house and the garden that Besant dealt with so picturesquely in "The Captain's Room." Right opposite to it is a big brick building

of the barrack order behind a high protecting wall. On the wide wooden gates that lead to this building we read "The M.A.B. Wharf," and we wonder what the Metropolitan Asylums Board can want with a wharf in Rotherhithe Street.

Presently we hear a shrill whistle. We look up the street and see an ambulance carriage; the driver has a whistle in his mouth.

The signal is answered, the gates of the M. A. B. wharf fly open, the ambulance drives in, and the gates close instantly behind it.



"THE PIER OF SAD SIGNIFICANCE."

A smallpox patient has been driven to the building on the wharf. The patient may not be kept there long. From the wharf stretches a long pier, at the pierhead is a steamer with a large red cross upon its paddle-box. This vessel is lying with steam up, ready directly the patient has been placed on board to make its way down the river, and transfer its stricken passenger to the hospital ship lying in Long Reach, Dartford.

The smallpox wharf is vigilantly guarded. No curious stranger, be he author or artist, can pass those gates, and the rule is a wise one, and necessary for the public safety. But the scene is a strange one, and so much off the track that we feel we cannot let those swinging gates hide everything from us.

So, by the courtesy of the management, we get through a wharf on Cuckold's Point, and there survey the scene of embarkation, the long covered way to the pier, the red lamps, and the Red Cross steamer. Then my colleague, securing the services of a boatman, is rowed out into the river and makes the accompanying sketch of the pier of sad significance.

A little way farther along Rotherhithe Street is a nunnery, and in the garden at the back is a chapel. Fair gardens most of the mean-looking little houses had in the old days, and many of them still remain, though sadly deteriorated. In one garden there still grows a great mulberry tree, and each season it yields gallons of glorious fruit.

Let us turn down a passage and see what Rotherhithe Street looks like from the back.

The change is remarkable. There are big gardens with the remains of rural picturesqueness. There are boys aperch in trees that once were green and shady, there are ancient boats cut in half and stood on end as summer-houses.

Time and neglect have destroyed the gardens, but not the quaint outline of the buildings. The sketch taken from St. Paul's Churchyard—a playground for the little Red-riffians—shows the picturesque note in the architecture. And high above the roofs tower the sails of a three-master.

Rotherhithe has its orchard still, but the word no longer implies fruit. Yet not so long ago the rhubarb gardens of Rotherhithe were famous and flowers grew in abundance. Even now it is but a step from the wharf and the warehouse, the loading and unloading of waggons, and the dock labourers lounging against the long, blank wall to the green spaces and rustic houses hidden away behind the long, never-ending street. In Adam's Gardens, which is reached through a dingy street and a narrow entry, you come upon a broad courtyard with houses absolutely Dutch in their spruceness and cleanliness. Here

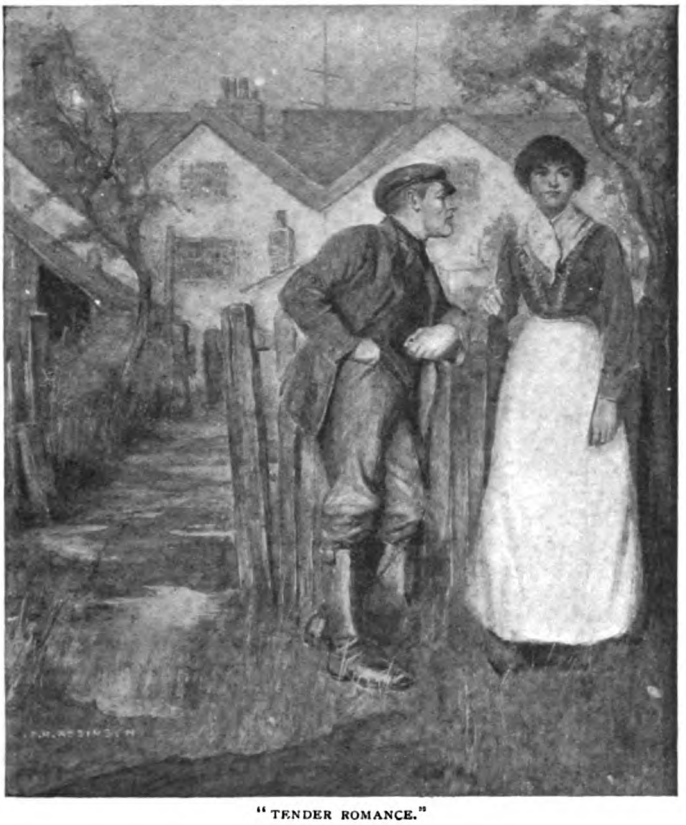
the gardens are spick and span, the curtains are white, and the windows glisten.

So rural is this little white patch in the heart of black by-ways that you are not surprised when you come upon a pair of lovers who might have stepped out of a picture of pastoral romance. A handsome Spanish-looking girl lingers by the garden-gate, over which her sailor lover leans in the sunshine.

We are close enough to sketch them as they stand. We are not quite close enough to hear what they are saying. But that the old sweet story is being told again that sunny afternoon in Rotherhithe no one who looks at the picture will have a shadow of a doubt.

That is tender romance. A few steps farther on and we come once more upon grim reality.

A group of dock and wharf hands are lounging in the midday sunshine near a wharf where they are not wanted. They are hoping that presently some of them may be called in and taken on, but many of them have been hoping for a long time. The docker who is taking his dinner-hour out in a pipe and a lounge can be recognised in a moment. So can the docker who is leaning against the wall with his hands in his pockets because he has nothing else to do.



"TENDER ROMANCE."

The principal employment of many of these men is waiting, like Micawber, for something to turn up. They are young and middle-aged and old. Some are so old that you wonder what sort of dock work they will be able to do if they get taken on. Others are so young and sturdy that you wonder how they can have composed their features to the dull, listless stare at nothing which is common to their calling when trade is slack.

In strong contrast to the lounging out-of-works are the bronzed seafaring men and smart dock officials who come by at a brisk swing, healthy, hearty, and full of the importance of being alive.

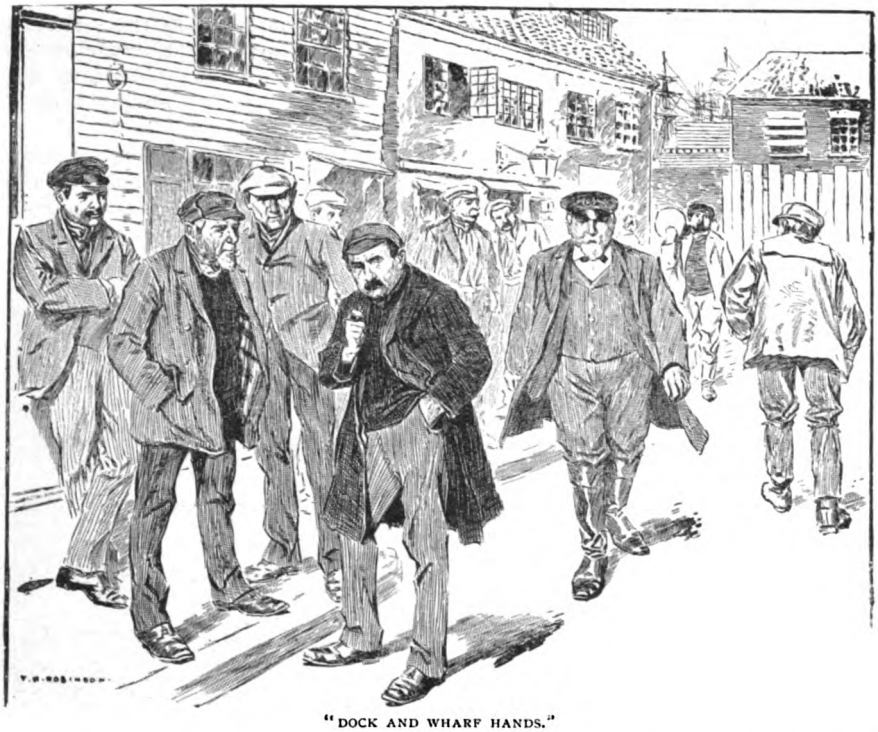
Most of the ship folk carry the sea in their faces and in their rig. They walk the muddy pavement of the narrow street as they would walk the deck, and their eyes look keenly ahead under their shaggy eyebrows.

A group of wharf hands are taking their dinner-hour in a little open space turned into a playground for children and provided with seats. With pipe in mouth they are looking at nothing in particular, after the manner of their kind.

They are not conversational, these water-side workers, as a rule, in their spare time. To talk is to use one's breath, and the wharf hand does not want to waste any during his period of rest.

Right opposite them is a magnificent old mansion that suggests the riverside residence of a nobleman of the old days. It is a mansion that might have a love-story—a tragedy—even a political plot and a beheading on Tower Hill—connected with it. I should not have been surprised to learn that it had a secret chamber and a ghost.

It is the only big house in Rotherhithe



"DOCK AND WHARF HANDS."

Street, and its gates are of wrought iron and of magnificent workmanship. But it has no historical romance about it. It was built some time in the eighteenth century by a rich merchant who owned a wharf hard by and wanted to live near his business. It has a courtyard and handsome broad stone steps and fine stonework, but it has no stories to tell. Yes, it has perhaps one—the story of the days when the wealthy merchant lived in his business and for his business, and was not ashamed of Rotherhithe Street as his private address.

It is a magnificent house, and I have no doubt the merchant and his good wife entertained sumptuously. But the company could not have come from the West. To get from the West to that end of Rotherhithe Street is a journey, even in these days of train and tram. Probably the company came by water. That does not strike you as you look at the house, because the water on the edge of which the street stands is the one thing you never see —until you come to one of the dock bridges.

Then you have a good view of it if the bridge is up, and for some ten minutes or so you appreciate the fact that Rotherhithe is an island, and you understand what Besant meant when he wrote: "The natives of Rotherhithe are by their natural position, aided by the artificial help of science, entirely surrounded and cut off from the outer world. They know about as little of London as a Highlander or a Cornish fisherman, and as they know not its pleasures they are not tempted to seek them. Their occupation keeps them for the most part close to their own homes."

As it is with the grown people so it is with the young. The lads of the village have games, but they have their football matches on a space which looks like a refuse ground. It is bounded on one side by a timber wharf and on the other by a row of little houses, and there is a dead wall at the back.

We stop and watch a football match in progress. Sturdy, well-built lads are the players, and they play remarkably well, seeing that the goal is only marked with a couple of bricks, that a portion of the ground is uphill, and that every now and then the ball goes over the wall. This has to be scaled by a youth who is not only athletic and agile, but willing to risk the watchman on the other side, who has strict orders with regard to trespassers.

The teams are entirely local, and there is no "hired talent." Here, as everywhere else in the neighbourhood, the masts of a ship force themselves into the picture.

Long and narrow, shut in and shut away though this winding street of Rotherhithe that seems to go on for ever is, you are reminded at every turn and twist of it that you are at the gate of the world.

Canute made Rotherhithe. It was his Suez Canal. It was here that he made his waterway that enabled him to sail his ships from the lower to the upper Thames and avoid London Bridge, which was fortified.

You think of the foreign enterprise that built the boats that brought a foreign ruler to London as you look into a little boat-builder's yard in the street and find half-a-dozen surf boats in course of construction for the West Coast of Africa.

Some of the Sea King's descendants have travelled far in the centuries and have discovered and conquered lands more wonderful even than those the immortal Gulliver sailed from Rotherhithe to invent.

But the longest street in London does not strike the note of world conquest as one wanders through it to-day. To the poet, the dreamer, the artist it is filled with the atmosphere of a storied past. To the commercial man it speaks also of the past, but in a different way.

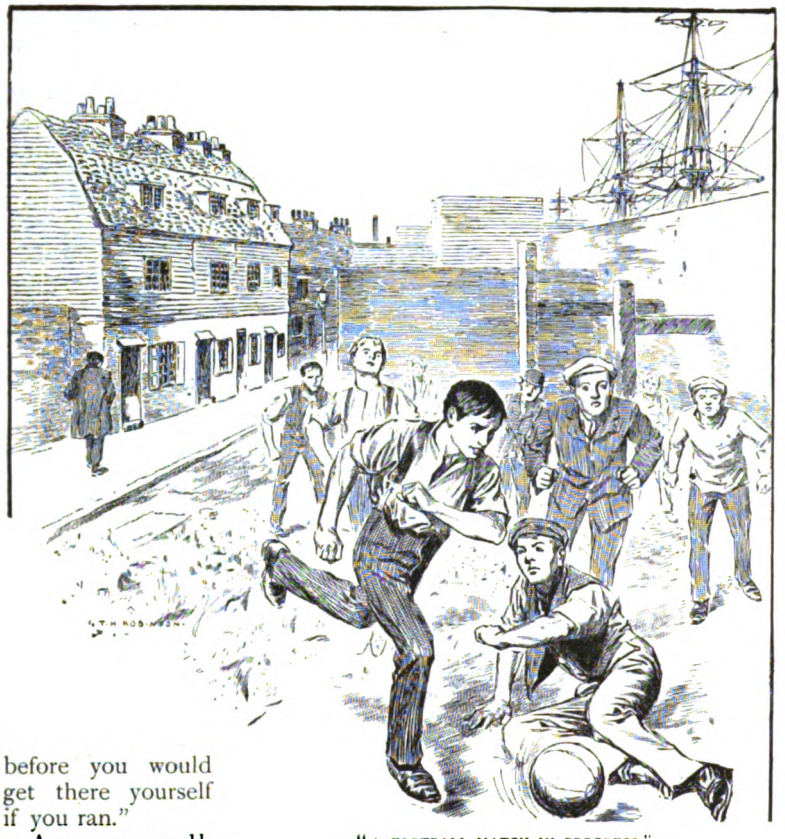
The vast docks, which cover half the parish, are a great commercial enterprise, and here the note of energy and commercial conquest is strong, but by the waterside there is a change that the natives not only see with their eyes, but feel in their pockets.

In the drift of things many of the old industries have died, and wharf after wharf is lying idle. The silence and desolation of some of them are in startling contrast to the noise and bustle of fifteen years ago. There is one dry dock which used to employ a thousand men. Now it is a wharf for landing foreign glass, and its daily work is done by six men and a travelling crane.

But we are not commercial travellers. We are only in search of the quaint and the picturesque that lie off the beaten track. We have spent a memorable day "Down Town" in Rotherhithe, for we have seen a land that is unique in its character, a people who in spite of modern improvements—the East London Railway and the Tower Bridge—are still a community by themselves.

"THE ONLY BIG HOUSE IN ROTHERHITHE STREET."

So much are they this that everybody knows everybody else's business. All the little family secrets spread with lightning rapidity. "The Marconi system is not in it here," says a friend of mine who was born in Rotherhithe Street and has lived there all his life. "You have only to tell somebody something at one end of the street and say it is a secret, and it is known at the other



"A FOOTBALL MATCH IN PROGRESS."

before you would get there yourself if you ran."

As you walk along the three miles and a half of consecutively numbered houses another thing brings this feature of life in Rotherhithe home to you. Everybody knows everybody else by a Christian name. The uniformed dock officials, the one policeman we meet in our day's tramp, the wharf clerks, the dock labourers, the grey-haired old ladies and the buxom young matrons, the baker at his front door, the young artificer watering his flower-beds in a court of green gardens, all address our friendly guide as "George."

From first to last you have the impression of isolation. In its earlier days Rotherhithe was a sort of little Holland, and Butler's lines on the Netherlands have been quoted as suitable to its situation:—

> A land that lies at anchor and is moored,
> In which they do not live, but go aboard.

With the docks, the shipping, the masts above the houses, and the bowsprits stretching across the street the idea of a land moored and at anchor is borne in upon you continuously.

It has lain at anchor and been moored so long that it has acquired a restfulness that has something of Rip Van Winkle about it. There are dismantled inns over which the ivy is creeping, there are houses boarded up in the main street that have moss and lichen on the roof. There are little back rooms in humble dwellings where the oak carvings are hundreds of years old. Until recently there were at least a dozen old carved chimney-pieces in Rotherhithe Street which would have been worthy a place in South Kensington Museum. There are not so many now. A year or two ago a wandering dealer, prying about for old china ornaments, discovered the chimney-pieces and bore them away.

But the street itself remains unaltered in its old-world picturesqueness and quaintness. If the reader wishes to see this interesting bit of old waterside London for himself, he can do so by taking the train to Deptford Lower Road from any station on the Underground.

He will want a little assistance to help him to find Plough Bridge and High Paling Land. But once *within* the palings he cannot go wrong. After he has passed through Rotherhithe Street he will easily discover Rotherhithe Station, which was once the end of the Thames Tunnel. If he dives deep into that he will find frequent trains to bear him back to the beaten track and the twentieth century.

A SALOON PASSAGE.

IN these days of my prosperity there have not been wanting detractors, anxious to rake over all the embers of my past life, if amongst them they may discover some scrap of evidence to justify their ill-will. One episode in my career, and one only, has hitherto been "wropt in myst'ry," and it is on this that my enemies have fastened. Hints have been put into circulation that at a certain period of my life I was engaged in a scheme of imposture, and that nothing but my notorious good luck saved me from finding myself inside the walls of a prison. In my own defence, therefore, I now give publicity to an adventure which, for the sake of others, I should otherwise have allowed to remain unwritten. To the authors of these "pin-pricks" I would say, "Mark how a plain tale shall put you down!"

When a man of forty, not unversed in the ways and habits of polite society, takes passage from New York to Liverpool in the steerage, it is safe to assume that his action is dictated by necessity rather than choice. Thus, when I took a steerage ticket for England by the good ship the *City of Edinburgh*, I was certainly not guided by my own wishes in eschewing the saloon deck. I am fond of my little comforts, and the six months of "prospecting" which had cleaned me out had failed to render me in any degree indifferent to them. The future was rosy enough, for I made no doubt of floating the company which would work my claims if I could once find myself in London. In the immediate present cash was painfully "short" and strict economy essential.

The steerage accommodation in those days, when a liner such as the *City of Edinburgh* took ten days to make the passage, was devoid of many of the comforts which make it more than tolerable to-day.

Resignation will generally supply the place of luxuries, as I found during the uneventful eight days which ensued after we had left Sandy Hook. The weather had been rough, and I spent most of my time on deck, for the sights and sounds below were, to say the least, uninviting. Towards dusk on the evening of the eighth day I was leaning over the rail on the lee side of the vessel. My thoughts were occupied with my mining claims in California, and my plans for raising the large capital necessary to turn them into a paying concern. In three days at most we should reach Liverpool, and the comparative ease of the voyage would have to give place to the activity and worry of business. I must have become entirely oblivious of my surroundings. Even now I am uncertain what happened—whether the rail gave way

beneath me, or whether a sudden lurch of the huge vessel pitched me bodily over it. Whatever the cause, I was suddenly plunged headlong into the sea. The momentum carried me below the surface, but I was a strong swimmer—thanks to a boyhood spent on the coast—and I mechanically struck out with my arms. As I rose into the waning daylight on the crest of a huge roller I caught a momentary glimpse of the ship, her hull looming black against the white foam of her wake. To my sight she appeared to be stationary, while the surging waste of waters in which I struggled seemed to slip away from her with sickening velocity, bearing me with it. As I sank into the trough of the sea I lost sight of the vessel, and a feeling of utter desertion and desolation came upon me.

Although the waves were running high there were very few breakers, so that I had no difficulty in keeping on the surface. In such a sea it is useless to spend one's energy against the huge force of the billows. I knew that my best chance lay in conserving my strength by yielding easily to the rise and fall of the long Atlantic rollers. But I knew also that unless my fall from the ship had been noticed by those on board I was doomed. The night was coming on rapidly, and a boat would have a hard task to find a solitary swimmer before the darkness should set in. There was only one course for me—to keep afloat until the last possible moment, and I braced myself to the effort with the tenacity inherent in all living things. As my clothes became soddened by the water I felt the encumbrance of their weight. Timing my movements carefully between the waves, I contrived to remove first my boots and then my other garments, until at length I was as bare as I came into the world. The emotions which followed, the alternations of hope and despair, the years of my past life which compressed themselves into moments, the moments that were as years, I shall only mention. That I was saved this account which I write bears witness, but of the manner of my rescue I remember nothing except a hoarse shout, as with a bubbling and gurgling of waters in my ears I sank into unconsciousness.

When I came to myself the thump, thump of the engines told me I was again on board, almost before I opened my eyes. When I did so I saw that I was in a cabin of ample proportions, decorated in bird's-eye maple with gilt mouldings. From where I lay in the bunk I could see that it was the state-room of some rich passenger. A dressing-bag of yellow leather lay open on the floor, disclosing a luxurious array of toilet necessaries made in ivory and adorned with gold. I noticed that the bag bore on it the one initial "D," while on the backs of the brushes and similar articles the same letter appeared. A row of boots, carefully stretched on trees, was disposed in a rack on one side of the cabin, and several suits of clothes arranged on trouser-stretchers and coat-holders gave evidence that their owner was a well-groomed man. I noted these details with languid interest as I lay enjoying the warmth and comfort of the bunk. I soon dozed off again into a light slumber. When I awoke a man stood by me holding my hand, with a finger on my pulse. He was a short, bullet-headed man and wore a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles.

As soon as he saw that I was awake he released my hand and began to speak in a quick, fussy manner.

"Aha! we shall do nicely now, very nicely indeed. How are you feeling in yourself, my lord? It was touch and go with you, touch and go."

I thanked him and said I was feeling very well.

"Good, good," he said; "but you will be rather weak, of course. We must give you plenty of nourishment; rest and nourishment."

He pressed a button and a steward appeared. "The beef-tea and the brandy at once, Barber," he commanded.

The man returned promptly, and the little doctor made me sit up and take the food.

"The estates will not devolve yet, my lord," he observed, rubbing his hands as I drank the beef-tea readily enough.

I was much puzzled by his remarks. Either he was indulging in some mild pleasantry or else he laboured under a strange error.

"They must have seen me fall overboard?" I said, inquiringly.

"Oh, yes. The captain saw you himself. He reversed the engines at once and a boat was got out. They had hard work to find you, all the same. If I may inquire, how did you manage to get all your clothes off so quickly?"

I looked at him in surprise.

"It seemed to me that I had plenty of time," I said. "I must have been several hours in the water."

"Dear me! No doubt it would seem like that to you," said the little doctor, looking intently at my eyes.

"Well, I am all right again now, and I will just send to the steerage for a rig-out, so that I can give up this cabin to its rightful owner."

"The steerage?" he ejaculated. I distinctly saw him suppress the shocked look in his face as he suddenly made his voice quiet and soothing.

"Yes, yes," he said; "by-and-by will do for that. You must get some more sleep first."

"My name is Wilford Pearce," I said; "the steward down there will know."

"Yes, of course, the steward will know," he agreed, but I could see he was merely humouring me. I decided that the best thing I could do would be to get rid of the little doctor and think the situation over quietly. I let my head sink wearily on the pillow and feigned to fall asleep. I say feigned because that was my intention, but, in fact, I was not yet strong enough to make any mental effort, and I fell into a real slumber. When I again awoke the nourishment I had taken had done its work. I felt that my vigour had returned. I remembered all that had happened and determined that matters should be set straight at once. I pushed the electric button. In less than a minute the steward, whom the doctor had called Barber, came in.

"HE BROUGHT THE CAPTAIN WITH HIM."

"Did you ring, my lord?" he asked.

"Why do you call me 'my lord'?" I demanded; "you know who I am, I suppose?"

"Yes, my lord; you are Lord Dimsdale."

"Nonsense," I said; "I am a steerage passenger and my name is Wilford Pearce."

He made no reply, but coughed in an embarrassed way behind his hand. I was struck with a sudden idea.

"How many people fell overboard from this ship last night?" I asked him.

"Only you, my lord."

"That is where you are wrong," I returned; "two people fell overboard—Lord Dimsdale, who I very much fear is drowned, and myself, Wilford Pearce, a steerage passenger. Go down into the steerage at once, like a good fellow, and you will find that Wilford Pearce is missing."

"Yes, my l——; I mean—I will go and inquire." Suiting the action to the word he left the cabin. I could see that he was entirely unconvinced, but I felt sure the result of his errand would undeceive him. He did not return, however, and I received another visit from the little doctor. He brought the captain with him. The latter was a fine type of the sea-salt, burly of figure and bronzed of face, looking every inch of a commander in his smart uniform. This was the first time I had seen him at close quarters. A humble steerage passenger, I knew him only as a potentate visible sometimes on the bridge, remote and inaccessible. His speech was blunt and vigorous, and his manner had none of the obsequiousness visible in every gesture of his companion.

"Glad to see you on board again, Lord Dimsdale," said the captain, heartily; "you have been mighty near to Davy Jones's locker."

"Thank you, captain," I replied; "I owe

it to you and your men that I am not stowed away in it. I am very glad to see you, because I am not Lord Dimsdale and I cannot persuade the doctor here that I am only one of your steerage passengers, Wilford Pearce by name."

The captain stroked his beard.

"Aye, aye," he said, cheerily; "Dr. Brown has told me all about that. Well, whatever name you sail under, you haven't lost the number of your mess. You had better stay where you are, at all events, and get well as soon as you can."

I could see that this meddling little doctor had poisoned the captain's mind, and that he, too, thought I was demented. I determined to appeal to the ship's doctor, whom I knew well. But at the same moment an idea occurred to me which seemed a stroke of genius, though, as will be seen, it only pushed me deeper into the mire. I had reflected that a traveller such as Lord Dimsdale would have with him a servant, who would see at once that I was not his master.

"Where is my valet?" I asked.

The two men looked at one another significantly. The doctor spoke to the captain in a low voice.

"The memory is not destroyed, you see; merely clouded." He turned to me. "He missed the boat, if you remember, having gone back to fetch some luggage which he had forgotten."

My heart sank within me, and I turned in the bunk with a groan of despair.

The captain took the opportunity to slip out of the state-room.

The doctor remained. "You will like to have some solid food now?" he asked.

"I am very hungry," I said, with truth. "I feel as if I could eat an ox."

"You shall have something sent up at once. The first dinner-bell has rung, but, of course, you will not appear this evening."

I began to suspect he wished to make a prisoner of me. The idea annoyed me.

"Why should I not appear?" I demanded. "I am quite recovered."

"Of course, if you wish it, my lord—I beg pardon—I mean——"

"I do wish it," I said; "I shall be dressed in ten minutes."

He seemed rather doubtful, but eventually took the hint and retired.

When I got out of the bunk and stood on my feet I found I was weaker than I had thought. The cabin swam round me; I was fain to sit on the bed and wait until the feeling had spent itself. I soon recovered sufficiently to dress. I selected the necessary linen from an ample stock which I found in a travelling trunk. Lord Dimsdale's swallow-tail fitted me to a nicety, and it was evident that I resembled him in figure at least. A glance in the mirror before I sallied forth satisfied me that my appearance would bring no discredit on the peerage.

When I entered the saloon the diners had already taken their places at the long dining-table. I was received with great deference by the waiters, who ushered me to a seat which had been reserved at the right hand of the captain. The little doctor occupied the seat on my own right. I looked in vain for Dr. Churton, who would have recognised me at once. By singular ill-luck, too, none of the officers who were known to me appeared at the table. My immediate companions, as if by arrangement, offered only commonplace remarks by way of conversation, making no reference to the events of the preceding night. Although there was a studied avoidance by the other passengers of any particular staring in my direction, I could not help surprising the curious glances of one or two. No doubt this foolish Dr. Brown had been talking. We had got to the last course when the captain rose in his place at the head of the table and called out, "Ladies and gentlemen, charge your glasses."

I obeyed with the rest, having no inkling of what was coming. The captain continued, in a sonorous voice: "I am sure we all want to congratulate one of our shipmates on finding this good boat under his feet again. This is the first time we have had the pleasure of seeing him at table, and when I saw him go overboard yesterday I must say I did not think there was much chance of our ever seeing him where he is now. I propose to you the toast of Lord Dimsdale. Your health, sir."

I remained seated while they rose and drank my health in the most friendly and enthusiastic manner. I felt sure that I had at last found an opportunity to get out of the false position in which the stupidity of the little doctor had placed me. All eyes were directed to me as I rose to reply. I was touched by the humane fellow-feeling which they had shown in their manner of accepting the toast. Words came easily to me. I said: "Captain Ross, ladies, and gentlemen, I am weighed down by a double debt of gratitude in responding to the toast of my health, which you have drunk in so kind a manner. My thanks are due to the gallant fellows who, by their promptitude and seamanlike skill,

"I PROPOSE TO YOU THE TOAST OF LORD DIMSDALE."

rescued me from a sudden and lonely death. The cordiality with which you have welcomed back to life a fellow-passenger who is personally unknown to you I take to be an evidence of that common humanity which binds us all together, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I must take this opportunity, however, of setting right a curious error which has arisen in reference to my name and identity. How the mistake arose is still a mystery to me. I am not Lord Dimsdale, but a steerage passenger named Wilford Pearce."

This declaration was received in a silence of amazement. As I sat down I became aware that the doctor was busily signalling by signs and facial contortions to the captain. The latter arose and spoke again. He tried to cover his evident embarrassment by a bluff and hearty humour. He said: "I am sure we are all very pleased with the words that have fallen from Lord—from our guest. As for his name, it shall be what he likes. We are glad to see him, one and all."

There was some slight commotion among those around the table, but it soon subsided. I could see various wiseacres explaining the situation to those who were not so well-informed. Pitying glances were cast in my direction, and it was easy to see that everyone shared the opinion of the captain and the doctor that I was the subject of an unaccountable delusion. I took the earliest opportunity to escape from the saloon. I obtained a cigar and took refuge on the deck, where I puffed away in a state of mind not easy to describe.

Those who have not undergone the experience cannot imagine the effect which the combined opinion of a community can have on a solitary dissenter from accepted conventions. In the realms of philosophy and science only the strongest and most original minds have had the power to withstand the force of orthodoxy. If I had found only one person who knew, or who would even have believed in, my identity I should have had no doubts of my own sanity. But now I actually searched in my mind for evidences that it was not I who was mistaken. I reviewed the whole of my past life up to the time of my embarking at New York. The picture was too real, too vivid, for doubt. I was and always had been Wilford Pearce, and it was by some unheard-of chance that everyone took me for this Lord Dimsdale. I determined to go down to the steerage without delay. I should find there people who knew me, with whom I had dwelt for eight days under my own name. I had just arrived at this determination when I became aware of a tall, serious-looking man, whom I had seen at the dinner-table. He had advanced to within a few yards of me, and stood as if in doubt whether to accost me. My movement to go decided him.

"Pardon me if I take the liberty of introducing myself," he said, bowing slightly. "May I give you my card?"

I took the card and read the name of Sir

Frederick Sawyer. I knew him well by reputation as one of the leading Harley Street consultants for mental cases. I told him that his name was familiar to me, and that I was glad to make his acquaintance.

"That makes things easier for me," he replied; "you will at least listen to what I have to say."

"With the greatest pleasure," I assured him.

We sat down in two deck-chairs. He rested his elbows on the wicker arms and brought his hands together with the finger-tips lightly touching one another. While he was speaking he kept patting them thoughtfully together.

"The position is briefly this," he said. "As a student of mental cases I am of opinion that you are being treated erroneously, even dangerously. It is quite impossible, however, for me to interfere with the medical officer of the ship; indeed, I fear I am infringing professional etiquette in thus approaching you on the matter. At the same time I cannot see a valuable life thrown away under my eyes."

"YOU HAVE RECEIVED A VIOLENT SHOCK TO THE NERVOUS SYSTEM."

"I am afraid I do not quite follow you," I said. "My life, of course, is a valuable one to me——"

He interrupted me with a deprecatory gesture.

"It is valuable to more than yourself, Lord Dimsdale. I do not hesitate to say it is valuable to the nation. I read your recent speech at Manchester; your remarks on the position of the medical profession have my entire concurrence—I may say that you have the thanks of the entire faculty."

"I have made no speech at Manchester," I began, hopelessly; but he interrupted me again.

"Ah! you do not remember that either. It is precisely in reference to this lapse of memory—quite temporary, I assure you—that I wish to speak. Listen to me very attentively, please."

He had got thoroughly into his professional manner, and I felt the hypnotic influence to which most patients succumb in the presence of the specialist.

"You have received a violent shock to the nervous system, the result of your fall overboard and the subsequent exhaustion. On your return to consciousness you develop a partial loss of memory affecting specific subjects. Thus you declare that your name is Pearce, and that you embarked in the steerage. You are also at fault in regard to the name of Captain Goodman, whom you address as Captain Ross. The case is not uncommon. In my hands the disorder has nearly always yielded to treatment; but not to the treatment which you are receiving. The theory of indulging the hallucinations of the patient is obsolete. The memory must be restored by impressing on the brain the real facts, not the imaginary ones. In your case I should relate these to you and direct you constantly to keep them before your mind. As they

become familiar the lesion will gradually heal."

I think it was at this point that the spirit of mischief entered into me.

"I always endeavour to keep an open mind on all subjects," I answered. "If you will relate to me the facts which I am supposed to have forgotten, I will do my best to bring them to my recollection."

"You will make an admirable patient, one to whom I may almost promise a speedy cure. Shortly, then, you are Lord Dimsdale, the seventh peer. Immediately on commencing the voyage you suffered severely from sea-sickness and kept your cabin. The first time you came on deck you had the misfortune to fall overboard. You were rescued providentially, but in a state of insensibility. On recovering, we find your memory impaired. You remember falling overboard, you speak of your valet, and in most respects the action of your brain is normal. But there is evidently a lesion. To convince you of this, I may tell you that inquiries have been made on board. The name you assert to be yours does not appear on the ship's passenger-list, nor do the steerage people miss one of their number. It must be apparent, then, to your own logical faculty that you are mistaken."

How much longer he would have gone on I do not know. At this point I burst into a fit of laughter, long and loud. The ludicrous side of the situation took sudden possession of me. There was something hysterical, too, in my mirth. My mind had been on the stretch ever since the moment when I awoke to find that I was someone else in spite of myself. I stood in danger of going mad in real earnest. The laughter relieved me. I came to a sudden determination. If these good people would allow me to be no one but Lord Dimsdale I would humour them. After all, I was very well off in my new character. My quarters were roomy and comfortable, and I had all the accessories ready to my hand. The cuisine of the saloon would suit me much better than steerage fare. Instead of being looked upon as an unfortunate candidate for the lunatic asylum, I should enjoy the respect and distinction which belong to an English peer. We could not be more than one day's run from Queenstown, according to my reckoning. Once in England I made no doubt of getting matters explained or of slipping away quietly.

The specialist watched me intently until my paroxysm subsided.

"Pardon me, my dear sir," I said, as soon as I could speak, "but the absurdity of supposing myself to be this imaginary Pearce, when everyone else knows my name is Dimsdale, has taken me quite unawares."

"Do not apologize on my account," said the physician; "it was a crisis, and a most important one. You may even find your mind quite clear now."

"It is perfectly clear," I replied, "and I am infinitely indebted to you for so rapid a cure; I should not wonder if my case constitutes a record."

"It is naturally very gratifying to me," said the consultant, making a great effort to conceal his self-satisfaction; "but now I would venture to suggest an adjournment to the smoking-saloon. You will find this night air rather chilly."

I assented at once and we went down. It soon got about that Lord Dimsdale had come to himself again. I received congratulations from the captain and from little Dr. Brown, though I could discern that the latter would rather have seen me raving mad than cured by Sir Frederick.

Before retiring to my cabin that night I nearly threw everything into confusion again by asking the physician how soon we were expected to sight Queenstown.

He looked at me sharply.

"You mean Sandy Hook, surely?" he said.

I took a leap in the dark.

"Yes, of course I mean Sandy Hook," I answered, calmly.

"We shall make it in about seven days."

Sandy Hook! It was the clue to the whole mystery. Before going to my stateroom I went on deck again to where one of the boats was slung. Under pretence of lighting a cigar I struck a match. On the port-bow of the boat was painted in unmistakable letters, "Ss. *City of Glasgow*."

I went to bed in a state of mind bordering on the diabolic. In proportion as the future had become complicated the past lay clear before me like an open map. The *City of Edinburgh*, Captain Ross, bound for Liverpool, had dropped me overboard. I had been picked up by the *City of Glasgow*, Captain Goodman, a twin ship, bound for New York. She must have lost Lord Dimsdale within a few minutes of my own catastrophe. How had he fared? In all human probability the waves of the Atlantic rolled over him for ever, while I reigned in his stead!

The days which followed before our arrival at New York were about the most remarkable in a life which has been far from uneventful.

Nevertheless, I shall make no diary of them here. The few men of whom I made friends I remember still with pleasure and friendship: the match-making mammas who were so good as to submit their wares to me, the toadies and flatterers who hung about my title, will be sufficiently rewarded if this relation by good luck should meet their eyes. In fiction my adventure would have had a romantic or a melodramatic ending. In actual fact the conclusion was sufficiently prosaic. The first tender had scarcely attached herself to us and handed in her papers when the captain requested my presence in his cabin. He held a telegram in his hand.

"Read that, please," he said, handing it to me.

I took it and read as follows:—

"Picked up by *City of Edinburgh*. Leave things care of Company. Arriving next boat.—Dimsdale, Queenstown."

"So Lord Dimsdale was saved too," I remarked.

"Lord Dimsdale!" he ejaculated. "Who the deuce are you, then? An impostor?"

"There is no need for any hard words, Captain Goodman," I replied. "I am Wilford Pearce, a steerage passenger to Liverpool by the *City of Edinburgh*. It appears you dropped Lord Dimsdale and picked me up in his place. Have the goodness to remember that I declared my name to you and Dr. Brown, as well as to the whole saloon, on the day of my recovery. Since no one would allow me to be Pearce I had perforce to become Dimsdale, and I preferred being regarded as a sane man to passing for a lunatic. That is all. Think it over and tell me what else I could have done."

"'READ THAT, PLEASE,' HE SAID."

The captain puzzled his brains for a few minutes, then his features relaxed and he laughed aloud.

"All I will say, Mr. Pearce, is that you have done it very well." He used a stronger expression, which sounds better than it looks. "Oh, what a roasting I am going to give little Brown—and Sir Frederick, too—and the little widow! Why, bless me" (again I adapt), "you have sold us all!"

He continued to chuckle as the various incidents of the voyage occurred to him, but I came to business with all the diplomacy I could command.

"Don't you think the story had better be kept quiet, captain?" I asked.

"What, and lose all the fun?"

"Well, it will not be fun for Lord Dimsdale; and, when you come to think of it, there are other people."

"By Jove! I believe you are right; the Company would hardly care for it to get about. But I *must* roast Brown," he insisted, chuckling anew at the recollection.

"Certainly, roast him as much as you please; but in the meantime I should like to remark that Liverpool is my port, not New York."

"You mean——"

"I mean that I have had to use money belonging to Lord Dimsdale. I can pay that back out of my winnings on the ship's run, but I shall not have the price of a passage left."

"Leave that to me," he said, good-naturedly. "You shall have a passage, Mr. Pearce."

"A saloon passage?" I inquired.

"It shall be a saloon passage," he said, still laughing. And he was as good as his word.

Mr. Cyril Maude's Dressing-Room and its Pictures in Grease-Paint.

UNIQUE is the only term which can in any way describe the room at the Haymarket in which Mr. Cyril Maude transforms himself from the ordinary habit of his life, now into the debonair man about town and now into the old man, reputable or disreputable, polished or battered, typical examples of which may be found in Lord Ogleby in "A Clandestine Marriage," on the one hand, and old Eccles in "Caste," on the other.

Mr. Maude's room is made unique by its mural decorations, contributed to by many artists who have been at various times his visitors. Where other people have their pictures framed and mounted to hang on the walls, those of Mr. Maude's room are done on the walls themselves, and rendered the more notable by reason of the fact that they are done in grease-paint.

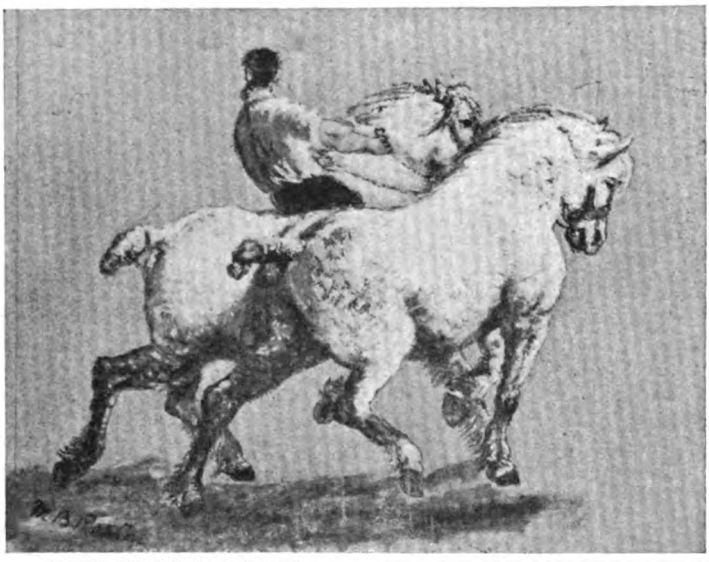
There may have been a time when the term "grease-paint" would have needed a word of explanation. Nowadays, however, when what were at one time the Eleusinian mysteries of the fairy-land known as "behind the scenes" are even as an open book, all the delights of which have been read and re-read, there is no need to explain that it is the generic name for the colours with which actors make up their faces for their parts. It is a curious medium, made the more interesting by reason of the fact that something similar has been recently brought to the notice of the artistic world for use instead of the regulation oil-paints, put on with bristle brushes. Those who have used grease-paint aver that it is even superior to pastel, as the colours cannot dust off.

For the purposes of this article Mr. Maude's room may be divided into six parts, in order that the position of the pictures may be the better identified. Or, rather, to be more accurate, let us say six parts and an annex, the annex being the mirror of the wardrobe. On this Mr. W. W. Jacobs, as great a favourite in his way with the readers of THE STRAND and the reading world at large as Mr. Maude is with the playgoer—and no greater compliment could be paid him—has made a characteristic sketch of a schooner.

It came about this way. Mr. Jacobs went one evening to see Mr. Maude, who, it will be remembered, created the leading part in "Jerry Bundler," the play Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Charles Rock wrote for him. "What is your new story going to be?" Mr. Maude not unnaturally asked. "Oh, about a schooner," replied Mr. Jacobs; "a ship rigged like this, you know," and picking up a stick of white paint off the dressing-table he made a few quasi-hieroglyphs on the only available place of sufficient size. "Sign it," said Mr. Maude. Mr. Jacobs put his name to it. "Now we have another picture," said Mr. Maude, and, turning to his dresser, he added, "William, see that it is not rubbed out." Unhappily, however, some of Mr. Maude's visitors have at times brushed against it, and a few of the lines are blurred, but that does not make any difference in the regard which the actor entertains for the sketch.

A SCHOONER—BY MR. W. W. JACOBS.

On the wall between the wardrobe and the door leading from Mr. Maude's dressing-room into his office are four sketches. At the top is a man riding a short-tailed, dapple-grey horse home from the field and leading another of exactly the same type and colouring. This is the work of Miss M. B. Renton, who was at one time a member of the Haymarket Company. It need hardly be said the design is manifestly founded on the famous picture by Rosa Bonheur. The man,



HORSES—BY MISS M. B. RENTON.

in a blue shirt and brown trousers, done with two "lining sticks," has his back turned to the spectator, and he is apparently looking over his shoulder to see if his comrades are following.

Immediately below it is a Pierrot by Mr. Bernard Partridge, Mr. Punch's second cartoonist, who, as Mr. Bernard Gould, is so well known to the theatregoer, and was for some time a member of the Haymarket Company. It was towards the end of the run of "The Red Robe," with which Mr. Harrison and Mr. Maude began their extraordinarily successful partnership at the Haymarket, and in which Mr. Gould played one of the leading parts, that Mr. Maude asked him to do a sketch on his wall. With a few skilful touches of black and white Mr. Partridge rapidly brought out the suggestion of the face with the closely-fitting cap over the head. Two dabs of vermilion were put on and quickly transformed into the semblance of lips, while a few "twiddles" indicated the white ruff, in which the face is partially buried; a background of vermilion producing an effect which Jan Van Beers might not have disdained, unfinished though the sketch remains after only a few minutes' work.

A PIERROT.
BY MR. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

MR. HOLMAN CLARK—BY HIMSELF.

Next to it is a sketch by Mr. Holman Clark, another well known actor at the Haymarket, of Mr. Maude as Le Chevalier de Valclos in "A Marriage of Convenience," the face being painted with the familiar "No. 3" grease-paint, which has also been skilfully used, with the addition of a little white and red, to indicate the marquis's satin coat. Under the Pierrot is a remarkably faithful likeness of Mr. Clark himself as the dumb servant he played in "Under the Red Robe." Since that time, Mr. Clark humorously says, he has had only speaking parts. The sketch is remarkable, not only for the slight means used to produce the effect — a few lines of black and white, with here and there a touch of flesh-colour paint for the

MR. CYRIL MAUDE IN "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE."
BY MR. HOLMAN CLARK.

A CLOWN—BY MR. A. G. ONSLOW.

high lights—but also because it was done from memory over a year after the actor had ceased playing the part.

On the little strip of wall between the dressing-table and that in which the fireplace is set are three pictures. At the top is a clown holding out a paper hoop through which a black French poodle with a red ribbon tied in a bow around its neck is about to jump, as it has jumped through another hoop which the clown holds behind him. It is the work of Mr. A. G. Onslow, one of the junior members of the company of the Haymarket Theatre, where he has been engaged for the last two years. The

"THE JEWEL OF ASIA"—BY MISS B. DALLIN.

most cursory glance at the reproduction of his work, which is done with three colours—white, black, and red—will testify to the young artist's skill. Indeed, no less an authority than Mr. Punch has recognised it by accepting all the drawings which Mr. Onslow has, so far, sent in. Beneath it is a Japanese spaniel appropriately called "The Jewel of Asia," with a red ribbon round its neck and a Japanese umbrella held in the right "hand" over its head. It is unfortunately impossible for a reproduction to give any idea of the cleverness with which the design on the outside of the umbrella is indicated by a few spots of vermilion on a green background, while the lining is made by "No. 3." It is the work of Miss B. Dallin, a sister of Miss Darrell, the well-known actress, who has recently made so great a success on the musical comedy stage. Miss Dallin is also responsible for the bulldog which, with scarlet coat and black busby, represents a British Grenadier, who is the pride of the Army. Between the two dogs,

A BRITISH GRENADIER—BY MISS B. DALLIN.

so different in their characteristics, is an impressionist sketch of a girl by Mr. Arthur Collins, the popular managing director of Drury Lane Theatre. It is invariably known as "The Girl We Would Like to Meet" by those who visit Mr. Maude, and its existence throws a pleasant light on the way in which business matters are often conducted in the theatrical world. Having some business to transact,

"THE GIRL WE WOULD LIKE TO MEET"—BY MR. ARTHUR COLLINS.

Mr. Collins called one night to see Mr. Maude. While they were talking Mr. Collins picked up two or three sticks of paint, and with a line here and a smudge there produced the sketch of a lady wearing a brown fur boa and a white chiffon cloak with a scarlet bow in her fair hair. Most of the face is made by the grey wall-paper, though the effect at a little distance is remarkable.

On the wall over the mantelpiece the place of honour may be said to be held by a portrait of the late Lord Salisbury, by Mr. Leslie Ward ("Spy," of *Vanity Fair*). It is in many ways one of the most elaborate and finished of the pictures, and represents the famous statesman in the House of Lords, in witness of which fact he is represented sitting on a red-covered bench which has all the quality of leather. It is not only by comparison, but in itself, a remarkable piece of work, and was evidently a labour of love, for Mr. Ward spent two hours on each of two

A PIRATE—BY MR. H. ARTHUR HOGG.

LORD SALISBURY. BY MR. LESLIE WARD ("SPY").

KRUGER—BY MR. TOM BROWNE.

MISS SYBIL CARLISLE—BY MISS M. H. CARLISLE.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS "THE LITTLE MINISTER"—BY MR. HOLMAN CLARK.

evenings on it. It is one of the best likenesses ever produced of the late Lord Salisbury. That is the opinion of the Hon. Edward Cecil, one of his sons, as well as of Lady Halsbury, who was greatly struck with it when, on one occasion, she had the opportunity of seeing it.

Next to it is a life-like portrait of Mr. Kruger by Mr. Tom Browne. Under it are the appropriate words, "I'm Watching Yer," for Oom Paul is looking with crafty, sidelong eyes at the Prime Minister, of whom he did not get the better in a memorable encounter. The reason for the selection of the subject is obvious, for at the time it was done Mr. Kruger was playing a very prominent part in the political world. It is brilliantly executed, and it is worth recalling the fact that, although Tom Browne has a large acquaintance in the theatrical world, this picture was the first occasion on which he ever used grease-paint — with the result that he made his dress shirt in an awful mess with it.

Near Oom Paul is a portrait by Miss M. H. Carlisle of her sister, Miss Sybil Carlisle, who played the leading part in "The Second in Command" when, in consequence of ill-health, Miss Winifred Emery had to give up acting for a time. Next to Miss Carlisle is a portrait of Mr. Maude as Gavin Dishart in "The Little Minister," by Mr. Holman Clark. Above this is a pirate by Mr. H. Arthur Hogg,

whose name as an artist in black and white is so familiar to the reader of the illustrated periodicals of the day. Mr. Hogg is an enthusiast on the subject of Robert Louis Stevenson in general, and of Stevenson's pirates in particular. "The gentleman on Mr. Maude's wall," Mr. Hogg humorously remarked, "is chiefly reminiscent of the kind of pirate suggested by 'Treasure Island.'" If, however, something more personal may be read into it, it might stand as a portrait of Billy Bones at the time when he was Flint's first mate, and the old *Walrus* used to wait like a hawk for some poor fluttering dove of a merchantman round about the Indies. Then, when there was something of a resistance, the wicked old ship would be "amuck with the red blood," as Silver describes it.

From the time he was quite a boy Mr. Hogg admits that he found the profession of piracy "vastly attractive." Its colour—what matter that it was "twopence coloured"—the abundance of daring adventure, plus the smell of tarred ropes and the heaving of decks, made a strong appeal to his juvenile mind. Even as a grown-up man he has not lost the taste entirely, and he admitted that, whenever he scents Riga tar, "a vision appears of quaintly-rigged ships manned by bewhiskered and pigtailed cut-throats beating up for more plunder and the wonderful unknown."

A MOONLIGHT SCENE—BY MR. WALTER HANN.

MR. W. G. ELLIOTT AS "SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE"—BY MR. HOLMAN CLARK.

MISS EMERY AS "LADY TEAZLE"—BY MR. ORCHARDSON, JUN.

"THE RIVALS"—BY CAPTAIN BROWN.

With his big sea-boots, his scarlet sash and sword, his dirty white doeskin breeches, his red handkerchief bound round his head under his three-cornered hat, and his ferocious appearance, Mr. Billy Bones standing against a background of sea and sky, with the white wings of a ship in the distance, strikes a significant note in an actor's room.

Behind and above the late Marquis of Salisbury is a beautiful circular moonlight picture by Mr. Walter Hann, the well-known scene painter, who was introduced by Mr. Maude to the delights of grease-paint for making pictures. It might be described as an arrangement in blue and white, tempered with brown, which brings the rushes and branches in the foreground into relief. Under it is an unfinished sketch by Mr. Orchardson, jun., of Miss Emery as Lady Teazle, and near it another of Mr. Holman Clark's productions in the shape of a remarkably life-like portrait of Mr. W. G. Elliott as Sir Benjamin Backbite. Beneath it are two impressionist sketches representing a Boer and a Briton, appropriately called "The Rivals."

A DUTCHMAN—BY MR. TOM BROWNE.

The artist is Captain Brown, who had probably one of the most unique experiences during the South African War, for he was wounded three times in twenty seconds between the finger-tips and the elbow of his right hand, and the drawing was done with the left hand.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS "ECCLES"—BY MR. H. M. PAGET.

On the wall between the mantelpiece and the dressing-table is a characteristic sketch of a Dutchman by Mr. Tom Browne. The outline of the face differs from that of most of the other pictures in that it is drawn with a pencil, but the cigar is of grease-paint, a few touches of which in "No. 3" suggest the coat, which has facings in vermilion and buttons in lake, of which last colour shaded with blue the voluminous trousers are made. Near it is a sketch of Mr. Maude as old Eccles, by Mr. H. M. Paget, who once did a fine portrait of Mrs. Maude, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy.

On the wall by the dressing-table is an outline sketch by Mr. L. Raven-Hill of Mr. Maude as Bapchild in "The Manœuvres of Jane," a play which, it was said, was transformed from a comparative failure as a comedy into a brilliant success as a farce by Mr. Maude's original treatment of the leading part.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS "BAPCHILD"—BY MR. L. RAVEN-HILL.

The largest stretch of wall is that opposite the mantelpiece. Before us is another sketch of Mr. Maude as old Eccles, by Mr. Basil Gotto, the well-known sculptor, who has got the maximum effect with the minimum use of colour, ten little lines of white, for instance, suggesting the shirt-front. The sketch has an interest of its own, for it was the last painting Mr. Gotto ever did. Why this renunciation he is unable to explain, but the fact remains. A grave question confronted him in the design. Should he portray Mr. Maude with the "debauched greed of Eccles," or endow Eccles with what he has called the "benign characteristics" of Mr. Maude? The interests of artistic truth and dramatic realism conquered, as they always conquer in Mr. Maude's own case, for there is no more conscientious actor on the stage, and no one who endeavours more to efface his own individuality in favour

MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS "ECCLES"—BY MR. BASIL GOTTO.

"MR. AND MRS. MAUDE AND THE BABY"—BY BARON ROSENKRANTZ.

MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS "LADY SNEERWELL"—BY MR. HOLMAN CLARK.

MR. GLADSTONE—BY MR. HARRY FURNISS.

of the character he represents, whatever that character may be.

By old Eccles is an admirable portrait of Miss Constance Collier as Lady Sneerwell in "A School for Scandal," another of Mr. Holman Clark's productions; while in the lower right-hand corner is a caricature of the late Mr. Gladstone by Mr. Harry Furniss, the famous collar of the Grand Old Man being even more of a caricature than usual, a sin—if it be a sin—which may be forgiven the artist, seeing that it was he who invented the "Gladstone collar."

Over Mr. Gladstone's head is a "Street in Westminster," by the Rev. Canon Norris, whose fag Mr. Maude was when he was at the Charterhouse. In the distance Westminster Abbey looms high between the houses, and looking close into the picture one sees, what is not possible to see in the reproduction, an impressionistic suggestion of an omnibus with many people on the outside to the right of the cab and almost running into the man with the barrow.

"A STREET IN WESTMINSTER"—BY CANON NORRIS.

Over it is a classical subject by Baron Rosenkrantz. As will be seen, it represents a man and a woman fleeing before a pursuer, the man dressed in a greeny brown tunic and the woman in a scarlet robe with a golden cincture around the waist. The artist has not given it a name, but it is always humorously referred to as "a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Maude and the baby."

The largest picture on this wall is an exceedingly elaborate winter scene by Mr. Joseph Harker, whose work on the stage audiences at the Haymarket have so often had occasion to admire. The picture represents a deserted stretch of snow-covered road

A WINTER LANDSCAPE—BY MR. JOSEPH HARKER.

where a sluggish stream meanders beneath a little bridge. In the background stands a castle, like a rugged rock in the gathering gloom, which is relieved by the red glow of the setting sun.

At the extreme end of the wall on the other side of Mr. Harker's landscape is a portrait of Miss Emery as Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister," by Mr. Jules Goodman. It suggests, it need hardly be said, "Babbie" in a tragic mood rather than the lighter side of her nature, and represents her black hair crowned with rowan berries, an excellent effect obtained, it must be admitted, in the most rough and ready manner by a few dabs of paint. Under the "Babbie" is Captain Marshall's contribution in the shape of a night scene, an arrangement in three colours—black, white, and red. The white represents the moon, the red the lights in the lighthouse and on the boat with their reflection in the water, while everything else is done in the black. It is signed in pencil, and in letters too small to be seen, "By Captain Marshall." It is a memento of

A HORSE'S HEAD—BY MAJOR JOHN MATTHEWS.

MISS EMERY AS "LADY BABBIE"—BY MR. JULES GOODMAN.

A NIGHT SCENE—BY CAPTAIN MARSHALL.

"THE LITTLE MINISTER"—BY THE LATE MR. JOHN GULICH.

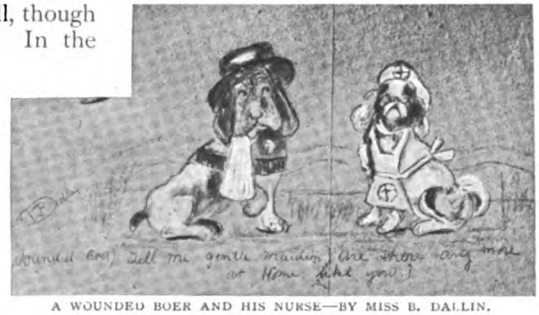
A VENETIAN SCENE—BY CANON NORRIS.

many pleasant hours spent with Mr. Maude during the times when the dramatist's plays have been in rehearsal at the Haymarket, and it has formed the subject of many a jest on Mr. Maude's part. Whenever he is exhibiting his mural picture gallery he invariably describes it as "the little thing Sargent did for me." "Oh," the visitor is sure to remark, "how delightful! What a breadth of atmosphere! What a wonderful suggestion of space, and what charming colouring!" Whether Mr. Sargent would endorse these views is altogether another matter, but henceforth Captain Marshall, one of the most charming "makers of plays" of our time, will no longer be able to be made to pass in jest as one of the greatest artists of our day, for "the snap has been given away," to use a familiar American colloquialism.

VENICE—BY CANON NORRIS.

To the right of the portrait of Miss Emery is a sketch of "The Little Minister," by the late Mr. Gulich, who did such brilliant work in black and white for most of the weekly illustrated papers, and whose untimely death has caused his contribution to remain unfinished. By its side is the head of a horse looking out of the stable window in a red brick wall. It is by Major John Matthews, whose skill in painting cavalry horses is so well known. Beneath it is a Venetian scene by Canon Norris, which may be said to have been the starting-point of Mr. Maude's collection. It is not done on the wall, though it is a wall picture. In the days when Mr. Maude was one of the leading actors at the Comedy Theatre Canon Norris used occasionally to go to see him. In the spring of 1896 the Canon had been painting in Italy. Shortly after he returned he went to the Comedy to see Mr. Maude, and as it was about half-past nine, altogether too late for the play, he went at once to Mr. Maude's dressing-room, where the actor was making-up for the second or third act. It was a little room, with a brownish paper and a strong pattern on it. As Mr. Maude made up, the Canon and he talked about Italy, and he said, "I wish you would let me have one of your sketches of Venice." The Canon replied that he would with pleasure. "Yes," said Mr. Maude, "but do it now." "How in the world can I do that, when I have neither paint nor colours nor brushes with me?" Mr. Maude pushed the tray of grease-paints he used for making-up over to his friend. "There you are; do it here, on the wall." Without brushes, but merely with his thumb and fingers, the canon set to work, never having tried such a thing before. It did not take many minutes, and he found what the other artists have found, that grease-paint is a delightful medium to work with. When the picture was finished Mr. Maude insisted on inviting several of the other members of the company in to see it. Then he sent for a frame-maker and had a frame and glass fixed to it on the wall. When he was leaving the Comedy some of the carpenters, knowing his partiality for the sketch, cut it out of the wall, even as certain admirers had the picture of "Trilby's" foot removed and gave it to him.

Above Miss Emery's portrait is another Venetian scene by Canon Norris, who, it is interesting to recall, won the Leech prize in his year at Charterhouse. It is not generally remembered that Leech was a Carthusian, and in his honour an annual prize was instituted for the best water-colour drawing done by a student.



A WOUNDED BOER AND HIS NURSE—BY MISS B. DALLIN.

At the right of this sketch is another of Miss Dallin's dog subjects, the bloodhound representing a wounded Boer, while the spaniel is a Red Cross nurse. With admiring, if furtive, gaze, the Boer asks, in the words of the song then so popular, "Tell me, gentle

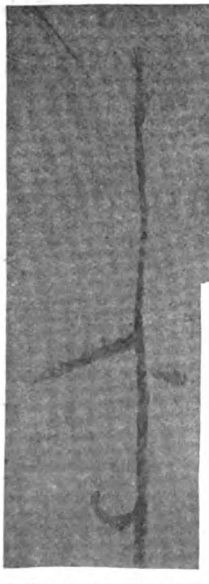
maiden, are there any more at home like you?"

Next we come to a sketch in chalk by Mr. Macbeth Raeburn of a lady of "The School for Scandal" period; and next to it a landscape by Mr. George Giddens, done when he was a member of the Haymarket Company. Mr. Giddens is one of the best-known amateur painters in the dramatic profession, and the river scene is eminently characteristic of his work. Under it is a sketch by Mr. Charles Brookfield of Mr. Henry Kemble on a bicycle—perhaps as a humorous memento of the fact that Mr. Kemble always rides a tricycle. It was done on a half sheet of note-paper, and it is safe to say was not intended to have the prominent place which has been bestowed on it. Close by is the contribution of Dr. J. M. Barrie to the gallery. It is said to be the only drawing ever made by the author of "The Little Minister," "The Admirable Crichton," "Little Mary," and other successful plays. It is perhaps the only bit of work of Mr. Barrie's hands which is not original, and if for no other reason is worthy of note. It represents the well-known idea of the soldier followed by a dog going through a door, a perpendicular line representing the door, the top one the soldier's bayonet, and the curly one beneath the dog's tail. Just by it is a speaking likeness of the late Phil May by himself, with, beneath, the legend "Thank God, I have finished!!! Phil May." The reason of the outburst was characteristic. Collectors of theatrical souvenirs have among their most cherished possessions one containing fifteen pictures of the various characters in "The Little Minister," done by the dead artist. The time for the anniversary it was to celebrate was rapidly approaching, but the pictures were not forthcoming. At length, after many reminders, he turned up with them at the theatre one evening and was shown into Mr. Maude's room. "There," he said, "are your pictures at last." "And now you are here, you may as well do something on my wall," blandly replied Mr. Maude. "Certainly," said the artist, and he produced the characteristic sketch of himself with the inevitable cigar in his mouth, and he marked his delight by adding the legend.

A RIVER SCENE—BY MR. GEORGE GIDDENS.

A LADY OF "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" PERIOD—BY MR. MACBETH RAEBURN.

MR. HENRY KEMBLE—BY MR. CHARLES BROOKFIELD.



A SOLDIER AND HIS DOG—BY MR. J. M. BARRIE.

MR. PHIL MAY—BY HIMSELF.

Zohara.

A STORY OF THE SPANISH SHORES.

By Max Pemberton.

IT certainly was a ridiculous thing that, after so much talk of the dangers of Navia and of the Fury who was supposed to rule its shores, we should find ourselves compelled to run for shelter there at three o'clock upon a glorious afternoon of May.

Mind you, unless it were the Spanish pilot we had taken on board at San Sebastian, the fellow who had prated loudest of all this nonsense about wrecking and wreckers and a rich woman behind them, there was not a man, I say, of us all who pretended to care twopence for the yarns or to put any faith in them.

Why should we have done so? How did the woman's reputation concern us? Here we were, three Englishmen and a down-trodden man of Tipperary, afloat in as gallant a ninety-ton ketch as ever sailed out of the Clyde. We flew the red ensign and defied the world. When they told Terence O'Farrell that he would lose his boat if he ventured to sail the dangerous northern coast of Spain, he answered them that he would come home by motor-car. Our object was to see something of the Basque Provinces and the Asturias. If we didn't see that same desirable country it was because we were in the cabin most of the time playing bridge—"to brighten up our intellects," as Terence put it. I generally observed that the "brightening" process cost me about a sovereign an hour. But, as Terence remarked, the experience would be useful when I went on shore again.

So this is how we visited the Spanish coast—that magnificent, dangerous shore, with its sunken rocks and its swift currents, its lofty mountains and its untamable people. The grand May weather put life into us all. We saw none of the dangers, only the delights of a cruise to peoples of forgotten centuries, to a land that did not seem to have changed since Christopher Columbus gave glory to its seamen. Our Spanish pilot (we christened him Xury on the spot) was a very mine of lying tradition and loquacious fable. He told us of the graves of ships that had gone before; he cheered us with assurances that the bodies of the shipwrecked invariably came ashore on certain promontories he named; he spoke of the savage villagers in their homes beneath the beetling cliffs; he told us of the Witch of Navia and of the deeds which had made her infamous. The latter story I had heard before in Madrid and down at San Remo. I never believed it. A woman wrecker, and she a rich woman, who took a percentage of the pillage and paid her cut-throats more than a hiring wage; that was how they described her. Really it was too preposterous. And yet Madrid believed it, as did San Remo, where my lady of Navia passed the winter months.

They said that this woman lived in an old castle upon the cliffs height, just above the estuary of the River Navia where it flows into the sea. Xury, our pilot, pointed out the house to us as we ran in before a heavy northerly gale and dropped anchor in the offing. We were all upon deck at that time, and even the mental stimulant of "no trumps" had been forgotten. I found myself next to Tom Davis, the chubby-faced, sandy-whiskered barrister, whom you expected to say, "May it please your lordship," every time he opened his lips; and he was the loudest when it came to laughing at Xury.

"Did ye hear that, Scribe?" he would call back to me from sentence to sentence—they called me Scribe aboard the yacht, since I had written some story of the fabulous wrecking in a London newspaper—"he says she's next door to a cannibal and washes 'em down with dry champagne. Cheer up, my boy; I'll get a writ of *habeas corpus* if you fall her way. Recollect, it's the twelfth century ashore there and you must expect wonders. Hey, what a thing you can make of it for the papers! I'd go ashore, if I were you, before it gets dark—she'll never see to dress the salad."

"It's pretty nonsense, none the less, Tom," said I; "look at Velasquez, he's itching to get out his brushes and paint a masterpiece. There's a chance for Burlington House now."

"Oh, he must send the thing to the New Gallery," says Tom; "it's new enough, anyway."

"Velasquez" was our melancholy artist, Ulick Reed, who, when he was not telling you how he would make a fortune some day, used to spend his time in deploring the misfortunes of the human race generally, and the villainous quality of Spanish tobacco in

particular. At this precise moment he was trying to make a rough sketch of the distant cliff on the back of a legal document which looked uncommonly like a writ. Terence O'Farrell, the owner of the yacht, listened meanwhile to the impassioned Spaniard, and really seemed rather impressed by his remarks.

"Says if we go ashore we come back dead men," he remarked, affably, interpreting the swift volley of words. "Of course, I don't believe a word of it, but I wish we were out of the river for all that. What do you make of it, Scribe; what's your total?"

"About seven rubbers down, Terence, and wanting another. Surely you're not listening seriously?"

"As serious as a man at a wake. He says it's dangerous to lie off here, and worse if we run for it. The river's not navigable unless you've a pilot for it, and the gale outside will wash off Tom's whiskers if we weigh. Faith, we're between the devil and the deep sea, with a vengeance."

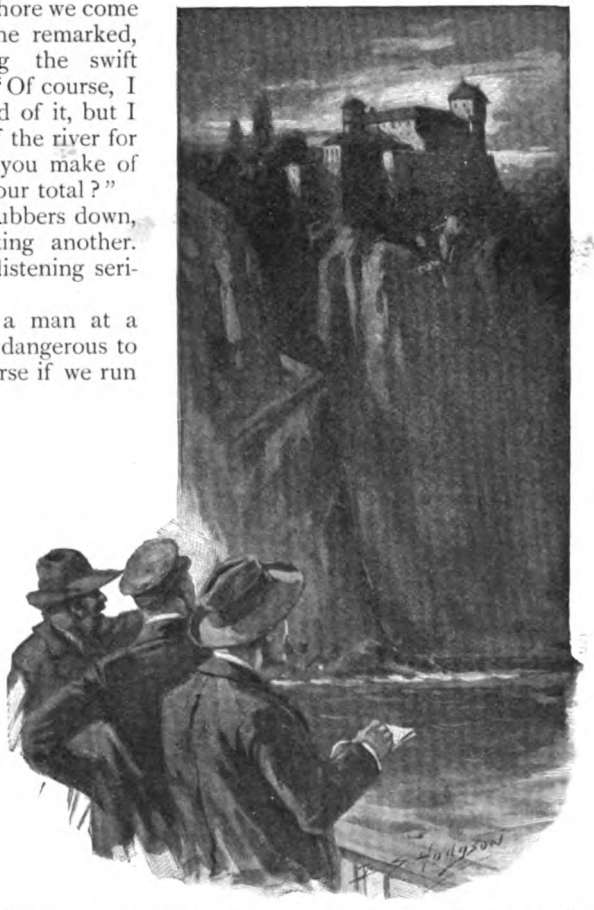
Velasquez chimed in with one of his doleful words.

"I had a presentiment of this," he said, gloomily; "a palmist told my wife I should go for a voyage and not come back."

"Then your wife will not be disappointed after all. Don't let the palmist down, old chap."

"We'll carry it to the Supreme Court if they eat you," said Tom Davis, cheerfully. "Don't forget the will, Ulick. I'll draw it up on the skipper's back—these ducks of his are just the thing."

The badinage ran on merrily enough for a few minutes; but it ceased abruptly when the loquacious pilot suddenly gripped Terence by the arm and indicated a circumstance I myself had already observed. This was nothing more or less than a sudden activity on the beach before the little white village, in whose picturesque houses the Spanish woman's cut-throats were supposed to live. We could plainly discern a little concourse of brightly-dressed men and women there; presently boats were launched, three at first and two afterwards, and stout arms rowed these briskly toward the yacht. What they wanted, unless greed or curiosity sent them there, it would have been impossible to say.



"HE WAS TRYING TO MAKE A ROUGH SKETCH OF THE DISTANT CLIFF."

The latter surmise best answered to the event. They rowed round and about us half-a-dozen times it may be, exchanged a few pleasantries with our Spanish pilot, and then went ashore again. A wilder-looking lot I have never seen. Yet I should have hesitated to name them dangerous, for they were as civil a crew as ever I clapped eyes upon.

We were all at the bulwarks when these villagers came off, and perhaps the more timid among us were not a little reassured by the presence of bright-eyed Spanish girls, mischievous-looking baggages, who examined the yacht and its passengers with the liveliest curiosity. These were accompanied in the last of the boats by that which must have been the village band—a little company which played dismally and discordantly upon flute and guitar, and drew tears from the eyes of the melancholy artist by their plaintive wailing. Terence, good-natured

enough, threw them down a handful of silver pesetas, at which they clapped their hands and doffed their huge hats, and behaved altogether with the pretty manners of a civilized people. After they had gone ashore again and our fears of the Witch of Navia had almost gone with them, we were about to turn in for tea and a rubber of bridge when the sharp-eyed Terence handed me his glass and asked me if I could make out anything on the cliff above the village. I took the glass from him and soon gave him his answer.

"It's a woman," I said.

"Faith and it is," says he.

"No six-year-old, Terence. She's trotted a mile or two in her time."

"'Tis true enough—we've no luck."

"She's riding back to the house now. Stay a minute; there's a man climbing the cliff path; he's going up to her—two of them, that is; they look like two that were in the boats just now."

"Getting the cooking-pots ready," chimed in Tom Davis.

"I knew it would end badly," said the sorrowful Velasquez.

We all laughed at this, and the others went down to get out the cards while I lingered on deck to take another look at the picturesque shore and the wild figures that moved upon it. Our cruise had shown us many unforgetable scenes upon that rugged Spanish coast, but none which appealed so quickly to the imagination as this estuary of a mountain river, with the vast cliffs standing seaward as its sentinels and the distant Asturias lifting up their glorious peaks to an azure sky and a far horizon of pleasing and almost intangible shapes. Outside, the sea was now running bravely in great foam-capped breakers, which thundered upon the adamantine heights and spouted their clear waters to the very summits of the lower cliffs. In the river itself, sheltered as it was from the gale, merry waves beat rhythmically upon our prow and the fresh wind blew keen and almost cold upon the face. The village was but a clump of low-roofed houses, with jalousies of the brightest green and fresh white paint worthy of that clear air. Above it, in a dip of the promontory, stood the woman's house, a gabled structure in the French style, picturesque and romantically situated enough. For myself, I liked the cut of it and the stories which were told of it. None the less I did not believe a word of them.

What had an English yacht to fear from a Spanish hag and a handful of wild shore-men who profited by poor shipwrecked mariners? They were wreckers when they had the chance—but not more seriously, I thought, than might be said of any Devon or Cornish fishing village you choose to name. Put a wreck on shore not twenty miles from Fowey and see who'll be on the strand first—the parson, the squire, or the oldest inhabitant. Such a harvest of sea-wrack is legitimate enough. But to say that these same folk would make overt war upon any yacht that might run into their port for shelter is to tell a fairy-tale. So I reckoned it concerned Navia and its mistress. We should be well upon our way to Ferrol to-morrow, I thought. So little did I know.

Now, we dined in the yacht's saloon at seven o'clock that night, and after a sharp turn upon the decks we turned down to pipes and bridge a little after half-past eight. The wind had gone down considerably by this time, and the air was so clear that the beams of the great lighthouse on the promontory showed far out to sea in paths of wavering golden radiance. A few lights in the village alone told of life there. We thought no more of "Madame of the Heights" or of the stories about her, and we were in the very midst of an hilarious bout of merriment at the gloomy Ulick's mistakes, when in comes the Spanish pilot, headlong into the cabin, and appeals to more saints to save him than are mentioned in half the histories. Such a spectacle of fear and cowardice I have never beheld before or since that day; but if we had believed at first that a drunken imagination alone sent him to the cabin in that state we were quickly undeceived, and a loud stamping of feet upon our decks, cries in a harsh, guttural tongue, and a confusion surpassing words sent us all clambering up the companion in the wildest state of excitement, as eager and astounded a quartette of men as ever the Bay has seen.

Old Terence was the first up, and a pretty spectacle met his eyes. I could hear his astonished ejaculations while I was still upon the ladder, and when I came out to him Tom Davis's query, "What's up?" seemed almost too puerile for words. A single glance about the decks, lighted by the ship's lantern swung amidships, told me the story better than any speech could have done. I saw that the yacht was swarming with Spaniards from stem to stern. Dirty, sea-bronzed, swaggering buccaneers—they might have come every one out of the old story-books and justified the finest tales of the ancient writers. And their arms—the ugly,

"SUCH A SPECTACLE OF FEAR AND COWARDICE I HAVE NEVER BEHELD."

silver-butted pistols, the great cutlasses, the knives stuck in their girdles—from what primeval arsenal had they been taken? Evidently the impression upon our own crew was such as this display of ferocity might have led one to expect. John Cathcart, the skipper, stood amidships, his hands stuck in his capacious pockets and his pipe in his mouth; but his expression passed the wit of man to describe, and his astonishment was so great that he could not utter a single word. Billy the cook, a saucepan in his hand, seemed undecided as to the effect of its application to a Spaniard's head; Jim the mate swore fiercely; the others were as pale as death and as silent. Nor do I wonder at it. We are ready enough to prate about British flags and Consuls and international law when we read of these things at the open window in London; but set a man down on a rugged Spanish shore, with the hillmen all about him and the night full dark and twenty stories of murder and rapine in his ears, and ask him what he thinks of the law of it then. Truth to tell, we never thought of law at all, but just of our own lives, which might have been priced at any trifling sum you cared to name.

I have said that Terence O'Farrell was the first man up, and he, I will allow, had the readiest wit among us. They used to say in Wexford that if Terence's ancestors came back from the grave to scare him, they'd die of disappointment on the spot. When, on this amazing night, he found his yacht in the possession of a score of Spanish ruffians he never showed a trace of fear or once admitted his alarm. Walking straight up to a burly ruffian who seemed to be the head of the company, Terence takes a good, long look at him and then, in his finest manner, he asks: "And who the dickens are you?"

Well, the Spaniard looks him up and down in turn, and, doffing a mighty sombrero hat, he recited a jargon which might have been a Russian speech to a Japanese torpedo-boat. Some Spanish from the guide-books I have, and so has Tom Davis, but not a word of this lingo could we understand, and so we began to cry out for the pilot Xury; and out he comes presently from between the water-butts, where he had been hiding against the massacre which surely seemed about to begin.

"What does this cut-throat say?" asks Terence, directly he sees him.

Xury raised his hands in pious protest. A sacrilege had been uttered.

"He no cut-throat, señor. He great gentleman. Please to go ashore—he say you go ashore or die where you was. He honourable nobleman; the saints have mercy on me!"

So he went at it, now to the Spaniard in a deep, guttural tone, now to Terence or to me in his verbless English. Getting the drift of it as well as we could, it appeared that

some person or persons ashore so ardently desired our presence there that we should have our throats cut upon the spot if we did not gratify their craving for a display of hospitality. What to answer, how to act, was a hard nut even for Terence to crack. His look of doubt, amazement, and of disgust was one I shall not soon forget.

"What the dickens is to be done, Davis? You are a barrister and ought to know."

"AND WHO THE DICKENS ARE YOU?"

"Oh, I say go under protest and claim damages from the Government for a bad supper."

"Take your passports, Terence, and flourish them under the old woman's nose. You can make love to her afterwards."

"We may as well die there as here," said the gloomy Ulick.

"Oh, rot dying," says Terence, in a rage. "Look at that brigand with the pistol; he'll bore a hole in somebody if we don't hurry up. Let's go ashore and have it out. We can choose our graves there. Eh, Velasquez, are you coming ashore to choose your grave? We'll bury you under a sand-heap, faith, and you'll cost nothing for headstones."

It was all very well to take it lightly as Terence did; but I don't believe there was a man of the party whose heart was not somewhere about the region of his boots; and when the Irishman boldly followed the Chief of the Brigands (as I christened the big man in the sombrero hat) into that which had all the shape and size of an African surf-boat, and we took our places beside him, and ferocious Spaniards armed to the very shoulders began to row the boats toward the shore, then a man had been a boaster indeed if he said that he had any pleasure of the trip or was not right down afraid of it. For myself I admitted everything. The thing frightened me as I had rarely been frightened in all my life. I knew that we had fallen into the hands of ruffians who would think no more of knocking out our brains than of skinning a kid alive, as they always do in Spain. And these men had everything to gain. Excise authorities and coastguards on such a shore were, if anything, more venal than the natives. That their eyes would be closed while the yacht was pillaged went without saying. And yet I did not doubt that it would have been madness not to have gone. None but a fool would have tried conclusions, unarmed, with a dozen brigands of the kind we had run upon.

Now the surf-boats, driven by immense arms, made the shore quickly enough, and as we came up to the beach we could distinguish a number of swinging lanterns at the head of a little wooden pier which hereby ran out into the sheltered estuary. I noticed, however, that there were no longer any lights in the windows of the cottages, and the moonless sky did not give us the chance of seeing what kind of a place the village was. Once ashore, it became apparent that another score of grimy

buccaneers awaited those who had boarded the yacht; and these, directly they perceived us captives, set up a horrid, discordant jubilation which no man could hear without a tremor. Pushing about us with their old-fashioned muskets in their hands, they indicated to us very plainly that we must accompany them or take the consequences; and five minutes had not passed before we were all marching up the cliff-side upon a narrow, winding path, which made the head dizzy and would have dropped a stumbling man down a hundred feet to the jagged rocks below. By such a path, I saw, we must go up to the woman's house. Curiosity made the road easier, for it was impossible to believe that more than robbery had been intended.

"What do you make of it Terence?" I asked him, as we found ourselves side by side upon a plateau some hundred and fifty feet above the shore. "Is it the oysters and champagne, or something with iron in it? We're going up to the old woman — that's occurred to you, of course?"

"Is it a Bow Street job or one for the Old Bailey?" Tom Davis asked, tenderly. Poor old Tom, he looked like a mangled table-cloth.

"They've communicated with the coroner; don't you be uneasy," said Ulick, with the mournful air of a man who believes his own jest.

None of it, however, could trouble Terence O'Farrell. I blessed the nationality which could whistle at such a time, and when he stopped abruptly his voice was good to hear.

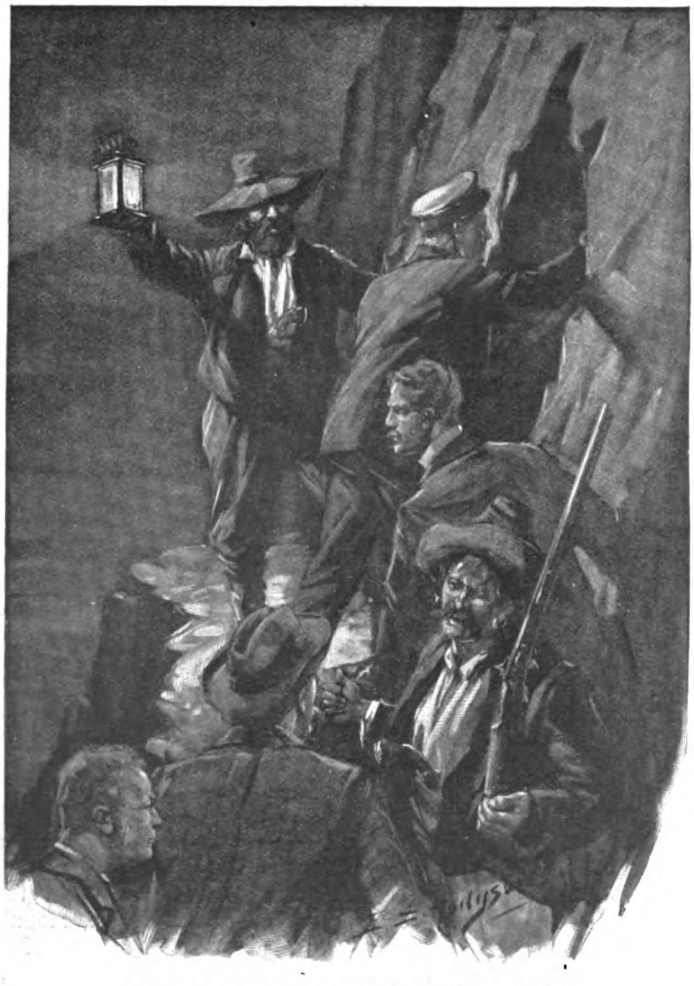
"I'll make love to the old woman — bedad, it's the very thing," he said, joyously. "Make love to her and ask her to my castle in Ireland. Cheer up, boys, there's a shot in the locker yet, though why the deuce I came to this cut-throat country the saints be good to me if I know."

His further observations received an abrupt check, as the ancient brigand who led the cavalcade suddenly halted before a dark aperture in the cliff-side and, raising his lantern, motioned us to enter. The place proved to be nothing more or less than a low cave in the hill-side, oddly shaped, but with glowing walls of some clear stone which shone like jasper under the lantern's light.

A mere passage at the entrance, we passed presently through a stout iron gate into a singularly spacious apartment, and directly we had entered that the men withdrew and left us in the blackest darkness.

"What's up now?" asks Terence, with some concern.

I said that the master of the ceremonies had gone on ahead to announce us.



"RAISING HIS LANTERN, HE MOTIONED US TO ENTER."

"You'll have another article for your paper, Scribe," says Terence, presently.

"They'll get his obituary, anyway," put in Ulick.

"An action against the Government will certainly lie," said Tom — but someone answered him that the law and lying were never far apart.

It was a brave effort, but we had nothing more to say when it was done. Frankly, I don't believe that any one man of the four did not believe himself to be in serious danger. Whatever the peril might have been, the very subtlety of it added to its reality. There we were in a death-black cave, shut out from men and the sky, and not a sound now of all the guttural tongues could we hear. Men have asked me why we went so tamely as sheep to the slaughter without a blow for it, or at least an honest bout in the open. I answer that a blow for it with the naked hand against twenty pistols may entitle a man to a medallion in St. Paul's Cathedral, but it certainly would, under these particular circumstances, have stamped him as a likely candidate for Hanwell. To wait events, to seem to submit, was the only sane course. And this we did in the blackness of the cave, until, when many weary minutes had passed, the gentleman of the sombrero re-entered with a lantern in his hand and beckoned Terence to follow him. Needless to say, the rest of us stood up and would have pushed in after our host, but at this the old Spaniard began to gesticulate violently, and made it abundantly clear that Terence alone must go.

"Rest where you are, boys," says Terence, jauntily enough; "'tis the old woman that's after me, and am I the man to refuse a lady? We'll sup in her house, faith, and take her aboard to luncheon to-morrow. Don't you fear for me — they wouldn't do us an injury, leastwise not up here in the lady's parlour. I don't care a China orange for all the Spaniards in Biscay," and with that and a bright laugh he went out through the passage. I say that he went out and that, I'll swear, was the most dreadful moment of that amazing night — for scarce had he gone when we heard a fearful cry, for all the world like the cry of a stricken man or a wounded animal — and believing that our friend was in deadly peril we leaped to our feet and went pell-mell toward the door. It was a vain and idle effort. The iron gate was shut and locked, and beyond it we could see the deserted plateau of rock, with the river far below and the lights of our yacht at anchor. What, then, had become of the Spaniards? Who had cried out? I say that it was a dreadful moment, and in my heart I believed that Terence O'Farrell had been brutally murdered at the very door of the cave.

Long minutes passed as we stood together at the gate hazarding a hundred guesses and wondering what would be the next step in this swift and utterly unlooked-for drama. When the old Spaniard returned presently with half-a-dozen more at his heels he found our faces close pressed to the bars and our fingers itching to be at him. No doubt he knew quite well what was in our thoughts, for a cunning smile lurked about the corners of his mouth, and he raised his hand as though asking us to be patient. Indicating Tom Davis, he motioned him to come out, but legal Tom defied him in language that would have raised the wig of a judge; and Ulick, suddenly becoming pugnacious, floored the fellow with one blow from the shoulder,

"ULICK, SUDDENLY BECOMING PUGNACIOUS, FLOORED THE FELLOW WITH ONE BLOW."

which sent him, lantern and all, flying down the passage. This was well enough in its way, but the consequences were not so pleasant. Scarcely had the blow been struck when twenty of the hill-men seemed to spring up from everywhere in general and nowhere in particular, and, hurling themselves upon us, they had us down and helpless in the twinkling of an eye. Then they carried old Tom bodily from the cave, and I was left with the gloomy Ulick, gloomy no longer since a blow had been struck.

"What do you make of it, Ulick—what in Heaven's name does it mean?" I asked him.

"I'll tell you to-morrow morning," he said, phlegmatically; "let's have a pipe, Scribe—we may as well die in characteristic attitudes."

"Then you don't make the worst of it, Ulick?"

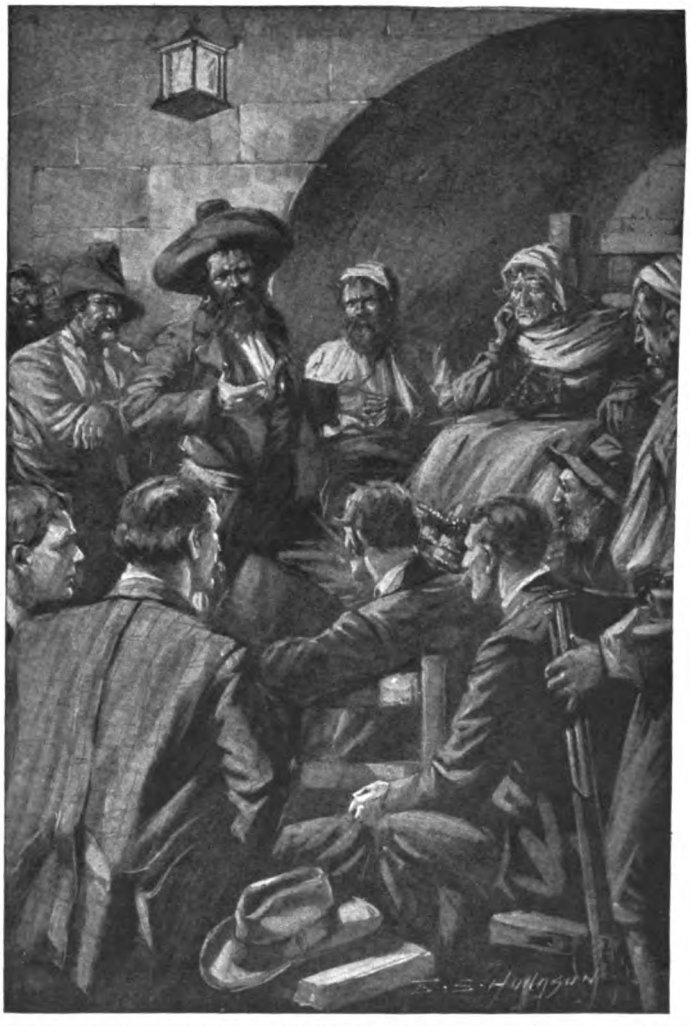
"No man does with a pipe in his mouth. Give me the matches; this darkness makes my flesh creep."

We lighted our pipes and smoked for a full ten minutes in silence. At the end of that time the Ancient One returned and signalled to both of us to follow him. Perhaps a British notion of a straight right somewhat influenced his decision; be it as it may, we went out of the cave together and found an escort of some twenty Spaniards waiting for us upon the threshold. Ferocious as was their aspect in the orange light of flaring torches, threatening as they were, and evidently desirous of bringing the play to an early termination, the clear, wonderful heaven of stars was yet so welcome to us, the air so fresh, that we marched with brisk steps toward our unknown goal, and cared little what might wait us there. Of the deeper possibilities, of the horrid thought that our friends might be no longer among the living, I, at any rate, would have none. The fresh air put new life into me, and I said that these men would not dare a plain assassination—and herein I was right, for the crowd carried us presently right up to the summit of a cliff, and thence straight on to one of the outbuildings of that very château wherein the woman wrecker had her abode. No sooner had we entered this than I perceived old Terence himself and Tom Davis with him, and never did the pair of them look less concerned.

Imagine a great vaulted room, with a domed ceiling of stone and a low platform in the Moorish fashion at the upper end of it. Say that this was rudely lighted by antique lanterns and thronged by at least fifty of the shore-men, splendid fellows, with the locks of the Goth and the savagery of the Tartar. Place a frightful old crone, with palsied hands and sun-dried face and the eyes of a hawk—place her as in a judge's seat upon the platform, and you have the picture we found at Navia. I saw in a moment that this was the woman of whom Madrid had told me, and that for this day at least she was to be our judge. Nay, for truth, the mockery of a trial began almost before we were seated; and for all that we understood of it they might have been charging us with the murder of the Pope or the theft of the jewels from the Tower. To hear old Sombrero relating our adventures would have made the fortune of an actor. The witch herself might have earned twenty pounds a week at Drury Lane. The crowd about, real in its picturesque ferocity, passed for the most dramatic grouping my travels have yet given me. And before such a hill-top tribunal we were being tried for the heinous offence of anchoring our yacht in the River Navia. It could be nothing more or less.

I was very glad to find old Terence and honest Tom Davis in the place, and perhaps I was ashamed at the very real fears Ulick and I had confessed in the cave. The mock trial interested me only as a spectacle. The old witch never spoke a single word from beginning to end of it. What notes I made were for my second article in the London papers. When it was over and the gentleman in the sombrero hat delivered judgment, he might almost as well have been promising us a thousand a year, so far as I was concerned. By our interpreter alone could we get at the sense of it, and certainly it did not seem common sense, for it was intimated to us that our yacht and its contents would be held securely for us while we were carried to the judge at Vivero. He of the sombrero regretted the inconvenience we might be put to, but could not do otherwise. As to our offence, we remained as much in the dark as ever. Terence hazarded the opinion that we had invaded military waters, so to speak; and when they told him that his yacht was temporarily forfeit, it took the matter of five or six Spaniards to hold him down. Nor was he to be soothed when the Ancient One added through the interpreter that the señora would see that supper was served to the strangers before they set out. He swore he would not eat a mouthful—the amiable Terence; he was swilling champagne by the tankard before the half of an hour had passed.

They served the meal in a room adjoining this quasi-theatre in which the mock judicial inquiry had been held. Whatever may have been our treatment so far this particular part could offend no man. The room itself was



"TO HEAR OLD SOMBRERO RELATING OUR ADVENTURES WOULD HAVE MADE THE FORTUNE OF AN ACTOR."

hung about with ancient flags and the tattered bannerets of bygone Spanish thieves who had dwelt upon that sea-shore. We squatted upon low couches in the best Eastern fashion, and were served by dark-eyed Spanish girls; one of whom, more shapely than the others and called by them Zohara, had old Terence literally at her feet with the second shot from her mischievous battery. Never have I known such a man for a pretty face. And when he found that this pretty girl could speak French like a Parisian, that she knew Paris and had even been to London, he was in the seventh heaven of a strictly ephemeral delight. The rest of us simply pitched into the supper and looked on. Terence would learn something from the girl, anyway; and, in faith, he did, and a story to raise the hair on a man's head it was.

"'Tis a queer tale entirely," he whispered to me, in one of the intervals; "she says we'll lie in the stinking hole of a prison at Vivero it may be a month before the judge comes. What's more, if the hill-men take it into their heads we'll never get there at all. These chaps down below will pillage the yacht meanwhile, and when we come back we'll about find the ribs of her. The

deuce take the day that sent us into such a place."

"And I hope it will, Terence, if there's no better way out of it. What does the girl say? Is there nothing to be done?"

"ZOHARA."

"She's going to try; but, faith, I doubt it entirely. She says the man who rides with us is her friend. I'm to buy him, if I can, for a hundred pesetas. I'd give a thousand to be on board the ketch again. Faith, man, 'tis a pretty little vessel, too."

"The girl or the ketch, Terence? Well, it doesn't matter. Here's the procession about to set out, and it begins with coffee and cigarettes, you see. Don't let's say anything against that part of it anyway. We can always write to the Consul, and I don't suppose the people at Vivero will dare to do much."

"Aye, but the hill-men?" said Ulick. "Surely, if we get to Vivero with our windpipes whole, we're the luckiest crowd in Asturia to-day."

"It's not luck we want, it's law," said Tom Davis, with conviction.

I answered him that we appeared to be getting enough law to carry us round the Cape and back, and with that the four of us followed the Spaniard to the door and found the horses and men of our escort ready for our going. Never again in my life am I likely to set out upon such a ride as that. The dark faces of the Spaniards, the garish flicker of the torches, horses neighing, bright lights in the château behind us—what a scene it was, and under what amazing circumstances we left it! For the prison at Vivero, too, a stinking hole, I did not doubt, wherein the fever germ kept carnival and all disease stalked with merry step. To lie even for days in such a hole might be the intolerable penalty of unwillingly invading a Spanish anchorage; or, more probably, of exciting the cupidity of the old woman of the château and her satellites on the shore below. Well, it was no good thinking of it; so I mounted my horse nimbly and set off with the others.

We had perhaps a dozen men for escort, and old Sombrero rode at the head of them. For a good mile or more the way lay along the steep of the cliffs, then sharply it turned

toward the uplands and the low pine forests on the mountain's ridge. Here, on a soft, mossy path, we went at a swinging trot for a full half-hour, and it was not until we stopped at a low-pitched hostelry in the clearing of the wood that I perceived we had outridden five of our escort, and that but six men remained with old Sombrero. If any attempt were to be made to better our situation, now was the time for it or never until the prison gates of Vivero closed upon us. I said as much to Terence, and the others were of one mind. Why not buy the old man and make a dash for it? Delay could not aid us nor was ceremony likely to be useful. It must be a case of good golden coins jingled under the old man's nose. Aye, and Terence was the man who knew how to jingle them.

Well, we called for wine at the inn and dismounted from our horses to drink it. In so far as our plan succeeded, the hill-men themselves helped us by their bland disbelief that any further attempt would be made by the amiable Englishmen who accepted their fate so stoically. Cigarettes were lighted and a humorous exchange of finger signals set going. Master Terence and Sombrero walked a little way down the glade together, and I could see they were talking earnestly. Presently Sombrero beckons us over to him, and the man who held the horses edged a little way into the wood with them. I knew that the instant had come, and from apathy and incredulity I passed suddenly to that irresistible, feverish excitement which chase and pursuit ever foster in the life of the adventurous. Was it indeed possible that so simple a ruse might yet carry us back to the yacht and liberty? It looked like it truly when, with a sharp cry to us, old Terence suddenly leaped upon the back of his horse and went galloping headlong down the forest track. Aye, it was life or death then, I said; and, bounding into the saddle like an acrobat, I gave my brute his head and knew that ten minutes would decide it. The shore at Navia or the prison at Vivero—those were the alternatives! Do you wonder that we risked all to make it the shore?

It was very dark in the wood, and how our horses kept their legs, unless it were that they knew every inch of the ground, I make no pretence to say. Behind us, at the inn door, a clamour arose which might have awakened even a sheep to activity. They say that the men of the Asturias like to fire off their guns on all occasions, either possible or impossible; certainly upon this occasion, when a yacht lay ready for pillage and four Englishmen were to be plundered on the road to Vivero, they gave us a salute which would not have dishonoured the young King himself. Firing their rude muskets wildly, they shouted one to the other to ride us down at any cost; and upon that we heard the whinnying of horses, the shouts of men, and the thunder of hoofs upon the mossy turf. For my part, I looked to hear the bullets sing about my ears at any moment of it; and when the twigs of the trees upon the right hand and the left were broken, when the quivering horses bounded on as though shot had already touched them, I saw that the yacht would wait many a good hour yet before Terence O'Farrell trod her decks again. And then I simply sat down and rode "hell for leather," as an English hunting man would say.

Whither would the path carry us? How

"SILENTLY, DOGGEDLY, WE FOLLOWED THAT UNKNOWN PATH."

long could such a pursuit endure? A silence new and profound seemed at length to answer these oft-uttered questions. In that moment it became plain to us that our horses had outdistanced the Spaniards, though no man thought of drawing rein. Silently, doggedly, but with hope running high, we followed that unknown path, cheered by the muted thunder of the hoofs and the steady breathing of the beasts which carried us. It mattered not, perchance we said; and when the path began to descend abruptly the pace was still unchecked. And now, through the vista of the leaves, a sheen of rippling water showed itself, but the madness of the ride was upon us all, and nothing but the sagacity of four honest horses saved us from it.

"Halt!"

We cried it from man to man as the clever brutes set their forelegs together, and half sliding, half falling down the steep, grassy slope, landed us, some in the saddle, some out, upon the very brink of that water we had espied from the thicket. For myself, I had slipped over my brute's shoulder at the very top of the slope, and, stumbling and running with him, I found myself side by side with Terence, as astonished and whole a man as any in Spain that night. Two minutes later Tom Davis crawled out of the bush and joined us on the river's bank. He said that Velasquez was under his horse—but the painter gave him the lie before the words were well spoken.

"Under my horse yourself, Tom. Didn't I come down on my back? Where are we? What's up? What place is this?"

Terence was the first to speak.

"It's the River Navia, and yonder's our yacht," he cried, majestically. "The old chap said that the road would carry us to the river. He's earned his money, bedad!"

We followed his stately gesture, and perceived, full in the waterway, the welcome shape of the good ketch *Colleen Bawn*. At the moment we were distant from it perhaps the half of a mile, and to regain it we must re-enter the village from which we had fled so precipitately. Be sure that there were head-waggings when this became apparent—head-waggings and all the doubtful expressions of men who had escaped a great peril to be confronted by another not less grave.

"If you call that money earned, you've a queer notion of it, Terence," said I; "the old blackguard was too much for you after all. You should have offered him another tenner if we got on board safely."

"Hold on awhile," says he, producing a bit of paper from his pocket. "I'm not done yet. Here's what the old blackguard calls a passport. Strike a light, one of you, and we'll read it. He says it will carry us anywhere."

Ulick struck the match; Tom Davis read over Terence's shoulder. The paper was a cutting from the French *Petit Journal*, and this is what it said:—

"Châteaux in Spain are not always desirable. But we hear that the charming Spanish actress, known to all Paris as 'La Belle Zohara,' has recently taken the famous château at Navia, concerning which and its traditions of wrecking and wreckers some ridiculous stories have been lately told in London by a travelling Englishman. A more peaceable race than the men of Navia does not exist. We assure the Englishman in question that he is in no danger whatever should he visit this picturesque coast, and may safely leave both 'le bulldog' and 'le revolver' at home."

Someone said, "Hoaxed, by thunder," before the match went out. I, personally, had no observation to make. Not until we were on the yacht did Terence open his lips. There he filled himself a long "mahogany" one and drained it to the dregs.

"Boys," he says, "I give you La Belle Zohara."

We drank it with moderate enthusiasm.

"Will ye be writing this up for the papers?" Terence asks me.

"Why not?" said I. "Is she the first woman that has fooled an Irishman? Not by a number, Terence, my boy."

Tom Davis shook his head.

"An action would certainly lie," said he, "I'll look up the law in the morning."

Excellent Tom. He is still looking up the law and actions are still lying—but they are not against La Belle Zohara.

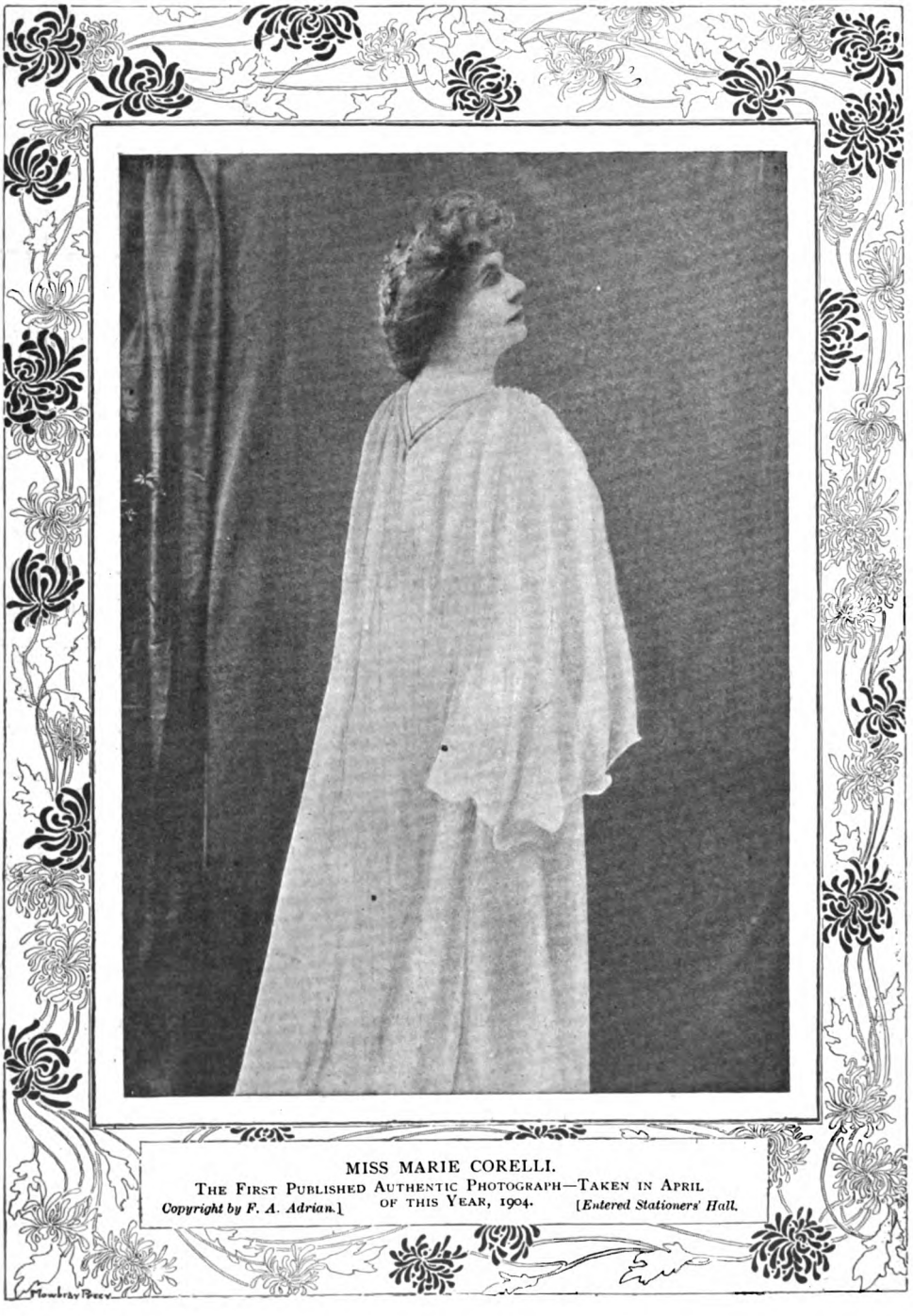
By MARIE CORELLI.

MOST people want to be happy if they can. I suppose it may be safely set down without fear of contradiction that no one who is sane and healthy wilfully elects to be miserable. Yet the secret of happiness seems to be solved by very few. People try to be happy in all sorts of queer ways—in speculation, land-grabbing, dram-drinking, horse-racing, bridge-playing, newspaper-running, and various other methods which are more or less suited to their constitutional abilities—but in many cases these channels, carefully dug out for the reception of a perpetual inflowing of the stream of happiness, appear very soon to run dry. I have been asked scores of times what I consider to be the happiest life in the world, and I have always answered without the least hesitation—the Life Literary. In all respects it answers perfectly to the description of the "Happy Life" portrayed by that gentle sixteenth-century poet, Sir Henry Wotton :—

> How happy is he born and taught
> That serveth not another's will,
> Whose armour is his honest thought,
> And simple truth his utmost skill.

Herein we have the vital essence of all delight—honest thought, simple truth—and, in the "serveth not another's will," glorious liberty. For chiefest among the joys of the Life Literary are its splendid independence, its right of free opinion, and its ability to express that opinion. An author is bound to no person, no place, and no party, unless he or she wilfully elects to be so bound. To him, or to her, all the realms of Nature and imagination are entrance-free—the pen unlocks every closed door—and not only is the present period of time set out like a stage-scene for contemplation and criticism, but all the past ages, with their histories and the rise and fall of their civilizations, arrange themselves to command in a series of pictures for the pleasure of the literary eye and brain ; and it is just as easy to converse in one's own library with Plato on the immortality of the soul as it is to good-humouredly tolerate Mr. Mallock and his little drawing-room philosophies. For a book is more or less the expression of the mind, or a part of the mind, of its writer, and, inasmuch as it is only with the moral and intellectual personalities of our friends and enemies that we care to deal, it matters little whether such personalities be three or four thousand years old, or only of yesterday. And to live the Life Literary means that we can always choose our own company. We can reject commoners and receive kings, or *vice versâ*. The author who is careful to hold and maintain all the real privileges and rights of authorship is a ruler of millions, and under subjection to none. The position is unique and, to my thinking, unequalled.

There are many, of course, who will by no means agree with me as to the superior charm of the Life Literary over all other lives—and such objectors will be found mostly in the literary profession itself. Unsuccessful authors—particularly those who are any way troubled with dyspepsia—will be among them. "Tied" authors also—and by "tied"



MISS MARIE CORELLI.

THE FIRST PUBLISHED AUTHENTIC PHOTOGRAPH—TAKEN IN APRIL OF THIS YEAR, 1904.

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authors I mean the unhappy wretches who have signed contracts with publishers several years ahead, and are, so to speak, dancing in fetters. Authors who count the number of words they write per day, like potatoes, and anxiously calculate how much a publisher will possibly give for them per bushel, are not likely to experience any very particular "happiness" while they are measuring out halfpence in this fashion. And authors who run after "society" and want to be seen here, there, and everywhere are bound to lose the gifts of the gods one by one as they scamper helter-skelter through the world's Vanity Fair, while they may be perfectly sure that the "great" or swagger persons with whom they seek to associate will be the first to despise and neglect them in any time of need or trouble, as well as the last to support or help them in any urgent cause which might be benefited by their assistance.

On this point we have only to remember the melancholy experience of Robert Burns, who, after having been flattered and feasted by certain individuals who were, in an ephemeral sense, influential for the time being, either through their rank or their wealth, was afterwards shamefully neglected, and finally, notwithstanding the various social attentions and courtesy he had at one time received, he was left, when ill and dying, in such extremity as to be compelled to implore his publisher for the loan of five pounds! What had become of all his wealthy and "influential" friends? Why, they were exactly where all "influential" persons would be now in a similar case—"otherwise engaged." They are always "otherwise engaged" when their help is needed. Nothing can well be more deplorable than the position of any author who depends for success on a clique of "distinguished" or "society" persons. He or she has exchanged independence for slavery—the nectar of the gods for a base mess of pottage—and the true "happiness" of the Life Literary for a mere miserable restlessness and constant craving after fresh excitement, which gradually breeds nervous troubles, and disturbs that fine and even balance of brain without which no clear or convincing thought is possible. Again, authors who deliberately prostitute their talents to the writing of lewd matter unfit to be handled by cleanly-minded men and women need never hope to possess that happy and studious peace which comes from the

> Pure intent to do the best
> Purely—and leave to God the rest.

For the highest satisfaction in the Life Literary is to think that perhaps, in a fortunate or inspired moment, one may have written at least a sentence, a line, a verse that may carry comfort and a sense of beauty to the sorrowful or hope to the forlorn; while surely the greatest pang would be to know that one had cast the already despairing soul into a lower depth of degradation, or caused the sinner to revel more consciously in his sin.

But are there no drawbacks, no disappointments, no sufferings in the Life Literary? Why, of course there are! Who would be such a useless block of stone, such a senseless lump of unvalued clay, as not to ardently wish for drawbacks, disappointments, and sufferings? Who that has a soul at all does not pray that it may be laid like glowing molten iron on the anvil of endurance, there to be beaten and hammered by destiny till it is of a strong and shapely mould, fit for combat, nerved to victory? And I maintain that such drawbacks, disappointments, difficulties, and sufferings as the profession of literature entails are sweeter and nobler than the cares besetting other professions, inasmuch as they are always accompanied by never-failing consolations. If the pinch be poverty, the true servant of literature can do with less of this world's goods than most people. Luxury is not called for when one is rich in idealism and fancy. Heavy feeding will not make a clear, quick brain. Extravagant apparel is a necessity for no one—and genius was never yet born of a millionaire.

If the "thorn in the flesh" is the petty abuse of one's envious contemporaries, that is surely a matter for rejoicing rather than grief, as it is merely the continuance of an apparently "natural law in the spiritual world," acting from the Inferior upon the Superior, which may be worded thus: "Whosoever will be great, let him be flayed alive!" Virgil was declared by Pliny to be destitute of invention; Aristotle was styled "ignorant, vain, and ambitious" by both Cicero and Plutarch; Plato was so jealous of Democritus that he proposed to burn up all his works; Sophocles was brought to trial by his own children as a lunatic; Horace was accused of stealing from all the minor Greek poets; and so on in the same way down to our own times.

Pope went so far as to make a collection of all the libels passed upon him, and had them preserved and bound with singular care, though I believe no one now knows where to find these scandalous splutterings of Grub

Street. Swift is reported to have said to the irate author of the "Dunciad," "Give me a shilling and I will insure you that posterity shall never know one single enemy against you excepting those whose memory you *yourself* have preserved." Herein is a profound truth. The malicious enemies of a great author only become known to the public through the mistaken condescension of the great author's notice.

Milton's life was embittered by the contemptible spite of one Salmasius. Who was Salmasius? we ask nowadays. We do not ask who was Milton. Salmasius was the author of the "Defensio Regi," or Defence of Kings, a poor piece of work long ago forgotten, and he was the procurer of foul libel against the author of "Paradise Lost," one of England's greatest and noblest men. What small claim he has to the world's memory arises merely from his viciousness, for not only did he make use of the lowest tools to aid him in conspiring against Milton's reputation, but he spread the grossest lies broadcast, even accusing the poet of having a hideous personal appearance — "a puny piece of man; a homunculus; a dwarf deprived of the human figure; a contemptible pedagogue." When the despicable slanderer learned the fact that Milton, so far from answering to this description, was of a pleasing and attractive appearance, he immediately changed his tactics and began to attack his moral character—which, as even Milton's bitterest political enemies knew, was austerely above the very shadow of suspicion. It was said that the poet's over-zealousness in answering the calumnies of Salmasius cost him his eyesight, which, if true, was surely regrettable. Salmasius died dishonoured and disgraced, as such a cowardly brute deserved to die; Milton still holds his glorious place in England's literary history. So it was, so it is, so it ever will be.

Greatness is always envied—it is only mediocrity that can boast of a host of friends. "When you have resolved to be great," says Emerson, "abide by yourself, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world." It is impossible to quote one single instance of a truly great man existing without his calumniators. And the Life Literary without any enemies would be a shabby go-cart; or, as our American cousins put it, a "one-horse concern." Some lines that were taught to me when I was a child seem apposite to this subject, and I quote them here for the benefit of any struggling units of the Life Literary who may haply be in need:—

> You have no enemies, you say?
> Alas! my friend, the boast is poor—
> He who has mingled in the fray
> Of duty, that the brave endure,
> *Must* have made foes! If you have none,
> Small is the work that you have done;
> You've hit no traitor on the hip,
> You've dashed no cup from perjured lip,
> You've never turned the wrong to right—
> You've been a coward in the fight!

But it is perhaps time that I should drop the masculine personal pronoun for the feminine, and, being a woman, treat of the Life Literary from the woman's point of view. In olden days the profession of literature was looked upon as a terrible thing for a woman to engage in, and the observations of some very kindly and chivalrous writers on this subject are not without pathos. To quote one example only, can anything be more quaintly droll at this time of day than the following:—

"Of all the sorrows in which the female character may participate there are few more affecting than those of an Authoress—often insulated and unprotected in society—with all the sensibility of the sex, encountering miseries which break the spirits of men!"

This delicate expression of sympathy for a woman's literary struggles was written by the elder Disraeli as late as 1840. Truly we have raced along the rails of progress since then at express speed—and the "affecting" sorrows of an "Authoress" (with a capital A) now affect nobody except in so far as they make "copy" for the callow journalist to hang a string of cheap sneers upon. The Authoress must take part with the Author in the general rough-and-tumble of life—and she cannot too quickly learn the truth that when once she enters the literary arena, where men are already fisticuffing and elbowing each other remorselessly, she will be met chiefly with "kicks and no ha'pence." She must fight like the rest, unless she prefers to lie down and be walked over. If she elects to try for a first place, it will take her all her time to win it, and, when won, to hold it; and, in the event of her securing success, she must not expect any chivalrous consideration from the opposite sex, or any special kindness and sympathy from her own. For the men will consider her "out of her sphere" if she writes books instead of producing babies, and the women will, in nine cases out of ten, begrudge her the freedom and independence she enjoys, particularly if such freedom and independence be allied to fortune and fame. This all goes without saying. It has to be

understood and accepted uncomplainingly. The "old-fashioned" grace of chivalry to women, once so proudly lauded by poets and essayists as the distinguishing trait of all manly men, is not to be relied on in the Life Literary—for there it is as dead as door-nails. Men can be found in the literary profession who will do anything to "down" a woman in the same calling, and, if they cannot for shame's sake do it openly, they will do it behind her back. 'Tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful—for the men! But if the woman concerned has studied her art to any purpose she will accept calumny as a compliment, slander as a votive wreath, and "envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness" (from which, with pious hypocrisy, the most envious and uncharitable persons pray "Good Lord, deliver us" every Sunday) as so many tokens and proofs of her admitted power. And none of these things need disturb the equanimity of the Life Literary. "Can any man cast me out of the universe? He cannot; but whithersoever I may go there will be the sun and the moon, and the stars and visions, and communion with the gods!"*

"WEARY AND DISCOURAGED."

Speaking as a woman, I can quite understand and appreciate all the little difficulties, irritations, and trials incident to a woman's career in literature; and though I myself welcome such difficulties as so many incentives to fresh effort, I know that there are many of my sex who, growing weary and discouraged, are not able to adopt this attitude. And looking back into the past, one is bound to see a host of brilliant women done to death by cruel injustice and misrepresentation, a state of things which is quite likely to be continued as long as humanity endures.

But no useful object is served by brooding over this apparently incurable evil. "The noble army of martyrs" who praise the Lord in the "Te Deum" are likely to be of the sex feminine. But what does that matter? It is more glorious to be martyred than to die of over-eating and general plethora. Moreover, mental or intellectual martyrdom is a necessary ingredient for the "happy" life—a touch of it is like the toothache, helping one to be duly thankful when the pain ceases. For, if we never understood trouble, we should never taste the full measure of joy.

One thing can be very well dispensed with by both men and women who look for happiness in the Life Literary, and that is the uneasy hankering after what is called "Fame." Fame has a habit of settling its halo on the elected brows without any outside advice or assistance. Those authors who are destined for it will assuredly win it, though all the world should intervene; those for whom it is not intended must content themselves with the temporary notoriety of pretty newspaper puffs and "stock" compliments, such as the "renowned" or "well-known" or "admired" author or authoress, and be glad and grateful for these meaningless terms, inasmuch as the higher Fame itself at its utmost is only a brief and very often inaccurate "line in history."

The rewards and emoluments of the happy life, such as I have always found the Life Literary to be, are manifold and frequently incongruous. They may be considered in two sections—the outward or apparent and the interior or invisible. Concerning these I can only, of course, speak from my own experience. The outward or apparent occur (so far as I myself am concerned) as follows:—

* Epictetus.

1. Certain payments, small or large, made by publishers who undertake to present one's brain-work to the world in print, and who do the best they can for their authors, as well as for themselves.

2. Public appreciation and condemnation, about equally divided.

3. Critical praise and censure, six of one and half-a-dozen of the other.

4. Endless requests for autographs.

5. Innumerable begging letters.

6. Imperative, sometimes threatening, demands for "interviews."

7. Hundreds of love-letters.

8. Continual offers of marriage (average number one per week).

9. Shoals of MSS. sent by literary aspirants to be "placed" or "recommended."

10. Free circulation of lies, caricatures, and slanders concerning oneself, one's personality, friends, ways of work, and general surroundings.

11. The grudging and bitter animosity of rival contemporaries.

12. Persistent public and private misrepresentation of one's character, aims, and intentions.

All these things taken together weigh very little when compared with the other side of the medal—the interior and invisible delight and charm of the Life Literary—the unpurchasable and never-failing happiness which no external advantage can give, no inimical influence take away. It is well-nigh impossible to enumerate the pleasures that attend the lover and servant of literature; they are multitudinous, and, like all things spiritual, outweigh all things temporal. Here are just a few among the ceaseless favours of the gods:—

1. The power and affluence of creative thought.

2. A perpetual sense of intimate participation in the wonders of Nature and Art.

3. A keen perception of the beautiful.

4. Intense delight in the genius of all great men and women.

5. A cheerful and contented spirit.

6. Constant variety of occupation.

7. Joy in simple things.

8. The love of friends that are tried and true.

9. The never-wearying interest of working to try and give pleasure to one's reading public.

10. The gifts and glories of imagination.

11. Tranquillity of mind.

12. Firm faith in noble ideals.

And, to quote from Walt Whitman what the inward sense or spirit of the "happiness" of the Life Literary really is, the disciple of literature may say:—

"I will show that there is no imperfection in the present and can be none in the future. And I will show that, whatever happens to anybody, it may be turned to beautiful results."

Were all the lives in the world offered to me for my choice, from the estate of queens to that of commoners, I would choose the Life Literary in preference to any other, as ensuring the greatest happiness. It is full of the most lasting pleasure, it offers the most varied entertainment, all the arts and sciences group themselves naturally around it as with it and of it—for the literary student is, or should be, as devout a lover of music as of poetry, as ardent an admirer of painting and sculpture as of history and philosophy—that is, if complete enjoyment of the literary gift is to be possessed completely.

I take it, of course, for granted, in this matter of the "happy" life, that the individual concerned, whether male or female, is neither dyspeptic nor bilious, nor afflicted with the incurable *ennui* of utter selfishness, nor addicted to dram or drug drinking. Because under unnatural conditions the mind itself becomes unnatural, and the Life Literary is no more productive of happiness than any other life that is self-poisoned at its source. But, given a sane mind in a sound body, a clear brain, a quick perception, a keen imagination, a warm heart, and a never-to-be-parted-with ideal of humanity at its best, noblest, and purest, then the Life Literary, with all the advantages it bestows, the continuous education it fosters, the refinement of taste it engenders, the love and sympathy of unknown thousands of one's fellow-creatures which it brings, is the sweetest, most satisfying, most healthful and happy life in the world. Moreover, it is a life of power and responsibility—a life that forms character and tests courage. We soon learn to know the force of a thinker in our midst, whether man or woman; we soon realize who it is that sends the lightning of truth across our murky sky, when we see a sudden swarm of cowards scurrying away from the storm and trying to shelter themselves under a haystack of lies; and we invariably respect whosoever has the valour of his or her opinions and the strength to enunciate them boldly and convincingly with a supreme indifference to conventional conveniences. For "To know the truth," says an Arabian sage, "is a great thing for thyself; but to tell the truth to others is a greater thing for the world!"

DIALSTONE LANE

BY

W. W. JACOBS

CHAPTER XIII.

FURTHER secrecy as to the projected trip being now useless, Mr. Tredgold made the best of the situation and talked freely concerning it. To the astonished Edward he spoke feelingly of seeing the world before the insidious encroachments of age should render it impossible; to Captain Bowers, whom he met in the High Street, he discussed destinations with the air of a man whose mind was singularly open on the subject. If he had any choice it appeared that it was in the direction of North America.

"You might do worse," said the captain, grimly.

"Chalk," said Mr. Tredgold, meditatively—"Chalk favours the South. I think that he got rather excited by your description of the islands there. He is a very——"

"If you are going to try and find that island I spoke about," interrupted the captain, impatiently, "I warn you solemnly that you are wasting both your time and your money. If I had known of this voyage I would have told you so before. If you take my advice you'll sell your schooner and stick to business you understand."

Mr. Tredgold laughed easily. "We may look for it if we go that way," he said. "I believe that Chalk has bought a trowel, in case we run up against it. He has got a romantic belief in coincidences, you know."

"Very good," said the captain, turning away. "Only don't blame me, whatever happens. You can't say I have not warned you."

He clutched his stick by the middle and strode off down the road. Mr. Tredgold, gazing after his retreating figure with a tolerant smile, wondered whether he would take his share of the treasure when it was offered to him.

The anxiety of Miss Vickers at this period was intense. Particulars of the purchase of the schooner were conveyed to her by letter, but the feminine desire of talking the matter

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over with somebody became too strong to be denied. She even waylaid Mr. Stobell one evening, and, despite every discouragement, insisted upon walking part of the way home with him. He sat for hours afterwards recalling the tit-bits of a summary of his personal charms with which she had supplied him.

Mr. Chalk spent the time in preparations for the voyage, purchasing, among other necessaries, a stock of firearms of all shapes and sizes, with which he practised in the garden. Most marksmen diminish gradually the size of their target; but Mr. Chalk, after starting with a medicine-bottle at a hundred yards, wound up with the greenhouse at fifteen. Mrs. Chalk, who was inside at the time tending an invalid geranium, acted as marker, and, although Mr. Chalk proved by actual measurement that the bullet had not gone within six inches of her, the range was closed.

By the time the alterations on the *Fair Emily* were finished the summer was nearly at an end, and it was not until the 20th of August that the travellers met on Binchester platform. Mrs. Chalk, in a smart yachting costume, with a white-peaked cap, stood by a pile of luggage discoursing to an admiring circle of friends who had come to see her off. She had shut up her house and paid off her servants, and her pity for Mrs. Stobell, whose husband had forbidden such a course in her case, provided a suitable and agreeable subject for conversation. Mrs. Stobell had economized in quite a different direction, and Mrs. Chalk gazed in indignant pity at the one small box and the Gladstone bag which contained her wardrobe.

"She don't want to dress up on shipboard," said Mr. Stobell.

Mrs. Chalk turned and eyed her friend's costume—a plain tweed coat and skirt, in which she had first appeared the spring before last.

"If we're away a year," she said, decidedly, "she'll be in rags before we get back."

Mr. Stobell said that fortunately they would be in a warm climate, and turned to greet the Tredgolds, who had just arrived. Then the train came in, and Mr. Chalk, appearing suddenly from behind the luggage, where he had been standing since he had first caught sight of the small, anxious face of Selina Vickers on the platform, entered the carriage and waved cheery adieus to Binchester.

To the eyes of Mr. Chalk and his wife Biddlecombe appeared to have put on holiday attire for the occasion. With smiling satisfaction they led the way to the ferry, Mrs. Chalk's costume exciting so much attention

"MRS. CHALK STOOD BY A PILE OF LUGGAGE, DISCOURSING TO AN ADMIRING CIRCLE OF FRIENDS."

that the remainder of the party hung behind to watch Edward Tredgold fasten his boot-lace. It took two boats to convey the luggage to the schooner, and the cargo of the smaller craft shifting in mid-stream, the boatman pulled the remainder of the way with a large portion of it in his lap. Unfortunately, his mouth was free.

Mr. Chalk could not restrain a cry of admiration as he clambered on board the *Fair Emily*. The deck was as white as that of a man-of-war, and her brass-work twinkled in the sun. White paint work and the honest and healthy smell of tar completed his satisfaction. His chest expanded as he sniffed the breeze, and with a slight nautical roll paced up and down the spotless deck.

"And now," said Captain Brisket, after a couple of sturdy seamen had placed the men's luggage in the new cabin, "which of you ladies is going to have my state-room, and which the mate's bunk?"

Mrs. Chalk started; she had taken it for granted that she was to have the state-room. She turned and eyed her friend anxiously.

"A SLIGHT NAUTICAL ROLL."

"The bunk seems to get the most air," said Mrs. Stobell. "And it's nearer the ladder in case of emergencies."

"You have it, dear," said Mrs. Chalk, tenderly. "I'm not nervous."

"But you are so fond of fresh air," said Mrs. Stobell, with a longing glance at the state-room. "I don't like to be selfish."

"You're not," said Mrs. Chalk, with conviction.

"Chalk and I will toss for it," said Mr. Stobell, who had been listening with some impatience. He spun a coin in the air, and Mr. Chalk, winning the bunk for his indignant wife, was at some pains to dilate upon its manifold advantages. Mrs. Stobell, with a protesting smile, had her things carried into the state-room, while Mrs. Chalk stood by listening coldly to plans for putting her heavy luggage in the hold.

"What time do we start?" inquired Tredgold senior, moving towards the companion-ladder.

"Four o'clock, sir," replied Brisket.

Mr. Stobell, his heavy features half-lit by an unwonted smile, turned and surveyed his friends. "I've ordered a little feed at the King of Hanover at half-past one," he said, awkwardly. "We'll be back on board by half-past three, captain."

Captain Brisket bowed, and the party were making preparations for departure when a hitch was caused by the behaviour of Mrs. Chalk, who was still brooding over the affair of the state-room. In the plainest of plain terms she declared that she did not want any luncheon and preferred to stay on board. Her gloom seemed to infect the whole party, Mr. Stobell in particular being so dejected that his wife eyed him in amazement.

"It'll spoil it for all of us if you don't come," he said, with bashful surliness. "Why, I arranged the lunch more for you than anybody. It'll be our last meal on shore."

Mrs. Chalk said that she had had so many meals on shore that she could afford to miss one, and Mr. Stobell, after eyeing her for some time in a manner strangely at variance with his words, drew his wife to one side and whispered fiercely in her ear.

"Well, I sha'n't go without her," said Mrs. Stobell, rejoining the group. "What with losing that nice, airy bunk and getting that nasty, stuffy state-room, I don't feel like eating."

Mrs. Chalk's countenance cleared. "Don't you like it, dear?" she said, affectionately. "Change, by all means, if you don't. Never mind about their stupid tossing."

Mrs. Stobell changed, and Mr. Tredgold senior, after waiting a decent interval for the sake of appearances, entreated both ladies to partake of the luncheon. Unable to resist any longer, Mrs. Chalk gave way, and in the ship's boat, propelled by the brawny arms of two of the crew, went ashore with the others.

Luncheon was waiting for them in the coffee-room of the inn, and the table was brave with flowers and bottles of champagne. Impressed by the occasion George the waiter attended upon them with unusual decorum, and the landlady herself entered the room two or three times to see that things were proceeding properly.

"Here's to our next meal on shore," said Mr. Chalk, raising his glass and nodding solemnly at Edward.

"That will be tea for me," said the latter. "I shall come back here, I expect, and take a solitary cup to your memory. Let me have a word as soon as you can."

"You ought to get a cable from Sydney in about eight months," said his father.

His son nodded. "Don't trouble about any expressions of affection," he urged; "they'd come expensive. If you find me dead of overwork when you come back——"

"I shall contest the certificate," said his father, with unwonted frivolity.

"I wonder how we shall sleep to-night?" said Mrs. Stobell, with a little shiver. "Fancy, only a few planks between us and the water!"

"*That* won't keep me awake," said Mrs. Chalk, decidedly; "but I shouldn't sleep a wink if I had left my girls in the house, the same as you have. I should lie awake all night wondering what tricks they'd be up to."

"But you've left your house unprotected," said Mrs. Stobell.

"The house won't run away," retorted her friend, "and I've sent all my valuables to the bank and to friends to take care of, and had all my carpets taken up and beaten and warehoused. I can't imagine what Mr. Stobell was thinking of not to let you do the same."

"There's a lot as would like to know what I'm thinking of sometimes," remarked Mr. Stobell, with a satisfied air.

Mrs. Chalk glanced at him superciliously, but, remembering that he was her host, refrained from the only comments she felt to be suitable to the occasion. Under the tactful guidance of Edward Tredgold the conversation was led to shipwrecks, fires at sea, and other subjects of the kind comforting to the landsman, Mr. Chalk favouring them with a tale of a giant octopus, culled from Captain Bowers's collection, which made Mrs. Stobell's eyes dilate with horror.

"You won't see any octopuses," said her husband. "You needn't worry about them."

He got up from the table, and crossing to the window stood with his hands behind his back, smoking one of the King of Hanover's cigars.

"Very good smoke this," he said, taking the cigar from his mouth and inspecting it critically. "I think I'll take a box or two with me."

"Just what I was thinking," said Mr. Jasper Tredgold. "Let's go down and see the landlord."

Mr. Stobell followed him slowly from the room, leaving Mr. Chalk and Edward to entertain the ladies. The former gentleman, clad in a neat serge suit, an open collar, and a knotted necktie, leaned back in his chair, puffing contentedly at one of the cigars which had excited the encomiums of his friends. He was just about to help himself to a little more champagne when Mr. Stobell reappeared and requested him to come and give them the benefit of his opinion in the matter of cigars.

"They don't seem up to sample," said Mr. Stobell, with a growl; "and you're a good judge of a cigar."

Mr. Chalk rose and followed him downstairs, where, to his great astonishment, he was at once seized by Mr. Tredgold and led outside.

"Anything wrong?" he demanded.

"We must get to the ship at once," said Tredgold, in an excited whisper. "The men!"

Mr. Chalk, much startled, clapped his hand to his head and spoke of going back for his hat.

"Never mind about your hat," said Stobell, impatiently; "we haven't got ours either."

He took Mr. Chalk's other arm and started off at a rapid pace.

"What is the matter?" inquired Mr. Chalk, looking from one to the other.

"Message from Captain Brisket to go on board at once, or he won't be answerable for the consequences," replied Tredgold, in a thrilling whisper; "and, above all, to bring Mr. Chalk to quiet the men."

Mr. Chalk turned a ghastly white. "Is it mutiny?" he faltered. "Already?"

"Something o' the sort," said Stobell.

Despite his friend's great strength, Mr. Chalk for one moment almost brought him

to a standstill. Then, in a tremulous voice, he spoke of going to the police.

"We don't want the police," said Tredgold, sharply. "If you're afraid, Chalk, you'd better go back and stay with the ladies while we settle the affair."

Mr. Chalk flushed, and holding his head erect said no more. Mr. Duckett and a waterman were waiting for them at the stairs, and, barely giving them time to jump in, pushed off and pulled with rapid strokes to the schooner. Mr. Chalk's heart failed him as they drew near and he saw men moving rapidly about her deck. His last thoughts as he clambered over the side were of his wife.

In blissful ignorance of his proceedings, Mrs. Chalk, having adjusted her cap in the glass and drawn on her gloves, sat patiently awaiting his return. She even drew a good-natured comparison between the time spent on choosing cigars and bonnets.

"There's plenty of time," she said, in reply to an uneasy remark of Mrs. Stobell's. "It's only just three, and we don't sail until four. What is that horrid, clanking noise?"

"Some craft getting up her anchor," said Edward, going to the window and leaning out. "WHY! HALLOA!"

"What's the matter?" said both ladies.

Edward drew in his head and regarded them with an expression of some bewilderment.

"It's the *Fair Emily*," he said, slowly, "and she's hoisting her sails."

"Just trying the machinery to see that it's all right, I suppose," said Mrs. Chalk. "My husband said that Captain Brisket is a very careful man."

"'IS IT MUTINY?' HE FALTERED."

Edward Tredgold made no reply. He glanced first at three hats standing in a row on the sideboard, and then at the ladies as they came to the window and gazed with innocent curiosity at the schooner. Even as they looked she drew slowly ahead, and a boat piled up with luggage, which had been lying the other side of her, became visible. Mrs. Chalk gazed at it in stupefaction.

"It can't be ours," she gasped. "They—they'd never *dare!* They—they——"

She stood for a moment staring at the hats on the sideboard, and then, followed by the others, ran hastily downstairs. There was a hurried questioning of the astonished landlady, and then Mrs. Chalk led the way to the stairs at a pace remarkable in a woman of her age and figure. Mrs. Stobell, assisted

by Edward Tredgold, did her best to keep up with her, but she reached the goal some distance ahead, and, jumping heavily into a boat, pointed to the fast-receding schooner and bade the boatman overtake it.

"Can't be done, ma'am," said the man, staring, "not without wings."

"Row hard," said Mrs. Chalk, in a voice of sharp encouragement.

The boatman, a man of few words, jerked his thumb in the direction of the *Fair Emily*, which was already responding to the motion of the sea outside.

"You run up the road on to them cliffs and wave to 'em," he said, slowly. "Wave 'ard."

Mrs. Chalk hesitated, and then, stepping out of the boat, resumed the pursuit by land. Ten minutes' hurried walking brought them to the cliffs, and standing boldly on the verge she enacted, to the great admiration of a small crowd, the part of a human semaphore.

"SHE ENACTED, TO THE GREAT ADMIRATION OF A SMALL CROWD, THE PART OF A HUMAN SEMAPHORE."

The schooner, her bows pointing gradually seawards, for some time made no sign. Then a little group clustered at the stern and waved farewells.

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. CHALK watched the schooner until it was a mere white speck on the horizon, a faint idea that it might yet see the error of its ways and return for her chaining her to the spot. Compelled at last to recognise the inevitable, she rose from the turf on which she had been sitting and, her face crimson with wrath, denounced husbands in general and her own in particular.

"It's my husband's doing, I'm sure," said Mrs. Stobell, with a side glance at her friend's attire, not entirely devoid of self-congratulation. "That's why he wouldn't let me have a yachting costume. I can see it now."

Mrs. Chalk turned and eyed her with angry disdain.

"And that's why he wouldn't let me bring more than one box," continued Mrs. Stobell, with the air of one to whom all things had been suddenly revealed; "and why he wouldn't shut the house up. Oh, just fancy what a pickle I should have been in if I had! I must say it was thoughtful of him."

"*Thoughtful!*" exclaimed Mrs. Chalk, in a choking voice.

"And I ought to have suspected something," continued Mrs. Stobell, "because he kissed me this morning. I can see now that he meant it for good-bye! Well, I can't say I'm surprised. Robert always does get his own way."

"If you hadn't persuaded me to come

ashore for that wretched luncheon," said Mrs. Chalk, in a deep voice, "we should have been all right."

"I'm sure I wasn't to know," said her friend, "although I certainly thought it odd when Robert said that he had got it principally for you. I could see you were a little bit flattered."

Mrs. Chalk, trembling with anger, sought in vain for a retort.

"Well, it's no good staying here," said Mrs. Stobell, philosophically. "We had better get home."

"*Home!*" cried Mrs. Chalk, as a vision of her bare floors and dismantled walls rose before her. "When I think of the deceitfulness of those men, giving us champagne and talking about the long evenings on board, I don't know what to do with myself. And your father was one of them," she added, turning suddenly upon Edward.

Mr. Tredgold disowned his erring parent with some haste, and, being by this time rather tired of the proceedings, suggested that they should return to the inn and look up trains—a proposal to which Mrs. Chalk, after a final glance seawards, silently assented. With head erect she led the way down to the town again, her bearing being so impressive that George the waiter, who had been watching for them, after handing her a letter which had been entrusted to him, beat a precipitate retreat.

The letter, which was from Mr. Stobell, was short and to the point. It narrated the artifice by which Mr. Chalk had been lured away, and concluded with a general statement that women were out of place on shipboard. This, Mrs. Stobell declared, after perusing the letter, was intended for an apology.

Mrs. Chalk received the information in stony silence, and, declining tea, made her way to the station and mounted guard over her boxes until the train was due. With the exception of saying "Indeed!" on three or four occasions she kept silent all the way to Binchester, and, arrived there, departed for home in a cab, in spite of a most pressing invitation from Mrs. Stobell to stay with her until her own house was habitable.

Mr. Tredgold parted from them both with relief. The voyage had been a source of wonder to him from its first inception, and the day's proceedings had only served to increase the mystery. He made a light supper and, the house being too quiet for his taste, went for a meditative stroll. The shops were closed and the small thoroughfares almost deserted. He wondered whether it was too late to call and talk over the affair with Captain Bowers, and, still wondering, found himself in Dialstone Lane.

Two or three of the houses were in darkness, but there was a cheerful light behind the drawn blind of the captain's sitting-room. He hesitated a moment and then rapped lightly on the door, and no answer being forthcoming rapped again. The door opened and revealed the amiable features of Mr. Tasker.

"Captain Bowers has gone to London, sir," he said.

Mr. Tredgold drew his right foot back three inches, and at the same time tried to peer into the room.

"We're expecting him back every moment," said Mr. Tasker, encouragingly.

Mr. Tredgold moved his foot forward again and pondered. "It's very late, but I wanted to see him rather particularly," he murmured, as he stepped into the room.

"Miss Drewitt's in the garden," said Joseph.

Mr. Tredgold started and eyed him suspiciously. Mr. Tasker's face, however, preserving its usual appearance of stolid simplicity, his features relaxed and he became thoughtful again.

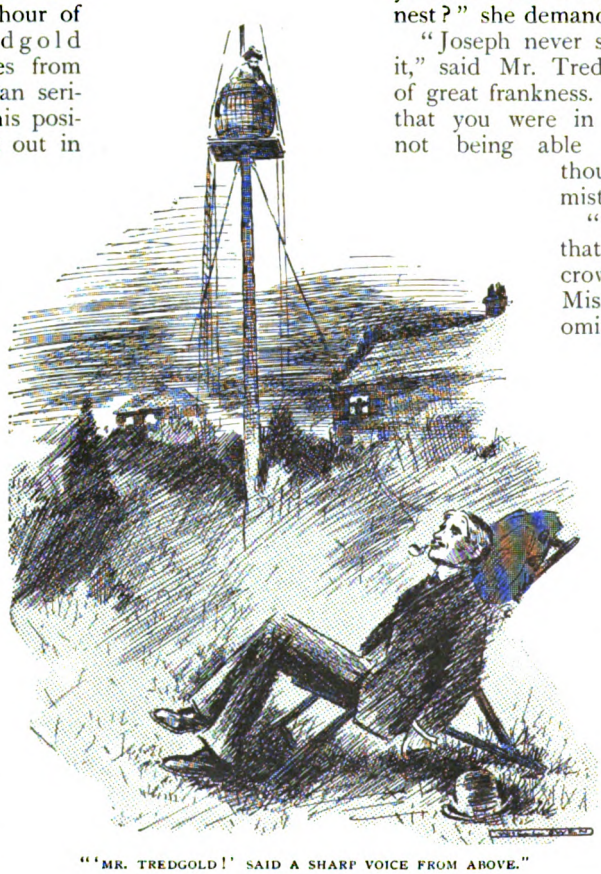
"Perhaps I might go into the garden," he suggested.

"I should if I was you, sir," said Joseph, preceding him and throwing open the back door. "It's fresher out there."

Mr. Tredgold stepped into the garden and stood blinking in the sudden darkness. There was no moon and the night was cloudy, a fact which accounted for his unusual politeness towards a cypress of somewhat stately bearing which stood at one corner of the small lawn. He replaced his hat hastily, and an apologetic remark concerning the lateness of his visit was never finished. A trifle confused, he walked down the garden, peering right and left as he went, but without finding the object of his search. Twice he paced the garden from end to end, and he had just arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Tasker had made a mistake when a faint sound high above his head apprised him of the true state of affairs.

He stood listening in amazement, but the sound was not repeated. Ordinary prudence and a sense of the fitness of things suggested that he should go home; inclination suggested that he should seat himself in the deck-chair at the foot of the crow's-nest and await events. He sat down to consider the matter.

Sprawling comfortably in the chair he lit his pipe, his ear on the alert to catch the slightest sound of the captive in the cask above. The warm air was laden with the scent of flowers, and nothing stirred with the exception of Mr. Tasker's shadow on the blind of the kitchen window. The clock in the neighbouring church chimed the three-quarters, and in due time boomed out the hour of ten. Mr. Tredgold knocked the ashes from his pipe and began seriously to consider his position. Lights went out in the next house. Huge shadows appeared on the kitchen blind and the light gradually faded, to reappear triumphantly in the room above. Anon the shadow of Mr. Tasker's head was seen wrestling fiercely with its back collar-stud.



"'MR. TREDGOLD!' SAID A SHARP VOICE FROM ABOVE."

"*Mr. Tredgold!*" said a sharp voice from above.

Mr. Tredgold sprang to his feet, overturning the chair in his haste, and gazed aloft.

"*Miss Drewitt!*" he cried, in accents of intense surprise.

"I am coming down," said the voice.

"Pray be careful," said Mr. Tredgold, anxiously; "it is very dark. Can I help you?"

"Yes—you can go indoors," said Miss Drewitt.

Her tone was so decided and so bitter that Mr. Tredgold, merely staying long enough to urge extreme carefulness in the descent, did as he was desired. He went into the sitting-room and, standing uneasily by the fireplace, tried to think out his line of action. He was still floundering when he heard swift footsteps coming up the garden, and Miss Drewitt, very upright and somewhat flushed of face, confronted him.

"I—I called to see the captain," he said, hastily, "and Joseph told me you were in the garden. I couldn't see you anywhere, so I took the liberty of sitting out there to wait for the captain's return."

Miss Drewitt listened impatiently. "Did you know that I was up in the crow's-nest?" she demanded.

"Joseph never said a word about it," said Mr. Tredgold, with an air of great frankness. "He merely said that you were in the garden, and, not being able to find you, I thought that he was mistaken."

"Did you know that I was up in the crow's-nest?" repeated Miss Drewitt, with ominous persistency.

"A — a sort of idea that you might be there did occur to me after a time," admitted the other.

"Did you know that I was there?"

Mr. Tredgold gazed at her in feeble indignation, but the uselessness of denial made truth easier. "Yes," he said, slowly.

"Thank you," said the girl, scornfully. "You thought that I shouldn't like to be caught up there, and that it would be an amusing and gentlemanly thing to do to keep me a prisoner. I quite understand. My estimate of you has turned out to be correct."

"It was quite an accident," urged Mr. Tredgold, humbly. "I've had a very worrying day seeing them off at Biddlecombe, and when I heard you up in the nest I succumbed to sudden temptation. If I had stopped to think—if I had had the faintest idea that you would catechise me in the way you have done—I shouldn't have dreamt of doing such a thing."

Miss Drewitt, who was standing with her hand on the latch of the door leading upstairs, as a hint that the interview was at an end, could not restrain her indignation.

"Your father and his friends have gone off to secure my uncle's treasure, and you come straight on here," she cried, hotly. "Do you think that there is no end to his good-nature?"

"Treasure?" said the other, with a laugh. "Why, that idea was knocked on the head when the map was burnt. Even Chalk wouldn't go on a roving commission to dig over all the islands in the South Pacific."

"I don't see anything to laugh at," said the girl; "my uncle fully intended to burn it. He was terribly upset when he found that it had disappeared."

"*Disappeared?*" cried Mr. Tredgold, in accents of unmistakable amazement. "Why, wasn't it burnt after all? The captain said it was."

"He was going to burn it," repeated the girl, watching him; "but somebody took it from the bureau."

"Took it? When?" inquired the other, as the business of the yachting cruise began to appear before him in its true colours.

"The afternoon you were here waiting for him," said Miss Drewitt.

"Afternoon?" repeated Mr. Tredgold, blankly. "The afternoon I was——" He drew himself up and eyed her angrily. "Do you mean to say that you think *I* took the thing?"

"It doesn't matter what I think," said the girl. "I suppose you won't deny that your friends have got it?"

"Yes; but you said that it was the afternoon I was here," persisted the other.

Miss Drewitt eyed him indignantly. The conscience-stricken culprit of a few minutes before had disappeared, leaving in his stead an arrogant young man, demanding explanations in a voice of almost unbecoming loudness.

"You are shouting at me," she said, stiffly.

Mr. Tredgold apologized, but returned to the charge. "I answered your question a little while ago," he said, in more moderate tones; "now, please, answer mine. Do you think that I took the map?"

"I am not to be commanded to speak by you," said Miss Drewitt, standing very erect.

"Fair-play is a jewel," said the other. "Question for question. Do you?"

Miss Drewitt looked at him and hesitated. "No," she said, at last, with obvious reluctance.

Mr. Tredgold's countenance cleared and his eyes softened.

"I suppose you admit that your father has got it?" said the girl, noting these signs with some disapproval. "How did *he* get it?"

Mr. Tredgold shook his head. "If those three overgrown babes find that treasure," he said, impressively, "I'll doom myself to perpetual bachelorhood."

"I answered your question just now," said the girl, very quietly, "because I wanted to ask you one. Do you believe my uncle's story about the buried treasure?"

Mr. Tredgold eyed her uneasily. "I never attached much importance to it," he replied. "It seemed rather romantic."

"Do you believe it?"

"No," said the other, doggedly.

The girl drew a long breath and favoured him with a look in which triumph and anger were strangely mingled.

"I wonder you can visit my uncle after thinking him capable of such a falsehood," she said, at last. "You certainly won't be able to after I have told him."

"I told you in confidence," was the reply. "I have regarded it all along as a story told to amuse Chalk; that is all. I shall be very sorry if you say anything that might cause unpleasantness between myself and Captain Bowers."

"I shall tell him as soon as he comes in," said Miss Drewitt. "It is only right that he should know your opinion of him. Good-night."

Mr. Tredgold said "good-night," and, walking to the door, stood for a moment regarding her thoughtfully. It was quite clear that in her present state of mind any appeal to her better nature would be worse than useless. He resolved to try the effect of a little humility.

"I am very sorry for my behaviour in the garden," he said, sorrowfully.

"It doesn't matter," said the girl; "I wasn't at all surprised."

Mr. Tredgold recognised the failure of the new treatment at once. "Of course, when I went into the garden I hadn't any idea that you would be in such an unlikely place," he said, with a kindly smile. "Let us hope that you won't go there again."

Miss Drewitt, hardly able to believe her ears, let him go without a word, and in a dazed fashion stood at the door and watched him up the lane. When the captain came in a little later she was sitting in a stiff and uncomfortable attitude by the window, still thinking.

He was so tired after a long day in town that the girl, at considerable personal incon-

venience, allowed him to finish his supper before recounting the manifold misdeeds of Mr. Tredgold. She waited until he had pushed his chair back and lit a pipe, and then without any preface plunged into the subject with an enthusiasm which she endeavoured in vain to make contagious. The captain listened in silence and turned a somewhat worried face in her direction when she had finished.

"We can't all think alike," he said, feebly, as she waited with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes for the verdict. "I told you he hadn't taken the map. As for those three idiots and their hare-brained voyage——"

"But Mr. Tredgold said that he didn't believe in the treasure," said the wrathful Prudence. "One thing is, he can never come here again; I think that I made him understand that. The idea of thinking that you could tell a falsehood!"

The captain bent down and, picking a used match from the hearthrug, threw it carefully under the grate. Miss Drewitt watched him expectantly.

"We mustn't quarrel with people's opinions," he said, at last. "It's a free country, and people can believe what they like. Look at Protestants and Catholics, for instance; their belief isn't the same, and yet I've known 'em to be staunch friends."

Miss Drewitt shook her head. "He can never come here again," she said, with great determination. "He has insulted you, and if you were not the best-natured man in the world you would be as angry about it as I am."

The captain smoked in silence.

"And his father and those other two men will come back with your treasure," continued Prudence, after waiting for some time for him to speak. "And, so far as I can see, you won't even be able to prosecute them for it."

"I sha'n't do anything," said Captain Bowers, impatiently, as he rose and knocked out his half-smoked pipe, "and I never want to hear another word about that treasure as long as I live. I'm tired of it. It has caused more mischief and unpleasantness than—than it is worth. They are welcome to it for me."

"I NEVER WANT TO HEAR ANOTHER WORD ABOUT THAT TREASURE AS LONG AS I LIVE."

(To be continued.)

How a Woman Should Walk.

SOME foreign male critic—doubtless aided and abetted by his fair compatriots, all, of course, like Helen of Troy, "moving supplely and in soft-accented rhythm"—has lately fallen foul of the Englishwoman's walk. "It is not," he avers, ungallantly, "so much a walk as a mode of progression." Leaving entirely out of the question for the present his other remarks, directed against the carriage, gestures, and physical deportment generally of the weaker half of our population, let us arrive at his main conclusion, which is, in brief, that a woman's gait should be as rigid and sexless, as characterless and as regular, as an automaton. There should be gliding, no drooping, no gentle undulations of the hips, no graceful half-turns of the torso, no studied irregularities of the step—no poetry of motion. Forty million women seeking the ideal feminine gait turn admiringly to the speechless heroine of "La Poupée."

There never, perhaps, was a question apparently so difficult to decide. Ask a Frenchwoman what she thinks of the walk of "la belle Américaine," and she will tell you instantly that in her opinion it is too straight, too inflexible — "*trop corsetée.*" An Englishwoman's steps are too long, and if her body is bent it is bent in the wrong way. The curves are there, but they are in the wrong place. The trunk as well as the limbs should be kept in perpetual motion, and what other nations term a "mincing" gait conveys no reproach, but is rather held up for imitation.

A GREEK WOMAN WALKING.
From an antique Bas-relief.

We cannot see much grace in the carriage of the German women, with the heavy tread and the arms always folded in front; nor in that of the Italians and Spaniards, with their protrusion of the trunk and out-pointing of the feet. The jerky gait of the Japanese women can only be beautiful to the Japanese, and the toddle of the Chinawoman is to us only ludicrous. Nevertheless, in spite of national prejudices, there is a satisfactory answer possible to the question—How should a woman walk? One might as well attempt to keep an open mind as to the correct solution of a proposition in Euclid as to deny the existence of an ideal walk for women.

We have accepted the Hellenic standard of form; that of carriage also is unavoidable. According to a consensus of opinion amongst scholars and artists, the carriage of the Greek women was as nearly as possible human perfection. Flaxman points out that it could hardly have been otherwise, since, in addition to perfect physical symmetry, the limbs were flexible owing to constant exercise, and the Greeks were free from those sartorial and other encumbrances which have, in most ages, modified the walk of women. From many frescoes and bas-reliefs we are able to derive a very fair idea of what the Greek walk was. The women moved slowly as a rule, but whether quickly or slowly there is always a grace or dignity in the gait. The Greek women took long steps, planting the sandalled foot (of generous size) firmly on the ground.

Modern pavement and flat surfaces for walking

A GREEK WOMAN WALKING.
From an antique Bas-relief.

THE AFFECTED MEDIÆVAL WALK.
From "The Story of Grizelda" in the National Gallery.

have caused the movements of the hips largely to disappear. But in the Greek and Roman women, as well as in the savage and barbarous races of to-day, we cannot fail to observe how much this hip movement contributes to the charm of the feminine carriage. It cannot fail to be noticed as an interesting detail that the Greek women, no more than the modern Englishwomen, carried their heads erect in either standing or walking. As for the arms, one usually supported a portion of the flowing draperies of the body, the other being commonly at the bosom or hanging at the side.

The walk of the Roman women greatly resembled that of the Greeks, although in process of time the greater seclusion of the former rendered them less active and graceful. Many paintings in the Middle Ages show us what progress affectation had made in the carriage of women. They are all seen simpering, with head askew and both arms across their person in front. In our own National Gallery there hang a couple of paintings of the Umbrian School of the fifteenth century, called "The Story of Grizelda," which depict several women going about in the affected fashion which we know to have been characteristic of the period.

An Italian poet of the fifteenth century speaks of the "slanting neck" of his mistress inclining towards her heart, and even in the paintings of Botticelli we see dozens of these wry-necked, mediæval damsels perambulating in this difficult manner across yards of canvas. But Botticelli well knew that the walk of his female contemporaries had degenerated into a listless amble, for two or three of his walking figures remain to testify to the painter's appreciation of a firm tread and a vigorous carriage. But in the picture given below, although the young woman seems healthy and even athletic, her carriage is by no means perfect, in that it shares the fault common to many Italian women of to-day—the unæsthetic convex curve of the body.

This peculiar fault we notice, in a greater or a less degree, in nearly all the delineations of women, not merely throughout the Middle Ages, but for centuries afterwards. That it was not

HOW BOTTICELLI'S WOMEN WALK.
From the Painting of "Autumn."

THE BACKWARD-LEANING WALK OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

generally considered a defect of carriage we have many evidences. An English fragment of the fourteenth century speaks of a "froward yonge maide who doth her bosom bende to overpeer her steps"—a sure mark in the poet's judgment of an awkward gait. Then, in the Percy ballads, we have a literal description of the walk which we find depicted in the above drawing of a group of noble dames, "Her steps did go before to show her heart the way." Such a poetical tribute could hardly be paid to the ladies of the Grecian bend period, whose hearts, strictly speaking, served as scouts and pioneers to the lower limbs. The above illustration shows this method of carrying the body—an ideal almost as far as possible from that of the present day.

In the paintings of Mantegna there are to be found many striking illustrations of how, to our twentieth-century eyes, a woman should *not* walk. In his pictures, for the most part, the hands of the women are folded where they should not be folded, save perhaps by some buxom matron—where, indeed, in the act of walking a Greek would never think of placing them, although here and there, it is true, as in Botticelli, there are glimpses of a less clumsy and less encumbered carriage.

Occasionally we find a very erect carriage spoken of as the gait of a nun or a specially pious dame, as when a fourteenth-century bard tells of the "nonne that moveth with head in air, straight as an aspen, and eyne cast upwards," very much as she is doing in the illustration. Nor does this particular gait appear to have been confined to the female pietists, for monks and friars are frequently so depicted.

Fra Filippo Lippi is also another Italian painter who was fond of delineating women in the act of walking. But if we wish to see precisely how the Italian women of Dante's time should have carried themselves—although it is pretty clear, if we are to judge by all contemporary record, they did not—we must go to the modern painters of mediæval Italy. Perhaps no artist has better rendered a freer, a more graceful walk of women than Mr. Henry Holiday in his celebrated picture of "Dante and Beatrice," next reproduced. Any woman who is not a slave to the fashion of the moment, gazing upon the easy motion and erect carriage, cannot refrain from ejaculating, "Yes, that is a charming gait—that is how a woman should

THE TYPICAL ITALIAN WALK.
From Fra Filippo Lippi.

AN IDEAL WALK—"DANTE AND BEATRICE," BY H. HOLIDAY.
Reproduced by permission from the Original Painting in the possession of the Liverpool Corporation.

walk!" Then go out into Regent Street or Broadway, or the Boulevard des Italiens, and see how many women walk in that fashion. No; the truth is it can't be done in the high heels and straitened figures of to-day, although some women walk more like it than others. At this time it is certain that French women had not acquired that peculiar mincing gait often referred to by our own early dramatists as "the Frenchwoman's walk." They, too, with the rest of the women of Europe affected the protuberant carriage, for one of their own chroniclers declares of the women of his time that they strolled painfully *(péniblement)*, rocking to and fro like a barque in a gale, carrying mountainous embroidered stomachers befitting their inordinate pride and vanity. As to the lady in the following reproduction of a mediæval illumination, she is not altogether without an obvious excuse for her carriage, if her extraordinary headgear be as weighty as it looks. It would seem to require all her powers to preserve a decent equilibrium, to say nothing of grace, while the length of her train, both "fore and aft," as sailors say, would also occasion her considerable embarrassment.

THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY FRENCH WALK.

The ideal woman's walk according to Rubens, and exemplified in his pictures, would naturally be that of a stout, muscular woman, of whom an exceptionally favourable specimen is next reproduced, from "The

Flight of Lot." It is the walk of a well-developed man rather than that of a graceful woman, although the Rubens trick of placing one hand in front of the waist betrays the sex. At a little later period, in drawings of Queen Henrietta Maria in the act of walking, the artist has succeeded in depicting as firm and erect a carriage as can be desired, considering the shortcomings of the female figure in the seventeenth century. The walk was no doubt a little stiff and stately, but it had probably far less of these attributes than that of Queen Elizabeth and the ladies of her Court, of whom, according to *The Mirror of Good Behaviour*, 1617, we read that "The true manner for a gentle woman to walk is not to counterfeit men or to progress herself unduely, neither with haste unbecoming, but rather as a ship should glide in a gentle breeze, betraying not the motion of her limbs or members. She should neither be too erect nor too inclining withall, but as a mark of grace should her head a little incline to right or left, not towards pertness neither, with hands crossed softly upon her stomacher." The foregoing allusion to limbs and members reminds us of the indignant response of the Spanish grandee, "Sir, the Queen of Spain has no legs."

HOW THE RUBENS WOMAN WALKS.
From a Photo. by Neuerdein Frères.

Later, in Dryden's time, there is a passage in the *Mercurius* which bears on the question of a woman's walk. "There is much," observes the writer, "in the port of a true gentlewoman that differeth her from those of ill-breeding or of other nations where ladies of quality are not so fair or so gracious as are those of England. She seeketh to eschew all those modes and affectations of bodily motions as the mincing gait of France and the peacock strut of Spain; her step is not too short nor yet the stride of the peasant; neither doth she carry the fore part of her person too high, shake her arms, or set them akimbo."

Constantly recurring in the eighteenth century are the references in poetry, prose, and the drama to this subject of the walk of women, with varied recipes as to how an ideal walk is to be obtained. In the *Lady's Magazine* we find it noted that "The object of the fan, shoulder wrap, and reticule is to give seemly occupation to the hands, for without employment the hands fall into no attitude and, fulfilling no office, look ungainly. No well bred woman swings her arms, nor can she in the present mode carry them behind her back in walking."

In the middle part of the

THE APPROVED WALK IN 1798.

THE FASHIONABLE AND CHARMING WALK OF 1803.

century nothing was easier for the fair sex than to permit the hands to fall or be crossed upon the ample and substantial structure of the petticoat, whose proportions, like those of the more modern crinoline, served to engulf the upper members at the expense of the lower. But towards the close of the eighteenth century the ample skirts and majestic—and somewhat insanitary—headdress fell away, leaving both head and limbs once again more freely in a state of nature.

"THE GRECIAN BEND"—TAKEN FROM ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE DU MAURIER IN "PUNCH," 1875.
By permission of the Proprietors.

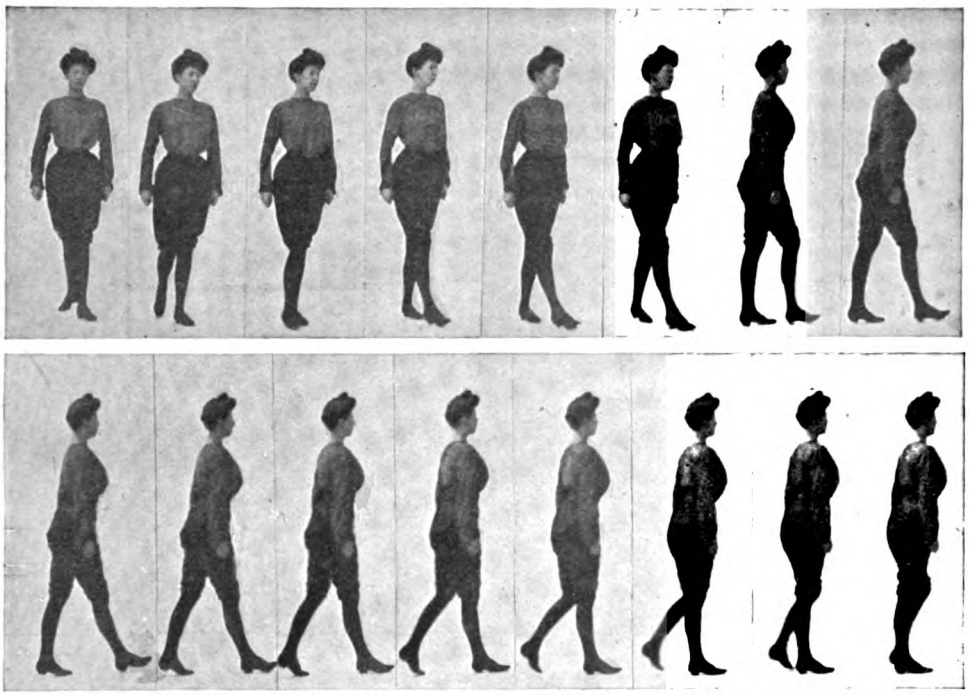
With this return to the Greek dress and the revival of sandal-wearing came a complete revolution in the mode of walking, in England at least. "Freedom and elasticity" of step is enjoined. "To avoid stiffness in walking," the young ladies of 1803 are told, "the head should be turned easily." This, it must be confessed, as it stands, sounds very much like a recommendation of extreme susceptibility to the wiles of flattery. But the magazine writer continues: "should be turned easily to right and left, while at the same time paying due regard to any impediments or inequalities of surface in her course." In other words, the maiden thus sedulously cultivating insouciance must "look where she's going." This carriage is depicted in the two illustrations at the foot of the preceding page, and is certainly not devoid of grace and charm.

A notable mode of feminine progression some thirty years ago was admirably hit off by Mr. Du Maurier in the pages of our contemporary, *Punch*, two of his sketches being here reproduced. It was denominated the "Grecian Bend," and, like many other fashions, was said to have had its rise in a passing accident which befell a society leader, which rendered her slightly lame, which lameness or "bend" became Grecian. But, as we have shown, if the Greeks had a "bend" it was forward from the neck, not from the waist.

JAPANESE LADIES WALKING.
From a native Print.

With the success of "The Mikado" many readers will recall an attempt to adopt Japanese fashions to this country, but the Japanese coiffure had a greater success than the Japanese "toddle." The appended native illustration of a couple of Tokio ladies out for a stroll exhibits a species of locomotion which, if beautiful to far Oriental eyes, is the very antithesis of the Hellenic.

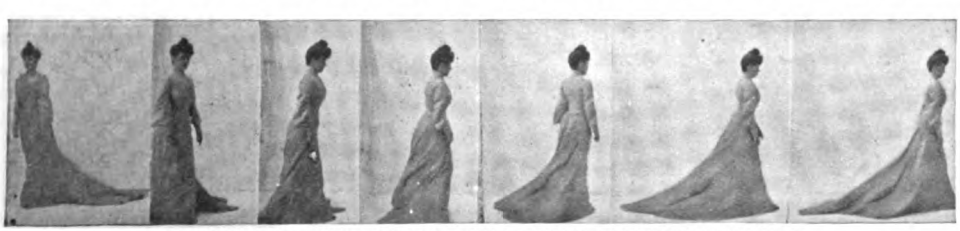
There are amongst us several apostles of physical culture in women who do all in their power to endeavour to in-



THE IDEAL WALK FOR AN ENGLISHWOMAN, AS SHOWN ON THE BIOGRAPH, WHICH HERE DEPICTS THE STAGES OF ONE COMPLETED STEP.
Photographed expressly for this article by the British Mutoscope and Biograph Co., Ltd.

culcate in the minds of our modern damsels proper ideas as to carriage and deportment. None of these is better known than Mrs. Josef Conn, whose lectures at the Grafton Galleries have become a feature of the London season. Of this lady we asked the question, "What is an ideal walk for women?" and she responded unhesitatingly, not by words, but by actions, by walking herself. One is bound to confess that it was a liberal education in the art of twentieth-century peripatetics, and when to it was added the deliberate progress of one of this lady's pupils, attired in bloomers, the education was complete. As nothing but a cinematograph would convey to the readers of THE STRAND an idea of what the "ideal walk" was like, we herewith present a series of photographs taken expressly for this article.

"Englishwomen are not Greeks," observed Mrs. Conn. "The woman of to-day, living in cities, often with manifold duties and activities of a social and industrial kind, cannot move about leisurely in sandals and flowing draperies. But she can keep her figure erect; she can plant her foot firmly and straight upon the ground; she can throw out her chest and look after her arms. To have a beautiful figure is nothing if she have at the same time a graceless carriage. Many fashions in walking — such as the 'Bond Street crawl,' for instance—come from pure ignorance, joined to a desire to do the 'right thing.' And the right thing is so simple. It is not to copy the too rigid American gait nor the too flexible French walk—neither the Greeks nor the Romans—but as woman's loftiest admirers would have Englishwomen walk—with naturalness and ease, and allowing the muscles full play."



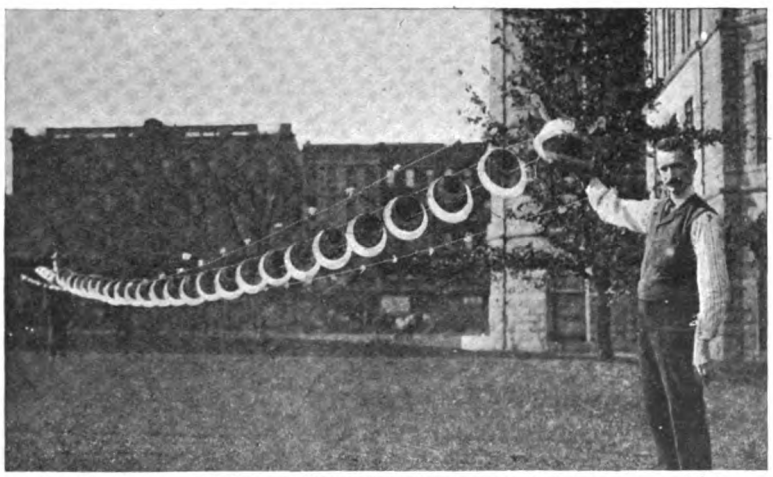
THE IDEAL WALK IN SKIRTS—SHOWING THE PROPER CARRIAGE OF THE HANDS.
Photographed expressly for this article by the British Mutoscope and Biograph Co., Ltd.

Wonders of the World.

LXXVI.—THE KITE OF CATHAY.

By Buchanan Grover.

Illustrations from Photographs supplied by the American Museum of Natural History, New York City.



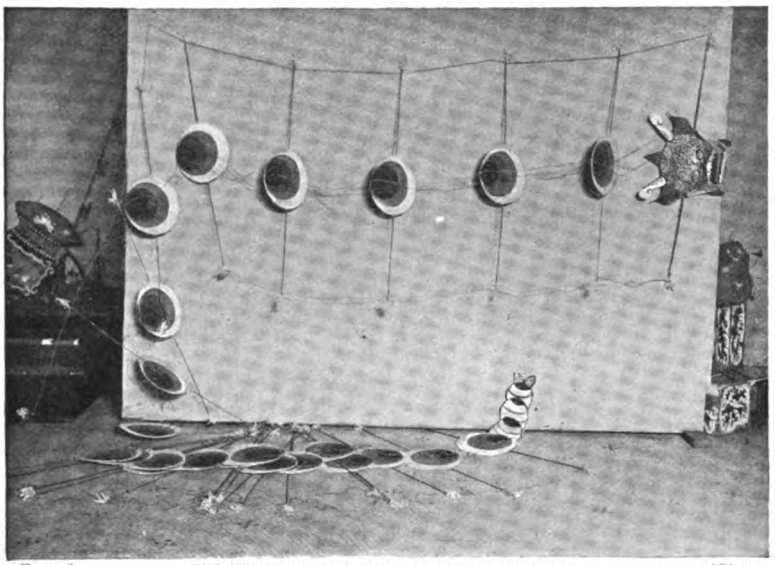
From a] THE DRAGON KITE EXTENDED TO FULL LENGTH. *[Photo.*

ON the ninth day of the ninth month takes place in China the Festival of Ascending on High. On this day innumerable thousands of young and old in the Celestial kingdom turn from the town to the open spaces, as we in the West do in holiday time, and there fly a multitude of kites. The festival is one of the most important in the Chinese calendar, for, apart from its popular character and the joy it brings to every class, it possesses symbolic significance and illustrates some of the deeper phases of Chinese life and religion.

The kites flown on this day of days should make the Western boy full of envy. We all know the kite which *he* flies, a laboriously-made, ugly contrivance in the shape of a diamond or square, with a long and ungainly tail of bits of newspaper on knotted string. It serves one purpose admirably, for, when it once gets into the air, it really does fly, and has often proved of use, such as when Franklin drew by its help electricity from the sky. But withal it is an inferior production. There is not a suspicion of art in its composition, and even in the square box kite, adopted by the small boy in these later years, there is nothing attractive except symmetry.

In the yellow kingdom things are different. Here the making of kites has been a profession since the year 195 B.C., when a Chinese general, founder of the Han dynasty, invented a kite in order to make some military measurements. Since then a special class of workers has made a good living by the continual creation of new designs for kites, based upon the every-day beliefs of the people. To the Celestial mind the kite is not merely a bit of wood and paper to fly in the air. It is an emblem. To some it is magical, or, in a way, symbolic of the soul. Each kite is designed and ornamented to represent a special subject. If it be mythological, it represents a certain god or heathen warrior familiar to them through tradition. Or, if it be a modern subject, it may be some public character—some actor, perhaps, of passing vogue. The kite-maker has, indeed, a large range for his inventive faculty, for he deals with all subjects in the animal kingdom, from noblemen to mummers, and from dragons down to dragon-flies. The variety is immense, and each kite in itself a dainty work of art.

On a frame of light bamboo, covered with rice paper, the artist paints in rich colours the figure which he has in mind. In height the kites vary from one to six feet, according



From a] THE HEAD AND SKELETON OF THE DRAGON KITE. *[Photo.*

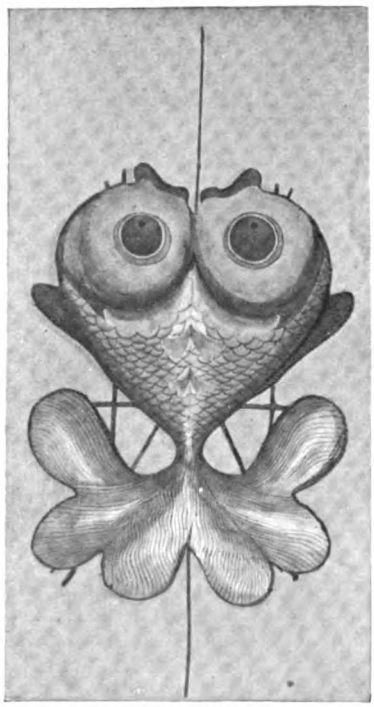
to the nature of the design. The frames vary in like manner, although many of them are rectangular, with strengthening bits of bamboo running from corner to corner. There is no attempt to hide the framework behind the design, for the bamboo points extend for some distance beyond the coloured paper, sometimes seeming out of place, while at others adding to the effectiveness of the whole. The method by which the design is attached to the skeleton, the great variety in character and symbolism, and the general care and skill with which each design is fashioned are clearly shown in our illustrations from the most noteworthy collection of Chinese kites in the world—that now on exhibition in the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

Of the kites there to be seen the now famous dragon kite has attracted attention worthy of its greatness. So far as we know it is the most marvellous thing of its kind ever constructed. When in the air it measures nearly forty feet, and requires the services of several men to manipulate it. In our photographs we see it in various positions, either extended or folded up, and are able to form an excellent idea of its effectiveness in flight, when, by means of its serpentine motion, it produces a realistic imitation of the great flying dragon of the upper world, known to all acquainted with Chinese mythology. It has a fierce head, an enormous gaping mouth, and protruding horns. Its eyes are made of curved pieces of board, which skilfully revolve, producing, when the kite is in flight, a peculiar humming noise. Its body is made of pasteboard discs, through which runs a strong cord to the end of the tail, the discs being about two feet apart when separated. Each disc is twelve inches in diameter, and all are painted either in black, red, yellow, or white. The tail portion is made of bits of painted silk. In flight this fine, awe-compelling contrivance is regulated by a cord running from the tail, the head and body being manipulated by three other cords arranged at equi-distant points along the body. The dragon folds up into small space like a concertina, each disc fitting closely upon the other. It is only when extended to its full length that one appreciates its fiercer nature and indubitable skilfulness of construction.

The Buddhist belief that the souls of the dead return in the forms of various animals accounts for the large number of animal forms in which Chinese kites are made. One of the favourite forms is that of the dragon-fly, it being believed in China that these flies are the winged steeds of the dead, chosen to bear the spirits of ancestors on their visits back to home. Children, it will be remembered, are not allowed during the Bon-fire Festival to hurt or kill any dragon-flies which may be seen in or near the house. Locusts and butter-flies also are favourite

THE LOCUST KITE.

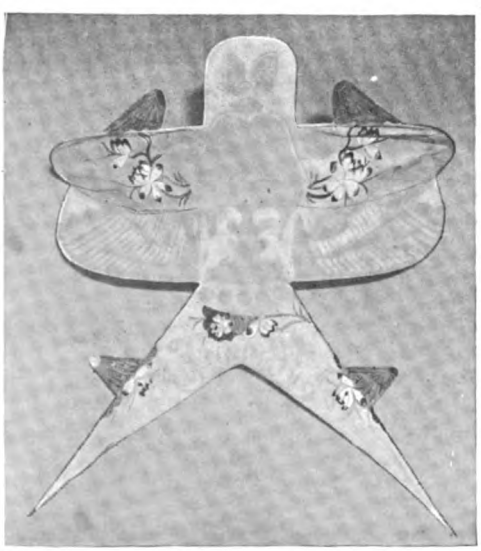
designs, care being taken by the artist to decorate these insects in the natural colours. The fish and the frog are likewise familiar objects to the youthful kite-flier, each depending for effect upon enormous staring eyes, which in some cases move round and round in flight with good effect. Like our old friend Caleb Plummer, the Chinese kite artist gets as near to Nature as the conventions of Chinese art allow, and is little hampered by the recurring thought of a real sixpennyworth. With the Chinese Caleb art is the first consideration, for sixpence in Cathay will purchase something very close to Nature.



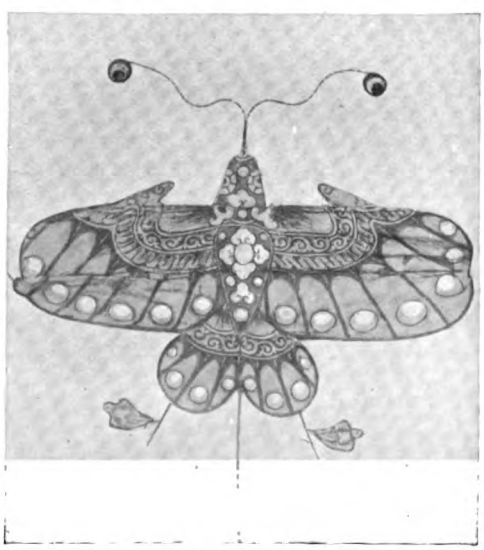
THE FISH KITE.

Many of the kites are double in shape, and depict theatrical personages known to modern drama. These are usually ornamented with extraordinary masks, sometimes with long beards, huge moustaches, and facial contortion suitable to the parts they are supposed to play. A couple of boys wrestling is a favourite subject, and considerable power of draughtsmanship is shown in the ornamental paper representing these two figures attached to a slight frame of bamboo.

The Japanese are as fond of kite-flying as their neighbours, and almost approach them in the number of kite forms they use, while exceeding them in the beauty of their decoration. Different towns and provinces fly kites in the Mikado's kingdom on different days, and there are many interesting stories connected with these great festivals. To cite no other, there is the sixteenth-century story about a bandit robber attempting to steal the noted Golden Fish from the Castle of Nagaya by attacking its high walls with the aid of an enormous kite. This mythical feat has largely done away with the flying of kites of great size, and in one province the giant kite is absolutely prohibited. In Japan and Korea much amusement and excitement are afforded by kite-fights, in which experts take part, and upon which are often staked large sums of money. The object of each kite-flier is to cut the line holding his opponent's kite, and for this pur-



THE DEMON KITE.



THE BAT KITE.

"THE WRESTLING BOYS" KITE.

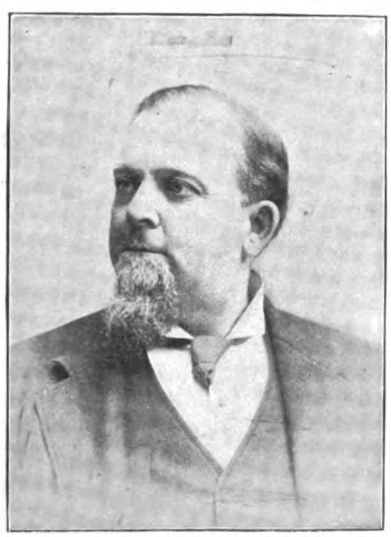
THE GEISHA KITE.

pose the lines are made of silk, covered throughout their entire length with glue and powdered glass. When the kites are in the air it is the object of each expert to cross the other's line, and to prevent this means the continual letting out of the line, which, were it to become tight, would be cut through by the other promptly. Often several kites become entangled at once, and to separate them without damage to each other is the labour of many hours. If the line be cut the kite, of course, drops dismally to earth, to the disgust of loyal supporters and to the accompaniment of changing cash.

LXXVII.—THE MOST INTELLECTUAL DOG IN THE WORLD.

"BOZZIE THE SECOND" is an almost uncanny animal. She is owned by Mr. George B. Clason, of Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A., and is a truly wonderful dog, possessing phenomenal mental powers. She can count, solve mental problems in addition, multiplication, and subtraction, can tell time to the very minute, spell words, perform marvellous feats in mind-reading, and do good detective work.

The wonderful achievements of Bozzie have attracted the attention of psychologists all over the world, and a number of these scientists will shortly gather at the Chicago University to make a thorough examination of the dog's mental powers. Many investigators interested in the problem of mental telepathy have visited Mr. Clason and tested Bozzie's powers, finding that she could receive mental messages much more accurately and with a greater degree of certainty than any human being claiming to possess the same power.

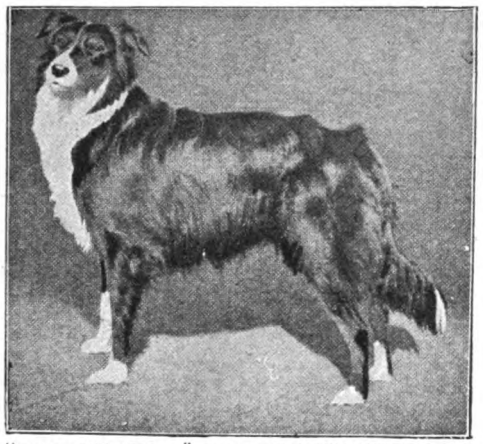


MR. G. B. CLASON, OWNER AND TRAINER OF "BOZZIE THE SECOND."
From a Photo.

If several visitors call on Mr. Clason he will, after introducing the dog, inquire, "How many callers have we, Bozzie?" The dog will give a hasty glance around the room and designate the number by short, sharp barks. It must

be clearly understood that Bozzie does not work by the signal system. Mr. Clason does not communicate with the dog in any way.

After Bozzie has counted the number of visitors, one of her simplest feats, Mr. Clason usually requests someone to give the dog an arithmetical problem. At a recent exhibition someone asked Bozzie the result of three minus one plus two. After a moment's pause the dog barked four times. The letters of the alphabet, printed on separate cards, were then brought out, and Bozzie was asked to spell her name, which she did correctly. She then spelled a number of two-syllable words, only making an occasional mistake. Someone remarked that the dog could not possibly know how to form the words and that her master must assist her in some way.



"BOZZIE THE SECOND," THE MOST INTELLECTUAL DOG IN THE WORLD. *From a] [Photo.*

Mr. Clason was prepared for this; he told the sceptic to test the dog's powers with as many words as he wished, and left the room. Bozzie looked thoughtfully after her master for an instant and then turned once again to business. Word after word was put to her until all doubt of her capability was banished.

Mr. Clason then returned and electrified the visitors. "Now Bozzie will show what an excellent mind-reader she is. Bozzie," he continued, "tell the gentlemen what they thought we were a few minutes ago."

Bozzie immediately walked over to the letters and spelled the word "frauds," which caused a hearty laugh. "Now, Bozzie," continued her master, "I want you to do exactly as these gentlemen tell you." He then told the visitors to write a number on a piece of paper, at the same time keeping their mind on the figure, and then to ask Bozzie what it was.

The first man wrote the figure eight. The dog walked up to him and barked a correct number of times. The next man wrote five. Bozzie meditated a minute and then barked four. "Wrong," exclaimed those who saw the figure. "No," remarked the man who was putting the test, "the dog is right. I thought I would fool her, so I wrote five and thought of four."

A number of like tests were made, and the dog responded quickly to unspoken questions. Mr. Clason wrote on a piece of paper: "Mentally tell Bozzie to bring you this morning's paper," and passed the slip to a visitor. The man looked at the dog a few minutes and mentally made the demand. Bozzie wagged her tail knowingly and soon returned with the morning's paper.

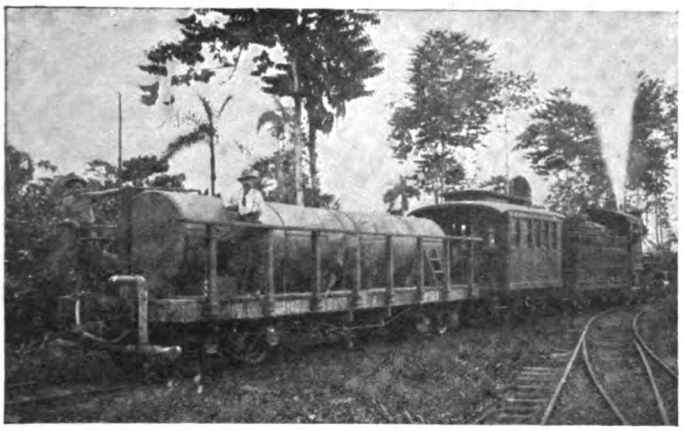
This disclosed a power in the dog the claim for which seemed preposterous. A mind-reading dog! Absurd!

But Bozzie is really and truly a mind-reader. A little fellow who had noticed the dog's performance in open-mouthed amazement asked to be allowed to try something. The collie's master invited the little fellow to place his hand on Bozzie's head and think of his age. Nobody but the boy knew his age, or, more correctly speaking, nobody but the boy and the dog, for Bozzie gave ten quick barks and the boy admitted that the dog had told his age correctly.

LXXVIII.—A TRAIN THAT KILLS WEEDS.

THERE is now being completed in South America a railway which wages deadly war on tropical weeds. To us in the temperate zone it seems almost inconceivable that any railway could be in daily danger of destruction by vegetation, yet in saying so we do not stretch the truth. Where the sun is hottest there does the lively weed grow with greatest rapidity. It springs into being with unexpected quickness, and with its clinging tendrils fastens like an octopus upon anything in its path. It grows, if not destroyed, as fast as the beanstalk in the fairy story, and the only thing that overpowers it is poison.

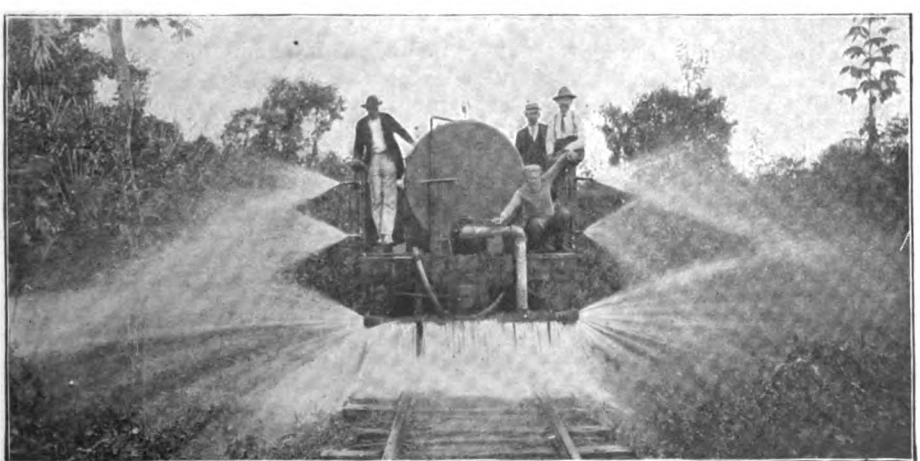
The railway mentioned is that which connects Guayaquil, on the coast of Ecuador, with Quito, in the interior, a distance of over three hundred miles. In sixty miles this railway rises nearly ten thousand feet, from a region of palm trees and orchids to a plain



THE WEED-KILLING TRAIN READY TO START.
From a Photo. by S. Horgan, jun., Scranton, Pa.

of perpetual snow. In its first stage the railway is fairly level, and after passing through plantations enters a tropical jungle and forest, where vegetation is richer and more luxuriant than perhaps anywhere else in South America. From trees and telegraph posts hang costly orchids, and rare flowers and plants force their way upwards from the tropical earth. In twenty-five miles the railway crosses forty steel bridges, runs along rivers and crosses them on its way upwards to the sky, while the parrots of the jungle drown the whistle of the locomotive as it toils along. As the railway moves upward the vegetation decreases, until at last, where the air is cold and bracing, there is nothing to see but bare mountains on which all vegetation, except the cactus and the castor-oil plant, has disappeared. When the Guayaquil and Quito Railway is completed to the capital it will be, from a scenic point of view, one of the most remarkable in the world.

The destruction of the vegetation in the region near Guayaquil is a labour of great trouble and considerable expense. Periodically runs a special train, consisting of a locomotive, a workman's car, and a tank car, the latter of which contains a chemical solution of arsenic and nitre. This tank is filled from the so-called "weed-killer plant" at a little spot on the line known as Barraganetal, much as locomotives are filled with water from tanks on all railway lines. At one end of the tank car is the spraying apparatus, attached by piping to the tank, which, as the train moves slowly along, squirts the poisonous fluid in several directions and for a considerable distance, exactly like a street watering-car. Some idea of the height to which the vegetation would grow were not this apparatus used is shown by the foliage in our photograph, as also by the two squirts on each side of the car from which the poison is being ejected. The weed-killer is most destructive. Although powerless to prevent a certain growth, it nevertheless effectually checks the shrubbery from becoming dangerous. Were the vegetation to be allowed free growth, in a short time the road would be almost as impassable as the virgin jungle.



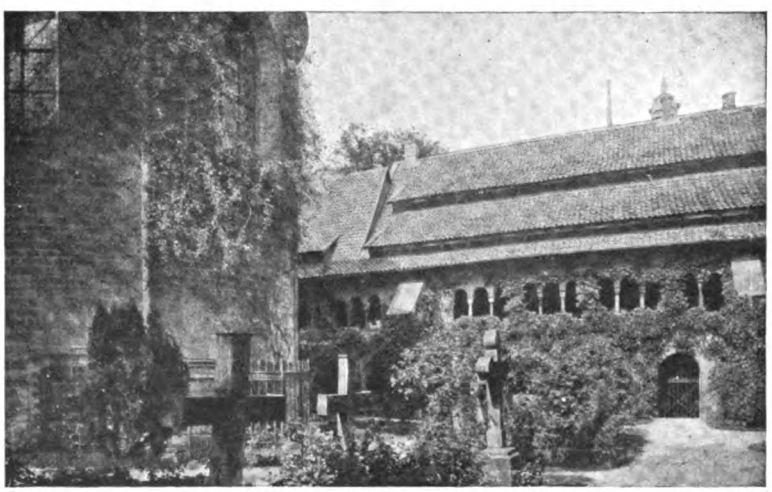
THE WEED-KILLER AT WORK—THROWING POISONED SPRAY ON BOTH SIDES OF THE TRACK.
From a Photo. by S. Horgan, jun., Scranton, Pa.

LXXIX.—THE OLDEST ROSE-BUSH IN THE WORLD.

By Patterson Du Bois.

A ROSE-BUSH a thousand years old—ought it not to be worth a long pilgrimage to see? For centuries it has been a wonder to kings, princes, bishops, scholars, poets, and peasants. Yet thousands of winged tourists flit by—within a pleasant trolley-ride of it—without so much as scenting this relic of their Saxon forefathers.

The cosiest corner, the most intimate little "God's acre" in all North Germany, one of the most impressive retreats in the wide world, is the secluded cloister yard of the Hildesheim Cathedral. And the focal spot of pensive romance is just where the "thousand-year rose-bush," emerging from the burial-ground of a few old monks, starts on its climb to the roof of the hoary apse.



From a] THE ROSE-TREE AT HILDESHEIM CATHEDRAL. *[Photo.*

Hildesheim, although little familiar to the swift American, is often called "The Nuremberg of the North." It was already a cradle of art before Nuremberg had arisen. Pope Eugene III. is himself authority for the statement that Hildesheim, even in the thirteenth century, held "a renowned and noble place in the German Empire." This proud little jewel of a city lies about sixteen or eighteen miles south of the city of Hanover, and is easily reached from there, as well as from various points not unknown to the ordinary tourist.

It is no gratuitous fancy, no violent stretch of the imagination, that finds in this venerable rose-tree the germinal spot of a vast Christian influence, and an unceasing art impulse since the ninth century.

The cathedral of ancient days was not merely a house of worship and a bishop's seat. It was the great educational and cultural centre of the diocese. Among other great bishops who were established at Hildesheim was Bernward—not only a ruler in the Church, but a genius of art. His great works in bronze and brass and gold still adorn Hildesheim and beckon the artist and the architect to its gates. And the cathedral at Hildesheim—nay, perhaps the very city itself—owes its existence to a wild rose.

This veritable *rosa canina*, as has already been said, grows in the cloister yard of the cathedral, and is therefore shut in from the world, though open to the sky, the sun, and the rain. It climbs the wall of the semi-circular apse, and reaches a height of perhaps twenty-five feet and has an equal spread. On its various stalks hang labels attesting the year of their sprouting. At their thickest these stalks do not exceed two or three fingers or a small wrist—for the real ancient vitality is below the surface, as we shall see a little farther on in our story. But the old life still blooms. In the years when the flowers are few this scarcity is regarded as an evil augury for the Church. When the bloom is abundant the sign is propitious.

The Grimm brothers themselves have not overlooked the legend of "Der Tausendjährige Rosenstock," but have given it respectful record.

Naturally the tradition has its variant forms,

but there is close agreement in the essentials. Between ten and eleven centuries ago, when our Saxon ancestors were roving heathen tribes, the Emperor Charles the Great, or Charlemagne, determined that these wild people must be subdued and baptized into the Christian faith. Forth into the forests of Lower Saxony he went, sword in hand, following up his conquests with the establishing of bishoprics—which always became the centres of culture and power. One of these bishops' seats he located at what is now Elze on the Leine, about twenty miles southward from the City of Hanover.

Charles, or Karl, died in 814 and was succeeded by his son Ludwig the Pious, who was no less zealous than his father. Then, as now, Royalty loved the strenuous life of the chase. One day Ludwig and his knights set out in search of "big game." Of course, the Kaiser had the swiftest horse and the fleetest dogs and was always in the lead.

He had ridden long when suddenly a superb white deer sprang out of the dark undergrowth and the race began. Cost what it might, the Kaiser would bag that game. But despite the spur and the urging of the dogs the deer was yet too nimble.

Now a glittering light ahead and then a plunge into the Innerste; another plunge into the swift current. The deer of the forest outswam the exhausted horse, and the Kaiser, seeking his own safety, loosed himself from the saddle and struck out for the nearest bank. The deer vanished, the steed was swept away, and the dismayed Ludwig clambered up a hillock on the shore and sat down to contemplate his defeat in absolute solitude. He blew his horn; all was still. Must the Kaiser die in this wilderness?

Near by bubbled a limpid spring, overshadowed by a wild rose. How sweet it all was! He put his hand to a little amulet, a picture of the Virgin, which he wore at his neck. Taking it off he hung it on a twig of the rose-bush, as he knelt and prayed that Mary would not desert him. The sun was now sinking, and Ludwig stretched himself upon the soft moss to sleep.

Now a voice out of the clouds awoke him. "So far as the snow falls thou shouldst build a cathedral to the honour of Mary." Before recovering from his astonishment there came a very gentle fall of snow, outlining the plan of the divinely-ordered cathedral upon the summer grass—the high altar placed where the rose-bush stood.

At last the belated huntsmen arrived and made a joyful obeisance to their rescued master, who then and there announced his determination to build a church to the honour of Mary, to which he gave the name Hilgen Snee (Holy Snow), in which some see the origin of the name Hildesheim.

As already said, this legend has many variations. One form has it that the Kaiser was returning to Elze from the chase when he discovered that he had lost his amulet. He ordered his knights—or, in still another version, his chaplain—to go in search of it. They crossed the river on the ice, mounted a slope, and found a rose-tree, in the branches of which was entangled the Virgin's amulet. They were unable to extricate it, and, believing that they saw a sign and wonder in this, they hastened back to tell their Emperor.

Forthwith the pious Ludwig rode out with his men, reached the rose-bush, and ordered that a chapel be erected on the spot, the bush to be carefully preserved and trained on the wall as it took form under the builders' hands. Immediately the Emperor removed the relic with his own hands. The chapel was begun, the bishop's seat was transferred hither from Elze, and the amulet was finally, about 830 A.D., presented to Gunther, the first bishop of the new town of Hildesheim.

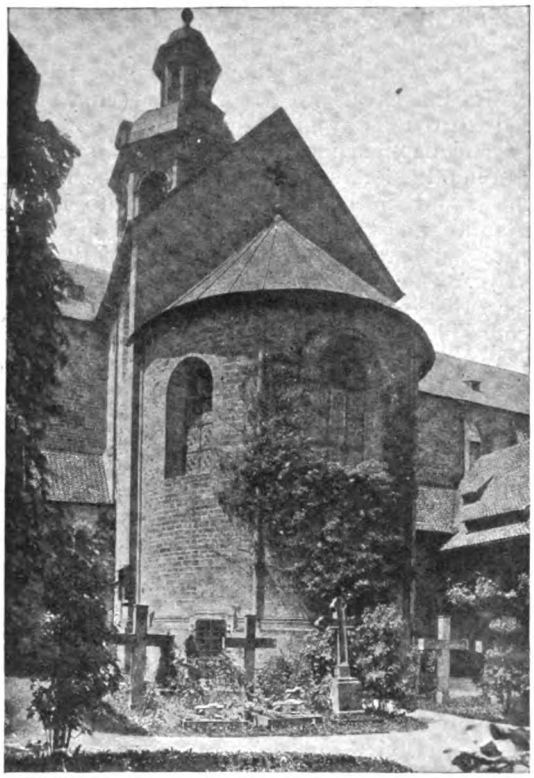
Stripped of its fanciful embellishments, it is easy to see that the essential core of the legend is that the Kaiser, when on a hunt, became enamoured of a site for a new chapel marked by a wild rose.

But legends and traditions are for poets and romancers. The twentieth century demands a steel probe and a written guarantee, and these are not wanting in the case of the "thousand-year rose-bush." Certainly no shrub, bush, or vine in Europe has been the subject of so much controversy and so much investigation. The learned Dr. Kratz, in a two-volume work on the cathedral published over sixty years ago, says that, in spite of the two conflagrations which nearly destroyed the cathedral—in 1013 and in 1046—and in spite of alterations and rebuilding, no bush in Europe can boast of so much historical evidence for a continuous existence.

The first manuscript authority is that of the Saxon annalist who lived in the last half of the eleventh century, and relates the legend of Ludwig and the rose-tree, testifying that the altar stands on the very spot where the Kaiser's amulet hung.

The second conflagration (1046) was very destructive, but the choir and the crypt remained unharmed, even though the upper branches of the rose-bush were destroyed. Bishop Azelin started the reconstruction, but

died before it had progressed very far. Then in 1055 came Bishop Hezilo, who erected the building mainly as it now stands, and who even then called the rose-tree "an honoured monument of the olden times." Nearly a century later Bishop Berthold added the apse, leaving a channel in the underground wall through which he led the rose-stalk out to the surface while the roots remained still under the high altar. The possibility of Berthold's having planted a new bush is conceded even by defenders of the integrity of the historicity of the roots. About the year 1788 the bush above ground succumbed to a severe winter and was killed by frost.



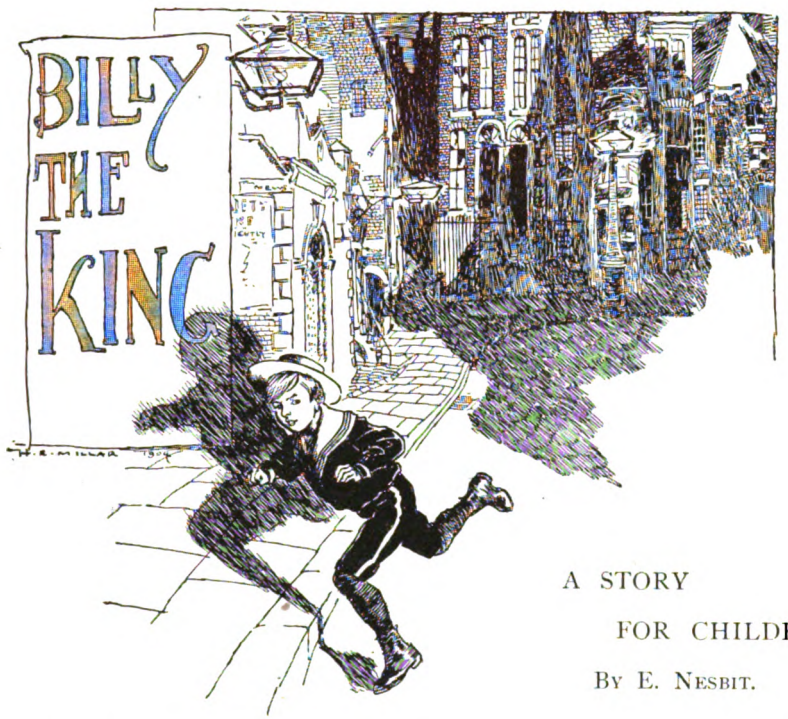
From a] A NEARER VIEW OF THE ROSE-TREE. *[Photo.*

Finally, out of the war of controversy, and especially from a fear that the bush seemed to be losing vitality, the Imperial Ministerium at Berlin requested the bishop to name a commission to investigate the condition of the venerable relic and to do everything possible to save it. The expert commissioner was Head Court Gardener Wendland, of Herrenhausen. In 1883 the work began. They found eight stems, of which the oldest might have sprouted in the eighteenth century. An iron grating and a heavy kerbing around the foot of the apse had obstructed the way of the sprouts, and these were removed. From the course of the roots toward the high altar the advocates of the antiquity of the shrub claim that a later planting than the time of Berthold is inconceivable. Conduit pipes were placed at upright angles open to the air and leading toward the old roots. Through these the bush at the fundament is watered and fertilized.

In the cathedral treasury is a gold-covered statue of the Virgin, which an old manuscript reports as carved from the wood of the rose-tree. This antique bit up to the time of the Reformation was annually carried in procession through the streets of Hildesheim, and it is also said to have been held by the later bishops when taking their episcopal seat. In 1900, on the occasion of the unveiling of the Kaiser Wilhelm monument, a crucifix carved from the wood of the wild rose was sent to the Empress of Germany.

It were easy to go on with the story. Of course, no one pretends that the present visible bush is quite so ancient. But has there been even a continuous underground life here for a thousand years? Do not ask me. Mere age is little or nothing. The slate on which I figured when a schoolboy, the pebbles that I kick from my footpath, are of untold age. Every blade of grass, every wheat-stalk, is part of a continuous life from the day of Creation. But where, if not by this bit of ancient wall, has a slender stalk been so reverently watched and tended? It bears on its thorny stems a memory of the wild beast and the barbarian, the tramp of armies, the rupture of the Church, the scorch of flame, and the blight of cold. But, like the wild deer that led Ludwig a luckless chase, the wild rose has loved life better than death, and on its narrow plot of ground still opens its chalices to the summer sun.

Nothing is so impressive as life. Nowhere is its witchery more sweetly simple than just here where the pink petals fall. I stand where emperors and princes and nobles, where bishops, men of science, art, thought, and action have stood in wonder. For, as already said, it is *no* violent stretch of imagination that finds in this legendary rose-bush the centre of a cultural influence that is historic and abiding throughout North Germany. Such are beginnings. Things of beauty are a force, as well as a joy, for ever.



A STORY
FOR CHILDREN

By E. Nesbit.

"NOW, William," said Billy King's great-uncle, "you are old enough to earn your own living, so I shall find you a nice situation in an office, and you will not return to school."

The blood of Billy King ran cold in his veins. He looked out over the brown wire blinds into Claremont Square, Pentonville, which was where his uncle lived, and the tears came into his eyes—for, though his uncle thought he was old enough to earn his own living, he was still young enough to hate the idea of having to earn it in an office, where he would never do anything, or make anything, or see anything, but only add up dull figures from year's end to year's end.

"I don't care," said Billy to himself. "I'll run away and get a situation for myself—something interesting. I wonder if I could learn how to be a pirate captain or a highwayman?"

And next morning Billy got up very early, before anyone was about, and ran away.

He ran till he was out of breath and then he walked, and he walked till he was out of patience and then he ran again, and between walking and running he came at last plump up to the door of a shop. And over the shop there were big painted letters saying, "Registry office for all sorts of persons out of employment."

"I'm out of employment, anyway," said he. The window of the shop had big green-baize-shutter sort of things in them, with white cards fastened on to them with drawing-pins, and on the cards were written the kind of persons out of employment the registry office had got places for. And in the very first one he read there was his own name—King!

"I've come to the right shop," said Billy, and he read the card through: "'Good general King wanted. Must be used to the business."

"That's not me, I'm afraid," thought Billy, "because whatever a general King's business is I can't be used to it till I've tried it."

The next was: "Good steady King wanted. Must be quick, willing, and up to his work."

"I'm willing enough," said Billy, "and I'm quick enough—at any rate, at fives or footer—but I don't know what a steady King's work is." So he looked at another card.

"Wanted, respectable King to take entire charge of Parliament, and to assist in Cabinet Councils and Reform of the Army, to open Bazaars and Schools of Art, and make himself generally useful."

Billy shook his head. "I think that must be a very hard place," said he. The next was: "Competent Queen wanted; economical and good manager."

"Whatever else I am I'm not a Queen," said Billy, and he was just turning sadly away, when he saw a little card stuck away in the right-hand top corner of the baize field.

"Hard-working King wanted; no objection to one who has not been out before."

"I can but try," said Billy, and he opened the door of the registry office and walked in. Inside there were several desks. At the first desk a lion with a pen behind its ear was dictating to a unicorn, who was writing in a series of Blue-books with its horn. Billy noticed that the horn had been sharpened to a nice point like a lead-pencil when the drawing-master does it for you as a favour.

"I think you want a King?" said Billy, timidly.

"No, we don't," said the lion, and it turned on him so quickly that Billy was sorry he had spoken. "The situation is filled, young man, and we're thoroughly suited."

Billy was turning away, much dispirited, when the unicorn said, "Try some of the others." So he went on to the next desk, where a frog sat sadly. But it only wanted Presidents; and at the next desk an eagle told him that only Emperors were wanted, and those very seldom. It was not till he got to the very end of the long room that Billy found a desk where a fat pig in spectacles sat reading a cookery-book.

"Do you want a King?" said Billy. "I've not been out before."

"Then you're the King for us," said the pig, shutting the cookery-book with a bang. "Hard-working, I suppose, as the advertisement says?"

"I think I should be," said Billy, adding, honestly, "especially if I liked the work."

The pig gave him a square of silver parchment and said, "That's the address."

On the parchment was written:—

"Kingdom of Plurimiregia. Billy King, Respectable Monarch. Not been out before."

"You'd better go by post," said the pig. "The five o'clock post will do."

"But why—but how—where is it?" asked Billy.

"I don't know where it is," said the pig, "but the Post Office knows everything. As to how—why, you just tie a label round your neck and post yourself in the nearest letter-box. As to why, that's a silly question, really, your Majesty. Don't you know the Post Office always takes charge of the Royal males?"

Billy was just putting the address carefully away in what would have been his watch-pocket if he had had any relation in the world except a great-uncle, when the swing door opened gently and a little girl came in. She looked at the lion and unicorn and the other busy beasts behind their desks, and she did not seem to like the look of them. She looked up the long room and she saw Billy, and she came straight up to him and said: "Please I want a situation as Queen. It says in the window previous experience not required." She was a very shabby little girl, with a clean, round, rosy face, and she looked as little like a Queen with previous experience as anybody could possibly have done.

"I'm not the registry office, my good kid," said Billy. And the pig said, "Try the next desk." Behind the next desk sat a lizard, but it was so large it was more like an alligator, only with a more pleasant expression about the mouth.

"Speak to him," said the pig, as the lizard leaned forward on his front paws like a draper's assistant when he says, "What's the next article?"

"I don't like to," said the little girl.

"Nonsense, you little silly," said Billy, kindly; "he won't eat you."

"Are you sure?" said the little girl, very earnestly.

Then Billy said, "Look here, I'm a King, and so I've got a situation. Are you a Queen?"

"My name's Eliza Macqueen," said the little girl. "I suppose that's near enough."

"Well, then," said Billy to the lizard, "will she do?"

"Perfectly, I should say," replied the lizard, with a smile that did not become him very well. "Here is the address." He gave it to her; it read:—

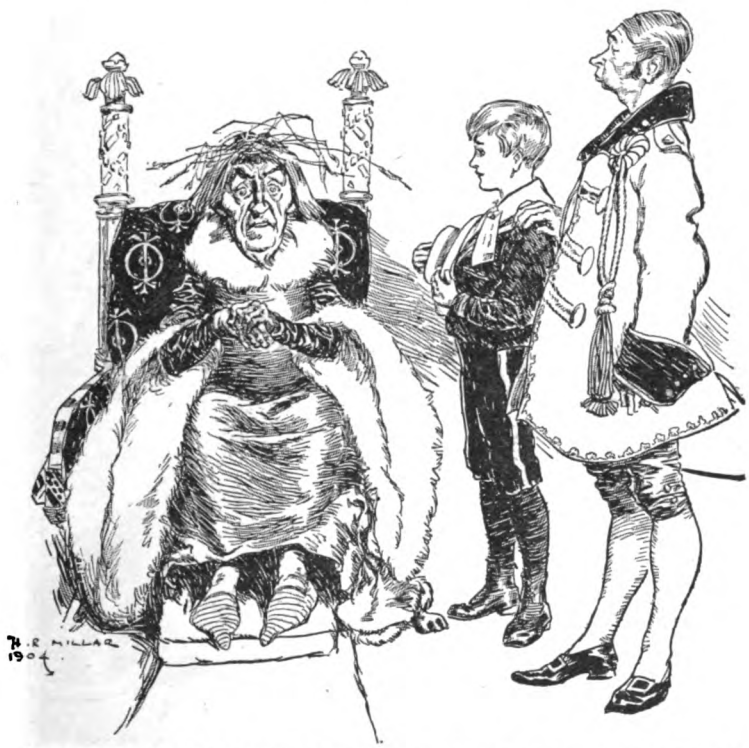
"Kingdom of Allexanassa. Queen, not been out before; willing, obliging, and anxious to learn." "Your kingdoms," he added, "are next door to each other."

"So we shall see each other often," said Billy. "Cheer up! We might travel together, perhaps."

"No," said the pig; "Queens go by railway. A Queen has to begin to get used

to her train as soon as she can. Now run along, do. My friend here will see her off."

"You're sure they won't eat me?" said Eliza—and Billy was certain they wouldn't, though he didn't know why. So he said, "Good-bye. I hope you'll get on in your new place," and off he went to buy a penny luggage label at the expensive stationer's three doors down the street on the right-hand side. And when he had addressed the label and tied it round his neck, he posted himself honourably at the General Post Office. The rest of the letters in the box made a fairly comfortable bed, and Billy fell asleep. When he awoke he was being delivered by the early morning postman at the Houses of Parliament in the capital of Plurimiregia, and



"THE PRIME MINISTER WAS SITTING WITH STRAWS IN HIS HAIR, WRINGING HIS HANDS."

the Houses of Parliament were just being opened for the day. The air of Plurimiregia was clear and blue, very different from the air of Claremont Square, Pentonville. The hills and woods round the town looked soft and green, from the hill in the middle of the town where the Parliament Houses stood. The town itself was small and very pretty, like one of the towns in old illuminated books, and it had a great wall all round it, and orange trees growing on the wall. Billy wondered whether it was forbidden to pick the oranges.

When Parliament was opened by the footman whose business it was, Billy said:—

"Please, I've come about the place——"

"The King's or the cook's?" asked the footman. Billy was rather angry.

"Now, do I look like a cook?" he said.

"The question is, do you look like a King?" said the footman.

"If I get the place you will be sorry for this," said Billy.

"If you get the place you won't keep it long," said the footman. "It's not worth while being disagreeable; there's not time to do it properly in. Come along in."

Billy went along in, and the footman led him into the presence of the Prime Minister, who was sitting with straws in his hair, wringing his hands.

"Come by post, your lordship," the footman said—"from London."

The Prime Minister left off wringing his hands and held one of them out to Billy. "You will suit!" he said. "I'll engage you in a minute. But just pull the straws out of

my hair first, will you? I only put them in because we hadn't been able to find a suitable King, and I find straws so useful in helping my brain to act in a crisis. Of course, once you're engaged for the situation, no one will ask you to do anything useful."

Billy pulled the straws out, and the Prime Minister said, "Are they all out? Thanks. Well, now you're engaged—six months on trial. You needn't do anything you don't want to. Now, your Majesty, breakfast is served at nine. Let me conduct you to the Royal apartments."

In ten minutes Billy had come out of a silver bath filled with scented water, and was putting on the grandest clothes he had ever seen in his life. Everything was of thick, soft, pussy silk, and his boots had gold heels with gold spurs on them.

For the first time in his life it was with personal pleasure, and not from a sense of duty, that he brushed his hair and satisfied himself that none of his nails were in mourning. Then he went to breakfast—which was so fine that none but a French cook could have either cooked or described it. He was a little hungry—he had had nothing to eat since the bread and cheese at supper in Claremont Square the night before last.

After breakfast he rode out on a white pony, a thing he might have lived in Claremont Square for ever without doing. And he found he rode very well. After the ride he went on the sea in a boat, and was surprised and delighted to find that he knew how to sail as well as how to steer. In the afternoon he was taken to a circus; and in the evening the whole Court played blind man's buff. A most enchanting day.

Next morning the breakfast was boiled underdone eggs and burnt herrings. The King was too polite to make remarks about his food, but he did feel a little disappointed.

The Prime Minister was late for breakfast and came in looking hot and flurried, and a garland of straw was entwined in the Prime Ministerial hair.

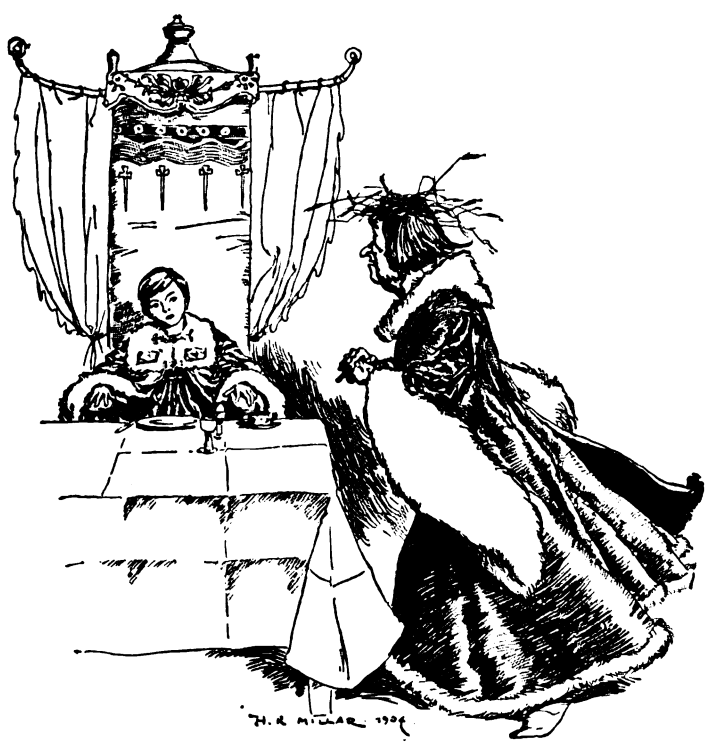
"Excuse my hair, sire," he said. "The cook left last night, but a new one comes at noon to-day. Meantime I have done my best."

Billy said it was all right and he had had an excellent breakfast. The second day passed as happily as the first; the cook seemed to have arrived, for the lunch made up for the breakfast. And Billy had the pleasure of shooting at a target at two thousand yards with the Lee-Metford rifle which had arrived by the same post as himself, and hitting the bull's-eye every time.

This is really a rare thing—even when you are a King. But Billy began to think it curious that he should never have found out before how clever he was, and when he took down a volume of Virgil and found that he could read it as easily as though it had been the "Child's First Reading-Book" he was really astonished. So Billy said to the Prime Minister:—

"How is it I know so many things without learning them?"

"It's the rule here, sire," said the Prime



"'EXCUSE MY HAIR, SIRE,' HE SAID."

Minister. "Kings are allowed to know everything without learning it."

Now, the next morning Billy woke very early and got up and went out into the garden, and, turning a corner suddenly, he came upon a little person in a large white cap, with a large white apron on, in which she was gathering sweet pot-herbs, thyme and basil and mint and savory and sage and marjoram. She stood up and dropped a curtsy. "Halloa!" said Billy the King, "who are you?"

"HE CAME UPON A LITTLE PERSON IN A LARGE WHITE CAP."

"I'm the new cook," said the person in the apron. Her big, flapping cap hid her face, but Billy knew her voice.

"Why," said he, turning her face up with his hands under her chin, "you're Eliza!" And sure enough it was Eliza, but her round face looked very much cleverer and prettier than it had done when he saw it last.

"Hush!" she said. "Yes, I am. I got the place as Queen of Allexanassa, but it was all horribly grand, and such long trains, and the crown is awfully heavy. And yesterday morning I woke very early, and I thought I'd just put on my old frock—mother made it for me the very last thing before she was taken ill."

"Don't cry," said Billy the King, gently.

"And I went out, and there was a man with a boat, and he didn't know I was the Queen, and I got him to take me for a row on the sea, and he told me some things."

"What sort of things?"

"Why, about us, Billy. I suppose you're the same as I am now, and know everything without learning it. What's Allexanassa Greek for?"

"Why, something like the Country of Changing Queens, isn't it?"

"And Plurimiregia?"

"That must mean the land of many Kings?"

"Why?"

"Because that's why it is. They're always changing their Kings and Queens here, for a most horrid and frightening reason, Billy. They get them from a registry office a long way off so that they shouldn't know. Billy, there's a dreadful dragon, and he comes once a month to be fed. And they feed him with Kings and Queens! That's why we know everything without learning. Because there's no time to learn in. And the dragon has two heads, Billy — a pig's head and a lizard's head — and the pig's head is to eat you with and the lizard's head will eat me!"

"So they brought us here for that," said Billy; "mean, cruel, cowardly brutes!"

"Mother always said you could never tell what a situation was like until you tried it," said Eliza. "But what are we to do? The dragon comes to-morrow. When I heard that I asked where your kingdom was, and the boatman showed me, and I made him land me here. So Allexanassa hasn't got a Queen now, but Plurimiregia has got us both."

Billy rumpled his hair with his hands.

"Oh, my cats alive!" he said, "we must do something; but I'll tell you what it is, Eliza. You're no end of a brick to come

and tell me. You might have got off all by yourself, and left me to the pig's head."

"No, I mightn't," said Eliza, sharply. "I know everything that people can learn, the same as you, and that includes right and wrong. So you see *I mightn't.*"

"That's true! I wonder whether our being clever would help us? Let's take a boat and steer straight out, and take our chance. I can sail and steer beautifully."

"So can I," said Eliza, disdainfully; "but, you see, it's too late for that. Twenty-four hours before the beast comes the sea-water runs away, and great waves of thick treacle come sweeping round the kingdoms. No boat can live in such a sea."

"Well, but how does the dragon get here? Is he on the island?"

"No," said Eliza, squeezing up handfuls of herbs in her agitation till the scent quite overpowered the scent of the honeysuckle. "No; he comes out of the sea. But he is very hot inside, and he melts the treacle so that it gets quite slim, like when it runs out of a treacle-pudding, and so he can swim in it, and he comes along to the quay, and is fed—with *Us.*"

Billy shuddered. "I wish we were back in Claremont Square," said he.

"So do I, I'm sure," said Eliza. "Though I don't know where it is, nor yet want to know."

"Hush!" said Billy, suddenly. "I hear a rustling. It's the Prime Minister, and I can hear he's got straws in his hair again; most likely because you're disappeared, and he thinks he will have to cook the breakfast. Meet me beside the lighthouse at four this afternoon. Don't come out of the summer-house till the coast's clear."

He ran out and took the Prime Minister's arm.

"What is the straw for now?"

"Merely a bad habit," said the Prime Minister, wearily.

Then Billy suddenly saw, and he said:—

"You're a beastly mean, cowardly sneak and you feel it; that's what the straws are about."

"Your Majesty!" said the Prime Minister, feebly.

"Yes," said Billy, firmly, "you know you are. Now, I know all the laws of Plurimiregia, and I'm going to abdicate this morning, and the next in rank has to be King if he can't engage a fresh one. You're next in rank to me, so by the time the dragon comes you'll be the King. I'll attend your Coronation."

The Prime Minister gasped: "How did you find out?" and turned the colour of unripe peaches.

"That's tellings," said Billy. "If you hadn't all been such sneaks I expect heaps of your Kings had sense enough to get rid of the dragon for you. Only I suppose you've never told them in time.

"Now, look here. I don't want you to do anything except keep your mouth shut—and let there be a boat, and no boatman, on the beach under the lighthouse at four o'clock."

"But the sea's all treacle."

"I said on the beach, not on the sea, my good straw merchant. And you must be there—and no one else. If you tell a soul I'll abdicate, and where will you be then?"

"I don't know," said the wretched Prime Minister, stooping to gather some more straws from the strawberry bed.

"But I do," said Billy. "Now for breakfast."

Before four o'clock that afternoon the Prime Minister's head was a perfect bird's-nest of straws. But he met Billy at the appointed place, and there was a boat—and also Eliza. Billy carried his Lee-Metford.

A wind blew from the shore, and the straws in the Prime Minister's hair rustled like a barley-field in August.

"Now," said Billy the King, "my Royal Majesty commands you to speak to the dragon as soon as it arrives, and to say that your King has abdicated——"

"But he hasn't," said the Prime Minister, in tears.

"But he *does now*—so you won't be telling a lie. I abdicate. But I give you my word of honour I'll turn King again as soon as I've tried my little plan. I shall be quite in time to meet my fate—and the dragon. Say 'The King has abdicated. You'd better just look in at Allexanassa and get the Queen, and when you call again I'll have a nice fat King all ready for you.'"

The straws trembled and Eliza sobbed.

Billy went on; and he had never felt so truly regal as now, when he was preparing to risk his life in order to save his subjects from the monthly temptation to be mean and cowardly and sneakish. I think myself it was good of Billy. He might just have abdicated and let things slide. Some boys would have.

The sea of greeny-black treacle heaved and swelled sullkily against the beach. The Prime Minister said, "Very well; I'll do it.

But I'd sooner die than see my King false to his word."

"You won't have to choose between the two," said Billy, very pale, but determined. "Your King's not a hound, like—like some people."

And then, far away on the very edge of the green treacly sea, they saw a squirming and a squelching and clouds of steam, and all sorts of exciting and unpleasant things happening very suddenly and all together.

The Prime Minister covered his head with dry sea-weed and said:—

"That's him."

"*He*," said Eliza the Queen and Billy the King in one breath. But the Prime Minister was long past any proper pride in his grammar. And then, cutting its way through the thick, sticky waves of the treacle sea, came the hot dragon, melting a way for himself as he came.

And he got nearer and nearer and bigger and bigger, and at last he came close to the beach, snouting and snorting, and opened two great mouths in an expecting, hungry sort of way; and when he found he was not being fed the expression of the mouths changed to an angry and surprised question. And one mouth was a pig's mouth and one was a lizard's.

Billy the King borrowed a pin from Eliza the Queen to stick into the Prime Minister, who was by this time nearly buried in the sea-weed which he had been trying to arrange in his hair.

"Speak up, silly," said His Majesty.

The Prime Minister spoke up. "Please, sir," he said to the two-headed dragon, "our King has abdicated, so we've nothing for you just now, and if you could just run over to Allexanassa and pick up their Queen, we'll have a nice fat King ready for you if you'll call on your way home."

"YOUR KING'S NOT A HOUND, LIKE—LIKE SOME PEOPLE."

The Prime Minister shuddered as he spoke. He happened to be very fat.

The dragon did not say a word. He nodded with both his heads and grunted with both his mouths, and turned tail and swam away along the track of thin, warm treacle which he had made in swimming across the sea.

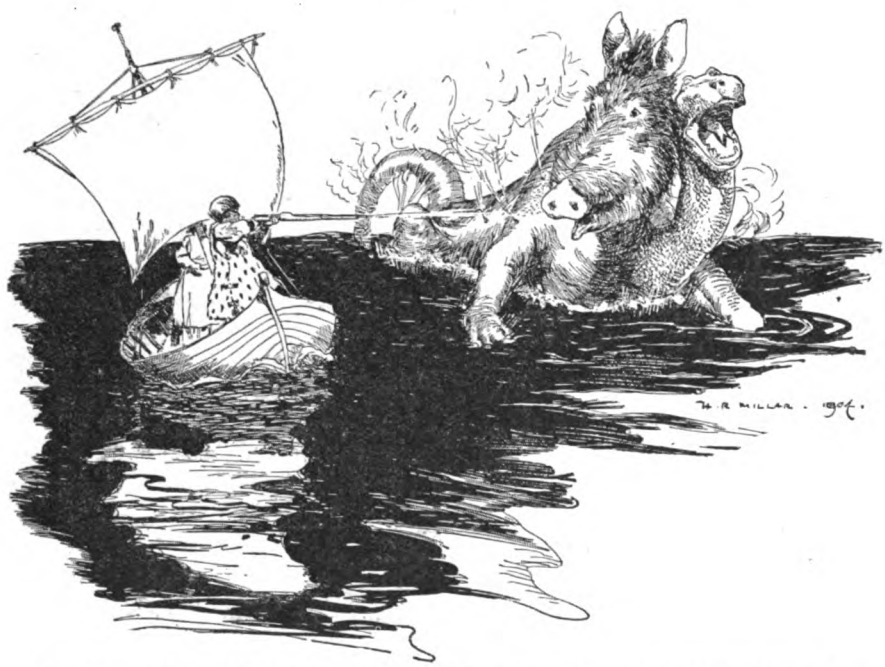
Quick as thought Billy the King signed to the Prime Minister and to Eliza, and they launched the boat. Billy sprang on board and pushed off, and it was not till the boat was a dozen yards from shore that he turned to wave a farewell to Eliza and the Prime Minister. The latter was indeed still on the beach, searching hopefully among the drifts and weeds for more straws, to mark his sense

of the constitutional crisis, but Eliza had disappeared.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," said Billy the King; "surely that brute of a Prime Minister can't have killed her right off, so as to have her ready for the dragon when he comes back. Oh, my dear little Eliza!"

"I'm here," said a thick voice. And, sure enough, there was Eliza holding on to the gunwale of the boat and swimming heavily

About the middle of the channel they caught up with the dragon. Billy took up his Lee-Metford and fired its eight bullets straight into the dragon. You have no idea how the fire spurted out through the bullet-holes. But the wind from the shore had caught the sails, and the boat was now going very much faster than the dragon, who found the bullet-holes annoying and had slowed up to see what was the matter.



"BILLY TOOK UP HIS LEE-METFORD AND FIRED ITS EIGHT BULLETS STRAIGHT INTO THE DRAGON."

in the warm treacle. Nearly choked with it, too, for she had been under more than once.

Billy hastened to haul her aboard, and, though she was quite brown and very, very sticky, the moment she was safe in the boat he threw his arms round her and said:—

"Dear, darling Eliza, you're the dearest, bravest girl in the world. If we ever get out of this you'll marry me, won't you? There's no one in the world like you. Say you will."

"Of course I will," said Eliza, still spluttering through the treacle. "There's no one in the world like you, either."

"Right! Then, if that's so, you steer and I'll sail, and we'll get the better of the beast yet," said Billy. And he set the sail, and Eliza steered as well as she could in her treacly state.

"Good-bye, you dear, brave Eliza," said Billy the King. "You're all right, anyhow." And, holding his reloaded Lee-Metford rifle high over his head, he plunged into the treacly sea and swam back towards the dragon. It is very difficult to shoot straight when you are swimming, especially in nearly boiling treacle, but His Majesty King Billy managed to do it. He sent his eight bullets straight into the dragon's heads, and the huge monster writhed and wriggled and squirmed and squawked, all over the sea from end to end, till at last it floated lifeless on the surface of the clear, warm treacle and stretched its wicked paws over, and shut its wicked eyes, all four of them, and died. The lizard's eyes shut last.

Then Billy began to swim for dear life towards the shore of Plurimiregia, and the treacle was so hot that if he hadn't been a

King he would have been boiled. But now that the dreadful dragon was cold in death there was nothing to keep the treacle sea thin and warm, and it began to thicken so fast that swimming was very difficult indeed. If you don't understand this, you need only ask the attendants at your nearest swimming baths to fill the baths with treacle instead of water, and you will very soon comprehend how it was that Billy reached the shore of his kingdom quite exhausted and almost speechless.

The Prime Minister was there. He had fetched a whole truss of straw when he thought Billy's plan had failed, and that the dragon would eat him as the next in rank, and he wanted to do the thing thoroughly; and when he warmly embraced the treacly King, Billy became so covered with straws that he hardly knew himself. He pulled himself together, however, enough to withdraw his resignation, and then looked out over the sea. In mid-channel lay the dead dragon, and far in the distance he could see the white sails of the boat nearing the shores of Allexanassa.

"And what are we to do now?" asked the Prime Minister.

"Have a bath," said the King. "The dragon's dead, and I'll fetch Eliza in the morning. They won't hurt her over there now the dragon's killed."

"They won't hurt her," said the Prime Minister. "It's the treacle. Allexanassa is an island. The dragon brought the treacle up by his enchantments, and now there is no one to take it away again. You'll never get a boat to live in a sea like that—never."

"Won't I?" said Billy. "I'm cleverer than you."

But, all the same, he didn't quite see his way to sailing a boat in that sea, and with a sad and aching heart he went back to the palace to the silver bath. The treacle and straws took hours to wash off, and after that he was so tired that he did not want any supper, which was just as well, because there was no one to cook it. Tired as he was, Billy slept very badly. He woke up again and again to wonder what had become of his brave little friend, and to wish that he could have done something to prevent her being carried away in that boat; but, think as he might, he failed to see that he could have done any differently. And his heart sank, for, in spite of his bold words to the Prime Minister, he had no more idea than you have how to cross the sea of thick treacle that lay between his kingdom and Allexanassa. He invented steamships with red-hot screws and paddle-wheels all through his dreams, and when he got up in the morning he looked out of his window on the dark sea and longed for a good, grey, foamy, salt, tumbling sea like we have at home in England, no matter how high the waves and the winds might be. But the wind had fallen, and the dark brown sea looked strangely calm.

Hastily snatching a dozen peaches out of the palace garden by way of breakfast, Billy the King hurried to the beach by the lighthouse. No heaving of the treacle sea broke the smooth line of it against the beach. Billy looked—looked again, swallowed the last peach, stone and all, and tore back to the town.

He rushed into the chief ironmonger's and bought a pair of skates and a gimlet. In less time than I can write it he had scurried back to the beach, bored holes in his gold heels, fastened on the skates, and was skating away over the brown sea towards Allexanassa. For the treacle heated to boiling point by the passing of the dragon had now grown cold, and, of course, it was now *toffee!* Far off Eliza had had the same idea as soon as she saw the toffee, and, of course, as Queen of Allexanassa she could skate beautifully. So the two skated into each other's arms somewhere near the middle of the channel between the two islands.

They stood telling each other how happy they were for a few moments, or it may have been about an hour; and when they turned to go back to Plurimiregia they found that the toffee-ice of the treacle sea was black with crowds of skaters—for the Allexanassians and the Plurimiregians had found out the wonderful truth, and were hurrying across to pay visits to their friends and relations in the opposite islands. Near the shore the toffee was hidden by troops of children, who had borrowed the family hammers and were chipping into the solid toffee and eating the flakes of it as they splintered off.

People were pointing out to each other the spot where the dragon had sunk, and when they perceived Billy the King and Eliza the Queen they sent up a shout that you could have heard miles out at sea—if there had been any sea—which, of course, there wasn't. The Prime Minister had lost no time in issuing a proclamation setting forth Billy's splendid conduct in ridding the country of the dragon, and all the populace were in a frenzy of gratitude and loyalty.

Billy turned on a little tap inside his head by some means which I cannot describe to

"THE TWO SKATED INTO EACH OTHER'S ARMS."

you, and a bright flood of cleverness poured through his brain.

"After all," he said to Eliza, "they were going to give us to the dragon to save their own lives. It's bad, I know. But I don't know that it's worse than people who let other people die of lead-poisoning because they want a particular glaze on their dinner-plates, or let people die of phosphorus-poisoning so that they may get matches at six boxes a penny. We're as well off here as in England."

"Yes," said Eliza.

So they agreed to stay and go on being King and Queen, on condition that the Prime Minister consented to give up straws altogether, even in moments of crisis.

"I will, your Majesties," he said, adding, with a polite bow, "I shall not need a single straw under your Majesty's able kingship."

And all the people cheered like mad.

Eliza and Billy were married in due course. The kingdoms are now extremely happy. Both are governed by Billy, who is a very good King because he knows so much. Eliza got him to change the law about Queens knowing everything, because she wanted her husband to be cleverer than she was. But Billy didn't want to make laws to turn his Eliza stupid, so he just changed the law—only a little bit—so that the King knows everything a man ought to know, and the Queen knows everything that ought to be known by a woman. So that's all right.

Exploring expeditions were fitted out to find the edge of the toffee. It was found to stand up in cliffs two hundred feet high, overhanging the real, live, salt-watery sea. The King had ships built at once to sail on the real sea and carry merchandise to other lands. And so Allexanassa and Plurimiregia grew richer and richer every day. The merchandise, of course, is toffee; and half the men in the kingdoms work in the great toffee-mines. All the toffee you buy in shops comes from there. And the reason why some of the cheaper kinds you buy are so gritty is, I need hardly say, because the toffee-miners will not remember, before they go down into the mines, to wipe their muddy boots on the door-mats provided by Billy the King, with the Royal Arms in seven colours on the middle of each mat.

A Bedroom on a Haystack.

By Isabel Webb.

"KIT-KIT-KITTY, kits-kits!" There was a moment's stillness, and then, in response to the girl's call, I heard a scrambling and rustling, and felt the pitter-patter of the kitten's feet across my body. I stretched out my hand in the darkness to stroke her, but quickly drew it back, for her fur was saturated. "She's regularly soaked," I said. "You can't have her in bed with you to-night, girls." "Oh, that's nothing," replied an eager voice. "She soon gets dry."

I turned over and looked out through the open gable; the pure night air came wafting softly over my cheeks with delicious gentleness; the "taste" of it, so to speak, was like clearest mountain water, free from all taint of carpet or curtain or other household effluvia. True, it had scarcely left off raining—one of those drenching rains to which we are becoming so sadly accustomed—but that made no difference to my novel sleeping quarters, for above me in the dimness, like the canopy of some old four-poster, I could just distinguish the pattern of laths and rafters and the under-surface of tiles. Around me and below was hay, for I was on a haystack—not an ordinary thatched one, but hay that had been stored away in a sort of open barn until it reached nearly to the eaves. It certainly made an ideal resting-place for lovers of fresh air. Wrapped in loose woollen clothing, with fur coverlets and pillows, my friends and I have converted this little hayrick into a nightly paradise; and, having once fairly begun, the pleasure of it is so great that nothing will induce us to sleep indoors again. "We look at our former beds and shiver at the mere thought of having to sleep in such a cold place," we say.

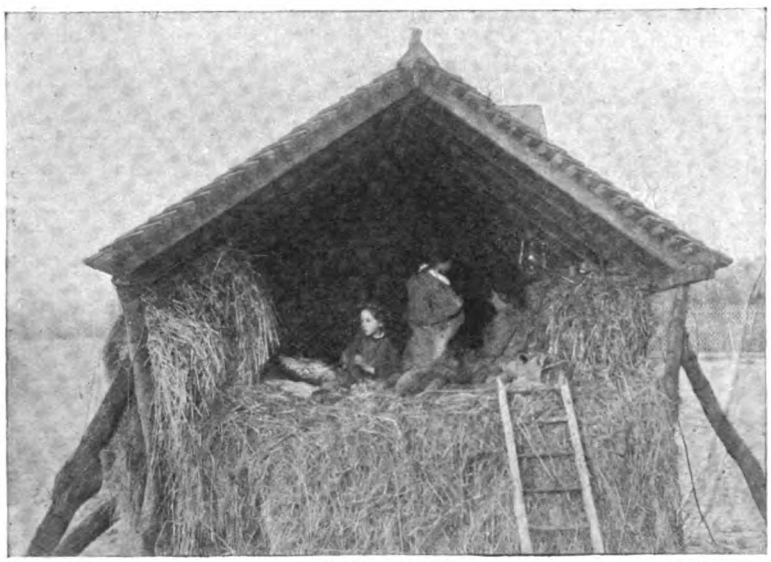
À propos of this, I was told the other day of a stalwart Englishman who emigrated to the States, and years afterwards returned to visit his relatives (friends of my informant). He had a pleasant time and returned home. A year or two later his son, a fur-trapper, came over to visit at the same house; but on being shown to his room at night the trapper entirely declined to sleep there. "Where, then, will you sleep?" they asked. "Oh! out in the orchard in a hammock under the trees." "But," they remonstrated, "your father slept in this room when he was here, and found it all right." "Ah!" he replied, "that is different; my father was *a strong man*, he could stand it."

From a Photo. by] THE HAYSTACK BEDROOM. *[J. Sammes.*

Perhaps my readers may be interested to hear how this novel manner of spending the night originated. Like all the best things, it came by degrees. Of course, we began in the summer, for not even our enthusiasm for fresh air would have braced us up at first to brave the rain and the wind and the cold and the dark, obstacles which are nothing to us now as we go to our airy nest. In the summer afternoons I would take my needle-work and, mounting the ladder, sink down on to the hay (which was more comfortable than any arm-chair), and sew to the accompaniment of the birds and the bees. When tea-time came it was far too delicious on the hay to go

indoors, and so I had tea brought out on to the rick and invited my friends out there too. They were charmed with this style of picnicking, for they found it a great deal more luxurious than sitting on the grass; and thus tea on the hayrick became quite an institution.

At last, one day, the bold and brilliant idea came to one of us, "Would it not be fun to try spending the whole night out here?" My friend was inclined to laugh at the notion and could not be induced to come herself, but her three girls were most eager for the experiment, and after a great discussion as to the best way of arranging ourselves comfortably we decided to try it that very night. What a merry party we were, when bed-time arrived, as we sallied from the house carrying our rugs, pillows, a lantern, and also a clock, which we hung from a nail on the roof, and which with its loud ticking gave us a reassuring sense of not being quite cut off from civilization! And I must not forget the kitten, which was not to be left out of the experiment. It took to the idea as kindly as any of us, and now is always ready to lead the way, trotting ahead with its tail in the air, its whole attitude expressing a determination not to be done out of its right to a share of the rick.



From a Photo. by] AT BREAK OF DAY. *[J. Sammes.*

First there was the settling of the place each one was to occupy, and then we all set to work to scoop out, each for herself, a snug hollow in the hay, in which we arranged our pillows and blankets, and finally ourselves, with many a merry peal of laughter, and much wondering as to what our friends would think of us. It was not exactly easy to get to sleep that first night. It was so unusual to look straight out from one's bed on to the field, and to see the sky spread out all round us instead of the dark walls of a room. All these things had to be talked over. "Girls, you must really be quiet now, or we shall have the morning here." And silence settled down, and soon the fresh air had its way, and the hayrickers forgot both stars and owls till the morning sun looked in upon them and roused them, rather bewildered at first in their new surroundings. But the verdict was unanimous. "Wasn't it delicious?" exclaimed Alice, the youngest. "Just lovely; and may we come again?" chimed in Phillis and Hope. Of course they might, for it had been far too pleasant an experience not to be repeated; and off they went, determined to convince "mother" too of the delights of a haystack bed. "Mother," however, still hesitated, but promised to consider the matter, and the result of the considering, added to the glowing accounts of her daughters, was that she agreed to try it "for one night." Accordingly one night she came, much amused at the whole proceeding, and slightly uneasy as to whether tramps in search of a night's lodging might not think this roofed-in rick looked a desirable resting-place, but still determined to give it a trial. And soon, stretched at length on the soft, fragrant hay, "mother" too came under the spell of it all, and fears of tramps or rats, or any of the other disagreeables that kind friends had suggested, all disappeared; and I heard her murmur, "This is heavenly."

When I opened my eyes in the morning "mother" was already awake, sitting up and looking at the brilliant colours that were lighting up the sky. "Well, how did you like it?" I asked her. "Like it?" she

repeated. "I had simply no idea it would be so delightful"; and she ended as her girls had done, by declaring that she must really come again.

That was in September, and as the fascination of the thing grew upon us we had many a discussion as to how long it would be possible to continue sleeping on our rick. "Perhaps to the end of October," we said, at first; but as October neared its end we began to have some hopes that even November might find us still there. We piled trusses of straw round three sides, to protect us from the snow and rain, leaving only the gable end open, and still when December came we found our hay bed warm and snug, and so invigorating that we could not give it up. Our friends remonstrated as the weather grew wilder. "Surely you will not go out to-night," said two visitors, when bed-time arrived, and they watched us preparing to start forth into the pitch-dark night, while the rain was coming down in torrents, and a strong wind blew with a force that seemed to threaten to blow our rick away. It was the wildest night we had yet experienced, but—well wrapped up in cloaks and mackintoshes and our feet kept dry with goloshes—we told our visitors we did not envy them the cold shelter of their rooms, and out we sallied into the darkness. It takes but a minute to cross the space between the house and the stack, and once safely under its friendly shelter and snug under our wraps we revelled in the exhilarating sense of being in the midst of the storm and yet just out of its reach. But I fear the charm of this has to be felt to be appreciated. The stormy nights are certainly not those we enjoy the least.

This experiment of sleeping out of doors was started, as has been shown, more for the amusement of the thing than with any serious purpose, but the results from a health point of view have added fresh testimony to the value and curative powers of fresh air. My friend had been suffering for months from headaches. No remedies seemed to have any effect, and she had so far lost her nerve that she could no longer bicycle or enjoy a drive. But headaches are a thing of the past for her now, drives a thing of the present, and bicycling a thing of the future, waiting only a return of dry weather, not of inclination. I wish I could induce many others to try the experiment too, only I am afraid it would be a very serious thing for the doctors. "If everybody followed your example," said mine to me, "we doctors would soon find ourselves in the workhouse."

"Matchless for the complexion" would be an excellent phrase for advertising this latest thing in beds. It ensures at least eight hours more fresh air than falls to the lot of ordinary mortals. It is a nearer approach to the "open-air treatment" than even tent life; besides, for night air, it seems better to be raised a few feet above the ground surface.

From a Photo. by] OFF TO BREAKFAST. *[J. Sammes.*

Whether there is any scientific basis for this I do not know; I can only gauge it when I wake just before daybreak by the feeling of absolute refreshment, which carries me back to childhood's days; and the delightfulness of the sensation makes me linger a little under the fur coverlet to listen to the birds in the hedgerow practising their newest spring songs. For I have discovered that it is only natural for happy creatures that sleep in the open air to wake with a song in their mouths.

Curiosities.

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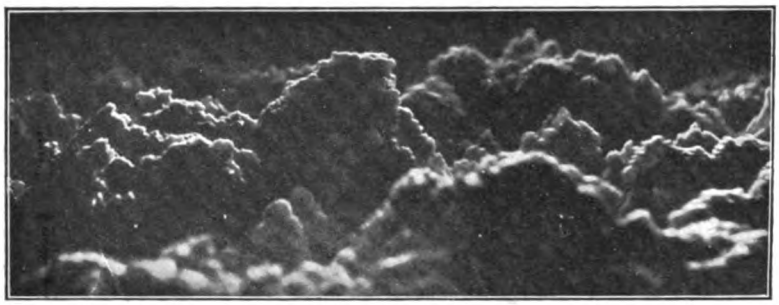
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

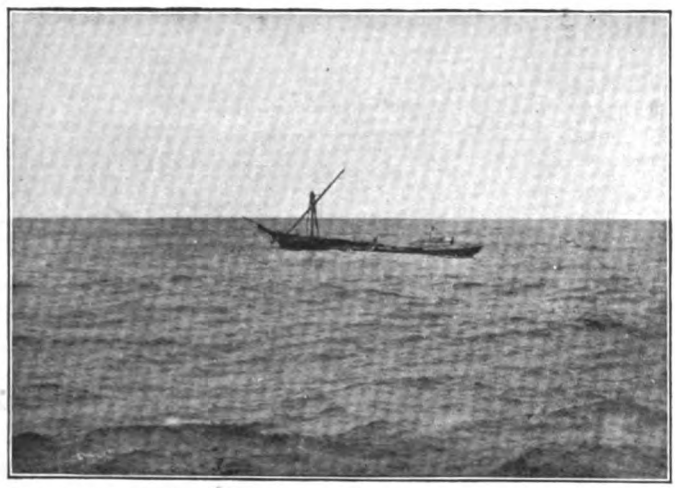


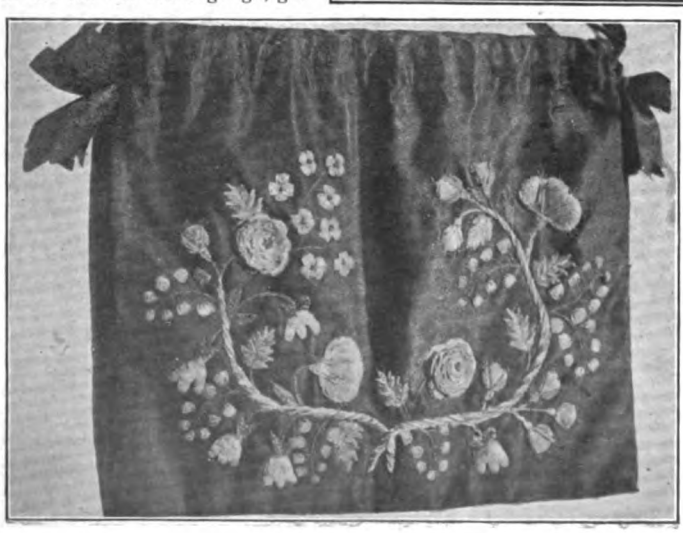
NOT CLOUDS, BUT A "CAULIFLOWER HEAD."

"I enclose a photo. of the appearance of the 'head' of ordinary brewers' wort, in an active state of fermentation. This head is the last that appears, and is known as the 'rocky' or 'cauliflower' head, on account of its shape. The 'square' from which the photo. was taken had a strikingly beautiful effect."—Mr. Chas. S. Purcell, Wellingham Brewery, Ringmer, Lewes, Sussex.

A DERELICT IN MID-OCEAN.

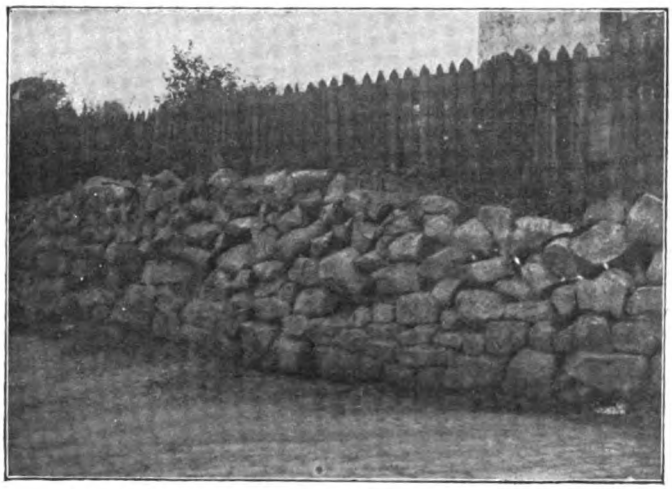
The following extract from a letter written by Mr. John O. Band, the master of the ss. *Cairnisla*, which rescued the captain and crew of the *Mary A. Troop*, explains this photograph: "The wreck proved to be the *Mary A. Troop*, of St. John, N.B., 1,218 tons register, fifty days out with pitch pine lumber and timber from Pensacola. The lifeboat was swung out and, steaming to windward, was (after considerable risk, as the sea was running high) got into the water, and in charge of my chief officer, Mr. Smith, proceeded to the wreck and took off the crew. They were in a very weak condition from exposure and want of food and water, several of them having to be helped into the boat and hauled up the ship's side. They had been twenty-six days on the wreck, nine days of which they had been without a drop of water. Their joints were all stiff and swollen, from blood-poisoning, I believe, as they had been chewing lead to relieve their thirst, and they were all bad from salt-water sores. On getting the lifeboat on board again her side was stove in and butts started. The crew was given every attention. There were thirteen hands and the ship's dog taken off. Had the weather been fine I should have tried to tow the wreck into Bermuda."





FISH-SCALE EMBROIDERY.

"The embroidery is entirely worked in the scales of a small fish called pollon, which inhabits certain lakes in the North of Ireland and Scotland. It was done by an ancestor of mine, and seems to have been a pastime for ladies in days gone by, as needlework is now."—Mr. G. A. Campbell, Killyman Rectory, Moy, Co. Tyrone.



STRANGE CASE OF PETRIFACTION.

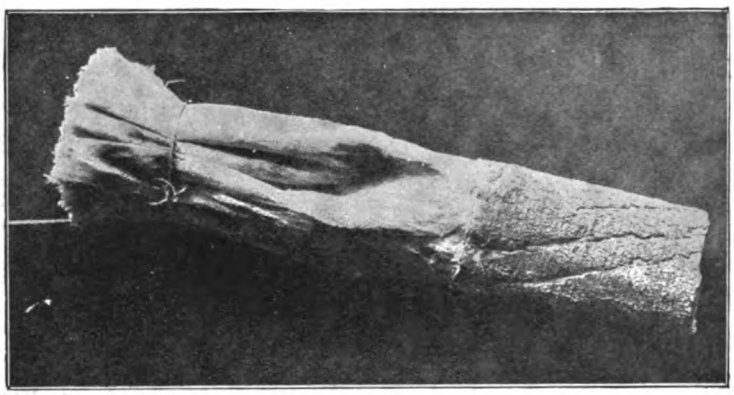
"The accompanying photograph shows what appears to be an ordinary wall with palings on the top, but closer inspection will reveal the unequalled peculiarity of the material used in its construction. What at first sight appears to be stones are in reality portions of sacks of flour rendered solid through the action of water. In fact, they are petrified. Some of the 'stones' are so perfect even yet that the grain of the canvas which formed the covering is still clearly visible. Curiously, nothing seems to be known as to why and how the sacks of flour came to be there, as there is no flour mill in the vicinity. The wall is situated in Thomondgate, Limerick, and the photo. was taken by my brother." — Mr. Sandy Jordan, 23, Patrick Street, Limerick.

THE "MEDIUM'S" DELINEATION OF CHARACTER.

"Many years ago, when spiritualism was a novelty in this country, the so-called mediums became centres of curiosity to many, myself among the number. John Copley, the medium who did this picture, had been either a sailor or a shipwright, I forget which, but he had only one leg and walked with a crutch. He kept a shop in Victoria Dock Road, Canning Town, for workmen's and mechanics' tools. He became remarkable as a medium and held séances at his house. At one of these I said I should like a delineation of my own character from or through him. He thereupon took the longest sheet of paper he could find, placed it before him on the table, and with a short piece of lead pencil in his right hand commenced dotting all over the paper, and as the paper was not wide enough he dotted outside it on the table. When the séance was over the paper was examined by the sitters, but all that could be seen was a mass of spots where the pencil had dotted the paper and the table, all in seeming confusion. The same paper was used at the next séance and the same dotting on paper and table went on, and when examined at the end of the second séance it seemed a jumble of spots, without shape or formation of any kind. At several succeeding séances the same process went on, the medium's right hand continually dotting; and though he was not looking at the paper, but conversing with the sitters and answering their questions, still the right hand went on like an automaton. For several séances nothing could be distinguished but a confused mass of spots, and we were inclined to think that nothing else would ever come of it, till at the end of one of the séances, upon the paper being examined, the outline of a serpent could be distinguished, every spot made on that paper being in its proper place. After a few more sittings the portrait was completed, except where the paper was too narrow. I felt rather humiliated when I saw that the snake had an ass's head, but I consoled myself with the fact that I had a true delineation of my character and many companions in the world."—Mr. S. Goss, 127, Piccadilly, W.

THE LACE TREE OF JAMAICA.

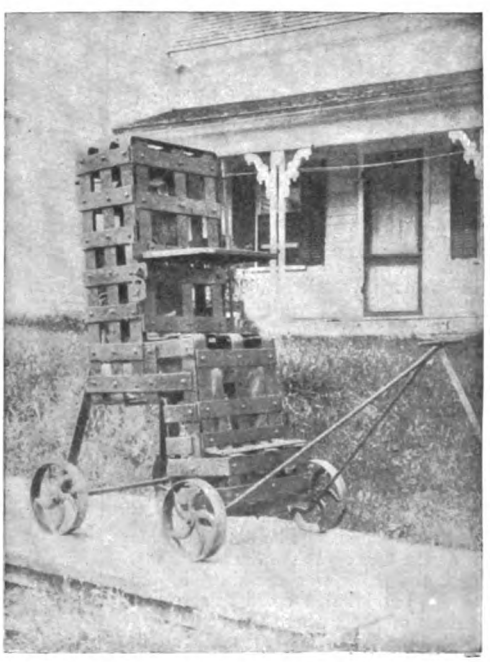
"My photos. illustrate a piece of lace tree from Kingston, Jamaica, so called from the lace-like fibres into which the wood of this tree may be split up. My first photo. shows a piece of the tree before being opened out. The bark is first removed, then the tissues are separated with great skill by the natives by means of an ordinary knife. The upper part of the wood in the



top photo. is quite loose and soft, as it had already been opened out, and only closed up for the photograph to be taken, but before the fibres are separated the tree is as hard as bamboo. The second photo. shows the same piece of the tree opened out; it is extremely beautiful, very regular, and of a delicate cream tint." — Mr. J. Livingston Booth, St. Anne's, Craven Street, Newbury.

A TRAMP CHAIR.

"Some time ago a deputy sheriff of Somerset County, Maine, named Baker, had a great deal of trouble with tramps, and set about to devise means of driving them out of his neighbourhood. Being somewhat of a mechanical genius, and believing that some punishment involving both confinement and public exposure would be the surest method of driving off these undesirable visitors, Baker set to work in an Oakland machine shop and soon produced a contrivance that became known far and wide as 'the Maine tramp chair.' The chair is made of bars or slats of iron, in the form of a seat enclosed in a cage, with a hinged door. The inventor's plan was to seat the tramp in the chair and close the door, thus confining him in very close quarters, with plenty of air, but no chance to move arms or legs. The chair was on wheels, and, with the tramp locked up in it, was to be trundled about the streets, where all could view the prisoner, thus constituting a portable pillory. When the Legislature was in Session at Augusta, Baker went there with his chair and tried to get the Solons to adopt it as a State institution for the punishment and discouragement of tramps. A long and highly amusing debate was held on the subject, with the result that the tramp chair was rejected, and Baker went home disconsolate. The chair was sent to Bangor for exhibition, and is still there. The other day a ray of hope for the discouraged inventor came in the form of a letter of inquiry from the police department of Paris, France, where something like the tramp chair is wanted for the punishment of certain classes of criminals. The French officials asked for photographs and descriptions of the chair, which have been forwarded, and Baker is hopeful that, after all, his labour on the portable gaol may not have been in vain."—Mr. G. G. Bain, 15, Park Row, N.Y.



its memory Adam Hoghton hung one of its ribs over his door, where it remains to this day. The photograph shows the rib plainly enough, with the initials of Adam Hoghton and the date (1616) when he built the house. He was the fourth son of Thomas Hoghton of Hoghton, Esquire, who was slain at Lea in 1589. The house is in Halfpenny Lane, within a few minutes' walk of Longridge railway station." — Mr. R. Smith, Woodville, Longridge, near Preston.

AN IRISH HOLY WELL.

"My photo. shows an Irish holy well. The mugs are placed there by relatives of children buried in the cemetery in which the well is, the idea being that anyone using a mug for drinking out of shall say a prayer for the departed one." — Mr. H. Clarence Visick, 77, Whiteladies Road, Clifton.

THE DUN COW RIB.

"On the moors round Whittingham, in Lancashire, tradition says, there once roamed an old dun cow of enormous size. Though acknowledging no owner she gave milk to all comers, and that in no little quantity. At last an old dame said she would take a pail which the dun cow could not fill. She furnished a sieve, and after a vain attempt to fill it the beast died of vexation. Intense was the grief of the country-folk at the loss of the cow, and to preserve

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"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPELT."

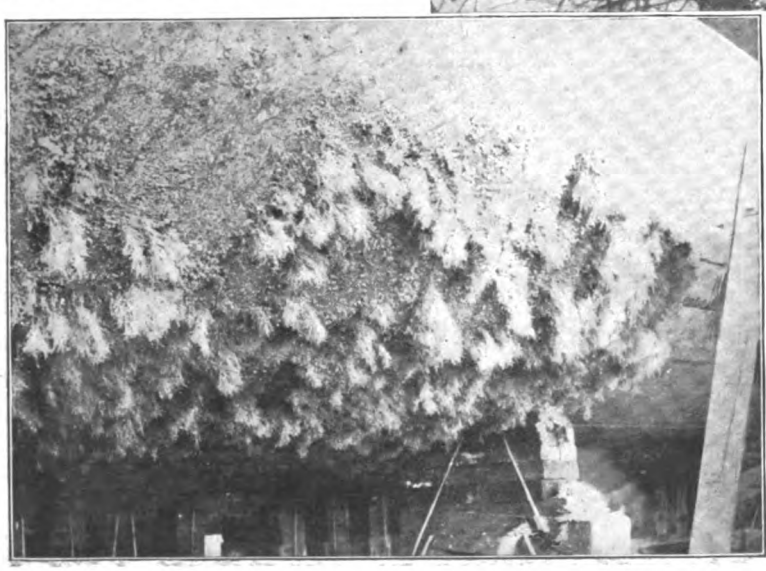
"I send you this amusing advertisement for tattooing, as I think it is a very good specimen of a native's translation of Hindustani into English."— Mr. J. Bromiley, F Battery, R.H.A., Sialkot, India.

CURIOUS NESTING-PLACE.

"I am sending you a photograph of a bird's nest. The nest was given to a friend of mine, who showed it to me; it is a robin's nest, built inside a swede. The nest is made of moss and horse-hair, and there were five eggs in it."—Miss Elsie Thornton, Middleton Hall, Brentwood.

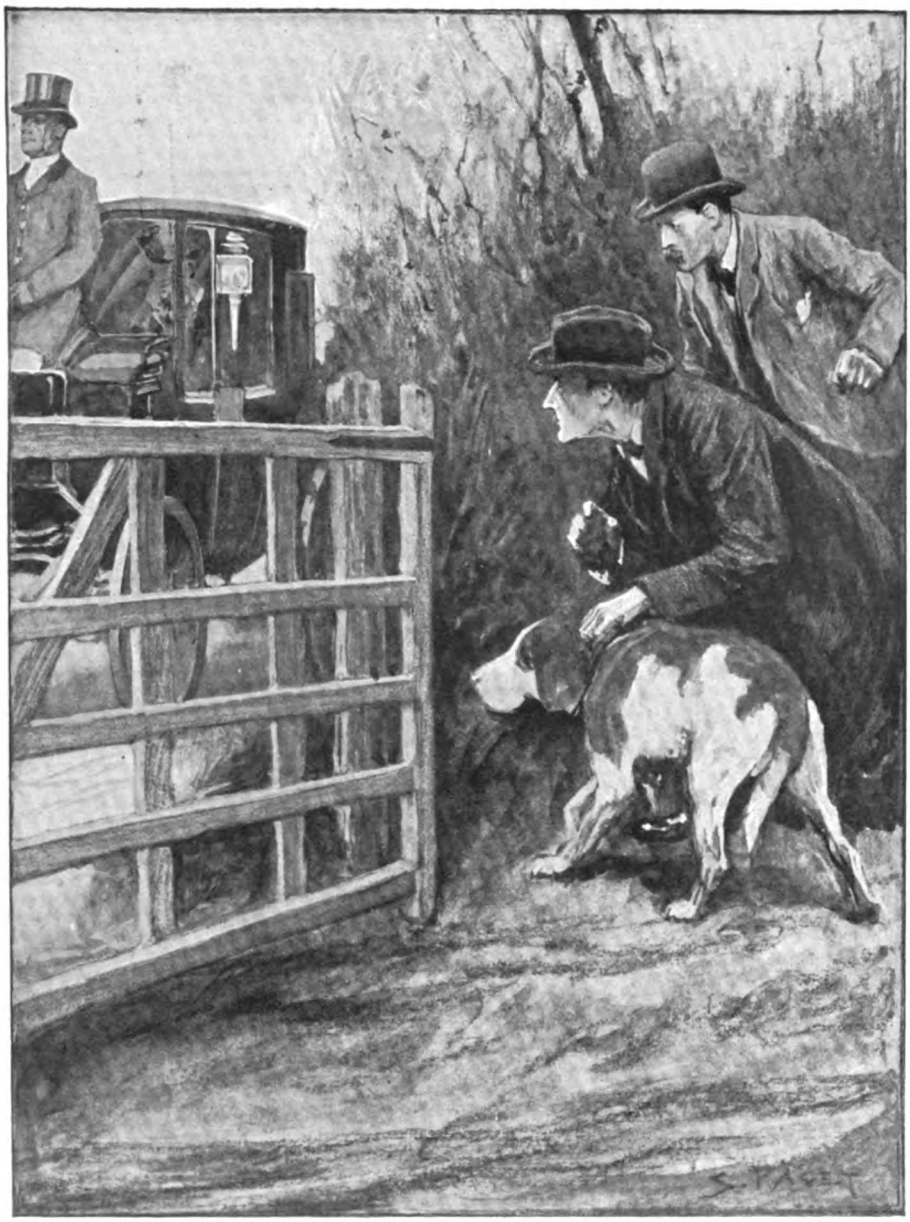
WHEN SHIPS ARE IDLE.

"'What is it—a garden or a forest growth?' Such was the question asked when I showed this picture to my friends. The bounty given by the French Government to the owners of vessels of that nation has caused many British ships which come to this port to 'lay up' for many months waiting until they can be chartered at a favourable price. During their long wait barnacles and seaweeds grow on the bottom of the ships to an enormous extent. The vessel *Nivelle*, owned in Glasgow, had laid up for fifteen months in San Francisco Bay before she was chartered. When the ship was put into the dry dock I was asked by the captain to take a picture of it, and this is how it looked. The whole submerged part of the ship was in this condition. The blocks on which the keel rests can be seen, and to the right-hand lower corner the ship's plates have been scraped clean; the grey parts in the upper left-hand corner are barnacles. The weeds are about nine inches long, and the *débris* weighed about twelve tons."—Mr. James Jardine, Union Ironworks, San Francisco.



A PLAGUE OF SPARROWS.

"I have taken a photograph of a tree to which an enormous number of English sparrows flock every night at sundown to roost. They make so much noise that it is almost impossible to hear anyone talking while walking past them. I think this picture will be especially interesting to your readers here in Boston, as there is a movement on foot for the extermination of these feathered pests, who do more harm than good."—Mr. H. M. Warner, 30, Tower Street, Somerville, Mass.



"THE CARRIAGE RATTLED PAST."

(*See page* 134.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

XI.—The Adventure of the Missing Three-Quarter.

WE were fairly accustomed to receive weird telegrams at Baker Street, but I have a particular recollection of one which reached us on a gloomy February morning some seven or eight years ago and gave Mr. Sherlock Holmes a puzzled quarter of an hour. It was addressed to him, and ran thus:—

"Please await me. Terrible misfortune. Right wing three-quarter missing; indispensable to morrow.—OVERTON."

"Strand post-mark and dispatched ten-thirty-six," said Holmes, reading it over and over. "Mr. Overton was evidently considerably excited when he sent it, and somewhat incoherent in consequence. Well, well, he will be here, I dare say, by the time I have looked through the *Times*, and then we shall know all about it. Even the most insignificant problem would be welcome in these stagnant days."

Things had indeed been very slow with us, and I had learned to dread such periods of inaction, for I knew by experience that my companion's brain was so abnormally active that it was dangerous to leave it without material upon which to work. For years I had gradually weaned him from that drug mania which had threatened once to check his remarkable career. Now I knew that under ordinary conditions he no longer craved for this artificial stimulus, but I was well aware that the fiend was not dead, but sleeping; and I have known that the sleep was a light one and the waking near when in periods of idleness I have seen the drawn look upon Holmes's ascetic face, and the brooding of his deep-set and inscrutable eyes. Therefore I blessed this Mr. Overton, whoever he might be, since he had come with his enigmatic message to break that dangerous calm which brought more peril to my friend than all the storms of his tempestuous life.

As we had expected, the telegram was soon followed by its sender, and the card of Mr. Cyril Overton, of Trinity College, Cambridge, announced the arrival of an enormous young man, sixteen stone of solid bone and muscle, who spanned the doorway with his broad shoulders and looked from one of us to the other with a comely face which was haggard with anxiety.

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

My companion bowed.

"I've been down to Scotland Yard, Mr. Holmes. I saw Inspector Stanley Hopkins. He advised me to come to you. He said the case, so far as he could see, was more in your line than in that of the regular police."

"Pray sit down and tell me what is the matter."

"It's awful, Mr. Holmes, simply awful! I wonder my hair isn't grey. Godfrey Staunton—you've heard of him, of course? He's simply the hinge that the whole team turns on. I'd rather spare two from the pack and have Godfrey for my three-quarter line. Whether it's passing, or tackling, or dribbling, there's no one to touch him; and then, he's got the head and can hold us all together. What am I to do? That's what I ask you, Mr. Holmes. There's Moorhouse, first reserve, but he is trained as a half, and he always edges right in on to the scrum instead of keeping out on the touch-line. He's a fine place-kick, it's true, but, then, he

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has no judgment, and he can't sprint for nuts. Why, Morton or Johnson, the Oxford fliers, could romp round him. Stevenson is fast enough, but he couldn't drop from the twenty-five line, and a three-quarter who can't either punt or drop isn't worth a place for pace alone. No, Mr. Holmes, we are done unless you can help me to find Godfrey Staunton."

My friend had listened with amused surprise to this long speech, which was poured forth with extraordinary vigour and earnestness, every point being driven home by the slapping of a brawny hand upon the speaker's knee. When our visitor was silent Holmes stretched out his hand and took down letter "S" of his commonplace book. For once he dug in vain into that mine of varied information.

"There is Arthur H. Staunton, the rising young forger," said he, "and there was Henry Staunton, whom I helped to hang, but Godfrey Staunton is a new name to me."

It was our visitor's turn to look surprised. "Why, Mr. Holmes, I thought you knew things," said he. "I suppose, then, if you have never heard of Godfrey Staunton you don't know Cyril Overton either?"

Holmes shook his head good-humouredly.

"Great Scot!" cried the athlete. "Why, I was first reserve for England against Wales, and I've skippered the 'Varsity all this year. But that's nothing! I didn't think there was a soul in England who didn't know Godfrey Staunton, the crack three-quarter, Cambridge, Blackheath, and five Internationals. Good Lord! Mr. Holmes, where *have* you lived?"

"'WHY, MR. HOLMES, I THOUGHT YOU KNEW THINGS,' SAID HE."

Holmes laughed at the young giant's naïve astonishment.

"You live in a different world to me, Mr. Overton, a sweeter and healthier one. My ramifications stretch out into many sections of society, but never, I am happy to say, into amateur sport, which is the best and soundest thing in England. However, your unexpected visit this morning shows me that even in that world of fresh air and fair play there may be work for me to do; so now, my good sir, I beg you to sit down and to tell

me slowly and quietly exactly what it is that has occurred, and how you desire that I should help you."

Young Overton's face assumed the bothered look of the man who is more accustomed to using his muscles than his wits; but by degrees, with many repetitions and obscurities which I may omit from his narrative, he laid his strange story before us.

"It's this way, Mr. Holmes. As I have said, I am the skipper of the Rugger team of Cambridge 'Varsity, and Godfrey Staunton is my best man. To-morrow we play Oxford. Yesterday we all came up and we settled at Bentley's private hotel. At ten o'clock I went round and saw that all the fellows had gone to roost, for I believe in strict training and plenty of sleep to keep a team fit. I had a word or two with Godfrey before he turned in. He seemed to me to be pale and bothered. I asked him what was the matter. He said he was all right — just a touch of headache. I bade him good-night and left him. Half an hour later the porter tells me that a rough-looking man with a beard called with a note for Godfrey. He had not gone to bed and the note was taken to his room. Godfrey read it and fell back in a chair as if he had been pole-axed. The porter was so scared that he was going to fetch me, but Godfrey stopped him, had a drink of water, and pulled himself together. Then he went downstairs, said a few words to the man who was waiting in the hall, and the two of them went off together. The last that the porter saw of them, they were almost running down the street in the direction of the Strand. This morning Godfrey's room was empty, his bed had never been slept in, and his things were all just as I had seen them the night before. He had gone off at a moment's notice with this stranger, and no word has come from him since. I don't believe he will ever come back. He was a sportsman, was Godfrey, down to his marrow, and he wouldn't have stopped his training and let in his skipper if it were not for some cause that was too strong for him. No; I feel as if he were gone for good and we should never see him again."

Sherlock Holmes listened with the deepest attention to this singular narrative.

"What did you do?" he asked.

"I wired to Cambridge to learn if anything had been heard of him there. I have had an answer. No one has seen him."

"Could he have got back to Cambridge?"

"Yes, there is a late train—quarter-past eleven."

"But so far as you can ascertain he did not take it?"

"No, he has not been seen."

"What did you do next?"

"I wired to Lord Mount-James."

"Why to Lord Mount-James?"

"Godfrey is an orphan, and Lord Mount-James is his nearest relative—his uncle, I believe."

"Indeed. This throws new light upon the matter. Lord Mount-James is one of the richest men in England."

"So I've heard Godfrey say."

"And your friend was closely related?"

"Yes, he was his heir, and the old boy is nearly eighty—cram full of gout, too. They say he could chalk his billiard-cue with his knuckles. He never allowed Godfrey a shilling in his life, for he is an absolute miser, but it will all come to him right enough."

"Have you heard from Lord Mount-James?"

"No."

"What motive could your friend have in going to Lord Mount-James?"

"Well, something was worrying him the night before, and if it was to do with money it is possible that he would make for his nearest relative who had so much of it, though from all I have heard he would not have much chance of getting it. Godfrey was not fond of the old man. He would not go if he could help it."

"Well, we can soon determine that. If your friend was going to his relative, Lord Mount-James, you have then to explain the visit of this rough-looking fellow at so late an hour, and the agitation that was caused by his coming."

Cyril Overton pressed his hands to his head. "I can make nothing of it," said he.

"Well, well, I have a clear day, and I shall be happy to look into the matter," said Holmes. "I should strongly recommend you to make your preparations for your match without reference to this young gentleman. It must, as you say, have been an overpowering necessity which tore him away in such a fashion, and the same necessity is likely to hold him away. Let us step round together to this hotel, and see if the porter can throw any fresh light upon the matter."

Sherlock Holmes was a past-master in the art of putting a humble witness at his ease, and very soon, in the privacy of Godfrey

Staunton's abandoned room, he had extracted all that the porter had to tell. The visitor of the night before was not a gentleman, neither was he a working man. He was simply what the porter described as a "medium-looking chap"; a man of fifty, beard grizzled, pale face, quietly dressed. He seemed himself to be agitated. The porter had observed his hand trembling when he had held out the note. Godfrey Staunton had crammed the note into his pocket. Staunton had not shaken hands with the man in the hall. They had exchanged a few sentences, of which the porter had only distinguished the one word "time." Then they had hurried off in the manner described. It was just half-past ten by the hall clock.

"Let me see," said Holmes, seating himself on Staunton's bed. "You are the day porter, are you not?"

"Yes, sir; I go off duty at eleven."

"The night porter saw nothing, I suppose?"

"No, sir; one theatre party came in late. No one else."

"Were you on duty all day yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you take any messages to Mr. Staunton?"

"Yes, sir; one telegram."

"Ah! that's interesting. What o'clock was this?"

"About six."

"Where was Mr. Staunton when he received it?"

"Here in his room."

"Were you present when he opened it?"

"Yes, sir; I waited to see if there was an answer."

"Well, was there?"

"Yes, sir. He wrote an answer."

"Did you take it?"

"No; he took it himself."

"But he wrote it in your presence?"

"Yes, sir. I was standing by the door, and he with his back turned at that table. When he had written it he said, 'All right, porter, I will take this myself.'"

"What did he write it with?"

"A pen, sir."

"Was the telegraphic form one of these on the table?"

"Yes, sir; it was the top one."

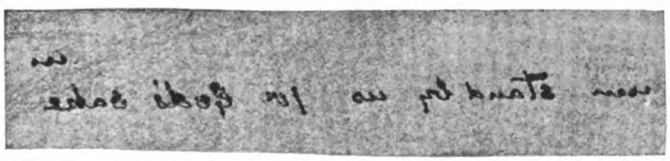
Holmes rose. Taking the forms he carried them over to the window and carefully examined that which was uppermost.

"It is a pity he did not write in pencil," said he, throwing them down again with a shrug of disappointment. "As you have no doubt frequently observed, Watson, the impression usually goes through—a fact which has dissolved many a happy marriage. However, I can find no trace here. I rejoice, however, to perceive that he wrote with a broad-pointed quill pen, and I can hardly doubt that we will find some impression upon

"DID YOU TAKE ANY MESSAGES TO MR. STAUNTON?"

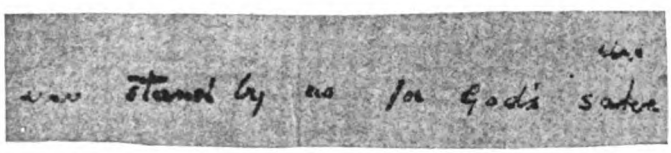
this blotting-pad. Ah, yes, surely this is the very thing!"

He tore off a strip of the blotting-paper and turned towards us the following hieroglyphic:—



Cyril Overton was much excited. "Hold it to the glass!" he cried.

"That is unnecessary," said Holmes. "The paper is thin, and the reverse will give the message. Here it is." He turned it over and we read:—



"So that is the tail end of the telegram which Godfrey Staunton dispatched within a few hours of his disappearance. There are at least six words of the message which have escaped us; but what remains—'Stand by us for God's sake!'—proves that this young man saw a formidable danger which approached him, and from which someone else could protect him. '*Us*,' mark you! Another person was involved. Who should it be but the pale-faced, bearded man, who seemed himself in so nervous a state? What, then, is the connection between Godfrey Staunton and the bearded man? And what is the third source from which each of them sought for help against pressing danger? Our inquiry has already narrowed down to that."

"We have only to find to whom that telegram is addressed," I suggested.

"Exactly, my dear Watson. Your reflection, though profound, had already crossed my mind. But I dare say it may have come to your notice that if you walk into a post-office and demand to see the counterfoil of another man's message there may be some disinclination on the part of the officials to oblige you. There is so much red tape in these matters! However, I have no doubt that with a little delicacy and finesse the end may be attained. Meanwhile, I should like in your presence, Mr. Overton, to go through these papers which have been left upon the table."

There were a number of letters, bills, and note-books, which Holmes turned over and examined with quick, nervous fingers and darting, penetrating eyes. "Nothing here," he said, at last. "By the way, I suppose your friend was a healthy young fellow—nothing amiss with him?"

"Sound as a bell."

"Have you ever known him ill?"

"Not a day. He has been laid up with a hack, and once he slipped his knee-cap, but that was nothing."

"Perhaps he was not so strong as you suppose. I should think he may have had some secret trouble. With your assent I will put one or two of these papers in my pocket, in case they should bear upon our future inquiry."

"One moment! one moment!" cried a querulous voice, and we looked up to find a queer little old man, jerking and twitching in the doorway. He was dressed in rusty black, with a very broad brimmed top-hat and a loose white necktie—the whole effect being that of a very rustic parson or of an undertaker's mute. Yet, in spite of his shabby and even absurd appearance, his voice had a sharp crackle, and his manner a quick intensity which commanded attention.

"Who are you, sir, and by what right do you touch this gentleman's papers?" he asked.

"I am a private detective, and I am endeavouring to explain his disappearance."

"Oh, you are, are you? And who instructed you, eh?"

"This gentleman, Mr. Staunton's friend, was referred to me by Scotland Yard."

"Who are you, sir?"

"I am Cyril Overton."

"Then it is you who sent me a telegram. My name is Lord Mount-James. I came round as quickly as the Bayswater 'bus would bring me. So you have instructed a detective?"

"Yes, sir."

"And are you prepared to meet the cost?"

"I have no doubt, sir, that my friend

Godfrey, when we find him, will be prepared to do that."

"But if he is never found, eh? Answer me that!"

"In that case no doubt his family——"

"Nothing of the sort, sir!" screamed the little man. "Don't look to me for a penny—not a penny! You understand that, Mr. Detective! I am all the family that this young man has got, and I tell you that I am not responsible. If he has any expectations it is due to the fact that I have never wasted money, and I do not propose to begin to do so now. As to those papers with which you are making so free, I may tell you that in case there should be anything of any value among them you will be held strictly to account for what you do with them."

"'ONE MOMENT, ONE MOMENT!' CRIED A QUERULOUS VOICE."

"Very good, sir," said Sherlock Holmes. "May I ask in the meanwhile whether you have yourself any theory to account for this young man's disappearance?"

"No, sir, I have not. He is big enough and old enough to look after himself, and if he is so foolish as to lose himself I entirely refuse to accept the responsibility of hunting for him."

"I quite understand your position," said Holmes, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. "Perhaps you don't quite understand mine. Godfrey Staunton appears to have been a poor man. If he has been kidnapped it could not have been for anything which he himself possesses. The fame of your wealth has gone abroad, Lord Mount-James, and it is entirely possible that a gang of thieves have secured your nephew in order to gain from him some information as to your house, your habits, and your treasure."

The face of our unpleasant little visitor turned as white as his neckcloth.

"Heavens, sir, what an idea! I never thought of such villainy! What inhuman rogues there are in the world! But Godfrey is a fine lad—a staunch lad. Nothing would induce him to give his old uncle away. I'll have the plate moved over to the bank this evening. In the meantime spare no pains, Mr. Detective! I beg you to leave no stone unturned to bring him safely back. As to money, well, so far as a fiver, or even a tenner, goes, you can always look to me."

Even in his chastened frame of mind the noble miser could give us no information which could help us, for he knew little of the private life of his nephew. Our only clue lay in the truncated telegram, and with a copy of this in his hand Holmes set forth to find a second link for his chain. We had shaken off Lord Mount-James, and Overton had gone to consult with the other members of his team over the misfortune which had befallen them.

There was a telegraph-office at a short distance from the hotel. We halted outside it.

"It's worth trying, Watson," said Holmes. "Of course, with a warrant we could demand to see the counterfoils, but we have not reached that stage yet. I don't suppose they remember faces in so busy a place. Let us venture it."

"I am sorry to trouble you," said he,

in his blandest manner, to the young woman behind the grating; "there is some small mistake about a telegram I sent yesterday. I have had no answer, and I very much fear that I must have omitted to put my name at the end. Could you tell me if this was so?"

The young woman turned over a sheaf of counterfoils.

"What o'clock was it?" she asked.

"A little after six."

"Whom was it to?"

Holmes put his finger to his lips and glanced at me. "The last words in it were 'for God's sake,'" he whispered, confidentially; "I am very anxious at getting no answer."

The young woman separated one of the forms.

"This is it. There is no name," said she, smoothing it out upon the counter.

"Then that, of course, accounts for my getting no answer," said Holmes. "Dear me, how very stupid of me, to be sure! Good morning, miss, and many thanks for having relieved my mind." He chuckled and rubbed his hands when we found ourselves in the street once more.

"Well?" I asked.

"We progress, my dear Watson, we progress. I had seven different schemes for getting a glimpse of that telegram, but I could hardly hope to succeed the very first time."

"And what have you gained?"

"A starting-point for our investigation." He hailed a cab. "King's Cross Station," said he.

"We have a journey, then?"

"Yes; I think we must run down to Cambridge together. All the indications seem to me to point in that direction."

"Tell me," I asked, as we rattled up Gray's Inn Road, "have you any suspicion yet as to the cause of the disappearance? I don't think that among all our cases I have known one where the motives are more obscure. Surely you don't really imagine that he may be kidnapped in order to give information against his wealthy uncle?"

"I confess, my dear Watson, that that does not appeal to me as a very probable explanation. It struck me, however, as being the one which was most likely to interest that exceedingly unpleasant old person."

"It certainly did that. But what are your alternatives?"

"I could mention several. You must admit that it is curious and suggestive that this incident should occur on the eve of this important match, and should involve the only man whose presence seems essential to the success of the side. It may, of course, be coincidence, but it is interesting. Amateur sport is free from betting, but a good deal of outside betting goes on among the public, and it is possible that it might be worth someone's while to get at a player as the ruffians of the turf get at a race-horse. There is one explanation. A second very obvious one is that this young man really is the heir of a great property, however modest his means may at present be, and it is not impossible that a plot to hold him for ransom might be concocted."

"These theories take no account of the telegram."

"Quite true, Watson. The telegram still remains the only solid thing with which we have to deal, and we must not permit our attention to wander away from it. It is to gain light upon the purpose of this telegram that we are now upon our way to Cambridge. The path of our investigation is at present obscure, but I shall be very much surprised if before evening we have not cleared it up or made a considerable advance along it."

It was already dark when we reached the old University city Holmes took a cab at the station, and ordered the man to drive to the house of Dr. Leslie Armstrong. A few minutes later we had stopped at a large mansion in the busiest thoroughfare. We were shown in, and after a long wait were at last admitted into the consulting-room, where we found the doctor seated behind his table.

It argues the degree in which I had lost touch with my profession that the name of Leslie Armstrong was unknown to me. Now I am aware that he is not only one of the heads of the medical school of the University, but a thinker of European reputation in more than one branch of science. Yet even without knowing his brilliant record one could not fail to be impressed by a mere glance at the man, the square, massive face, the brooding eyes under the thatched brows, and the granite moulding of the inflexible jaw. A man of deep character, a man with an alert mind, grim, ascetic, self-contained, formidable—so I read Dr. Leslie Armstrong. He held my friend's card in his hand, and he looked up with no very pleased expression upon his dour features.

"I have heard your name, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and I am aware of your profession, one of which I by no means approve."

"In that, doctor, you will find yourself in agreement with every criminal in the country," said my friend, quietly.

"So far as your efforts are directed towards the suppression of crime, sir, they must have the support of every reasonable member of the community, though I cannot doubt that the official machinery is amply sufficient for the purpose. Where your calling is more open to criticism is when you pry into the secrets of private individuals, when you rake up family matters which are better hidden, and when you incidentally waste the time of men who are more busy than yourself. At the present moment, for example, I should be writing a treatise instead of conversing with you."

"No doubt, doctor; and yet the conversation may prove more important than the treatise. Incidentally I may tell you that we are doing the reverse of what you very justly blame, and that we are endeavouring to prevent anything like public exposure of private matters which must necessarily follow when once the case is fairly in the hands of the official police. You may look upon me simply as an irregular pioneer who goes in front of the regular forces of the country. I have come to ask you about Mr. Godfrey Staunton."

"HE LOOKED UP WITH NO VERY PLEASED EXPRESSION ON HIS DOUR FEATURES."

"What about him?"

"You know him, do you not?"

"He is an intimate friend of mine."

"You are aware that he has disappeared?"

"Ah, indeed!" There was no change of expression in the rugged features of the doctor.

"He left his hotel last night. He has not been heard of."

"No doubt he will return."

"To-morrow is the 'Varsity football match."

"I have no sympathy with these childish games. The young man's fate interests me deeply, since I know him and like him. The football match does not come within my horizon at all."

"I claim your sympathy, then, in my investigation of Mr. Staunton's fate. Do you know where he is?"

"Certainly not."

"You have not seen him since yesterday?"

"No, I have not."

"Was Mr. Staunton a healthy man?"

"Absolutely."

"Did you ever know him ill?"

"Never."

Holmes popped a sheet of paper before the doctor's eyes. "Then perhaps you will explain this receipted bill for thirteen guineas, paid by Mr. Godfrey Staunton last month to Dr. Leslie Armstrong of Cambridge. I

picked it out from among the papers upon his desk."

The doctor flushed with anger.

"I do not feel that there is any reason why I should render an explanation to you, Mr. Holmes."

Holmes replaced the bill in his note-book. "If you prefer a public explanation it must come sooner or later," said he. "I have already told you that I can hush up that which others will be bound to publish, and you would really be wiser to take me into your complete confidence."

"I know nothing about it."

"Did you hear from Mr. Staunton in London?"

"Certainly not."

"Dear me, dear me; the post-office again!" Holmes sighed, wearily. "A most urgent telegram was dispatched to you from London by Godfrey Staunton at six-fifteen yesterday evening—a telegram which is undoubtedly associated with his disappearance—and yet you have not had it. It is most culpable. I shall certainly go down to the office here and register a complaint."

Dr. Leslie Armstrong sprang up from behind his desk, and his dark face was crimson with fury.

"I'll trouble you to walk out of my house, sir," said he. "You can tell your employer, Lord Mount-James, that I do not wish to have anything to do either with him or with his agents. No, sir, not another word!" He rang the bell furiously. "John, show these gentlemen out." A pompous butler ushered us severely to the door, and we found ourselves in the street. Holmes burst out laughing.

"Dr. Leslie Armstrong is certainly a man of energy and character," said he. "I have not seen a man who, if he turned his talents that way, was more calculated to fill the gap left by the illustrious Moriarty. And now, my poor Watson, here we are, stranded and friendless in this inhospitable town, which we cannot leave without abandoning our case. This little inn just opposite Armstrong's house is singularly adapted to our needs. If you would engage a front room and purchase the necessaries for the night, I may have time to make a few inquiries."

These few inquiries proved, however, to be a more lengthy proceeding than Holmes had imagined, for he did not return to the inn until nearly nine o'clock. He was pale and dejected, stained with dust, and exhausted with hunger and fatigue. A cold supper was ready upon the table, and when his needs were satisfied and his pipe alight he was ready to take that half comic and wholly philosophic view which was natural to him when his affairs were going awry. The sound of carriage wheels caused him to rise and glance out of the window. A brougham and pair of greys under the glare of a gas-lamp stood before the doctor's door.

"It's been out three hours," said Holmes; "started at half-past six, and here it is back again. That gives a radius of ten or twelve miles, and he does it once, or sometimes twice, a day."

"No unusual thing for a doctor in practice."

"But Armstrong is not really a doctor in practice. He is a lecturer and a consultant, but he does not care for general practice, which distracts him from his literary work. Why, then, does he make these long journeys, which must be exceedingly irksome to him, and who is it that he visits?"

"His coachman——"

"My dear Watson, can you doubt that it was to him that I first applied? I do not know whether it came from his own innate depravity or from the promptings of his master, but he was rude enough to set a dog at me. Neither dog nor man liked the look of my stick, however, and the matter fell through. Relations were strained after that, and further inquiries out of the question. All that I have learned I got from a friendly native in the yard of our own inn. It was he who told me of the doctor's habits and of his daily journey. At that instant, to give point to his words, the carriage came round to the door."

"Could you not follow it?"

"Excellent, Watson! You are scintillating this evening. The idea did cross my mind. There is, as you may have observed, a bicycle shop next to our inn. Into this I rushed, engaged a bicycle, and was able to get started before the carriage was quite out of sight. I rapidly overtook it, and then, keeping at a discreet distance of a hundred yards or so, I followed its lights until we were clear of the town. We had got well out on the country road when a somewhat mortifying incident occurred. The carriage stopped. the doctor alighted, walked swiftly back to where I had also halted, and told me in an excellent sardonic fashion that he feared the road was narrow, and that he hoped his carriage did not impede the passage of my bicycle. Nothing could have been more

admirable than his way of putting it. I at once rode past the carriage, and, keeping to the main road, I went on for a few miles, and then halted in a convenient place to see if the carriage passed. There was no sign of it, however, and so it became evident that it had turned down one of several side roads which I had observed. I rode back, but again saw nothing of the carriage, and now, as you perceive, it has returned after me. Of course, I had at the outset no particular reason to connect these journeys with the disappearance of Godfrey Staunton, and was only inclined to investigate them on the general grounds that everything which concerns Dr. Armstrong is at present of interest to us; but, now that I find he keeps so keen a look-out upon anyone who may follow him on these excursions, the affair appears more important, and I shall not be satisfied until I have made the matter clear."

"We can follow him to-morrow."

"Can we? It is not so easy as you seem to think. You are not familiar with Cambridgeshire scenery, are you? It does not lend itself to concealment. All this country that I passed over to-night is as flat and clean as the palm of your hand, and the man we are following is no fool, as he very clearly showed to-night. I have wired to Overton to let us know any fresh London developments at this address, and in the meantime we can only concentrate our attention upon Dr. Armstrong, whose name the obliging young lady at the office allowed me to read upon the counterfoil of Staunton's urgent message. He knows where the young man is—to that I'll swear—and if he knows, then it must be our own fault if we cannot manage to know also. At present it must be admitted that the odd trick is in his possession, and, as you are aware, Watson, it is not my habit to leave the game in that condition."

And yet the next day brought us no nearer to the solution of the mystery. A note was handed in after breakfast, which Holmes passed across to me with a smile.

"Sir," it ran, "I can assure you that you are wasting your time in dogging my movements. I have, as you discovered last night, a window at the back of my brougham, and if you desire a twenty-mile ride which will lead you to the spot from which you started, you have only to follow me. Meanwhile, I can inform you that no spying upon me can in any way help Mr. Godfrey Staunton, and I am convinced that the best service you can do to that gentleman is to return at once to London and to report to your employer that you are unable to trace him. Your time in Cambridge will certainly be wasted.

"Yours faithfully,

"LESLIE ARMSTRONG."

"An outspoken, honest antagonist is the doctor," said Holmes. "Well, well, he excites my curiosity, and I must really know more before I leave him."

"His carriage is at his door now," said I. "There he is stepping into it. I saw him glance up at our window as he did so. Suppose I try my luck upon the bicycle?"

"No, no, my dear Watson! With all respect for your natural acumen I do not think that you are quite a match for the worthy doctor. I think that possibly I can attain our end by some independent explorations of my own. I am afraid that I must leave you to your own devices, as the appearance of *two* inquiring strangers upon a sleepy countryside might excite more gossip than I care for. No doubt you will find some sights to amuse you in this venerable city, and I hope to bring back a more favourable report to you before evening."

Once more, however, my friend was destined to be disappointed. He came back at night weary and unsuccessful.

"I have had a blank day, Watson. Having got the doctor's general direction, I spent the day in visiting all the villages upon that side of Cambridge, and comparing notes with publicans and other local news agencies. I have covered some ground: Chesterton, Histon, Waterbeach, and Oakington have each been explored and have each proved disappointing. The daily appearance of a brougham and pair could hardly have been overlooked in such Sleepy Hollows. The doctor has scored once more. Is there a telegram for me?"

"Yes; I opened it. Here it is: 'Ask for Pompey from Jeremy Dixon, Trinity College.' I don't understand it."

"Oh, it is clear enough. It is from our friend Overton, and is in answer to a question from me. I'll just send round a note to Mr. Jeremy Dixon, and then I have no doubt that our luck will turn. By the way, is there any news of the match?"

"Yes, the local evening paper has an excellent account in its last edition. Oxford won by a goal and two tries. The last sentences of the description say: 'The defeat of the Light Blues may be entirely attributed to the unfortunate absence of the crack International, Godfrey Staunton, whose want was felt at every instant of the game. The lack of combination in the three-quarter

line and their weakness both in attack and defence more than neutralized the efforts of a heavy and hard-working pack.'"

"Then our friend Overton's forebodings have been justified," said Holmes. "Personally I am in agreement with Dr. Armstrong, and football does not come within my horizon. Early to bed to-night, Watson, for I foresee that to-morrow may be an eventful day."

I was horrified by my first glimpse of Holmes next morning, for he sat by the fire holding his tiny hypodermic syringe. I associated that instrument with the single weakness of his nature, and I feared the worst when I saw it glittering in his hand. He laughed at my expression of dismay, and laid it upon the table.

"No, no, my dear fellow, there is no cause for alarm. It is not upon this occasion the instrument of evil, but it will rather prove to be the key which will unlock our mystery. On this syringe I base all my hopes. I have just returned from a small scouting expedition and everything is favourable. Eat a good breakfast, Watson, for I propose to get upon Dr. Armstrong's trail to-day, and once on it I will not stop for rest or food until I run him to his burrow."

"In that case," said I, "we had best carry our breakfast with us, for he is making an early start. His carriage is at the door."

"Never mind. Let him go. He will be clever if he can drive where I cannot follow him. When you have finished come downstairs with me, and I will introduce you to a detective who is a very eminent specialist in the work that lies before us."

When we descended I followed Holmes into the stable yard, where he opened the door of a loose-box and led out a squat, lop-eared, white-and-tan dog, something between a beagle and a foxhound.

"Let me introduce you to Pompey," said he. "Pompey is the pride of the local draghounds, no very great flier, as his build will show, but a staunch hound on a scent. Well, Pompey, you may not be fast, but I expect you will be too fast for a couple of middle-aged London gentlemen, so I will take the liberty of fastening this leather leash to your collar. Now, boy, come along, and show what you can do." He led him across to the doctor's door. The dog sniffed round for an instant, and then with a shrill whine of excitement started off down the street, tugging at his leash in his efforts to go faster. In half an hour we were clear of the town and hastening down a country road.

"What have you done, Holmes?" I asked.

"A threadbare and venerable device, but

"WE WERE CLEAR OF THE TOWN AND HASTENING DOWN A COUNTRY ROAD."

useful upon occasion. I walked into the doctor's yard this morning and shot my syringe full of aniseed over the hind wheel. A draghound will follow aniseed from here to John o' Groat's, and our friend Armstrong would have to drive through the Cam before he would shake Pompey off his trail. Oh, the cunning rascal! This is how he gave me the slip the other night."

The dog had suddenly turned out of the main road into a grass-grown lane. Half a mile farther this opened into another broad road, and the trail turned hard to the right in the direction of the town, which we had just quitted. The road took a sweep to the south of the town and continued in the opposite direction to that in which we started.

"This *détour* has been entirely for our benefit, then?" said Holmes. "No wonder that my inquiries among those villages led to nothing. The doctor has certainly played the game for all it is worth, and one would like to know the reason for such elaborate deception. This should be the village of Trumpington to the right of us. And, by Jove! here is the brougham coming round the corner. Quick, Watson, quick, or we are done!"

He sprang through a gate into a field, dragging the reluctant Pompey after him. We had hardly got under the shelter of the hedge when the carriage rattled past. I caught a glimpse of Dr. Armstrong within, his shoulders bowed, his head sunk on his hands, the very image of distress. I could tell by my companion's graver face that he also had seen.

"I fear there is some dark ending to our quest," said he. "It cannot be long before we know it. Come, Pompey! Ah, it is the cottage in the field!"

There could be no doubt that we had reached the end of our journey. Pompey ran about and whined eagerly outside the gate where the marks of the brougham's wheels were still to be seen. A footpath led across to the lonely cottage. Holmes tied the dog to the hedge, and we hastened onwards. My friend knocked at the little rustic door, and knocked again without response. And yet the cottage was not deserted, for a low sound came to our ears—a kind of drone of misery and despair, which was indescribably melancholy. Holmes paused irresolute, and then he glanced back at the road which we had just traversed. A brougham was coming down it, and there could be no mistaking those grey horses.

"By Jove, the doctor is coming back!" cried Holmes. "That settles it. We are bound to see what it means before he comes."

He opened the door and we stepped into the hall. The droning sound swelled louder upon our ears until it became one long, deep wail of distress. It came from upstairs. Holmes darted up and I followed him. He pushed open a half-closed door and we both stood appalled at the sight before us.

A woman, young and beautiful, was lying dead upon the bed. Her calm, pale face, with dim, wide-opened blue eyes, looked upwards from amid a great tangle of golden hair. At the foot of the bed, half sitting, half kneeling, his face buried in the clothes, was a young man, whose frame was racked by his sobs. So absorbed was he by his bitter grief that he never looked up until Holmes's hand was on his shoulder.

"Are you Mr. Godfrey Staunton?"

"Yes, yes; I am—but you are too late. She is dead."

The man was so dazed that he could not be made to understand that we were anything but doctors who had been sent to his assistance. Holmes was endeavouring to utter a few words of consolation, and to explain the alarm which had been caused to his friends by his sudden disappearance, when there was a step upon the stairs, and there was the heavy, stern, questioning face of Dr. Armstrong at the door.

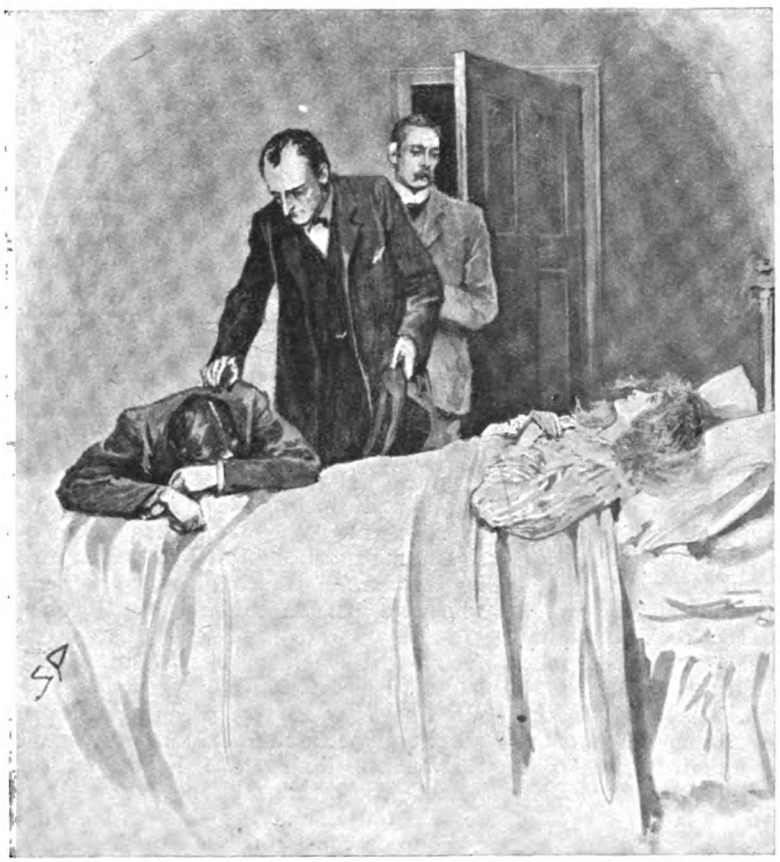
"So, gentlemen," said he, "you have attained your end, and have certainly chosen a particularly delicate moment for your intrusion. I would not brawl in the presence of death, but I can assure you that if I were a younger man your monstrous conduct would not pass with impunity."

"Excuse me, Dr. Armstrong, I think we are a little at cross-purposes," said my friend, with dignity. "If you could step downstairs with us we may each be able to give some light to the other upon this miserable affair."

A minute later the grim doctor and ourselves were in the sitting-room below.

"Well, sir?" said he.

"I wish you to understand, in the first place, that I am not employed by Lord Mount-James, and that my sympathies in this matter are entirely against that nobleman. When a man is lost it is my duty to ascertain his fate, but having done so the matter ends so far as I am concerned; and so long as there is nothing criminal, I am much more anxious to hush up private scandals than to give them publicity. If, as



"HE NEVER LOOKED UP UNTIL HOLMES'S HAND WAS ON HIS SHOULDER."

I imagine, there is no breach of the law in this matter, you can absolutely depend upon my discretion and my co-operation in keeping the facts out of the papers."

Dr. Armstrong took a quick step forward and wrung Holmes by the hand.

"You are a good fellow," said he. "I had misjudged you. I thank Heaven that my compunction at leaving poor Staunton all alone in this plight caused me to turn my carriage back, and so to make your acquaintance. Knowing as much as you do, the situation is very easily explained. A year ago Godfrey Staunton lodged in London for a time, and became passionately attached to his landlady's daughter, whom he married. She was as good as she was beautiful, and as intelligent as she was good. No man need be ashamed of such a wife. But Godfrey was the heir to this crabbed old nobleman, and it was quite certain that the news of his marriage would have been the end of his inheritance. I knew the lad well, and I loved him for his many excellent qualities. I did all I could to help him to keep things straight. We did our very best to keep the thing from everyone, for when once such a whisper gets about it is not long before everyone has heard it. Thanks to this lonely cottage and his own discretion, Godfrey has up to now succeeded. Their secret was known to no one save to me and to one excellent servant who has at present gone for assistance to Trumpington. But at last there came a terrible blow in the shape of dangerous illness to his wife. It was consumption of the most virulent kind. The poor boy was half crazed with grief, and yet he had to go to London to play this match, for he could not get out of it without explanations which would expose his secret. I tried to cheer him up by a wire, and he sent me one in reply imploring me to do all I could. This was the telegram which you appear in some inexplicable way to have seen. I did not tell him how urgent the danger was, for I knew that he could do no good here, but I sent the truth to the girl's father, and he very injudiciously communicated it to Godfrey. The result was that he came straight away in a state bordering on frenzy, and has remained in the same state, kneeling at the end of her bed, until this morning death put an end to her sufferings. That is all, Mr. Holmes, and I am sure that I can rely upon your discretion and that of your friend."

Holmes grasped the doctor's hand.

"Come, Watson," said he, and we passed from that house of grief into the pale sunlight of the winter day.

The Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt.

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CHAPTER V.—IN LONDON.

I HAD never been on the sea when it was decided that the artistes of the Comédie Française should go to London. The determined ignorance of the French with regard to all things foreign was much more pronounced in those days than it is at present. As for me, my ignorance was quite pathetic. I had a very warm cloak made, as I had been assured that the crossing was bitterly cold, even in the very middle of summer—and I believed it. From every side I was flooded with lozenges for sea-sickness, sedatives for headache, tissue-paper to put down my back, and waterproof cork soles for my shoes—for it appeared that, above all things, I must not have cold feet. Oh, how droll and amusing it all was! I took everything, paid attention to all the recommendations, and believed everything I was told.

The most inconceivable thing of all, however, was the arrival, five minutes before the boat started, of an enormous wooden case. It was very light, and was held by a tall young man who is to-day a most remarkable individual, loaded with crosses and honours, an immense fortune, and the most outrageous vanity. At that time he was a shy inventor, young, poor, and melancholy; he was always buried in books which treated of abstract questions, whilst of life he knew absolutely nothing. He had a great admiration for me, mingled with a shade of awe. My little court had surnamed him "La Quenelle." He was tall and pale, and really did resemble the thin roll of forcemeat in a *vol-au-vent*.

He came up to me, his face more pallid even than usual. The boat was moving a little. My departure filled him with alarm, and the wind caused him to reel to right and left. He made a mysterious sign to me and I followed him, accompanied by "*mon petit dame*," and leaving my friends, who were inclined to be ironical, behind. When I was seated he opened the case and took out an enormous life-belt invented by himself. I was perfectly astounded, for I was a novice to sea voyages, and the idea had never even occurred to me that we might be shipwrecked during one hour's crossing. "La Quenelle" was by no means disconcerted, and he put the belt on himself in order to show me how it was used.

Nothing could have looked more foolish

"HE PUT THE BELT ON HIMSELF IN ORDER TO SHOW ME HOW IT WAS USED."

than this man, with his sad, serious face, putting on his apparatus. There were a dozen egg-sized bladders round the belt, eleven of which were filled with air and contained a lump of sugar. In the twelfth, a very small bladder, were ten drops of brandy. In the middle of the belt was a tiny cushion with a few pins on it.

"You understand," he said to me. "You fall in the water—splash—you stay like this." Hereupon he pretended to sit down, rising and sinking with the movement of the waves, his two hands in front of him laid upon the imaginary sea, and his neck stretched like that of a tortoise in order to keep his head above water.

"You see, you have now been in the water for two hours," he explained, "and you want to restore your strength. You take a pin and prick an egg, like this. You take your lump of sugar and eat it; that is as good as a quarter of a pound of meat." He then threw the broken bladder overboard, and from the packing-case brought out another egg which he fastened to the life-belt. He had evidently thought of everything. I was petrified with amazement. A few of my friends had gathered round, hoping for one of "La Quenelle's" mad freaks, but they had never expected anything like this.

M. Mayer, one of our impresarii, fearing a scene of too absurd a kind, dispersed the people who were gathering round us. I did not know whether to laugh or to be angry, but the jeering, unjust speech of one of my friends roused my pity for this poor "Quenelle." I thought of the hours he had spent in planning, combining, and then manufacturing his ridiculous machine. I was touched by the anxiety and affection which had prompted the invention of this life-saving apparatus, and I held out my hand to my poor "Quenelle," saying: "Be off now, quickly; the boat is going to start."

He kissed the hand held out to him in a friendly way and hurried off. I then called my steward, Claude, and said: "As soon as we are out of sight of land throw that case and all it contains into the sea."

"A SIGHT I SHALL NEVER FORGET WAS OUR LANDING AT FOLKESTONE."

The departure of the boat was accompanied by shouts of "Hurrah!" "Au revoir!" "Success!" "Good luck!" There was a waving of hands, handkerchiefs floating in the air, and kisses thrown haphazard to everyone.

But what was really fine, and a sight I shall never forget, was our landing at Folkestone. There were thousands of people there, and it was the first time I had ever heard the cry of "Vive Sarah Bernhardt!"

I turned my head and saw before me a pale young man, with the ideal face of Hamlet. He presented me with a gardenia. I was destined to admire him later on as

Hamlet played by Forbes-Robertson. We passed on through a crowd offering us flowers and shaking hands, and I soon saw that I was more favoured than the others. This slightly embarrassed me, but I was delighted all the same. One of my comrades, who was close at hand, and with whom I was not a favourite, said to me, in a spiteful tone:—

"They'll make you a carpet of flowers soon."

"Here is one," exclaimed a young man, throwing an armful of lilies on the ground in front of me.

I stopped short, rather confused, not daring to walk on these white flowers, but the crowd pressing on behind compelled me to advance, and the poor lilies had to be trodden under foot.

THE LATE MONSIEUR M. L. MAYER, GENERAL MANAGER OF FRENCH PLAYS IN LONDON.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

"Hip, hip, hurrah! A cheer for Sarah Bernhardt!" shouted the turbulent young man.

His head showed above all the other heads; he had luminous eyes and long hair, and looked like a German student. He was an English poet, however, and one of the greatest of his time, a poet who was a genius.

The crowd responded to his appeal, and we reached our train amid shouts of "Hip, hip, hurrah for Sarah Bernhardt!" "Hip, hip, hurrah for the French artistes!"

When the train arrived at Charing Cross towards nine o'clock we were nearly an hour late. A feeling of sadness came over me. The weather was gloomy, and then, too, I thought we should have been greeted again upon our arrival in London with more "Hurrahs!" There were plenty of people—crowds of people—but no one appeared to know us.

On reaching the station I had noticed that there was a handsome carpet laid down, and I thought it was for us. Indeed, I was prepared for anything, for our reception at Folkestone had turned my head. The carpet, however, had been laid down for their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, who had just left for Paris.

This news disappointed me and even annoyed me personally. I had been told that all London was quivering with excitement at the very idea of the visit of the Comédie Française, and I had found London extremely indifferent. The crowd was large, but cold.

"Why have the Prince and Princess gone away to-day?" I asked M. Mayer.

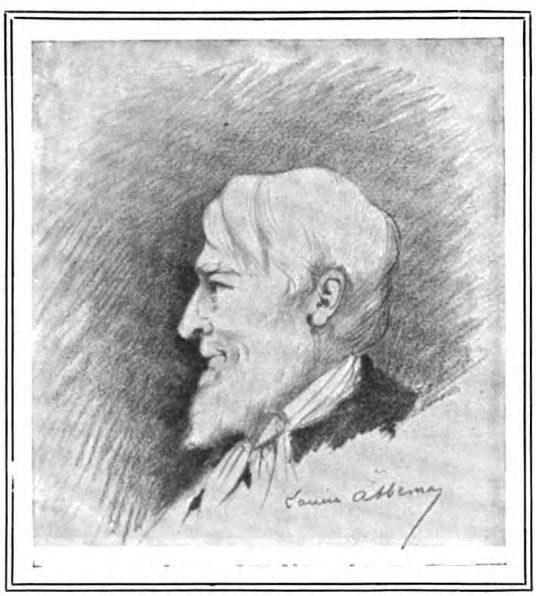
"Well, because they had decided beforehand about this visit to Paris," he replied.

"Oh, then they won't be here for our first night?" I continued.

"No; the Prince has taken a box for the season, for which he has paid four hundred pounds, but it will be used by the Duke of Connaught."

I was in despair. I don't know why, but I certainly was in despair, for I felt that everything was going wrong.

A footman led the way to my carriage, and I drove through London with a heavy heart. Everything



MR. JARRETT, SARAH BERNHARDT'S MANAGER DURING HER FIRST VISIT TO LONDON, AND AFTERWARDS DURING HER TOURS IN AMERICA.

looked dark and dismal, and when I reached the house—77, Chester Square—I did not want to get out of my carriage.

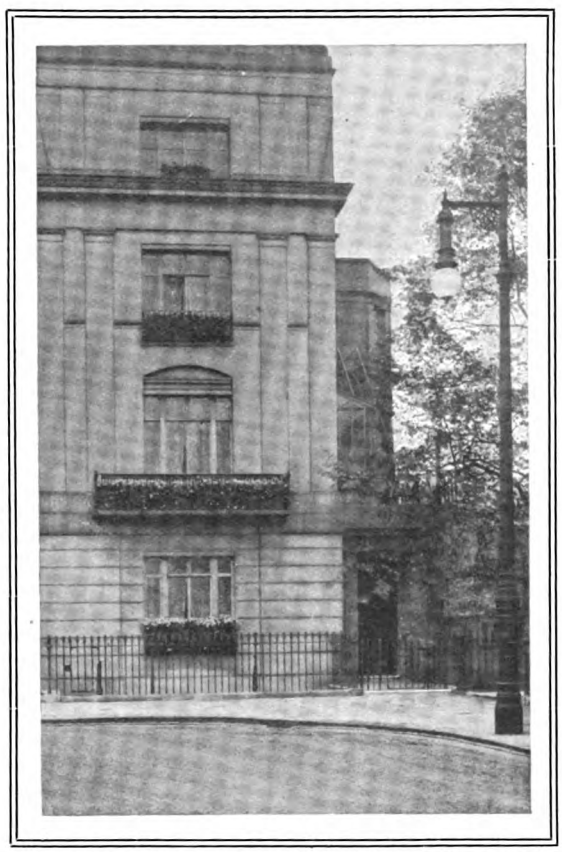
The door of the house was wide open, however, and in the brilliantly-lighted hall I could see what looked like all the flowers on earth arranged in baskets, bouquets, and huge bunches. I got out of the carriage and entered the house in which I was to live for the next six weeks. All the branches seemed to be stretching out their flowers to me.

"Have you the cards that came with all these flowers?" I asked my man-servant.

"Yes," he replied; "I have put them together on a tray. They are all from Paris—from madame's friends there. This one is the only bouquet from here."

He handed me an enormous one, and on the card with it I read the words: "Welcome!—Henry Irving."

I went all through the house, and it seemed to me very dismal-looking. I visited the garden, but the damp seemed to go through me and my teeth chattered when I came in again. That night when I went to sleep my heart was heavy with foreboding, as though I were on the eve of some misfortune.



NO. 77, CHESTER SQUARE—THE HOUSE IN WHICH SARAH BERNHARDT STAYED DURING HER FIRST VISIT TO LONDON.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

The following day was given up to receiving journalists. I wanted to see them all at the same time, but Mr. Jarrett objected to this. That man was a veritable advertising genius. I had no idea of it at that time. He had made me some very good offers for America, and, although I had refused them, I nevertheless held a very high opinion of him, on account of his intelligence, his comic humour, and my need of being piloted in this new country.

"No," he said; "if you receive them all together they will all be furious, and you will get some wretched articles; you must receive them one after the other."

Thirty-seven journalists came that day, and Jarrett insisted on my seeing every one of them. He stayed in the room and saved the situation when I said anything foolish. I spoke English very badly, and some of the men spoke French very badly. Jarrett translated my answers to them. I remember perfectly well that all of them began with: "Well, mademoiselle, what do you think of London?"

I had arrived the previous evening at nine o'clock, and the first of these journalists asked me this question at ten in the morning. I had drawn my curtain on getting up, and all I knew of London was Chester Square, a small square of sombre verdure, in the midst of which was a black statue, and the horizon bounded by an ugly church.

I really could not answer the question, but Jarrett was quite prepared for this, and I learnt the following morning that "I was most enthusiastic about the beauty of London, that I had already seen a number of the public buildings," etc., etc.

Towards five o'clock Hortense Damain arrived. She was a charming woman, and a favourite in London society. She had come to inform me that the Duchess of —— and Lady R—— would call on me at half past five.

"Oh, stay with me, then," I said to her.

"You know how unsociable I am. I feel sure that I shall be stupid."

At the time fixed my visitors were announced. This was the first time I had come into contact with any members of the English aristocracy, and I have ever since had a very pleasant memory of it.

Lady R—— was extremely beautiful, and the duchess was so gracious, so distinguished,

SARAH BERNHARDT AT THE TIME OF HER FIRST VISIT TO LONDON.

and so kind that I was very much touched by her visit.

A few minutes later Lord Dudley called. I knew him very well, as he had been introduced to me by Marshal Canrobert, one of my dearest friends. He asked me if I would care to have a ride the following morning, as he had a very nice lady's horse which was entirely at my service. I thanked him, but wanted first to drive in Rotten Row.

At seven o'clock Hortense Damain came to fetch me to dine with her at the house of the Baroness M——. She had a very nice home in Prince's Gate. There were about twenty guests, among others the painter Millais. I had been told that the *cuisine* was very bad in England, but I thought this dinner perfect. I had been told that the English were cold and sedate; I found them charming and full of humour.

Everyone spoke French very well, and I was ashamed of my ignorance of the English language. After dinner there were recitations and music. I was touched by the gracefulness and tact of my hosts in not asking me to recite any poetry.

I was very much interested in observing the society in which I found myself. It did not in any way resemble a French gathering. The young girls seemed to be enjoying themselves on their own account, and enjoying themselves thoroughly. They had not come there to find a husband. What surprised me a little was the *décolleté* of ladies who were getting on in years, and to whom Time had not been very merciful. I spoke of this to Hortense Damain.

"It's frightful!" I said.

"Yes, but it's *chic!*"

She was very charming, my friend Hortense, but she troubled about nothing that was not *chic*. She sent me the "*Chic* commandments" a few days before I left Paris:—

Chester Square, tu habiteras.
Rotten Row, tu monteras.
Le Parlement visiteras.
Garden-parties fréquenteras.
Chaque visite, tu rendras.
A chaque lettre, tu répondras.
Photographies, tu signeras.
Hortense Damain, tu écouteras.
Et tous ses conseils, les suivras.

I laughed at these "commandments," but I soon realized that, under this jocular form, she considered them as very serious and important.

Alas! my poor friend had hit upon the wrong person for her counsels. I detested paying visits, writing letters, signing photographs, or following anyone's advice. I adore having people come to see me, and I detest going to see them. I adore receiving letters, reading them, commenting on

them, but I detest writing them. I detest riding and driving in frequented parts, and I adore lonely roads and solitary places. I adore giving advice and I detest receiving it, and I never follow at once any wise advice that is given me. It always requires an effort of my will to recognise the justice of any counsel, and then an effort of my intellect to be grateful for it; at first it simply annoys me.

Consequently I paid no attention to Hortense Damain's counsels, nor yet to Jarrett's, and in this I made a great mistake, for many people were vexed with me (in any other country I should have made enemies) on that first visit to London.

What a quantity of letters of invitation I received to which I never replied! How many charming women called upon me and I never returned their calls! Then, too, how many times I accepted invitations to dinner and never went after all, nor did I even send a line of excuse! It is perfectly odious, I know, and yet I always accept with pleasure and intend to go, but when the day comes I am tired, perhaps, or want to have a quiet time, or to be free from any obligation, and when I am obliged to decide one way or another the time has gone by and it is too late to send word and too late to go. And so I stay at home, dissatisfied with myself and with everyone else.

Hospitality is a quality made up of old-world taste and antique grandeur. The English are, in my opinion, the most hospitable people on earth, and they are hospitable simply and munificently. When an Englishman has opened his door to you he never closes it again. He excuses your faults and accepts your peculiarities. It is thanks to this broadness of ideas that I have been for twenty-five years the beloved and pampered artiste.

I was delighted with my first *soirée* in London, and I returned home very gay and very much "Anglomaniaized." I found some of my friends there—Parisians—who had just arrived, and they were quite annoyed with me. My enthusiasm exasperated them, and we sat up arguing until two in the morning.

SARAH BERNHARDT AS SHE APPEARED IN ROTTEN ROW.

The next day I went to Rotten Row. It was glorious weather, and all Hyde Park seemed to be strewn with enormous bouquets. There were the flower-beds, wonderfully arranged by the gardeners; then there were the clusters of sunshades — blue, pink, red, white, or yellow — which sheltered the light hats covered with flowers under which shone the pretty faces of babies and women. Along the riding-path there was an exciting gallop of graceful thoroughbreds, bearing some hundreds of horsewomen, slender, supple, and courageous; then there were men and children, the latter mounted on big Irish ponies. There were other children, too, galloping along on Scotch ponies with long, shaggy manes, with the children's hair and the manes of the horses streaming in the wind of their own speed.

The carriage road between the riding-track and the foot-passengers was filled with dog-carts, open carriages of various kinds, mail-coaches, and very smart cabs. There were powdered footmen, horses decorated with flowers, sportsmen driving, ladies, too, driving admirable horses. All this elegance, this

essence of luxury and this joy of life, brought back to my memory the vision of our Bois de Boulogne, so elegant and so animated a few years before, when Napoleon III. used to drive through in his carriage, nonchalant and smiling. Ah! how beautiful it was in those days—our Bois de Boulogne, with the officers caracoling in the Avenue des Acacias, admired by our beautiful society women!

The joy of life was everywhere—the love of love enveloping life with an infinite charm. I closed my eyes, and I felt a pang at my heart as the awful recollections of 1870 crowded to my brain. He was dead—our gentle Emperor with his shrewd smile; dead, vanquished by the sword, betrayed by fortune, crushed with grief.

The thread of life in Paris had been taken up again in all its intenseness, but the life of elegance, of charm, and of luxury was still shrouded in crape. Scarcely eight years had passed since the war had struck down our soldiers, ruined our hopes, and tarnished our glory. Three Presidents had already succeeded each other. The wretched little Thiers, with his perverse, *bourgeois* soul, had worn his teeth out with nibbling at every kind of Government: Royalty under Louis Philippe, Empire under Napoleon III., and the executive power of the French Republic. He had never even thought of lifting our beloved Paris up again, bowed down as she was under the weight of so many ruins. He had been succeeded by MacMahon, a good, brave man, but a cipher. Grévy had succeeded the Marshal, but he was miserly, and considered all outlay unnecessary for himself, for other people, and for the country. And so Paris remained sad, nursing the leprosy that the Commune had communicated to her by the kiss of its fires. And our delightful Bois de Boulogne still bore the traces of the injuries that the National Defence had inflicted on her. The Avenue des Acacias was deserted.

I opened my eyes again. They were filled with tears, and through their mist I caught a glimpse once more of the triumphant vitality which surrounded me.

I wanted to return home at once, for I was acting that night for the first time, and I felt rather wretched and despairing. There were several persons awaiting me at my house in Chester Square, but I did not want to see anyone. I took a cup of tea and went to the Gaiety Theatre, where we were to face the English public for the first time. I knew already that I had been elected the favourite, and the idea of this chilled me with terror, for I am what is known as a "traqueuse." I am subject to the "trac," or stage-fright, and I have it terribly. When I first appeared on the stage I was timid, but I never had this "trac." I used to turn as red as a poppy when I happened to meet the eye of a spectator. I was ashamed of talking so loud before so many silent people. That was the effect of my cloistered life, but I had no feeling of fear. The first time I ever had the real sensation of stage-fright was in the month of January, 1869, at the seventh or perhaps the eighth performance of "Le Passant." The success of this little masterpiece had been enormous, and my interpretation of the part of Zanetto had delighted the public, and particularly the students. When I went on the stage that day I was suddenly applauded by the whole house. I turned towards the Imperial box, thinking that the Emperor had just entered. But no, the box was empty, and I realized then that all the bravos were for me. I was seized with a fit of nervous trembling, and my eyes smarted with tears which I had to keep back. Agar and I were

SARAH BERNHARDT IN "LE PASSANT," IN WHICH SHE FIRST SUFFERED FROM STAGE-FRIGHT.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

called back five times, and on leaving the theatre the students, ranged on each side, gave me three cheers. On reaching home I flung myself into the arms of my blind grandmother, who was then living with me.

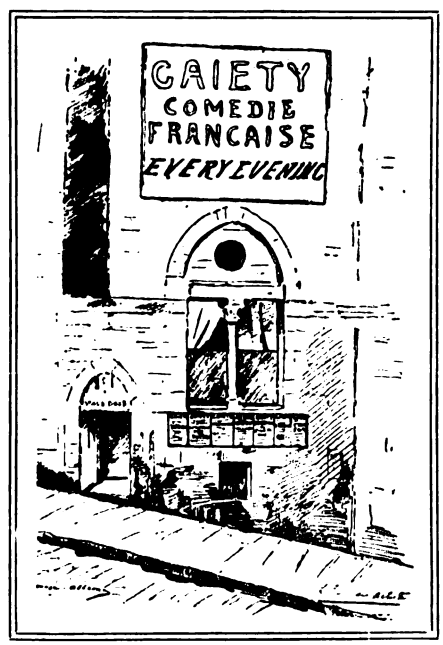
"What's the matter with you, my dear?" she asked.

"It's all over with me, grandmother," I said. "They want to make 'a star' of me, and I haven't talent enough for that. You'll see they'll drag me down and finish me off with all their bravos."

My grandmother took my head in her hands and I met the vacant look in her large, light eyes fixed on me.

"You told me, my child, that you wanted to be the first in your profession, and when the opportunity comes to you, why, you are frightened. It seems to me that you are a very bad soldier."

I forced back my tears and declared that I would bear up courageously against this success which had come to interfere with my tranquillity, my heedlessness, and my "don't care-ism." But, from that time forth, fear took possession of me and stage-fright made of me a martyr.



THE STAGE DOOR OF THE OLD GAIETY THEATRE, WHERE SARAH BERNHARDT MADE HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN LONDON.

It was under these conditions that I prepared for the second act of "Phèdre," in which I was to appear for the first time before the English public. Three times over I put rouge on my cheeks and blackened my eyes, and three times over I took it all off again with a sponge. I thought I looked ugly, and it seemed to me I was thinner than ever, and not as tall. I closed my eyes to listen to my voice. The word on which I try my pitch is "le bal," which I pronounce low down with the open A—"le bââl," or which I take high by dwelling on the L—"le balll." Ah, but there was no doubt about it, my "le bal" sounded rightly neither high nor low; my voice was hoarse in the low notes and not clear in the soprano. I cried with rage, and just then I was informed that the second act of "Phèdre" was about to commence. This drove me wild. I had not my veil on, nor my rings, and my cameo belt was not fastened.

I began to murmur, "*Le voici! Vers mon cœur tout mon sang se retire.*

"*J'oublie en le voyant. . . .*"

That word "*j'oublie*" struck me with a new idea. What if I did forget the words I had to say? Why, yes. What was it I had to say? I did not know. I could not remember. What was I to say after "*en le voyant*"?

No one answered me. Everyone was alarmed at my nervous state. I heard Got mumble, "She's going mad!"

Mlle. Thénard, who was playing Œnone, my old nurse, said to me: "Calm yourself; all the English have gone to Paris; there's no one in the house but Belgians."

This foolishly comic speech turned my thoughts in another direction.

"How stupid you are!" I said; "you know how frightened I was at Brussels!"

"Oh, all for nothing," she answered, calmly; "there were only English people in the theatre that day."

I had to go on the stage at once and I could not even answer her, but she had changed the current of my ideas. I still had stage-fright, but not the fright that paralyzes—only the kind that drives one wild. This is bad enough, but it is preferable to the other sort. It makes one do too much, but, at any rate, one does something.

The whole house had applauded my arrival on the stage for a few seconds, and as I bent my head in acknowledgment I said within myself, "Yes, yes, you shall see. I'm going to give you my very blood, my life itself, my soul."

When I began my part, as I had lost my self-possession, I started on rather too high a note, and when once in full swing I could not get lower again. I simply could not stop. I suffered, I wept, I implored, I cried out,

and it was all real. My suffering was horrible, my tears were flowing—scorching and bitter. I implored Hippolyte for the love for which I was dying, and my arms stretched out to Mounet Sully were the arms of Phèdre writhing in the cruel longing for his embrace. The inspiration had come.

When the curtain fell Mounet Sully lifted me up and carried me to my dressing-room, unconscious.

The public, unaware of what was happening, wanted me to appear again and bow. I, too, wanted to return and thank the public for its attention, its kindliness, and its emotion.

I went back, and the following is what John Murray said in the *Gaulois* of June 5th, 1879:—

"When, recalled with loud cries, Mlle. Bernhardt appeared, exhausted by her efforts and supported by Mounet Sully, she received an ovation which I think is unique in the annals of the theatre in England."

SARAH BERNHARDT AS "PHÈDRE," IN WHICH PART SHE FIRST APPEARED IN LONDON AND IN WHICH SHE MADE A UNIQUE SUCCESS.
From a Photo. by Nadar, Paris.

The following morning the *Daily Telegraph* terminated its admirable criticism with these lines:—

"Clearly Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt exerted every nerve and fibre and her passion grew with the excitement of the spectators, for when, after a recall that could not be resisted, the curtain drew up, M. Mounet Sully was seen supporting the exhausted figure of the actress, who had won her triumph only after tremendous physical exertion; and triumph it was, however short and sudden."

The *Standard* finished its article with these words:—

"The subdued passion, repressed for a time, until at length it burst its bonds, and the despairing, heart-broken woman is revealed to Hippolyte, was shown with so vivid a reality that a scene of enthusiasm such as is rarely witnessed in a theatre followed the fall of the curtain. Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, in the few minutes she was upon the stage (and coming on, it must be remembered, to plunge into the middle of a stirring tragedy), yet contrived to make an impression which will not soon be effaced from those who were present."

The *Morning Post* said:—

"Very brief are the words spoken before Phèdre rushes into the room to commence tremblingly and nervously, with struggles which rend and tear and convulse the system, the secret of her shameful love. As her passion mastered what remained of modesty or reserve in her nature, the woman sprang forward and recoiled again with the movements of a panther—striving, as it seemed, to tear from her bosom the heart which stifled her with its unholy longings, until in the end, when, terrified at the horror her breathings have provoked in Hippolyte, she strove to pull his sword from its sheath and plunge it in her own breast, she fell back in complete and absolute collapse. This exhibition, marvellous in beauty of pose, in febrile force, in intensity, and in purity of delivery, is the more remarkable as the passion had to be reached, so to speak, at a bound, no performance of the first act having roused the actress to the requisite heat. It proved Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt worthy of her reputation, and shows what may be expected from her by the public which has eagerly expected her coming."

This London first night was decisive for my future.

(To be continued.)

By Emma Brooke.

THE story came from India—that land of mystery, problems and marvels, of strange evasions and reticence, of knowledge beyond ours, and of ignorance deeply proportioned to that knowledge.

Roger Halden, a man of masterful common sense, but yet with some sympathetic comprehension of the natives, whom we endeavour to rule over in our own fashion and to coax and win to our sensible customs, had been for many years in the service of the Indian Government, and owing to his valuable qualities had risen rapidly, so that at thirty-five he found himself in the high position of collector of a certain district. He was an active, wiry man, of genial but decided manners, and burnt to a chip as Anglo-Indians are apt to be. And he was a bachelor.

When he moved to the collector's house—which was a rambling place, with a wide veranda, and possessed the uncommon attribute of being two-storied, and which had extensive servants' offices and a beautiful garden compound—he felt that the hour had arrived when he should take a wife, and so defeat the loneliness apt to overcloud the existence of even the strenuously busy European in an Eastern country. He thought of it when in the pleasant room—half smoking-room, half office—which opened on the veranda, where he would run through such of his work as he could accomplish without going down to his main office. He thought of it as he rode along the wide white road, under the shade of the sacred banyan trees whose arching branches lined the wayside, and watched the moving traffic and the long procession of Indian figures which, familiar enough in one sense, affected him in his present mood with a feeling of homelessness and exile.

Last he thought of it effectually one evening when he stood in the broad veranda porch and beheld the glow of the Eastern sunset transform the festoons of flowering creeper, and lift the palms and cocoanut trees to unimaginable loveliness against the flaming sky, and turn the patch of tall plumed grass in the compound to feathers of gold and the acacia blossoms to coloured light; touching even common things with a finger of fire, so that the bronze pot on a pedestal glowed as crimson, while the aroma of the tulsi plant it contained penetrated the air with extraordinary power. The whole landscape floated in magic beauty, the gracious adieu of day before the swift nightfall; and the heart of Roger Halden was moved within him.

"If Lucy could see this!" cried he.

And when the glow had vanished, suddenly as it came, he went into his office and wrote a letter.

Lucy was of Kent. She was a sweet-

natured girl with a slight figure, reddish brown hair, and grey eyes. With these attributes she was pretty enough, and yet could have claimed no more than prettiness, had it not been for her skin of cream and roses, which, even in a land noted for complexions, gave her the distinction of at least one uncommonly beautiful attribute. Halden was secretly a hero in her eyes, and when his letter reached her she was glad.

Thus it happened that a year later Lucy, in her fresh muslins and with her skin of cream and roses, stood by Halden's side on the veranda and watched the bronze pot with the tulsi plant change to crimson and the patch of plumed grass to molten gold.

There was interest and to spare for Lucy in the new land to which she had come, with its wonderful sights and strange vegetation and exotic beauty; with the natives and their customs to study, and the bizarre gorgeous art, and the buildings and the temples. But at first her home in the rambling house provided occupation enough. There was her husband's collection of curiosities and treasures to rearrange, and there were the wedding-presents to unpack and examine. Some she had brought with her; others arrived from all parts of India by rail, or by road borne by coolies. One day a present was carried in at lunch-time—a big, roll-like package covered with straw wrapping.

"What can this huge thing be?" cried Lucy, when the servants laid it down.

"The shortest way to see that will be to undo it," said her husband.

"SHE KNELT TO EXAMINE THE THING MORE CLOSELY."

The packing being removed, a strange-looking mat of woven hair, with long fringes of the same, was revealed.

"Who sent this?" said Lucy, looking at it doubtfully.

Halden took up a card which was attached to the bundle.

"With Mrs. Hooley's compliments and good wishes," read he.

He dropped the card and laughed.

"Mrs. Hooley may be trusted to go into a bazaar and select the one thing one would least desire to possess and send it as a present," said he.

"Many gifts make us ungrateful. Oh, dear, Roger! What shall we do?"

She knelt to examine the thing more closely, hoping perhaps to discover a little beauty to commend it, and bent her head of reddish brown hair towards the fringe. Her rueful looks did not alter.

"It is most extraordinary," cried Roger, looking from her head to the mat, "but the colour of your hair and the hair in the mat is precisely the same."

"That," said Lucy, rising hastily, "is the worst of all. If Mrs. Hooley calls on us we will bring it out and spread it somewhere; but as long as she keeps away we will roll it up and put it out of sight upstairs."

"She won't call," said Halden; "we are quite safe there. She lives at a great distance and is old. She is a kind old thing, but indiscreet in selection."

Thus it happened that the mat was put away in an empty chamber next to Lucy's

bedroom, and lay there amongst trunks and boxes and other things not immediately wanted.

The house being arranged and the wedding-gifts disposed of, Lucy had eyes and interest for wider and more varied affairs. She loved the wide road with the arching banyan trees and the endless procession that passed by—the uncouth carts and vehicles that were new to her, the camels and cattle, the rickshaws and runners, the women in bright-coloured garments, the turbaned coolies, the dark-limbed men in strange garb. They went by as figures in a dream, and with them strange new sounds that reminded her every moment how far she was from Kent and Old England.

One day, as she and her husband rode together at a very early hour of the morning, she perceived a figure approaching, stranger even than most she had seen. This was a tall, thin man, with thick, matted hair, scantily clothed in a white cotton garment, and having a rosary of beads about his bare brown neck and breast; on his forehead were three broad lines streaked in white paint.

"That is a strange figure!" said Lucy.

"Haven't you noticed him before?" returned Halden. "He is a Yogi and sits all day in the shade of the mango tope outside our compound. A Yogi is a holy man, and the lines on his forehead show that he worships Siva. Look back, and you will see that he sits down just where I said, and when we return in the evening he will still be there."

That was the case. In the evening, when they rode back, there he sat motionless in the shade of the mango trees, gazing at vacancy with fixed eyes. Lucy looked at him with curiosity.

"What does he *do?*" asked she.

Halden laughed.

"That is a very English question. *Do?* Nothing that I know of. He meditates."

"Whatever does he meditate about?"

"The deuce only knows. But he meditates so hard that I doubt if he ever even sees us."

In that Halden was mistaken. The long, wide road with the banyan trees was a main thoroughfare, and day by day Lucy, either alone or in the company of her husband, walked or rode or drove along it. She became accustomed in one sense to the motionless figure which she must pass every time she went in or out of the compound; but the strange fixity of the man's eyes gazing at vacancy disturbed her, she knew not why. She began rather to dread leaving or entering her own gate.

"I wish the Yogi would go away" said she, one day.

"Why? I think him rather picturesque."

"So he is. But I don't like him."

"I'm afraid he won't go away," said Roger. "If he has got into a habit, he will stick to it."

It was a lovely moonlight evening. Roger lay back in a lounge-chair on the veranda; Lucy sat near on a low seat, her head defined against the pedestal with the bronze pot, which now shone as silver. In the full, beautiful Indian moonlight the fairness of her face gained. She was at work at something that did not need her eyes, and her moving hands and arms gleamed white from her loose, open sleeves. Roger watched with a sense of home, and peace, and content. Suddenly she dropped her work and looked up.

"The Yogi *does* see us, Roger," said she, rather earnestly.

"Does he? These holy men are supposed to see nothing but their own thoughts."

Lucy took up her work again and tried to laugh. But she was thinking of a gleam in the man's eye one day when she looked his way. It had not suggested entire absorption in holy meditation.

"I am afraid of the Yogi," said she.

"Oh! I hope not, Lucy. There is no need. He is a most innocent personage. His mind is far from us and our affairs."

"Haven't the Yogis all sorts of strange powers? Can't they practise magic?"

"Some say so. But I don't believe a word of it. I hope," he added, gently, "you won't be frightened of him. Take my word that there's no fear necessary. And even when I'm absent there are thirty or forty servants who are devoted to you."

"Of course I won't be afraid," said Lucy. "Why should I, indeed?"

A few days later it was necessary that Halden should announce to his wife for the first time that his duties would call him away. Happily his absence would not be for longer than a week. He told her tenderly, and yet something as a matter of course, that he must leave her. And Lucy, who knew that such occasional departures were inevitable, accepted the news with the bravery that becomes an Englishwoman who has married a man in the service of the Indian Government. In reality her heart sank. If only the Yogi could have gone also! All this India was a bright and fascinating dream, but a shadow lay across it, and this was the figure of the Yogi.

When Roger had ridden away, when the last adieu of his eyes met hers and he had turned from the drive into the road, she began to realize how deep her loneliness would be. She felt it even in the daytime, when the thirty or forty dark servants were about and in and out. At present they were inscrutable to her, and she must take Roger's assurance of their faithfulness on trust. But in the evening, when they retired to their quarters, when her ayah perhaps was away and the peons were chatting together or sleeping on the back veranda, she felt how open, how empty, an Indian bungalow could be, and she herself how defenceless!

Sitting alone on the veranda to enjoy the coolness of the evening, with the wide-open doors and windows of the house behind and the compound in front, the sense of loneliness grew to something menacing. To be sure she could summon the peons, and she knew the servants were within call, and she could ask the ayah to remain by her side, but all such plans seemed to involve a confession of fear, an explanation she shrank from. So she sat on the veranda alone, longing for English walls and shutters and closed doors and bars; this open-door life left her forlorn, and the strangeness of India seemed to wrap her round with mystery and a sense of the incalculable.

Moreover, on the very first evening of Roger's absence she received a slight shock. Her eyes were fixed idly on the patch of plumed grass when she remarked a slight disturbance and agitation of the feathery heads—a movement suggesting that life of some sort lay concealed within.

"Perhaps a snake!" said she.

Snakes were at present a dreaded feature of the country to which she had come, and, in spite of the heat, she moved indoors.

The next day dawned and passed without incident, and the next and the next. Then Lucy regained her courage, and the fifth evening, the moon being at the full, she came again to the veranda, and sat there prepared to drink in to the full the magic beauty of the night. More than half her period of loneliness was over and her heart would shortly be brave again in the presence of her husband. And so for an hour she sat musing, not unhappily, on many things, and wondering at the peace and beauty around her. On a sudden she turned her head sharply to the right, towards the bronze tulsi pot on the pedestal. There had been no sound, no slightest footstep, no reason why she should so turn; no! not the least little noise had caught her ear. But there on the veranda near the plant stood the tall, thin form of the Yogi, with the white lines of Siva on his brow, and every line and muscle of his brown limbs, and every fold of his cotton garment, clearly defined in the moonlight.

Lucy went white to the lips, but otherwise, as the pride of race will have it, kept herself calm, and inquired of the man his errand.

The Yogi salaamed low.

"The sahib," he said, "is away."

"He returns immediately," said Lucy,

"'THE SAHIB,' HE SAID, 'IS AWAY.'"

quickly. "Give me your message and I will tell him."

The Yogi shook his head. It was to the mem-sahib his petition was carried—a little, little matter, but one he craved. The mem-sahib was the light of her servant's eyes; the land boasted of her gentleness, her heart was as a fawn's, she could not refuse him.

"But what do you want?" asked Lucy, hoping that after all a begging expedition was the whole concern of this unwelcome visit.

"A thing of small value," was the man's reply.

The mem-sahib, he went on, possessed a wonderful mass of burnished locks comparable to red gold when the sun is on it. Out of all that she possessed, would she not bestow upon her humble slave one of the hairs of her head?

Lucy heard this singular request partly with relief, partly with dismay. Having uttered it, the man ceased salaaming and stood motionless and upright, waiting.

The motive for his petition was beyond her imagining; it was trivial to a degree, but then it touched her own personality, and that made it peculiarly distasteful. Yet the matter was so puerile, why should she turn this man into an enemy by refusing? After all, there was risk in denial, possibly great risk; on the other hand, there could be none in compliance; and that would at least rid her of his detested presence. She argued the question in a flash of thought and then replied.

"My hair," said she, "is fastened with pins and ribbon. Wait here until I return, when I will bring what you ask."

She spoke with assumed calm and an air of dignified condescension; then, rising, she passed quickly into the interior. The man made no attempt to follow, but kept his motionless attitude near the tulsi pot.

Lucy walked slowly upstairs, still debating the matter as she went. It seemed impossible that the gift of a hair from her head could lead to harm, or indeed produce even an infinitesimal difference in her life. Nevertheless, a deep instinctive unwillingness to grant the mysterious petition took increasing possession of her. As she approached her bedroom her thoughts calculated the different risks with lightning-like rapidity. Anger him by delay or by summoning the servants? Neither of these courses commended itself. What then? Every second that went by the sense of repulsion, the warning cry from some hidden centre of her being, grew upon her. She was beside herself as to how to find a way out of the dilemma. And then, in a flash, she saw what to do.

To reach her bedroom she must pass the open door of the boxroom, where lay the unwelcomed gift of old Mrs. Hooley. Her eye caught sight of the rolled-up rug, and a remembrance of her husband's words as to the similarity between the colour of the hair in the mat and her own leapt to her mind. She selected a single hair from the long fringe, disarranged her coiffure slightly, and returned downstairs. The Yogi stood as she had left him, motionless as a statue, but his eyes leapt with greedy expectation when she reappeared.

"Here is the hair," said she, calmly, and placed what she had brought in the man's hand.

The Yogi salaamed low and silently, and left the veranda in evident content, noiselessly as he had come. For all his self-control, his marvellous power over his own face and muscles, Lucy caught a gleam of triumph in his eyes.

Now, what did such an event portend? Was it nothing? Or was it much?

When her husband returned—and this happened in a couple of days—she made haste to inform him of her experience. He heard it in evident surprise and vexation. One could hardly attribute importance to an event so trivial; and yet it was incomprehensible and unusual enough to make him uneasy.

"I'm glad it was not one of your own hairs," said he, abruptly, when he had pondered the subject for some time.

"The mat came in usefully," said Lucy.

"Good old Mrs. Hooley!" laughed he.

Lucy had not left the compound since the visit of the Yogi, hating to pass the mango tope where the man habitually sat. But the day after her husband's return she drove out with him in the dog-cart, and there was the lean, brown figure in the attitude he usually adopted, or so, at first, it seemed. In reality there was a difference. When Roger turned his masterful English face upon the man, with a look meant to convey a menace, or at least a warning, he perceived the change. The Yogi did not realize the presence of Halden Sahib and his wife; he did not see them; and for this reason—his head was bent over his outstretched hand and he gazed intently at something lying upon his palm.

"Is he looking at the hair?" whispered Lucy.

"If he is it isn't yours," returned Halden, quickly.

"What possible difference would it make, even if it had been?"

"It isn't pleasant to be mixed up in the ways and notions of a dried-up Yogi," he answered, vaguely.

He was vague because the sense of the mystery of the East invaded him unpleasantly. Yogis, no more than other men, acted without motive, but he was helplessly aware that he had no clue whatever to the man's purpose and aim.

"It's some wretched superstition or other," said he to himself, and shook his mind free from an uneasiness he despised.

After a week or two the affair turned into a joke. The two, passing along the gay, wide road, would turn their faces frankly in the Yogi's direction, having no fear that he would notice their interest in him, for the attitude he kept prevented his seeing the passers-by. His palm was always outstretched, his eyes bent exclusively upon the hair. Clearly he did not observe; he was utterly unconscious of the coming and going of the Haldens. Then the interest palled and finally was forgotten; other affairs crept in. Lucy had guests in the house; a disturbance in the neighbourhood occasioned the frequent visits of officials; the compound was gay and bustling with coming and going. After that things settled down, and Lucy and her husband were alone.

Then it was that the inconceivable thing occurred.

It happened in the heat of the day at lunch-time, when the brilliant daylight precluded the idea of illusion as to the event. Every door and window of the house was open to admit the breeze that softly wafted the graceful branches of the palm trees. Neither Roger nor Lucy was thinking of the Yogi, but chatted gaily on topics of interest, gossiping of this and that. Suddenly Lucy turned her head in a listening attitude.

"What's that?" said she.

"I noticed it before," said Roger. "Is not one of the servants above?"

"No. The work upstairs was finished long ago."

"Someone is moving upstairs for all that."

Lucy was about to rise when Roger stopped her.

"Don't move," said he.

They sat listening acutely. The sound was peculiar—a slow, laborious, dragging sound it seemed, as of something pulled with difficulty over the floor.

"It comes from the bedroom," said Roger.

"No; the boxroom," whispered Lucy.

There was that in the character of the sound that perplexed Roger. He rose softly, and moved to a cabinet where he kept a pair of revolvers, and stood there looking towards the door.

"A thief!" he whispered. "Don't you be alarmed, though. The black rascals!"

In reality he did not think it was a thief. He felt that some kind of weapon might be necessary, but hesitated what to choose; then softly unlocked the drawer and drew a revolver out.

"You can bear the sound of fire-arms if necessary?"

Lucy nodded. The strange dragging sound continued. Roger came to his wife's side.

"Don't you be alarmed," said he.

But, if the truth be told, Halden himself was profoundly uneasy. No thief would have gone about his work with such a complete absence of caution as to noise. Not for the world would he have permitted Lucy to have guessed his anxiety. It was not fright he felt—*that* was to come later; he simply had a mystified apprehension of some danger close at hand, the nature of which he could not divine. One or two ideas passed through his mind. A python? The sound was too heavy and clumsy for that. A dangerous beast that had strayed from the jungle and taken refuge in some nook upstairs? Unusual, almost impossible, as such a notion was, it was upon that he decided. Of one thing only, in spite of his words to his wife, was he certain: that was no deft, silent-footed native who stirred above.

The noise went on unabated, persistent, devoid of caution. The dragging sound had reached the passage and was coming towards the stairs. Now, as the two stood on the threshold of the dining-room, whatever was coming reached the head of the stairs. Here the character of the noise changed; it was no longer a dragging sound, but thud, thud, thud, as of a heavy body dropping from step to step. At first nothing was apparent, the flight being broken by an angle to the right; but presently loomed into their view a large, heavy, moving substance which, at the moment, neither of them recognised, and at which they both stared wildly. On the thing came, thud, thud, thud, rolling down the stairs in a strangely persistent yet unequal manner, partly lying along the steps, partly supported by the balusters.

"What in the name of all that's mad is this?" thought Roger.

"Roger! Roger!" screamed Lucy, suddenly. "That's the rug! That's old Mrs. Hooley's rug. It is coming downstairs of itself."

"Someone's pushing it," said Roger.

"Who? I see no one."

"The Yogi," breathed Roger, in a low, tense voice and white to the lips.

And with that he raised his revolver and fired straight at the rug.

The ball carried and hit its mark, of that there could be no doubt; they heard the slap of the bullet against the thing and the tearing sound as it passed through the stuff into the wood of the step beyond. That was the end of the effect. The rug rolled on unchecked, unimpeded, until it reached the bottom of the staircase. Then, with accelerated speed, it rolled on to the open doorway and so out into the garden and down the drive towards the road, where the Yogi sat waiting under the mango trees and staring at the hair in his hand.

"HE RAISED HIS REVOLVER AND FIRED."

Then, for the first time in his life, fright snatched at the heart of Roger Halden. As for Lucy, her eyes were almost vacant with terror. Her husband caught her with his arm and pressed her tight against his side, partly to reassure her, partly to assure himself that he had her safe, that the ghastly, mysterious danger had passed her by.

"What does it mean, Roger? What does it mean?" she cried.

"It means that a great, an inconceivable danger has come and has gone," said he, gravely.

He led her back to the dining-room, and going to the cabinet snapped the revolver into the drawer.

"Fire-arms are no good against that kind of thing," said he.

He stood with his thumbs in his trouser pockets; he held himself tensely as does one who is prepared to meet a dangerous crisis, but frowned as perplexed for ways and means.

"Do you understand?" asked Lucy, in a shaking voice.

He was silent for a few seconds; then spoke slowly and carefully.

"I think I am beginning to see through it," said he. "My Lucy! It has been a hair's-breadth escape for you!"

Suddenly his face lightened.

"Literally a hair's-breadth escape!" cried he.

He went to her side and stooped his head to hers and kissed her beautiful hair.

"I said just now that fire-arms are no good against this sort of thing. Neither are they. It appears, however, that an Englishwoman's tact and resource and modesty make her a match even for a Yogi."

He laughed as he spoke; the uneasy tremor of the moment was passing. He sat by her side and held her close until he saw the terror fading from her eyes.

"But do you understand?" she persisted.

"I think I do. The rug was animated by the will of the Yogi, who had been calling the owner of the hair for days and weeks to come to him."

Lucy started in renewed horror and alarm.

"You need fear nothing more," said Roger.

"But you won't leave me alone again?"

"No," said Roger; "I will provide against that when I must go on my rounds. But neither you nor I will ever see the Yogi again."

Nor did they. Next morning Roger sauntered down to the mango tope and found the place deserted. But old Mrs. Hooley's rug, torn into a thousand fragments, as by some creature mad with rage and disappointment and defeat, was scattered wildly over the ground.

Off the Track in London

By George R. Sims.

V.—IN THE SHADOW OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

BIG BEN is striking twelve as I and my colleague turn from the magnificent halls of our legislators and take a short cut into the strange regions that lie off the track in Westminster.

There is this peculiarity about the poorer purlieus of Parliament, that they not only lie cheek by jowl with their wealthier neighbours, but many of them are slums on one side and palaces on the other. At the bottom of foul courts are picturesque little houses with trailing creepers and fruit trees in bloom. The common lodging-house and the fashionable flat face each other. A huge deserted area lies idle where the working classes are clamouring for dwelling room. The great tower of the House of the Lawgivers lifts its gilded spires to heaven in the centre of a district that contains some of the most lawless spots in the Metropolis.

"AT ALMOST EVERY DOORWAY THE NEWSBOY FINDS A CUSTOMER."

Here is a street that has long been scheduled for destruction. Half the houses are doomed and unoccupied; the windows are broken or boarded up, and the stone and brickwork are crumbling to decay. The occupants were turned out for an improvement scheme, but the scheme is still so far away in the future that some of the houses are being re-let.

A portion of the street is still inhabited, and here and there men and women are standing at the doors lolling in the noonday sun.

A lad comes along shouting the early edition of an evening halfpenny paper. The contents-bill is carried in front of him like an apron. The newsboy's cry brings other women to the doors, and now and then a man. There is a demand for the paper—at almost every doorway the newsboy finds a customer.

I imagine that some great disaster must have happened—that the papers contain news of a sensational character. I cannot believe that in a street such as this the inhabitants would rush to their doors to secure the noonday edition just to read the latest details of the Russo-Japanese War or to study the political situation.

The boy comes nearer, and I can read the contents-bill. It is devoted entirely to "Latest from Gatwick and Haydock Park." The tenants of the mean little houses still left standing in the condemned area are buying the paper to get the runners at the day's race meetings and the tipsters' selections.

The women, many of whom have babies in their arms, glance at the paper and then take it indoors. I imagine that their eagerness to possess the latest information from the racecourse is altruistic. There is a lord and master inside who is waiting for the sheet.

A stone's throw distant is the spot on

which the father of the printing trade, the immortal Caxton, put up his first press. He came to Westminster because in the City of London he would not have been permitted to carry on his trade. Printing was not yet a craft, therefore it had no guild or company. No one not of a guild or company could carry on a trade within the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor of the City of London. Therefore Caxton came to the town—it was not then a city—of Westminster.

That was the earliest development of the printing-press in Westminster. Its latest, which we have just witnessed, is the "Latest from the Course," and the noonday rush in a slum for "All the Runners."

The re-housing scheme in Westminster has levelled a vast amount of working-class accommodation, but, unfortunately, the evictions have been—to use an Americanism—"too previous." It is no part of my plan in these travels off the track to discuss controversial matters. I only see and record. But I cannot help hearing—and in desolated Westminster there are old inhabitants who shrug their shoulders as they gaze at the ruin around and wax sarcastic as they point out further areas marked for destruction.

The grumblers tell you that many of the houses in the shadow of St. Stephen's from which the tenants have been evicted were well built and sanitary, and inhabited by a highly respectable body of toilers. These decent houses have been swept away, while some of the worst slums have been allowed to remain.

"Look!" exclaims a local worthy, as we stand in a street in which only the public-house had apparently been spared. "Two years ago at Christmas-time the poor people were turned out of these houses, which were in good sanitary condition. They didn't want to go, and clung to their homes to the last. But the police were called in and they were summarily evicted, their furniture being put out into the street."

The houses were levelled, but nothing has been put in their place. The area is boarded in and the cats of the neighbourhood take their siesta on the old building materials that lie scattered about.

Through a little passage in this street we pass and find ourselves in a quaint, old-world square. In the centre is an ancient church. On one side of the square are old-world red-brick houses with beautiful doorways and quaint windows and sloping roofs that carry you back to the days of Queen Anne. These houses are beautifully kept, and it does not need the brougham at the door of one of them to tell you that they are all inhabited by "the best people." Yet the side of the

"A QUAINT, OLD-WORLD SQUARE."

square adjoining them is given up to a huge barracky building which accommodates some three hundred tenants. The rents in this barrack run from three shillings to six shillings a room. It is quite a "family" residence. If you step through into the courtyard at the back the crying of a hundred babies will salute your ears, for the windows are open to let in as much light and air as possible.

Standing at the corner of this square my colleague sketches the scene that passes before our wondering eyes.

Look at the strange contrasts. Look at the poor little children playing about on the pavement in front of the model dwellings or "chambers." Look at the dainty baby in his elegant perambulator leaving the house opposite. The baby of the dwellings is in a sugar-box on wheels. The children are running errands and fetching the humble requirements of the one-roomed family from the small shops in the neighbourhood. One girl has an empty paraffin can fastened to the handle of the battered pram in which she is wheeling her little sister. Round the square the costermongers call their wares. But in front of the aristocratic houses opposite the carts of fashionable West-end tradesmen are calling for orders. A ragged little girl with treacle in a jar comes limping across the square. As she turns into her home she looks back and sees a beautifully-dressed little lady coming out of the opposite house with a doll whose garments probably cost more money than all the clothes the ragged little girl ever had in her life.

The beautiful corner house of the street leading out of this square was for a long time occupied by London's most artistic actor-lessee. Close by it is now a workshop. The men—it being the hour of the midday meal—are lolling against the wall in their shirt-sleeves and smoking short clay pipes.

And high over this strange scene of extremes rises the great Victoria Tower of the Parliament House.

The old "City of Refuge" is still a city of contrasts and surprises. Which ever way one turns the contrast leaps to one's eyes, and the surprise comes round every corner. The antiquarian and the historian in search of the "Sign of the Red Pale," the house of Caxton, or Milton's house in Petty France, or Cromwell's house in King Street, will wander bewildered through a tortuous maze of streets. On one side he will see magnificence, on the other misery; there a street of lordly dwelling houses; here a long alley packed with a population that can vary little in character from the crowd that herded in it when the criminal, the fugitive, and the desperado sought "sanctuary" in "the common sink of rogues."

Let us turn into this narrow entry. It is not enticing, but we are explorers and have to find out what lies hidden away from the general view.

We are rewarded for our daring at once. The entry leads us to a little square courtyard in front of a romantic, old-fashioned house that was probably the residence of some wealthy merchant in the eighteenth century. This courtyard was his garden. A green fig tree still casts its shade over the court, and in due season the people of the house gather their own figs. They are only humble folk, for the house is let out in rooms, but they appreciate their courtyard, and have flowers growing in the rough little window-

"THE LITTLE HOME OF A LABOURER."

boxes. On the front of the house there is a pretty creeper. The baby, sitting in its little chair in the green portico, is taking the air under the shadow of the fig tree. Yet at the top of the alley is one of the busiest streets in Westminster.

Here is another alley that suggests slumland in its general aspect. But you open a wooden door that shuts off a side passage and you are in a narrow back-yard arranged as a flower show. The back wall is banked with blooms. The little house to which the yard belongs is painted in the light bright colours that gladden the eyes of the London tourist in old Italian towns. There are flowers in the windows, flowers in the doorway —flowers, flowers everywhere.

It is the little home of a labourer who spends all his leisure in making his bijou residence in a Westminster alley beautiful.

Here is a long alley stretching for an enormous distance, and shut in by a high wall which is many feet above the level of the houses. This alley was once the most notorious in Westminster, and many a tale is told of dreadful deeds done there in the old days. It has a hawking population now to leaven the old element, and though it is not exactly the place in which a quiet family would take lodgings it has somewhat purged itself of its past sins.

But it would not do to inquire too closely into the character of all the inhabitants. Some of the young gentlemen are using the space of narrow footway for gambling purposes. As I pass they inform me that it is their Monte Carlo. It is curious how all the boy gamblers of London have caught up the name and bestowed it on their favourite "pitch." The gamblers of this alley keep a look-out man at each end, and are thus fairly secure, as there are no side entrances.

But not long ago the police raided the Westminster Monte Carlo and swept it from end to end. The gamblers rushed into the houses, but the police followed. Three young gentlemen, fully dressed, were found under the blankets in one bed. They tried to explain to the constable who discovered them that they always went to bed like that in order to be ready to go to work early in the morning.

"MANY OF THE WOMEN ARE YOUNG, ONE OR TWO OF THEM ARE PRETTY."

In this long, narrow passage —so narrow that the people can lean out of their windows and touch the high wall opposite that runs the whole length and almost shuts out the sky— the men and women are sitting about on barrows and stalls and baked potato cans, which, when night falls, are wheeled out under the stars.

The inhabitants, who have apparently nothing to do in the daytime, are taking the air, or as much of it as can squeeze its way between the great wall and the houses. Many of the women are young, one or two of them are pretty. There are scores of children and babies in arms, and one or two old grey-headed women are standing at the doors gossiping with their neighbours. The

tenants are cabined, cribbed, confined, but they are not isolated. The alley is open at both ends, and in two minutes the residents can, if they wish to, reach the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, or the magnificent thoroughfare lined with splendid shops and palatial hotels through which rank and fashion pass daily during the London season.

A few steps away are fine old Georgian houses and the pretty residences of members of Parliament, Parliamentary officials, and high ecclesiastical dignitaries. A turn to the right and we are in the peaceful close of an old cathedral city. The silence is unbroken. The windows of the Dutch-looking houses have prim little blinds. The hand of Time has dealt gently with all things around. Here the learned divine might think out his sermons undisturbed by the faintest echo of the wicked world. The spirit of the past is upon the place, and you would not be in the least surprised if you met a portly gentleman in a periwig tapping his snuff-box, or if a sedan-chair passed you with a lady in powder and patches. Close at hand are gardens shut in by ancient walls as grey as those that lead to the Abbey gates. Only here and there the ancient wall has been broken away and a brand-new house, quite Continental in its whiteness, fills the space. Between the old wall that runs up to it and the new house there is a dividing space of centuries. But the British workman has cemented the grey past to the white present, and a jagged, irregular line marks the join.

You pass the green walled-in gardens of the Canons, make a *détour* by a large boarded-in space of desolation, and you are in a thoroughfare notorious until recent years for the number of streets of evil repute that led out of it.

On the site of a public-house which lost its license because a soldier was attacked and murdered in the bar is now a clergy house. At one end of the thoroughfare is a noble pile of mansions containing luxurious flats. At the other end are common lodging-houses and poverty-stricken dwellings. At one end my lady enters her magnificent equipage to drive at the fashionable hour in the Park; at the other men lolling outside the "doss-house" exchange free-and-easy compliments with the slatterns standing arms akimbo at the top of a court.

Here is a huge fourpenny lodging-house that not so long ago made local history. There came to this place as deputy a man of the East. Some of the clients did not take kindly to the deputy, and there was trouble. The deputy was looked upon as "a foreigner," and the local tenants of the house expressed their sentiments in the local manner. The deputy yielded to superior numbers and bore his bruises in silence. But he told his Whitechapel friends what had happened.

So it came about that one Sunday afternoon, when all was quiet, there suddenly appeared in the street a little band composed of the "boys" of Whitechapel.

They went to the lodging-house and summoned the occupants to come out and fight.

The occupants came—they came in superior numbers—and then began a fight the like of which had not been seen in the City of Westminster for many a long day past. There was one youth in the lodging-house who was known as "Humanity" on account of the vigour with which he could lay about him with a broken gas-pipe, an empty bottle, a flat iron, or anything that came handy. The name was bestowed upon him at the time that the sketch "Humanity," with its realistic fight in a drawing-room, was newly the rage of the music-halls.

"Humanity" led the Westminster boys, and the battle became so royal that the more peaceable inhabitants fled precipitately to the police-station. It was Sunday afternoon, and the men off duty were resting in the section house in *négligé* costume. But so urgent was the necessity for action that they came rushing to the scene in hot haste, many of them in jackets and slippers. When the police at last succeeded in stemming the fury of the fray by arresting the combatants who were still in a condition for active service, the roadway was strewn with the wounded. Many of them were so badly hurt that they had to be taken to the hospital.

The memory of that fight is still green in Great Peter Street. I spoke of it to a costermonger of the neighbourhood who is looked up to as a great authority in local matters. "That Whitechapel mob must ha' been mad," he said, proudly, "to think as they could come over and out *us*."

You see, Westminster has a great fighting reputation. Before the ruthless hand of modern improvement played havoc with old landmarks there was, near Whistler's ground, a place known as Holland Gardens. You entered Holland Gardens, a waste space, through a gateway which shut it away from a prying world.

This was Westminster's battle-ground. It was here that local disputes were settled in

the old-fashioned manner, not by word of mouth, but by deed of hand.

"I'll meet you in Holland Gardens—six o'clock to-morrow morning," was the challenge, and if accepted the partisans of both sides assembled and "saw fair."

When the fight was over, the loser was usually laid out on a dust-heap to recover before being taken home by his sympathizing friends and supporters.

But no one is thinking of fighting this bright, sunny Saturday morning, as we pass through Great Peter Street towards Strutton Ground, where the stalls of the Saturday market are.

An organ is playing, and the music has brought a mob of children into the street to trip a *pas de quatre*, or indulge in a marvellous infantile imitation of the American Cake Walk, which is now the favourite dance of the by-way ball.

The children dance prettily, and the women from the common lodging-house opposite have come out to watch them. There is a public-house next to the lodging-house, and the music has penetrated the swing doors and drawn the female customers from the bar.

The worshippers of Bacchus, inspired by the strains, desert him for Terpsichore.

The ladies of the lodging-house and the ladies who have been taking a little lemonade on account of the heat-wave come out upon the sunny pavement and into the roadway and dance, flinging themselves heart and soul into the jig and the double-shuffle, and tripping various eccentric measures, which it might puzzle even that past-master of the choregraphic art, Mr. John D'Auban, to classify.

A stout woman of about five-and-forty, clad in a black and white blouse and a faded black velvet skirt, trips as lightly as a female Dan Leno. Her movements are graceful; her steps would pass muster on competition night at a Lancashire hall of varieties.

The children cease dancing and the passers-by stop and lounge against the opposite wall, while the organ plays and woman after woman joins in the street ball.

"THE GREAT PETER STREET BALL."

At the door of the lodging-house a huge woman, with a scarlet shawl on her shoulders, who is an interested spectator, has constantly to move aside to let another lady come out and join in the fun. Presently there are half-a-dozen couples—all women, some middle-aged, some old, only one young—footing it nimbly and merrily to the music.

The organ-grinder, finding that the crowd considers itself on the free list, suddenly leaves off. There is a murmur of disappointment. One of the dancers steps across and gives the man a penny and another invites him to come into the bar and have a lemonade—I didn't catch the name of the beverage, but I will presume that it was lemonade—and three or four of the dancers, panting and hot, take advantage of the interval to adjourn to the refreshment-room also.

When the organ-grinder comes out he is followed by the ladies, who, having in the hurry left home without their pocket-handkerchiefs, are wiping their mouths with the back of their hands.

The interrupted ball programme is continued. By this time one or two men have gathered courage and desire to be permitted to secure a partner for the next dance.

A tall, thin man, dressed in a long, shabby frock-coat and old cloth cap and with slippers on his feet, limps out. He has apparently a bad attack of gout in his right foot, for he seems scarcely able to put it to the ground.

But he selects a lady of about fifty, in a cotton blouse and a weather-beaten black costume, and they take the centre of the roadway.

This man has previously acted as a self-appointed master of the ceremonies. He has regulated the traffic by gestures to the drivers of brewers' drays and timber waggons which have lumbered through the ball-room.

But now he is determined to take a more active part.

He kicks the slipper from his lame foot, and to the astonishment of everybody, including my colleague, whom I am screening from observation while he sketches the scene, the lame man executes a series of capers that Donato, the one-legged dancer, might have envied.

He is a comedian too, is this new performer. He makes grimaces and gestures which would have won him renown in the dancing-halls of Paris in the old days when the students footed it with the gay grisettes, and the paid dancers at a public ball had not been invented for the edification of the British tourist.

He is a clown, a harlequin, and a pantomimist, and he dances, as the ladies of the lodging-house do, for the pure enjoyment and abandon of the thing. He does not find his long-skirted coat or his slipperless foot in the way. He makes the inconvenience of them add to the skill of his execution.

Big Ben is striking two when we leave the Great Peter Street ball, and a dozen couples are still jigging away at a pace which, seeing that it is a hot day and the sun is shining fiercely, must soon mean another interval for lemonade.

The scene is a picture that would have gladdened the heart of Jan Steen. It is pure rollicking fun and the joy of life with refreshment in between. Only Jan Steen would have found some difficulty in reconciling the background of grimy wall and sordid houses, the pale-faced, unkempt, hungry-looking women with babies in their arms, who look on in the crowd and never smile, with the light-hearted frolicking of the lodging-house ladies and the lame comedian from the public-house.

I have said that the City of Westminster is a city of contrasts and surprises. One minute after quitting this strange, un-English scene of midday revelry we turn and look back. On one side the great campanile of the Roman Catholic Cathedral rises aloft in the clear blue sky, on the other tower the gilded spires of the Hall of the Lawgivers, and the old Abbey—grey symbol of the rest of man and the peace of God—lies in soft shadow before us.

The Messenger In Mufti.

By Max Pemberton

I.

WING, my valet, returned to the hotel at six o'clock with the worst piece of news he possibly could have brought me.

"The police are watching the house, sir," he said; "there was one on the opposite pavement when I came up. Better leave it alone, if I may advise, sir. I always said it would end badly."

"Wing," I replied, with a smile, though his tidings were just as unpleasant as they possibly could be, "you have known me long enough by this time to be aware that I never give up anything when I have set my mind upon it. In this case a lady's happiness is concerned, moreover. Let us see this wonderful policeman and have done with him. A dragoon flirting with a cook, I suppose. Ah, there he is, and a very pretty figure of a man, to be sure. Now, really, Wing, do you expect me to believe such nonsense?"

Wing squared his clean-shaven jaw, and looking first at me and then at the little man in the swagger uniform, who measured the pavement opposite the hotel door with contented steps, he said:—

"Well, sir, I thought it best to tell you. They say it's ten years in a German prison if you're ketched——"

"If I am caught, Wing; please humour me so far. That policeman is evidently acquainted with a maid-servant in this house. Let us leave him to his amorous reflections and go on to necessary facts. And first about the tickets?"

"They are here, sir—one sleeping-car through to Paris, one ordinary ditto second-class. Frederick goes in my name and I go in yours, sir. We are to wait for you at the Ritz Hotel, and say nothing to nobody at all in the meanwhile. Those is the orders, sir."

"They are the orders, Wing. Excellently done. My own handbag, in the meantime ——"

"Is in Herr Joseph's hands, sir."

"Nothing could be better, Wing. Pray do not disturb me by unnecessary observation of perambulating policemen. You will dine in the sleeping-car and there pass as Captain Osborn Elliott. Frederick will be your valet, Wing. You will wear my travelling cape and the Tyrolese hat without the feather. We are both clean-shaven men and

the ruse should do. At any rate we will try it, Wing, for if it fail there is nothing else to try."

"I am thinking of you, sir," said he, with a real quaver of sentiment in his voice.

"And I am thinking of the Princess Marie," said I, and my sentiment was no less real than his. Indeed, how could it have been? Rich, idle, discontented, what unselfishness, if it were not that capricious chivalry which robs men of their senses at a woman's nod, brought me to the mountain town of Innsbruck, there to risk my liberty that I might deliver three lines upon a twisted slip of paper to that beautiful girl whose hopeless passion for a headstrong soldier has stirred the heart of Europe? Sentiment, a kindly judge would call it, but others give it a harder name, and say that it was folly inconceivable, rashness beyond words, not to be measured by any common standard. Well, let them yap. I would carry the same message again to-morrow if the same blue eyes were to reward me with a smile.

Now, I had seen the Princess Marie in Vienna and I had seen her lover at Monte Carlo in the winter of the year. I knew their story: how that Court intrigue had banished him from Tyrol and sent her as a close prisoner to the old palace at Innsbruck. He was my guest often at the Riviera Palace Hotel and he opened his heart to me. "It is a family affair," he said, "and Berlin will never interfere. She would come to me if I asked her. We could take a villa at San Remo and travel in the summer. I am not rich, but I could give her happiness. If she would say 'yes,' there are friends enough of mine to help us when the first vigilance has passed. But they guard her so closely that I do not know even if she be alive or dead."

"And you do not write to her?" I asked.

He stroked a supple, fair moustache with the emotionless gesture which expresses the resignation of defeat.

"Write to her! My dear Captain Elliott, if there is a man in Europe who can carry a letter through the gates of the Neuer Hof, I will give him ten thousand marks to-night."

"Oh, it's not a wager. Nevertheless——"

I hesitated. A sudden light of hope, of doubt, even of exceeding great joy, came into his eyes.

"Nevertheless——?"

"Nevertheless, I will carry your letter."

"Impossible! It would be conspiracy. They would give you ten years."

"My dear fellow, my time is all my own."

"But a German prison! Reflect. You English are civilized, just, cleanly. We Germans——"

"Agreed. Shall I say 'nevertheless' again?"

"Impossible! I refuse to accept the sacrifice."

"And I the refusal. Come, when is the next train?"

"You are not serious!"

"I will tell you in the morning."

II.

AND so an idler went to tilt at the official windmills in the beautiful town of Innsbruck. It would be useless here to confess the humiliations, the rebuffs I met with in the first weeks of that mad chivalry. A rich man, I thought I had but to jingle my money in the ears of officialdom and that all would be well. There was never such a mistake. Hospitality, geniality, even servility I met with at Innsbruck; but let me mention the name of the Princess Marie, and men froze as though ice had touched their lips. Remember, the tragedy of her life was then but new. Angry relatives, bridling at what they called the shame of a common love-affair, treated this helpless girl not as a kinswoman, but as an alien prisoner of State, to be cajoled, bullied, and driven by sheer desperation into the matrimonial net they spread for her.

Nominally recruiting her health at the Neuer Hof Palace, she was, in fact, its close prisoner, forbidden even to drive beyond its gates or to take the slightest recreation which chosen spies did not supervise. Had the palace been a fortress a closer ring of sentinels could not have guarded it. No pretence, no influence that I could bring, would open that door or remove the barrier. And the servants were adamantine. An attempt to bribe one of them nearly wrecked the whole enterprise in the first week of its inception. I could consult no one, take no advice, nor find a confidant in all the city; and a full month passed and left me baffled and without ideas. The Neuer Hof was a prison whose master-key every circumstance denied to me.

I say that a month passed and found me without a friend in the city. To be exact, I had been twenty-one days in Innsbruck when I first met Herr Albert Neibuhr, though another ten days went by before I spoke to him of the Princess Marie and her story. Had my judgment alone been concerned he was, perhaps, the very last man

in all Germany I would have approached in such a matter. More American than German, a musical adventurer known to many capitals, he had come to Tyrol to snap up peasant players for the great Mystery Play which was to be one of the best-advertised attractions of the St. Louis Exhibition. I had met him in London during the previous spring, and good fortune enabled me to do him some service. When I stumbled upon him in the Neuerstadt, upon a sunny afternoon of May, it was as good as a tonic to hear his cheery "Halloa!" and to be assured that we must go and drink beer together "right now." The same night he dined with me at my hotel in Innsbruck. Ten days passed before we met again outside the palace, and then the merest accident of a chance word told him my story.

There is nothing like American friendship when you really win it. I won the friendship of "Herr Albert" upon this occasion, and right well it served me. From the moment that I told him of a letter which must be delivered to the Princess Marie, and must be delivered by me alone—from that moment, I say, he worked like an adjutant of a regiment to befriend me. There was no scheme, sane or mad, that we did not discuss together, no possible go-between whose fidelity we did not carefully analyze; nevertheless, we had to confess ourselves beaten in the end, for the vigilance of those who guarded the Princess Marie baffled us beyond hope.

"If she wore the Crown jewels all together they could not hold on to her tighter," was my friend's reflection on the evening when he told me that he was leaving for Vienna in two days' time. "The servants are a picked lot, and no mistakes made either. When she drives out, they run a little regiment of society flunkeys round the carriage, and they have all had their palms well greased. What's more, I hear there is big money going for any man who puts them on the scent of danger. You'll have to give it up, my boy. I'm through my list and that's the whole truth."

I answered him that at least we had done our best, though it nettled me more than I confessed to be compelled to admit defeat. Down in Monte Carlo I had imagined that there would be at least twenty ways of carrying a simple letter into the Neuer Hof. Five weeks at Innsbruck laughed at my optimism and justified Count Maurice's incredulity.

"It was in my head when I came here that the servants would help me," I said to Albert; "the Count did not tell me the whole truth. Of course, I have no interest except a man's dislike to admit that he is beaten. If I could only get into the palace for ten minutes it would be done, Albert."

"Why, that's it," said he, "if you could get inside; but how are you going to get there unless you go in Joseph's coat?

"'WOULD HE TAKE MY LETTER UP TO THE PALACE WITH HIM?' I ASKED HIM, SUDDENLY."

Man, they lock it up like a town gaol. There has not been so much as a concert there for a month and there won't be for another. See here, again; I am told that the police

are beginning to be inquisitive about you. You'll have to move your quarters, sir, and come back when it looks more likely. Surely you won't risk running against a German beadle — the game's not good enough."

I laughed at the threat and the subject dropped. He began to speak to me of his visit to Vienna, telling me amongst other things that he had fixed up everything for the Mystery Play in St. Louis, and that the forty peasants chosen were to give "the show" at the Neuer Hof on the following Monday evening, as they had done on that day in May from time beyond memory.

"They are a rum lot," he said, "and they will make a sensation over yonder. Old Joseph, the boss, has been in the States before; he would do pretty well anything for 'yours truly,' and if you want any advice you may speak to him quite freely."

"Would he take my letter up to the palace with him?" I asked him, suddenly.

The idea struck "Herr Albert" all of a heap. He puffed at his cigar and blew splendid wreaths into the still air.

"Why not?" he exclaimed, presently; and then, as though answering himself, he went on: "Why not? Well, because you've given your word to take it yourself. Moreover, he's an honest man. Those players are just the straightest lot in Europe; but I tell you what"—and here he bit off the end of his cigar in his excitement—"if he cannot take the letter, there's no reason why he should not take the man."

I looked at him in blank amazement.

"Albert," I said, "the night is young."

He did not even hear me, so swiftly his mind ran upon the plan.

"Why, yes," he went on, "I begin to figure it out, and, by thunder, it's big. The police are watching you. Well, you quit Innsbruck, and that's the beginning of it. The same night old Joseph colours you up like an Egyptian mummy, and you go up to the palace with the crowd. If you cannot find some means of dropping your *billet-doux* there, I cannot help you any more. But I will put you in the palace as sure as Rhine wine is not treacle, and if money cannot get you out of the city afterwards, why, write me down a nigger."

He drained his glass to the dregs—we had been supping together in a restaurant—and slapping me on the shoulder he insisted that I should see old Joseph without a moment's loss of time.

For my part, I confess that the idea excited me to a point I would not readily have allowed. Trivial as my message seemed, I knew that its political consequences might astound all Europe. Success has always been dear to me, as it is dear to all men born with silver spoons in their mouths. Beyond any amusement I had ever known, this amusement of tricking a German Court, despite the very army of sentinels which guarded it, seemed indeed a sport for kings, the like to which I have never known.

III.

Now, the first part of this plan you have already seen put into execution. It being necessary to persuade the police of Innsbruck that I was about to quit the city, I caused my valet, Wing, to book a place in the express to Paris two days after my conversation with the amazing Albert. This berth was not to be occupied by me, but by my servant, who would travel in my name. For valet he was to take Frederick, a young English lad in Albert's employ, and these two were to go masquerading into France as Captain Osborn Elliott and his servant. Whether the ruse would or would not defeat the police remained to be seen. I could think of nothing better, and so it had to serve.

It was nearly dark when the men set out. I watched them from the unlighted window of my bedroom, and as the carriage drove away the inquisitive sergeant of police, whom they had posted as a sentinel, certainly followed after it. But common sense asked, "How far would he go? How soon would such a simple cheat be discovered?" The night alone would answer that, and for the moment I scarcely considered it. My own task was now to slip out of the hotel unobserved, and to make my way to old Joseph's hotel—no difficult matter in the twilight and at that busy hour. Whatever suspicions the police entertained, I felt convinced that they were mere surmises and would be quieted by my apparent departure from the city—that is, if Wing were not detected at the station. My own road lay toward the river, to the old-fashioned inn of the Golden Eagle, wherein the players who were to appear at the palace were already assembled. And there I came at seven o'clock almost to the minute.

What story Albert had told Father Joseph and his intimates I never fully learned. He might have represented it as a mad Englishman's whim; he certainly drew a substantial sum from me to ease any scruples; and it

must be remembered that the players themselves, coming down from their homes in the mountains especially for this Mystery Play, knew little of the palace secret, and for that very reason were permitted by the authorities to enter freely.

I found great excitement at the inn: a going to and fro of men, a waving of lanterns, and a clattering of tongues, which was entirely to my liking. The whole place, stables, kitchens, even the cellars, swarmed with peasants from the hills. Here they were supping in rude barns about rude tables, which coarse food adorned. There they rehearsed a picture, or chanted a wild melody, or tried on the costumes which a pathetically if I wished to proceed farther in the matter.

"You see my people," he said, with pride, "they are not common players, sir; you will find yourself in strange company, but it will be honourable company. I do not know what would happen to us if we were discovered, but the Herr Albert tells me you will not be in Innsbruck to-morrow, and I repeat that I know nothing, and wish to know nothing. The English, forgive me, are a strange people; you may have just reasons, I do not ask for them."

I assured him that my reasons were of no concern to anyone but myself; and then our eyes met, and I thought I read knowledge in

"HE ALLOWED NONE OTHER THAN HIMSELF TO MAKE UP MY DISGUISE."

Serene Highness must admire presently. Herr Joseph himself, a saintly-looking old man whom Rembrandt would have loved to paint, was the victim of such confusion and clamour that some minutes passed before I could recall myself to his recollection or make him understand that I was the mad Englishman who would go up to the palace with the players. When I succeeded in doing so he led me aside to a little room, and, wiping a steaming brow and calling for a glass of white wine, he asked me almost his. To this day I believe that this saintly old man was perfectly well aware why I went up to the Neuer Hof, and that his own devotion to the Princess Marie helped the guineas which I had already put into his pocket. If it were not so, he must have thought the English mad indeed. But I observed that he was most careful to keep me out of observation until the dresses were brought in, that he allowed none other than himself to make up my disguise, and would permit me to join his company only when

they were already in the street upon the way to the palace. The conclusion was inevitable. Albert had wisely told him everything; he knew his man.

Imagine the scene if you can and place it in the quaint street of that mountain city of Innsbruck. Had an ignorant traveller come upon it suddenly he might reasonably have believed that the people were mad. But they love the Mystery Play in Tyrol, and these rough peasants, with whom I marched shoulder to shoulder toward the palace, were heroes every one to the sturdy folk who now applauded them. I myself appeared to be disguised as a friar of the Middle Ages—old Joseph had stained my face a mahogany colour; I wore a long robe of rough frieze and carried a staff and lantern in my hand. My own father would have passed me by in the throng; and so well was the thing done that two of my brother-actors addressed me with the familiar "thou" of the peasant circle and were not startled by the monosyllable with which I answered them. Daring as the plan had been, hazardous to the point of folly, I began to believe that it would succeed. Wherever the police might seek me in Innsbruck, it would not be, I thought, among the hooded friars at the Neuer Hof. I had but to hold my tongue and keep my cowl drawn and the thing was done—at least, so far as the risk of discovery went. Whether, however, I should find any opportunity of delivering my message, the hours alone could say. The one excitement was enough; I scarce dared to think about the other.

"I WENT BY THEM SLOWLY INTO THE TENT."

We passed by the main gate of the palace safely enough, and, being taken through the gardens toward the great ball-room, I found that we were there shown into a marquee put up especially for the players' convenience and guarded at the door by two smart hussars, who scanned each face narrowly. It was a splendid moment when they turned a searching gaze upon my dishonest features and seemed about to cry out upon the sham—so at least my imagination made it appear to be; but I had not been an amateur actor ten years for nothing, and they, it must be remembered, had not even a suspicion of any intrigue afoot. So I went by them slowly into the tent, and there the worst part of it began, for a hush fell upon the company as though it were abashed even in the precincts of a palace and must abandon all natural action until the play were done. So I found myself compelled to answer whispered questions, and when the ancient Joseph came up to me he was welcomed indeed.

"Go in with the others and don't open your lips," he whispered; "the Princess will talk to us in the library afterwards. Do what you can then."

I thanked him with a nod, and presently a distant murmur of music implied that some sort of overture was being played. A very important Master of Ceremonies in a uniform of green and gold came to the door of the tent and bawled something of particular gratification to himself, but of no great concern to anyone else. A little interval elapsed and then, rising as one man, the peasants around me trooped out of the marquee through a narrow passage which led to the impromptu theatre, and bursting in upon an extensive

stage they began to raise a weird, wild chant which I understood to be the opening chorus of the Mystery. Pressed in the heat of the throng, surrounded by it upon all sides, I could make little of the scene or of the play. Certainly the back drop appeared to depict an old castle in Tyrol; there was a little chapel built up on the opposite prompt side, and down by the footlights an old gentleman with flowing white locks ranted at the unoffending heavens while the chorus roared back at him triumphantly. All this I was sensible of, but that which alone interested me was the audience. The Princess Marie, where was she? I scanned the scarlet chairs eagerly, but could not see her. Had they, fearing even this play, kept her from the theatre? My heart sank as I admitted it to be possible.

We sang the chorus and departed, violently excited, as we had come. Ten minutes intervened, perhaps, before we returned to the stage, this time to raise a dirge which would have drawn tears from the marble bust of Oliver Cromwell. As we knelt upon the hard boards my view of the auditorium became less obscured, and at the second glance I perceived the object of my journey. The Princess sat upon her mother's right hand. She wore a simple white gown and carried a bouquet of white lilac in her hands. I remembered that it was Count Maurice's flower of old time, and I could not help but tell myself that her cheek would have worn a brighter colour had she known that a letter from her lover was crushed by the hands I raised in such pious denunciation.

You may judge with what expectancy I now waited for the conclusion of this doleful Mystery. Never has a dramatic entertainment (though Heaven knows I found it far from that) seemed to me so long. And to my impatience the fear of discovery linked itself stubbornly. How, I thought, if Wing had been detected at the station and the police were already scouring the city for me! They might even have traced me to the palace. Certainly there were officials enough in the theatre, and as the tedious performance dragged its weary length and the doleful chorus continued to bewail its misfortunes in a minor key, the idea came to me that a youngster in a splendid uniform of blue and silver had picked me out from the throng and watched me persistently with boyish, cunning eyes which nothing could turn from my face. Pure imagination I do not doubt it to have been, but the persistency of it became uncanny, so that in the end, do what I would, the nervous tension compelled me to give the lad an eye for an eye, and I stared back at him with all the effrontery I could command.

A loud crash of music, a wild turmoil, an Emperor, or somebody made up as one, dying upon the crowded stage—and so the curtain fell. Then with that mournful company I passed from the theatre to a considerable ante-room, wherein the players were to be thanked by the Serene Highness and his relatives. My fear of the young and inquisitive officer had for the time being driven the chief purpose of my visit out of my thoughts; but here upon the new scene the whole excitement of it returned at a bound, and my heart beat like a machine as I waited for the coming of the Princess. Had she returned to her apartments, or should I meet her face to face? Luck was with me for the second time—the question answered itself almost as soon as it was asked; for she accompanied her uncle to the room, and by her side there stalked a majestic officer of the household, who seemed to say: "Look upon me, if such splendour does not blind you." This man had not been in my reckoning. My heart sank as I realized how much I had gone through, and how small the profit was likely to be.

Here, then, was the situation—a big room with the players standing round it like those who seek audience of the Pope at the Vatican; in the centre of the room his Serene Highness uttering a few gracious words to anyone who came within hearing. Upon the right hand, chatting affably with the humbler members of the company, stood the young girl I had dared so much to see, and for whose pretty face I would have dared it ten times again. Excited as I had been throughout this adventure, the immediate moment of her approach surpassed all other sensations and left me as a man upon the brink of a precipice, to lose all or gain all at a single step. But for the gaunt officer of the "Sun and Moon" order, the thing had been easy enough. I could have slipped the note into her little hand as she passed and none had been the wiser, not even the player at my elbow. But his Magnificence followed her with the persistency of a show dog. Ten, twenty steps more and the chance were lost for ever; for now she talked to the third man from me and in under a minute she would have passed me by. Did ever a man suffer such a torture of doubt and chagrin? What in Heaven's name could I do? My mind seemed a perfect blank; I saw nothing,

heard nothing but the mighty man of lace and buttons, the amazing janissary whose very presence defeated all that resource had done so laboriously. And yet old Joseph was speaking to me at that very moment. He had crossed the room to do so.

How was it done? It seems a miracle to me even now, looking back to it when months have passed. There is this to be said, however, that I carried in my hand not only the letter with which Count Maurice had entrusted me, but a key to his mistress's

"HE WENT STRAIGHT UP TO THE OFFICER AND BEGAN TO SPEAK TO HIM."

"It is quite impossible," he was saying; "please be careful—it is very dangerous."

I turned to him, mad with exasperation and defeat; and then the great idea came to me.

"Get that man away," I whispered; "ask him if he knows that the Englishman, Captain Osborn Elliott, is still in Innsbruck."

It was just a desperate resource, that and nothing more. To this day I do not know what made me think of it. The old man at my side cast one amazed glance at me, and then, without another word, he went straight up to the officer and began to speak to him. I heard a low, guttural exclamation, and it was followed by some earnest question; the two men turned together toward the lower end of the room, and in that instant I delivered Count Maurice's letter.

attention which could scarcely fail me. This was nothing more or less than a little chain of gold, with a cross of pure emerald at its end. The Count had put it into my hands at Monte Carlo upon the day I left him. "It will be your passport," he said, and so, indeed, it proved.

The Princess spoke to my neighbour, a loquacious and very humble peasant; then she looked at me with little interest, and I could have cried out aloud when I perceived that she was about to pass on and that all was lost.

"Highness," I stammered, bowing low. She did not seem to hear me, and yet the trinket jingled upon my arm and the paper in my hand burned me like fire. Was it all of no avail, then? I thought so, and, thinking it, I heard her speak to a rough fellow upon

my right; and then—ah, so cleverly—with self-possession such as I have never seen before or since, she stood between me and my neighbour, and quick as light I thrust the missive into the satin bag which hung down from her girdle. One look from those deeply blue eyes expressed surpassing amazement and almost childish gratitude. She passed on, and, all the weight of my burden of doubt and difficulty tumbling from my shoulders, I could have cried like a girl for the very delight of it.

"I THRUST THE MISSIVE INTO THE SATIN BAG WHICH HUNG DOWN FROM HER GIRDLE."

Premature tears, you say. I answer, premature indeed; for scarcely had the thing been done and the success of it been claimed when, looking up, I found the young cub of an officer staring straight at me; and I knew that my secret was his and that the instant of danger had come.

He knew it; he had seen all—the ruse, the letter, the silent exchange of meaning glances. A saturnine smile played upon his rascally face. I could have struck him down where he stood and paid the price of the blow joyfully. Had he but spoken, accused me there and then or called in the sentinels to his assistance, the suspense of it would have been less terrible. But he did nothing, save to smile as one who would say "I know."

Now, I am a man that has been in a good many corners in my life, and this was not a corner to rob me of my wits. One thing I had chiefly in my mind, and it was this: to get away to some place where I could slip my monk's robe, and then make a dash through the gardens for the carriage which awaited me. To this end I returned the young cub's gaze with all the nonchalance I could command, and even laughed at him when our glances met. Had old Joseph come back it would have been easier, but he was still at the far end of the room with the magnificent officer; and there was nothing to be hoped from him. So I continued to smile at my booby; and presently, as the players gradually filed from the room, I shuffled out with them into the corridor, and there, with an agility which surprised me, I turned aside into a little ante-room and found myself face to face with an old servant who received me without any expression of astonishment whatever.

"I am to await Herr Joseph," I stammered. "His Serene Highness's orders."

He bowed and said nothing. All about me were the coats and cloaks of the still perspiring musicians. This venerable servitor suspected nothing—he did not even stare at me, and a full ten minutes passed in as painful an interval of suspense as I have ever lived through. Why had no alarm been raised? I asked. What was the young cub doing? I was soon to learn, for when the ten minutes were up the door opened slowly and he entered the room with that supercilious laugh still upon his face, and his teeth gleaming like a dog's. Vain to hide from such a man. I shrugged my shoulders and turned

my back upon him, while he, giving a brusque order to the old man, sent him bowing from the room. Then my swashbuckler put a hand upon my shoulder. I did not strike him, though the temptation was great. I am thankful to-day for the prudence which kept my hand still.

"You fool!" he said, and repeated it with intense satisfaction, "You fool!"

I stared him full in the face, but deuce of a word came to my lips in reply. His next act astonished me even more than his words, for he loosed the rope of my monk's habit with a rough gesture, and laughed when he discovered my suit of dark flannels beneath it.

"Oh, here's a Yankee monk," he cried, laughing like a lad; "here's a new order of

"'OH, HERE'S A YANKEE MONK,' HE SAID."

friars. And you thought they wouldn't see it. Well, now, that's pluck, that's real pluck. And I like pluck, though I must do my duty —yes, I must do my duty."

He repeated this many times, holding to the habit as he did so. By-and-by, at the sound of voices in the corridor, he began to drag the robe from me and, pulling it off with nimble fingers, he snatched up a musician's cloak from the bench and bade me take it.

"Follow me," he said, "but do not speak a word."

I put on the cloak, scarcely knowing whether I were standing on my head or my heels. He opened the door and I followed him down the corridor, out into the gardens, across a little square to the officers' quarters. Instinctively I understood now how greatly I had misjudged this man. In his own rooms his own confession justified my faith.

He shut the door of a tiny sitting-room, and drawing the curtain across the windows laughed so heartily again that I began to think indiscretion would yet undo all.

"For Heaven's sake wait until we are out of the wood," I said. "Do you know that all Innsbruck will be looking for me presently?"

He laughed the louder, laughed as he moved about, laughed as he looked at my painted face, laughed as he took white wine and cigars from his cupboard.

"Pshaw!" he cried, presently; "the police say that you left to-night by the Paris express. His Highness knows it."

"And you — are you not going to contradict it?"

"I? My friend, not so. I am going to drink to the health of the Princess Marie."

He raised a glass and touched mine. His boyish eyes told me the story. Here was another, I said, ready to risk all for a woman's smile.

An hour later he passed me out himself through the officers' gate. I found my carriage in the lane behind the palace and drove straight to old Joseph's house. Three days afterwards I was in Switzerland.

And the letter? Why, has not all Europe read of the elopement from the Neuer Hof, and of a lovers' marriage in a little church upon the borders of Lake Geneva?

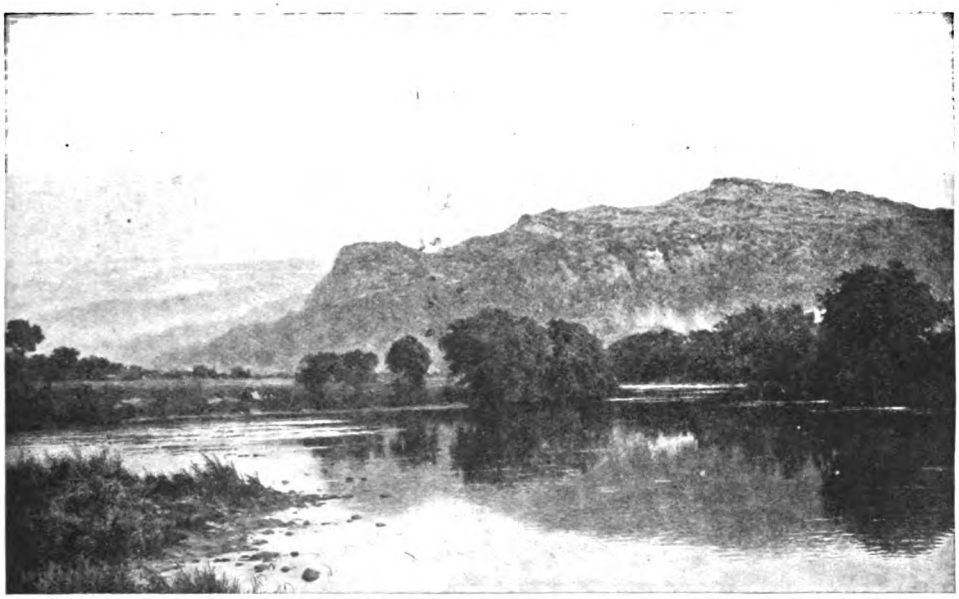
What is the Finest View in the Kingdom?

GREAT ARTISTS' OPINIONS.

IT is said that when the great French landscape painter, Corot, visited London he was taken by his host, a still-surviving member of the Royal Academy, to observe the prospect from Hampstead Heath. He was taken completely by surprise.

"It is beautiful—it is unique!" he ejaculated. "Nowhere in Europe is there a more charming landscape. And so near the world's greatest capital, too. I never could have believed it."

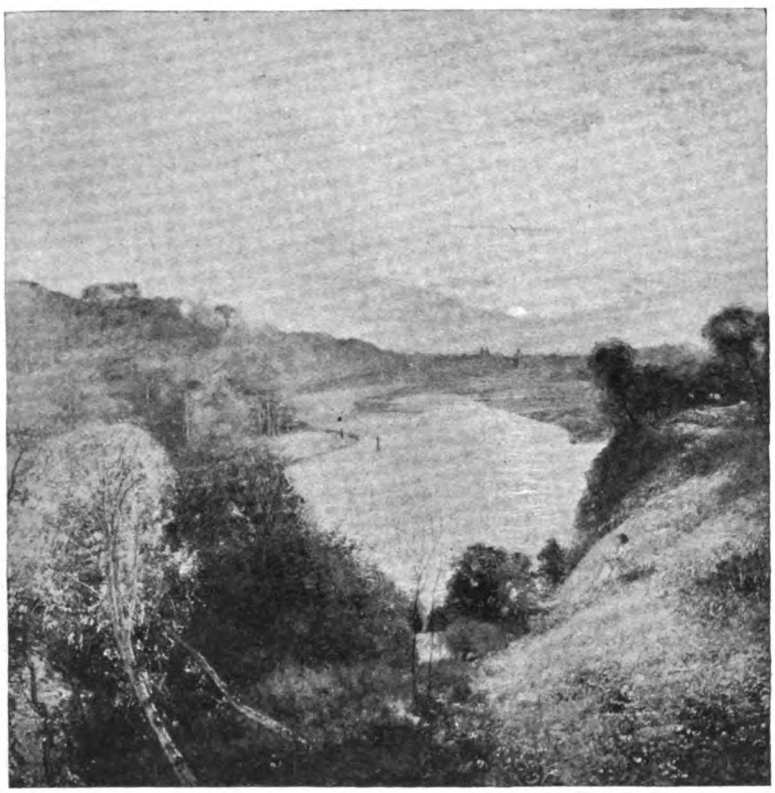
Not infrequently do poets bestow the most extravagant eulogies upon some combination of "sylvan shade and glassy mere, winding burn and vernal slope," which they proceed to celebrate in verse. But the painter, as a rule, proceeds more warily. He is not so quick to volunteer an expression of an opinion as to whether one particular landscape is pre-eminently superior to another. Yet this by no means implies that he is without an opinion in the matter, and this fact lends all the more interest to the expressions of a preference by nearly all the leading landscape painters of the day which we publish in this number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. To them we put the question, "What in your judgment is the most beautiful view—the most perfect piece of landscape—in the kingdom?" It will be noted by the zealous searcher after the picturesque that not a single one of the fifteen talented painters to whom the question was addressed coincides with another in his choice. To begin with, that veteran artist, Mr. B. W. Leader, R.A., whose knowledge of Great Britain's scenic wealth is on a par with his great ability to delineate it, writes as follows: "In my opinion the most picturesque locality in the British Isles is the neighbourhood of Bettws-y-Coed. There a landscape painter can find every variety of scenery, placid rivers, rocky streams, deep gorges, waterfalls, and wild mountains. In the valley are quiet meadows, corn and hay fields, small farms and cottages, dotted about, with their whitewashed walls sparkling in the sun; there are also deep woods of birch and oak with many rocks and crags, small streams running through them, with miniature waterfalls and still pools reflecting the ferns and greenery above them. David Cox never tired of the place and visited it for many years in succession. Creswick, Mark Anthony, and Alfred Hunt painted some of their best pictures there. I know of no other locality where there is so much variety and beauty." Mr. Leader adds, "I send you a



"WHERE PEACEFUL WATERS GLIDE." By B. W. LEADER, R.A.
Reproduced by permission of the Manchester Whitworth Institute.

photograph from a picture of mine, which I called 'Where Peaceful Waters Glide.' It is a scene on the River Conway, at Bettws-y-Coed."

"It is all a question of temperament," remarked Mr. David Murray, A.R.A., one of the foremost landscape painters of the day. "What one regards as beautiful, another may consider indifferent, if not actually ugly. Giving one's opinion on the very finest piece of landscape in the kingdom is also a question of temperament. I confess I have a very great deal of diffidence in choosing out one particular view amongst many beautiful views and saying that I consider it the very best. Yet I am willing to admit that the places I visit I consider at the time to be the best, or I should not go there to paint. On the whole, the view to which I turn with the greatest pleasure, and which has perhaps given me the greatest pleasure as well as the greatest trouble to paint, is that of 'The Don abune Balgownie,' in Aberdeenshire. You see, although I exhibited it at the Royal Academy five years ago I have not finished it yet, and I cannot let it leave my hands until I am completely satisfied with it." The picture, expressly photographed for THE STRAND MAGAZINE in its present state, shows the river near Aberdeen, and is in itself perhaps the most masterly achievement of the artist's brush. "As an evidence of my impartiality, however," continued Mr. Murray, "I must say that some of the finest scenery I know of is to be found in the vicinity of Ringwood,



"THE DON ABUNE BALGOWNIE." By DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.

Hants, and of quite a different character, and I fully agree with Mr. Clausen as to the value of sky and clouds in a landscape. Beautiful clouds can make even a dull view seem beautiful for the nonce. But as to the very finest view," he added, with a gesture towards the lovely valley of the Don, with its rich and varied autumn foliage, "well, if I hadn't thought that was the finest, would I have painted it?"

"I have seen so many beautiful views in the kingdom," said Mr. J. MacWhirter, R.A.,

"that I confess the difficulty of making a selection is very great. But, of course, to me the very finest landscapes are to be found in Scotland, although I am by no means bigoted in my preference, for I find all Italy beautiful also. Indeed, so far as I am concerned, I would restrict the field of my scenery. Mr. East writes to THE STRAND: "What is the most picturesque locality or the most perfect piece of landscape in these islands? It is a difficult question to answer, since there are so many beautiful places in England, each having its own peculiar beauty —the valley of the Thames in June, or the

"THE BIRCH WOODS OF ARRAN." By J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

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favourite scenery to all Scotland and all Italy. If compelled to narrow down my choice to two or three examples I have no hesitation in saying that what has impressed me most is the view up Glen Sannox, near Corrie, in the Island of Arran, showing the birch wood and sea. This view I have painted under the title of 'The Birch Woods of Arran.' Then I must not omit the strikingly beautiful Glen Affric in Inverness-shire, with its forest of birches and its combination of sylvan beauty and mountain grandeur, and all round about Aviemore, where I have worked for the last two seasons."

There are few more talented landscape painters or greater connoisseurs of world-scenery than Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A., who has, in this year's Academy, testified to his catholicity by painting a picture of Japanese

Cumberland hills in winter, or the wooded glade in the rich calm of autumn; but the one which is in my mind as I write is the Valley of the Wye at Tintern, in the golden light of an October day. This was the scene beloved of Wordsworth, and celebrated in his 'Lines Written Above Tintern':—

> Those steep and lofty cliffs
> That on a wild secluded scene impress
> Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
> The landscape with the quiet of the sky.

I painted a picture of this view, which was in last year's Academy, from the wooded hillside above the village. You may remember that Turner painted it from the meadow on the left of the river." Of this view Murray's Handbook remarks: "It is one of the most remarkable and beautiful views in England—not surpassed in grandeur by any other river scene in Europe."

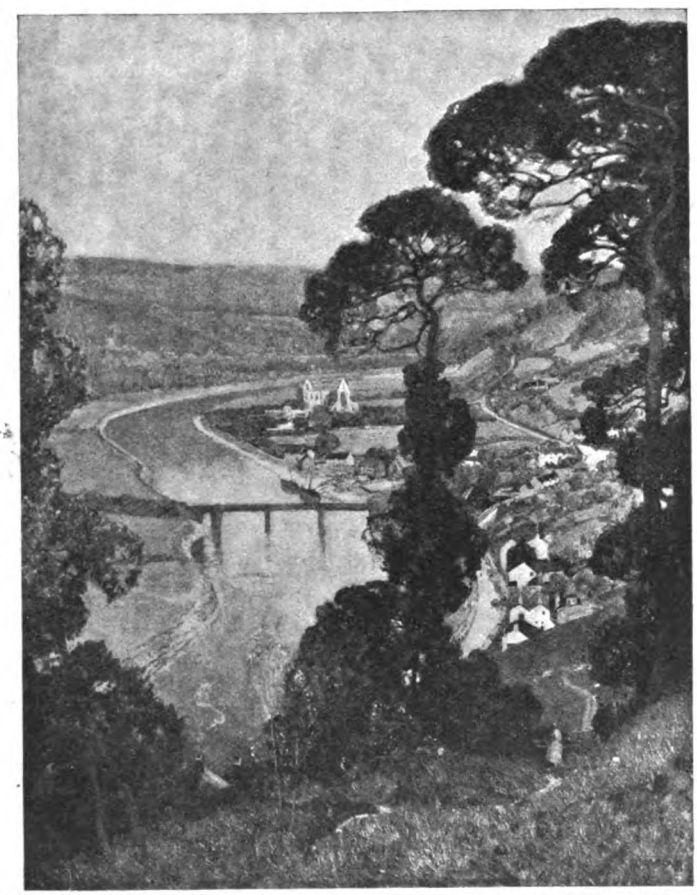
After all, although Mr. Leader goes to

Wales for the finest view, Messrs. Murray and MacWhirter to Scotland, and Mr. East to the West of England, the finest view itself is really largely helped by meteorological conditions.

> Mountains and valleys there be in the clouds
> No foot hath trod nor eye beheld below.

is, I think, that there should be an extensive view, and the charm which this possesses for us is not so much that we can see so far and see so many things as that we can see the effect of light and of clouds upon the earth."

"How can I answer your question," re-

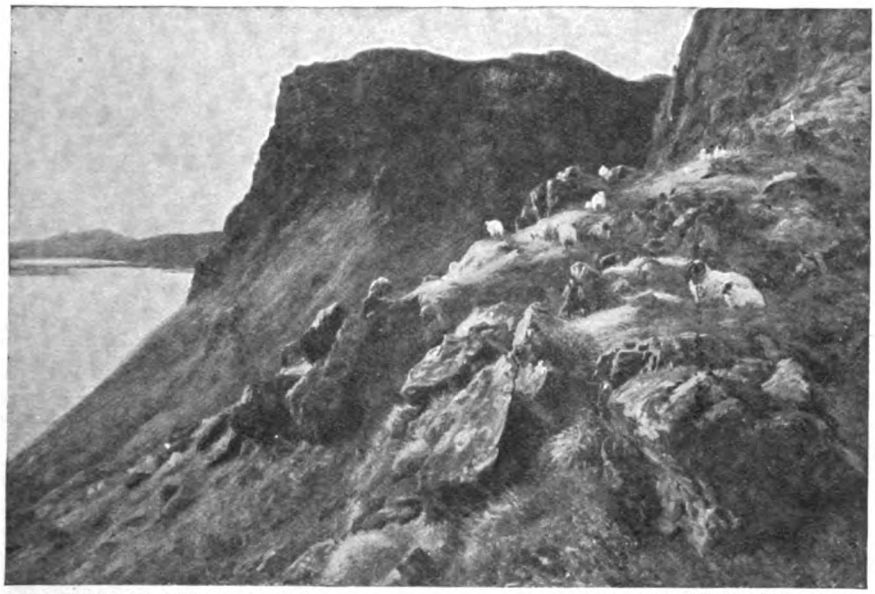


"TINTERN—VALLEY OF THE WYE." By ALFRED EAST, A.R.A.

On this point Mr. George Clausen, A.R.A., writes:—

"I fancy one could find the finest scenery in the places where Turner painted and from the points of view which he chose. But I do not think the beauty of landscape depends so much on the configuration of the ground or on the actual facts of any place as on the effects of light or atmosphere under which it may be seen. The finest view may look nothing at all on a bad day, and the most ordinary and commonplace scene may be made beautiful by its lighting. The chief element in a beautiful landscape (in Nature)

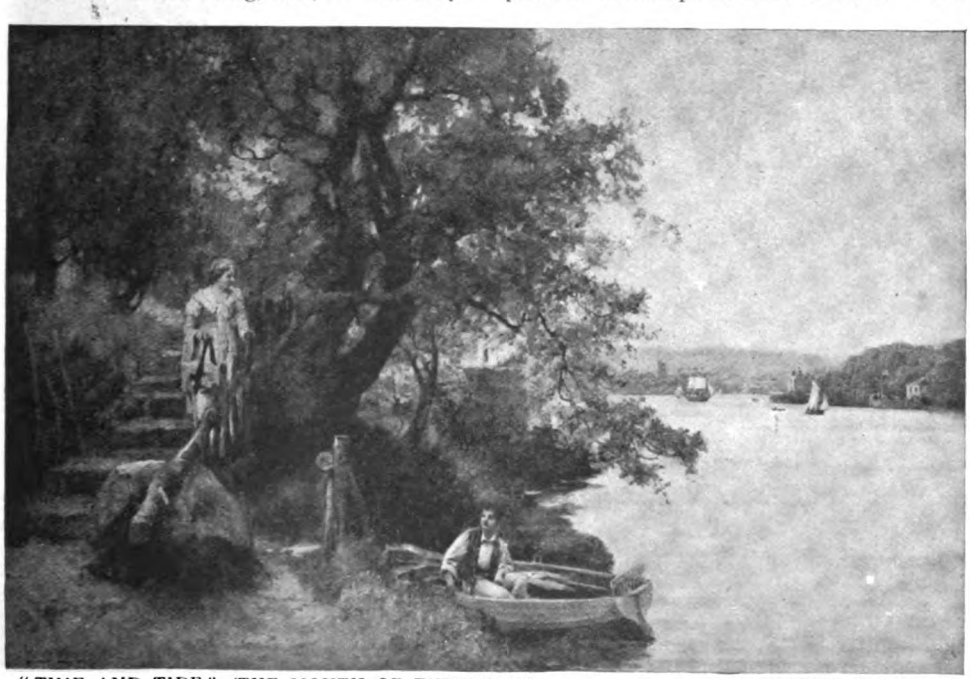
marked Mr. J. Farquharson, A.R.A., "when, so far as I am concerned as a painter of landscape, I rarely, if ever, reproduce any single scene, but rather a composite of scenes? I take a clump of trees from one, a mountain from another, a cottage from a third, and so build up my ideal view. Yet I admit there are certain species of landscape which would appeal to one painter's temperament and not to another. I have in mind two views which seem to me singularly fine, and yet none of my brother artists might choose them. One is a view on the coast of Gribun, in Mull, where the high, projecting



"MOUNTAINS WITH CRAGS." By J. FARQUHARSON, A.R.A.

masses of granite have a picturesque colouring not elsewhere found. This view I have painted under the title 'Mountains with Crags.' Another landscape I think especially fine is of Loch Duich, in Inverness-shire."

Than Mr. Yeend King, R.I., few landscape painters in the kingdom are more popular or have a better right to be heard in such a matter. "I should not have thought," he writes, "that any question put to me would have given me such difficulty to answer as: 'What in your judgment is the most perfect piece of landscape in these islands?' I can



"TIME AND TIDE." (THE MOUTH OF THE DART.) By YEEND KING, R.I.

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think of a score of beautiful places, but cannot give the preference to one. Had I seen less of my native land the choice might have been easier. My memory wanders north, south, east, and west, over England, Wales, and Scotland, but leaves me unable to answer the question.

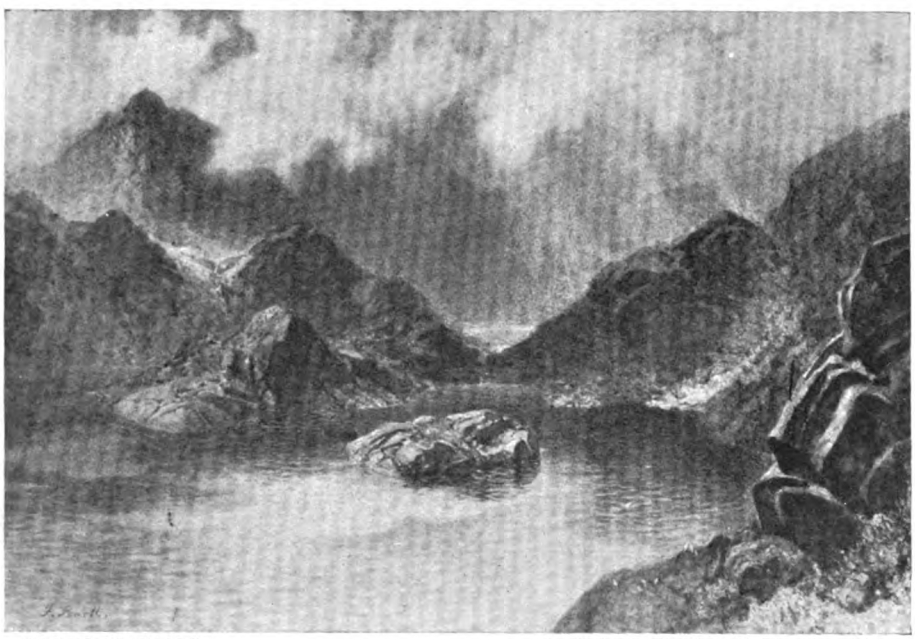
"I can only give what are in my opinion some of the most beautiful scenes. English rivers: The Thames at Streatley, now spoiled by the modern buildings, and at Pangbourne. The Kennet, between Theale and Newbury. The Avon, under Bredon Hill. For rock and stream, the Lyn in North Devon, above Watersmeet, near the little village of Brendon, and in South Devon the Dart near Dartmouth Castle. For the perfection of Lake scenery, Derwent Water at Borrowdale. For Welsh mountain scenery, the view of Moel Siabod and the Lledr Valley from the viaduct near the Herons' Pool. Highlands—the view looking down the Dee from the Brig o' Dee, with Loch Nagar in the distance."

Mr. King, after due consideration, selected two views of landscape, as painted by him, for the purposes of this article, one of which, showing the Dart near Dartmouth Castle, we reproduce.

The talented President of the Royal Scottish Society of Water-Colour Painters, Sir Francis Powell, R.W.S., writes:—

"To name what I consider the most picturesque landscape in the British Isles seems an exceedingly difficult task, for many scenes might each lay claim to being most beautiful in its particular charm—one for its mountain glory, another for the loveliness of its distant view, while the sweetness of its river-banks might win the honour for a rural scene.

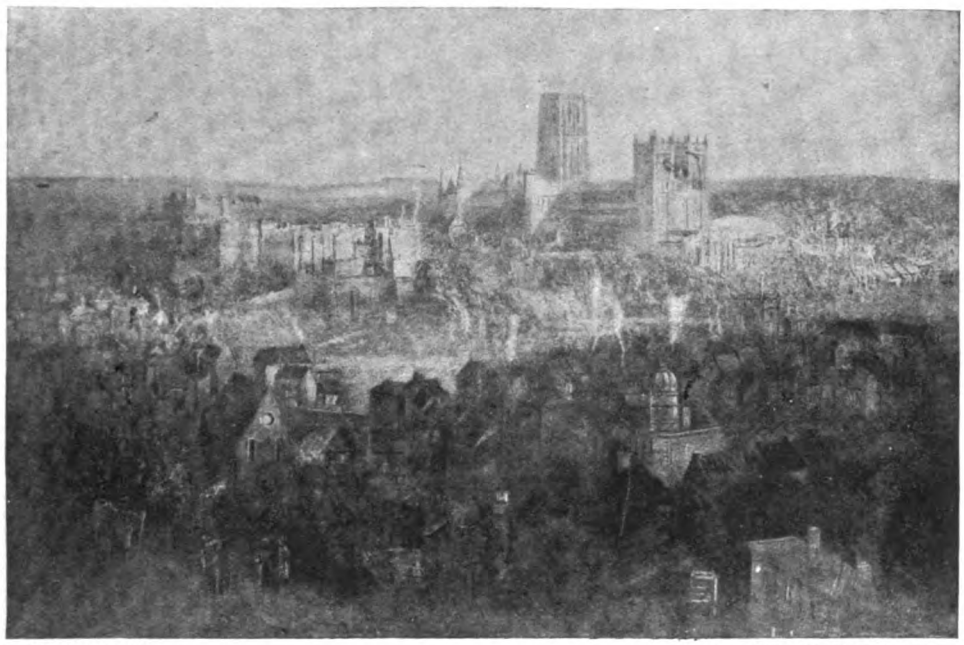
"But on consideration I think I have been most impressed with the grandeur and picturesque features of Loch Scavaig in the Isle of Skye, a place I have visited many times and always with recurring admiration."



"LOCH SCAVAIG." By SIR FRANCIS POWELL, P.R.S.W.
Reproduced by permission of J. A. Dunn, Esq.

Mr. Harry Hine, R.I., thus answers our question: "I know of no more beautiful view in this country than the view of Durham from near the level of the railway; or the north-west view of St. Alban's Abbey and town before its restoration."

A painter of English scenery with a large following of admirers is Mrs. Helen Allingham, R.W.S., whose charming series of water-colour drawings in "Happy England" unfold before us a real fairyland of rural quaintness and colour. "I am afraid," said Mrs. Allingham, "that my knowledge of our own country is



"DURHAM." By HARRY HINE, R.I.

Reproduced by permission of the Artist.

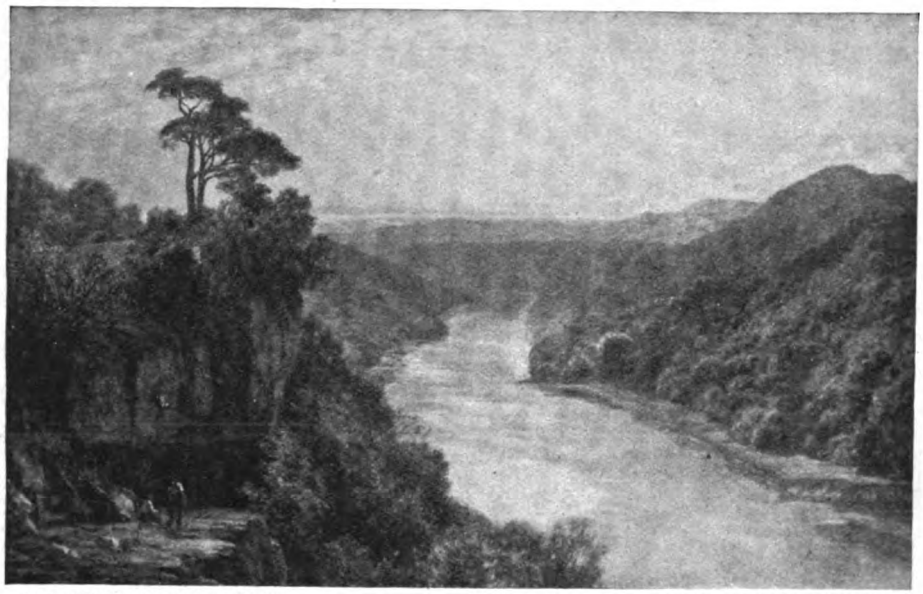
very limited. I have painted chiefly in Surrey, Kent, Dorset, Middlesex, Bucks, Gloucestershire, and the Isle of Wight; also in the neighbourhood of Whitby a little. Each of these counties has to me its own charm. Nevertheless," she went on, "I am bound to say there is one kind of scenery which has an irresistible fascination for me, it is so thoroughly, so charmingly English, and nowhere is it to be found in such perfection as in Surrey. I think no cottages beat the Surrey cottages, and this view, which THE STRAND is at liberty to reproduce, I select as the best."

That popular landscape painter, Mr. C. E. Johnson, R.I., writes: "The stretch of country in Sussex from Pulborough and

"BASKET WOMAN." By MRS. HELEN ALLINGHAM, R.W.S.

A CHARMING BIT OF SURREY SCENERY.

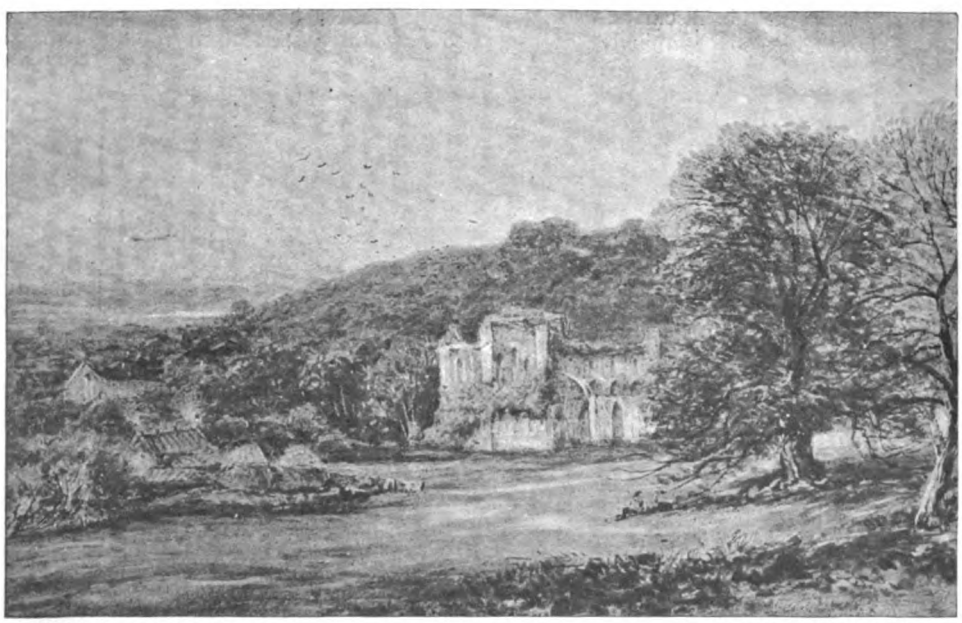
Reproduced by permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black.



"AUTUMN ON THE WYE." By C. E. JOHNSON, R.I.
Reproduced by permission of Mr. Arthur Lucas, 38, Baker Street, W., publisher of the large engraving.

Amberley to Arundel is, in my mind, the most beautiful I have yet seen in England. In Scotland my preference lies between Glencoe, Loch Cornish in Skye, and the Trossachs, with Loch Katrine and Loch Achray included. As regards the river scenery in England, I should give the palm to the River Wye above Chepstow, the Avon at Clifton, and the Thames from Richmond Hill."

The choice of Mr. James Orrock, R.I., lies in Yorkshire, and is represented in the beautiful view from the artist's brush given herewith.



"RIVAULX ABBEY." By JAMES ORROCK, R.I.
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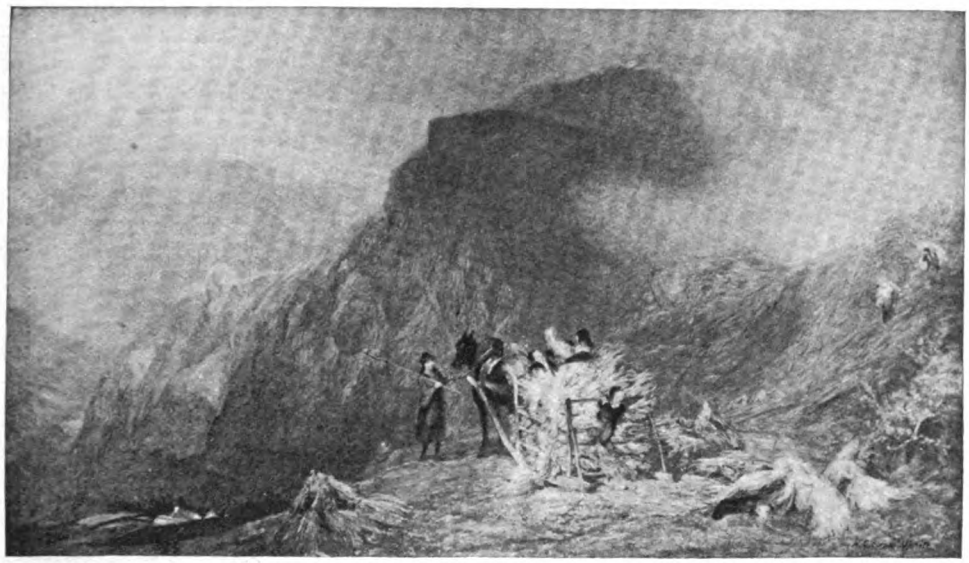
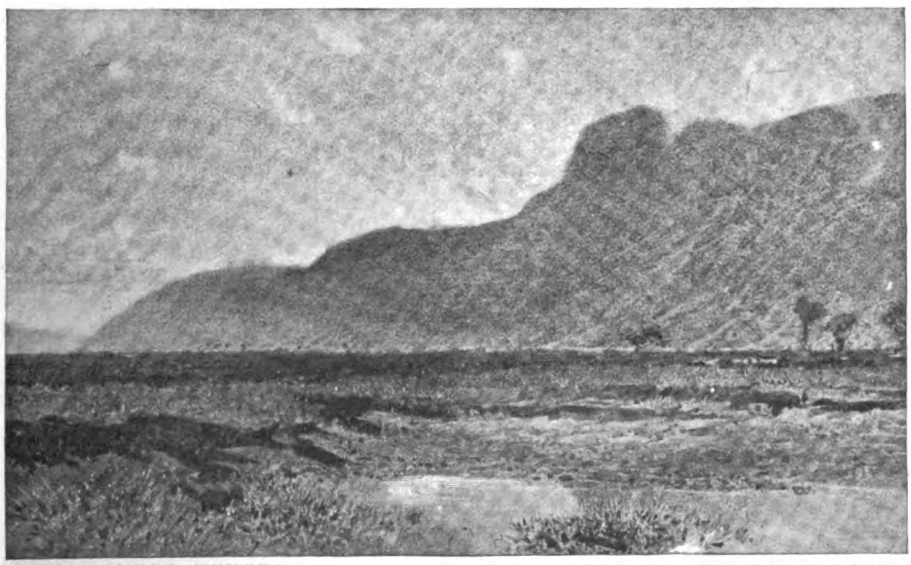


"HARVEST ON THE WELSH HILLS." By H. CLARENCE WHAITE, R.W.S.

Several of our painters would seem to "follow the lead of Leader" (as Mr. Whistler once slyly remarked) and go to Wales for a selection, and of such is Mr. H. Clarence Whaite, R.W.S., President of the Royal Cambrian Academy.

"In reply to your question," writes Mr. Whaite, "I have no hesitation in saying that the most perfect and grandest scenery in this country is to be found amongst our mountains—and Wales, perhaps, the grandest of all—especially around Snowdon, where the landscape remains in all its native wildness." With this opinion Mr. Whaite sends us his charming "Harvest on the Welsh Hills" as an example of what he considers the finest scenery in Britain.

Few landscape artists have a wider scope than Mr. Matthew Hale, R.W.S., who, with all his knowledge of the picturesque wealth of the British Islands, finds his happiest inspira-



"LOCH MAREE—SUNSET." By W. MATTHEW HALE, R.W.S.

Reproduced by permission of the Artist.

tion in the Scottish Highlands. Mr. Hale's choice is Loch Maree at sunset—a choice which will commend itself to all of our readers who have been privileged to view this fine bit of scenery.

Mr. R. Thorne-Waite, R.W.S., writes: "I beg to say that the locality I consider the most picturesque in Great Britain is the Down country in Sussex and Kent."

"THE LAND OF FAR DISTANCES—KENT." By R. THORNE-WAITE, R.W.S.
Reproduced by permission of the Artist.

Pressed for a choice, this talented painter selected the view depicted in his picture, "The Land of Far Distances—Kent," which is now on exhibition at the New Gallery.

So far, then, no great English landscape painter of to-day is found to agree with M. Corot, that the view from Hampstead Heath is the landscape *par excellence*. Londoners, of course, will feel flattered at the distinguished Frenchman's encomium, while the rest of the kingdom will, doubtless, attribute it to a limited knowledge of the manifold scenic perfections which the kingdom has to offer.

But what then will be said of the following passage in a letter written by the illustrious Constable, to be found in his "Life": "Our little drawing-room (in Well Walk, Hampstead) commands a view *unsurpassed in Europe*"? It is true it is not the view northward, so admirably expressed in Mr. David Murray's "Hampstead's Happy Heath," but that looking southward, now, alas, blurred beyond repair. Constable's "finest view in Europe" took in London itself. "The dome of St. Paul's in the air seems to realize Michael Angelo's words on seeing the Pantheon, 'I will build such a thing in the sky!'"

But we must not seek for an opinion amongst the masters of landscape in the past, or we shall be still more perplexed to award the palm. Turner's favourite view is said to have been at Totnes on the Dart, a picture of which he left to the nation, but again, as Mr. Clausen says, it is the "effects of light and atmosphere" which are the chief features of Turner's canvases, and which contribute so much to make what each painter, as well as each poet, regards as the finest view in Britain.

New Fun and Frolic.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCOTT.

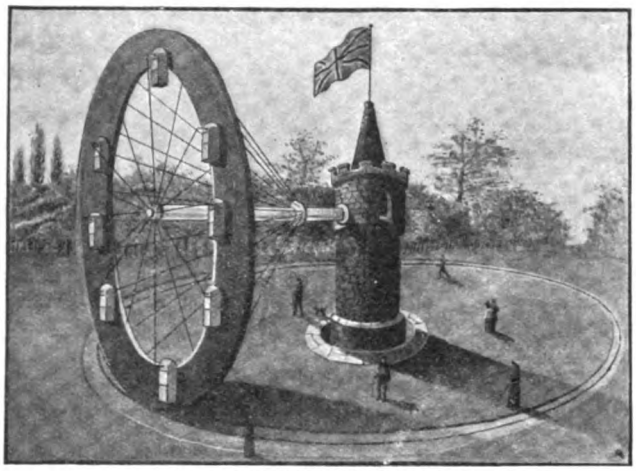
THE roundabout, switchback, revolving-wheel, water-chute, topsy-turvy railway, and such forms of fun and frolic destined to afford enjoyable excitement, are so popular that it is surprising the attention of inventors has not been more strongly attracted to such subjects. The number of ingenious devices and contrivances of this kind is practically unlimited. I have been occupied during several months in collecting suitable suggestions of the kind, and I am led to the belief that some of the examples may shortly be constructed for the gratification of pleasure-seekers.

Incidentally I may mention that I had included during the earlier preparation of this article an illustration of a roundabout of flying-fish almost identical with that of Sir Hiram Maxim's, now so familiar to the public. This I have been compelled to omit on account of my desire being to illustrate new *ideas*, and not established devices which readers could personally visit and inspect.

NO. 1.—CANOEING ON THE VERGE OF A CATARACT.

Turning our attention to the illustrations I will begin with a roundabout of a quite novel character, to be seen—partially seen, I should rather say—in No. 1. Imagine a huge oblong box placed on end, fifty feet or so high, and you have the superstructure of the contrivance. Its upper end and sides would be formed to represent the banks and surroundings of a river and waterfall, aided by growing plants, the appearance of distance being secured by painted scenery just behind the dummy island. Interior machinery would actuate a roundabout, consisting of a set of canoes, and water would be allowed to rush in great volume from behind the scenery, round the island, and over the "box," to resemble a powerful waterfall. All parts, except the canoes, could be concealed from view, and if the transparency of the water chanced to prevent an effective illusion, various parts could be painted to appear as submerged rocks and plants. Energetic Indians, employed to *apparently* control the movements of the canoes, would lend a natural completeness to the fun, which would consist of experiencing the sensation of rushing headlong to the edge of the fall, and escaping destruction over it as though by a miracle. The noise of the rushing water and the giddy height would increase the excitement, and I am sure that anyone peering over the edge of the fall would realize to the full extent the anxiety and beauty of prospect derivable from being placed in a similar and actual position in wild country.

The popular "great wheel" claims a modified counterpart in No. 2, which, however, varies from its progenitor in many important ways. Of course, though I show a rather scanty number of cars or carriages on the disc, these features could be altered

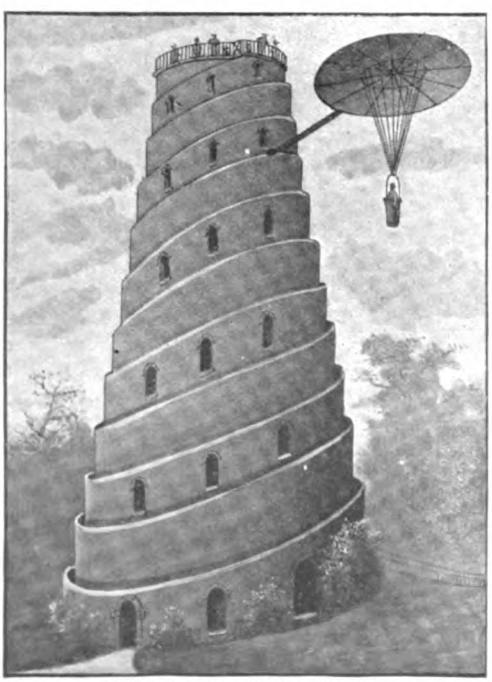


NO. 2.—A TRAVELLING "BIG WHEEL."

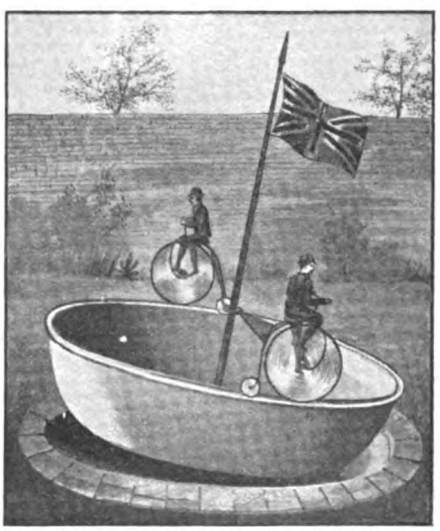
to suit requirements. A central tower, the whole, or merely the upper portion, of which is so constructed as to permit it to revolve easily, is intended to sustain a projecting axle, which also should be capable of turning round and round. When the complete apparatus was set in motion the wheel would travel over a circularly-outlined area of wide diameter, thus affording the novelty of change of position not possible with the original form of wheel, and views from a considerable height could thus be obtained of the surrounding country from all points of the compass.

Unrestrained parachuting is denied to ordinary mortals, while being especially dangerous to professional beings; therefore, some method by which such a sport could be indulged in without undue risks, at the same time that it afforded a tolerable imitation of the real performance, might be welcome, and this we have shown in No. 3.

The parachute would be borne upon a strong projecting arm, weighted at its junction with the tower, the weight travelling in a deep channel fixed spirally around the building. Various hinges would permit this arm to turn against the walls, similar to the action of an ordinary crane, thus bringing the basket of the machine within access of would-be occupants, who would need a special alighting and embarking platform for their use. Whether the parachute were made to fold upon occasion or not is a minor matter. When once started on its journey from the top it would career spirally around the structure, the gradually expanding area of the lower portion of which would avoid a too precipitate descent.



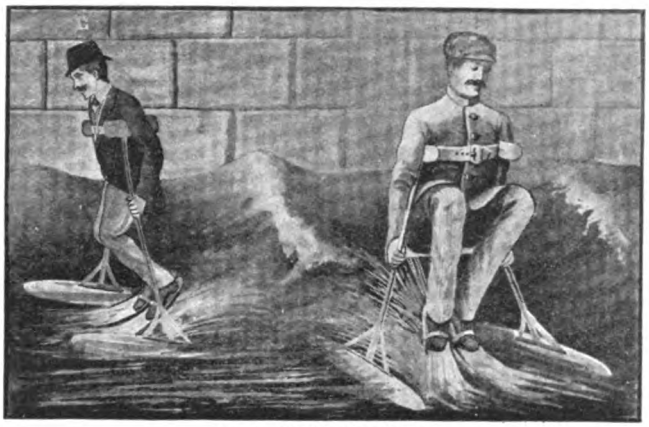
NO. 3.—A REVOLVING PARACHUTE.



NO. 4.—A NEW FORM OF CYCLE-RACING.

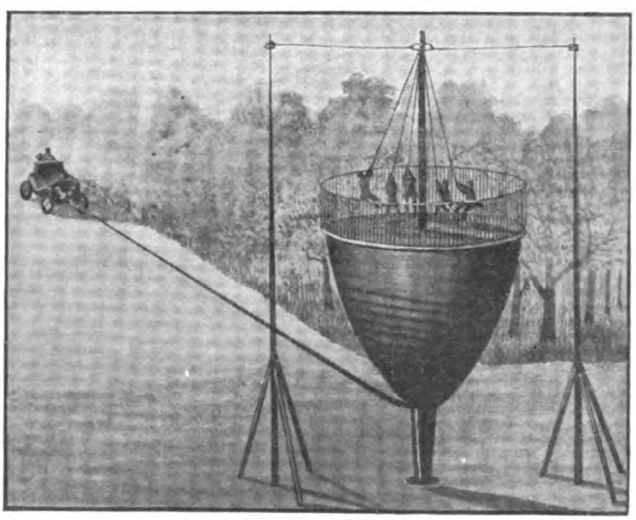
Bicycle-racing round the rim of a gigantic basin, according to the process illustrated in No. 4, will possess inherent possibilities of

arousing keen fun and excitement. The object itself, composed as a curved-bottomed wooden structure, sufficiently weighted to be prevented from accidentally toppling over when excessive strain is brought to bear on any portion of it, is to be capable of revolving in a concrete depression of the ground. A pair of modified bicycles, intimately attached to, and held perpetually upright by, connections radiating from the central flag-staff, will travel in a furrow on the rim of the bowl, each being free of movement independently of its fellow. A couple of intending racers must mount upon the machines (by means of steps) when stationed at equal distances apart, and the game consists of one overtaking his companion and dabbing a mark on his back with the assistance of a powder-puff or other utensil. "Roars of laughter" would undoubtedly be caused as the racers became stimulated to prowess. In the case of either gaining upon the other the increased weight of their bodies would lower that particular side of the bowl to an excessive extent, and, of course, render it a more difficult task for the losing man to proceed, as his track would then rise in front of him, and also render the gainer's task a progressively easier one. Meantime the entire bowl would gyrate, continuing to spin as long as the machines travelled thereon. Up and down, round and round, threatening to fall entirely off—only apparently, though—the game would become an exceedingly bewildering one, just of the character to induce jovial holiday-makers to indulge their animal spirits.



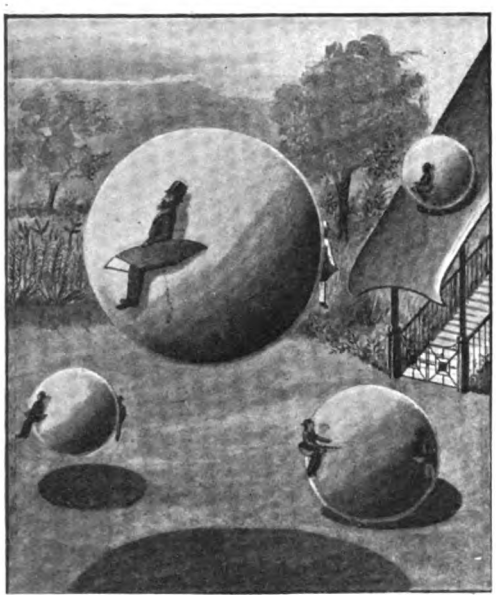
NO. 5.—RACING ON WATER.

A water race of a distinctly novel character is pictured in No. 5. It is safe to conjecture that motion by this means would be a slow, tortuous, but nevertheless exhilarating, process. Each participant occupies a seated and strapped-in position in a curious frame-work which is buoyed up on the water through the agency of a couple of hollow cylinders, his feet being furnished with blades, like snow-shoes, of large dimensions. By vigorously striking the surface of the water with the pedal instruments a slight forward advance could be ensured, but if the motions of the feet were not made in unison a vacillating progress would result, the operator being turned to either the right or the left out of his intended course according to the degree of irregularity given by his foot-strokes. Practice in this sport, as with every occupation, whether frivolous or serious, would enable the performer to gain a certain amount of proficiency. Perfected racers could, by striking the surface with the whole areas of the blades, *lift* them-



NO. 6.—A "MAYPOLE TOP."

selves, as it were, up and onward. At any rate, a possibility of affording keen and innocent pleasure to the toilers and moilers of the country lurks within this simple apparatus. Experience might call for the adoption of



NO. 7.—RIDING ON THE BOUNCING BALLS.

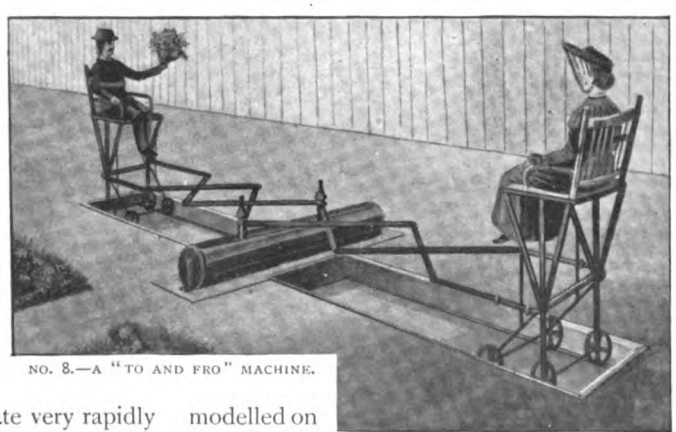
larger cylinders; but, of course, that is purely a matter of detail, and does not in any way affect the object of the suggestion. I fancy the wearing of goloshes and mackintoshes, for a purpose too obvious for further mention, would be a necessary accompaniment to this form of racing.

It is really remarkable that the familiar everyday trifles of motion have hitherto escaped the attentions of promoters of amusements. I illustrate two adaptations of very ordinary toys to the purpose of enlarged performance, one of which is a magnified peg-top, to be seen in No. 6. When it is wound up, its "string"—to consist of a wire rope—will be attached to a motor-car, which will, when speedily run, unwind the object and cause it to gyrate very rapidly—too rapidly, perhaps, to suit some constitutions. Upon its upper flattened surface will extend a kind of maypole, and by persons hanging upon dangling cords all varieties of movement can be indulged in. It can even be arranged that at a certain period all upper connections are temporarily removed, when it will surely be a unique experience to be upon a contrivance spinning upon a simple point.

A companion idea, based on another toy, is portrayed in No. 7. These curious effects are obtained by copying on a large scale the antics of indiarubber balls. The weight of the passengers would be expected to retard their upward movements to such an extent that the heights to which they would bounce when compared with those obtainable with quite small specimens would be very far less in proportion. Even so, I am inclined to think that much fun could be extracted from them. The seating accommodation of the passengers must of necessity, to ensure proper equilibrium, be disposed of at an elevation a little below the middle of the spheres. Each ball would slide down a sloping guide-way, slightly hollowed out to prevent the ball from being tipped over the sides, and after a drop of a few feet would go springing and bouncing along until its simply-obtained energy is slowly exhausted.

Contrivances of this kind possess the advantage that, after their first cost of construction, little outlay would be necessary for putting them into action. There would be no need of either steam power, electricity, mechanical influence, nor even manual labour, apart from the initial one of starting each ball on its downward journey.

Sweethearts deserve some thoughtful attention, so, in accordance with this laudable object, in No. 8 is displayed a contrivance

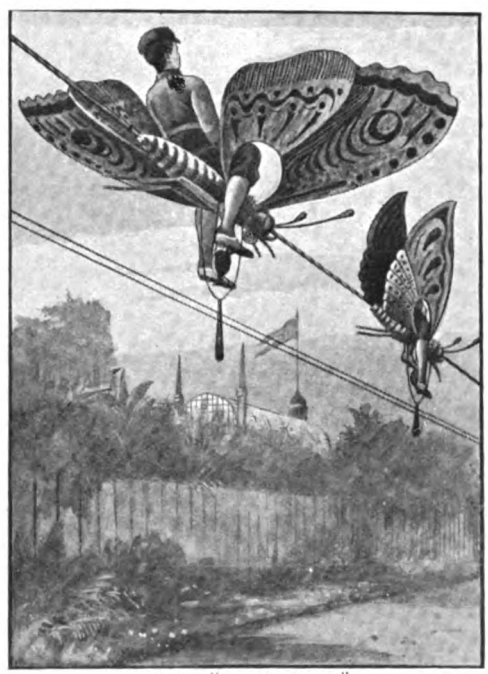


NO. 8.—A "TO AND FRO" MACHINE.

modelled on the implement known as a "lazy tongs," which will be familiar to all readers. Concealed machinery is intended so to operate a length of trellis as to cause it to expand and shut up alternately, bringing a couple of chairs and their occupants

successively together and apart. Zest could be added to the process by requesting one partner to grab some trifle—such as a bouquet of flowers—from the other during the momentary reunion. This apparatus appears to be rather intricate in the construction of the chairs, though really not so. I may say, however, that full allowance is made in its connections with the trellis in order to permit all parts to act properly and uniformly.

While we are being disappointed of aerial exercise on account of the failure of aeronauts to meet a popular demand for flying-machines adapted to the pursuit of pleasure, we may derive some consolation if we adopt the proposal outlined in No. 9, which undoubtedly presents a rather grotesque, if not really ludicrous, form of achievement. But where mere fun is concerned we are surely allowed a liberal license of modification from natural models. Seeing that considerable difficulty would be presented in striving to stride an undisfigured or unmutilated butterfly of gigantic proportions, even could one such be properly constructed to fulfil its destined motions, the inventor must not be rebuked for suggesting that a traveller's legs should penetrate the insect's wings. Granted this much, I will proceed with my description, omitting tedious details which, though important, are not called for in a popular notice. The hollow bodies are intended to travel along a wire which passes completely through them, and this, by precluding the use of supporting posts for the wire, limits its length to comparatively short extents. Secure balance of the passenger is to be obtained by means of a weighted framework suspended beneath the "insect," and held between two side guide-lines. Pedalling would impart strong motions to the wings, the action of which would be to cause the apparatus to slide forward on the wire. Here I may mention the fact that the movements of a fly's wings are diagonal, and not simply up and down; thus they have a backward stroke of much force, in addition to a lifting tendency, and this, of course, quickly sends them forward.



NO. 9.—"BUTTERFLYING."

Such a pastime as this could be so contrived as to become a really pretty spectacle. Gorgeous colours and gilding, flashing in motion in the sunlight, would, I am sure, be regarded as very desirable additions to a pleasure-ground.

DIALSTONE LANE BY W. W. JACOBS

CHAPTER XV.

MR. CHALK'S foot had scarcely touched the deck of the schooner when Mr. Tredgold seized him by the arm and, whispering indistinctly in his ear, hurried him below.

"Get your arms out of the cabin as quick as you can," he said, sharply. "Then follow me up on deck."

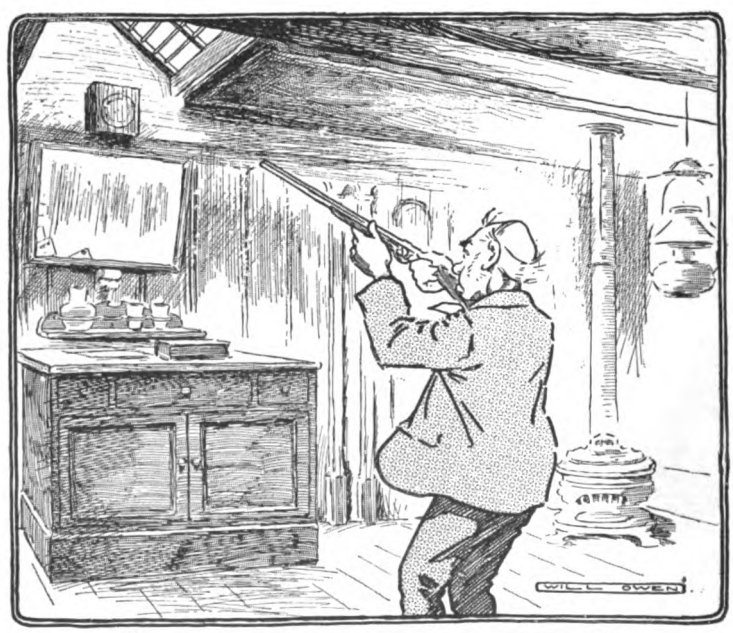
Mr. Chalk, trembling violently, tried to speak, but in vain. A horrid clanking noise sounded overhead, and with the desperation of terror he turned into the new cabin and, collecting his weapons, began with frantic haste to load them. Then he dropped his rifle and sprang forward with a loud cry as he heard the door close smartly and the key turn in the lock.

He stood gazing stupidly at the door and listening to the noise overhead. The clanking ceased, and was succeeded by a rush of heavy feet, above which he heard Captain Brisket shouting hoarsely. He threw a despairing glance around his prison, and then looked up at the skylight. It was not big enough to crawl through, but he saw that by standing on the table he could get his head out. No less clearly he saw how easy it would be for a mutineer to hit it.

Huddled up in a corner of the cabin he tried to think. Tredgold and Stobell were strangely silent, and even the voice of Brisket had ceased. The suspense became unbearable. Then suddenly a faint creaking and straining of timbers apprised him of the fact that the *Fair Emily* was under way.

He sprang to his feet and beat heavily upon the door, but it was of stout wood and opened inwards. Then a bright idea, the result of reading sensational fiction, occurred to him, and raising his rifle to his shoulder he aimed at the lock and pulled the trigger.

The noise of the explosion in the small cabin was deafening, but, loud as it was, it failed to drown a cry of alarm outside. The sound of heavy feet and of two or three bodies struggling for precedence up the companion-ladder followed, and Mr. Chalk, still holding his smoking rifle and regarding a splintered hole in the centre of the panel, wondered whether he had hit anybody. He slipped in a fresh cartridge and, becoming conscious of a partial darkening of the skylight, aimed hastily at a face which appeared there. The face, which bore a strong resemblance to that of Mr. Stobell, disappeared with great suddenness.



"HE AIMED HASTILY AT A FACE WHICH APPEARED THERE."

"He's gone clean off his head," said Captain Brisket, as Mr. Stobell staggered back.

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"Mad as a March hare," said Mr. Tredgold, shivering; "it's a wonder he didn't have one of us just now. Call down to him that it's all right, Stobell."

"Call yourself," said that gentleman, shortly.

"Get a stick and raise the skylight," said Tredgold.

A loud report sounded from below. Mr. Chalk had fired a second and successful shot at the lock.

"What's he doing?" inquired Stobell, blankly.

A sharp exclamation from Captain Brisket was the only reply, and he turned just as Mr. Chalk, with a rifle in one hand and a revolver in the other, appeared on deck. The captain's cry was echoed forward, and three of the crew dived with marvellous skill into the forecastle. The boy and two others dashed into the galley so hurriedly that the cook, who was peeping out, was borne backwards on to the stove and kept there, the things he said in the heat of the moment being attributed to excitement and attracting no attention. Tredgold, Brisket, and Stobell dodged behind the galley, and Mr. Chalk was left to gaze in open-mouthed wonder at the shrinking figure of Mr. Duckett at the wheel. They regarded each other in silence, until a stealthy step behind Mr. Chalk made him turn round smartly. Mr. Stobell, who was stealing up to secure him, dodged hastily behind the mainmast.

"Stobell!" cried Mr. Chalk, faintly.

"It's all right," said the other.

Mr. Chalk regarded his proceedings in amazement. "What are you hiding behind the mast for?" he inquired, stepping towards him.

Mr. Stobell made no reply, but with an agility hardly to be expected of one of his bulk dashed behind the galley again.

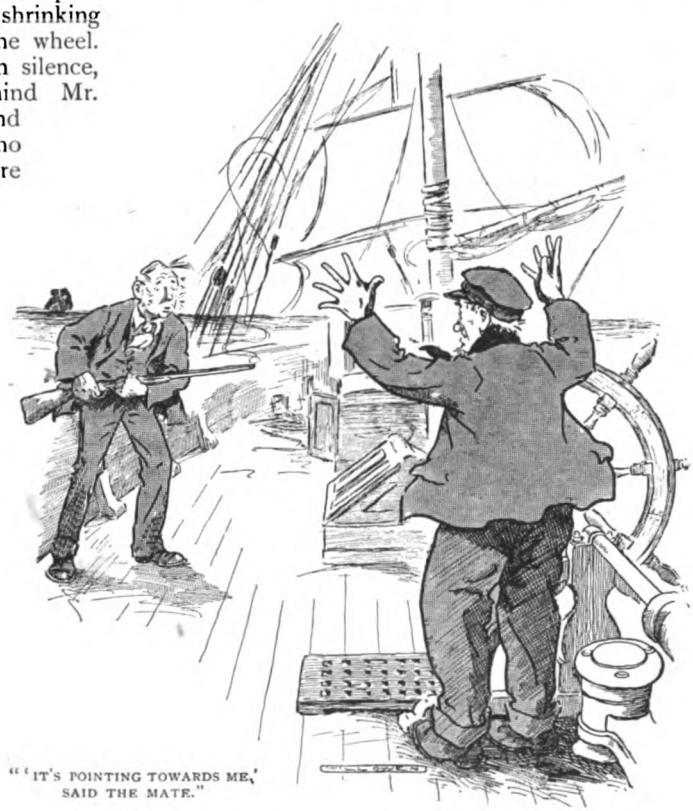
A sense of mystery and unreality stole over Mr. Chalk. He began to think that he must be dreaming. He turned and looked at Mr. Duckett, and Mr. Duckett, trying to smile at him, contorted his face so horribly that he shrank back appalled. He looked about him and saw that they were now in open water and drawing gradually away from the land. The stillness and mystery became unbearable, and with an air of resolution he cocked his rifle and proceeded with infinite caution to stalk the galley. As he weathered it, with his finger on the trigger, Stobell and the others stole round the other side and, making a mad break aft, stumbled down the companion-ladder and secured themselves below.

"Has everybody gone mad?" inquired Mr. Chalk, approaching the mate again.

"Everybody except you, sir," said Mr. Duckett, with great politeness.

Mr. Chalk looked forward again and nearly dropped his rifle as he saw three or four tousled heads protruding from the galley. Instinctively he took a step towards Mr. Duckett, and instinctively that much-enduring man threw up his hands and cried to him not to shoot. Mr. Chalk, pale of face and trembling of limb, strove to reassure him.

"But it's pointing towards me," said the



"'IT'S POINTING TOWARDS ME,' SAID THE MATE."

mate, "and you've got your finger on the trigger."

Mr. Chalk apologized.

"What did Tredgold and Stobell run away for?" he demanded.

Mr. Duckett said that perhaps they were—like himself—nervous of firearms. He also, in reply to further questions, assured him that the mutiny was an affair of the past, and, gaining confidence, begged him to hold the wheel steady for a moment. Mr. Chalk, still clinging to his weapons, laid hold of it, and the mate, running to the companion, called to those below. Led by Mr. Stobell they came on deck.

"It's all over now," said Tredgold, soothingly.

"As peaceable as lambs," said Captain Brisket, taking a gentle hold of the rifle, while Stobell took the revolver.

Mr. Chalk smiled faintly, and then looked round in trepidation as the inmates of the galley drew near and scowled at him curiously.

"Get for'ard!" cried Brisket, turning on them sharply. "Keep your own end o' the ship. D'ye hear?"

The men shuffled off slowly, keeping a wary eye on Mr. Chalk as they went, the knowledge of the tempting mark offered by their backs to an eager sportsman being apparent to all.

"It's all over," said Brisket, taking the wheel from the mate and motioning to him to go away, "and after your determination, sir, there'll be no more of it, I'm sure."

"But what was it?" demanded Mr. Chalk. "Mutiny?"

"Not exactly what you could call mutiny," replied the captain, in a low voice. "A little mistake o' Duckett's. He's a nervous man, and perhaps he exaggerated a little. But don't allude to it again, for the sake of his feelings."

"But somebody locked me in the cabin," persisted Mr. Chalk, looking from one to the other.

Captain Brisket hesitated. "Did they?" he said, with a smile of perplexity. "Did they? I gave orders that that door was to be kept locked when there was nobody in there, and I expect the cook did it by mistake as he passed. It's been a chapter of accidents all through, but I must say, sir, that the determined way you came on deck was wonderful."

"Extraordinary!" murmured Mr. Tredgold.

"I didn't know him," attested Mr. Stobell, continuing to regard Mr. Chalk with much interest.

"I can't make head or tail of it," complained Mr. Chalk. "What about the ladies?"

Captain Brisket shook his head dismally and pointed ashore, and Mr. Chalk, following the direction of his finger, gazed spellbound at a figure which was signalling wildly from the highest point. Tredgold and Stobell, approaching the side, waved their handkerchiefs in response.

"We must go back for them," said Mr. Chalk, firmly.

"What! in this wind, sir?" inquired Brisket, with an indulgent laugh. "You're too much of a sailor to think that's possible, I'm sure; and it's going to last."

"We must put up with the disappointment and do without 'em," said Stobell.

Mr. Chalk gazed helplessly ashore. "But we've got their luggage," he cried.

"Duckett sent it ashore," said Brisket. "Thinking that there was men's work ahead, and that the ladies might be in the way, he put it over the side and sent it back. And mind, believing what he did, I'm not saying he wasn't in the right."

Mr. Chalk again professed his inability to make head or tail of the proceedings. Ultimately—due time having been given for Captain Brisket's invention to get under way—he learned that a dyspeptic seaman, mistaking the mate's back for that of the cook, had first knocked his cap over his eyes and then pushed him over. "And that, of course," concluded the captain, "couldn't be allowed anyway, but, seeing that it was a mistake, we let the chap off."

"There's one thing about it," said Tredgold, as Chalk was about to speak; "it's shown us the stuff you're made of, Chalk."

"He frightened *me*," said Brisket, solemnly. "I own it. When I saw him come up like that I lost my nerve."

Mr. Chalk cast a final glance at the dwindling figure on the cliff, and then went silently below and stood in a pleasant reverie before the smashed door. He came to the same conclusion regarding the desperate nature of his character as the others; and the nervous curiosity of the men, who took sly peeps at him, and the fact that the cook dropped the soup-tureen that evening when he turned and found Mr. Chalk at his elbow, only added to his satisfaction.

He felt less heroic next morning. The wind had freshened during the night, and the floor of the cabin sank in a sickening

"HE FELT LESS HEROIC NEXT MORNING."

fashion beneath his feet as he washed himself. The atmosphere was stifling; timbers creaked and strained, and boots and other articles rolled playfully about the floor.

The strong, sweet air above revived him, but the deck was wet and cheerless and the air chill. Land had disappeared, and a tumbling waste of grey seas and a leaden sky was all that met his gaze. Nevertheless, he spoke warmly of the view to Captain Brisket, rather than miss which he preferred to miss his breakfast, contenting himself with half a biscuit and a small cup of tea on deck. The smell of fried bacon and the clatter of cups and saucers came up from below.

The heavy clouds disappeared and the sun came out. The sea changed from grey to blue, and Tredgold and Stobell, coming on deck after a good breakfast, arranged a couple of chairs and sat down to admire the scene. Aloft the new sails shone white in the sun, and spars and rigging creaked musically. A little spray came flying at intervals over the bows as the schooner met the seas.

"Lovely morning, sir," said Captain Brisket, who had been for some time exchanging glances with Stobell and Tredgold; "so calm and peaceful."

"Bu'ful," said Mr. Chalk, shortly. He was gazing in much distaste at a brig to starboard, which was magically drawn up to the skies one moment and blotted from view the next.

"Nice fresh smell," said Tredgold, sniffing. "Have a cigar, Chalk?"

Mr. Chalk shook his head, and his friend, selecting one from his case, lit it with a fusee that poisoned the atmosphere.

"None of us seem to be sea-sick," he remarked.

"Sea-sickness, sir," said Captain Brisket—"sea-sickness is mostly imagination. People think they're going to be bad, and they are. But there's one certain cure for it."

"Cure?" said Mr. Chalk, turning a dull eye upon him.

"Yes, sir," said Brisket, with a warning glance at Mr. Stobell, who was grinning broadly. "It's old-fashioned and I've heard it laughed at, but it's a regular good old remedy. Mr. Stobell's laughing at it," he continued, as a gasping noise from that gentleman called for explanation, "but it's true all the same."

"What is it?" inquired Mr. Chalk, with feeble impatience.

"Pork," replied Captain Brisket, with impressive earnestness. "All that anybody's got to do is to get a bit o' pork—fat pork, mind you—and get the cook to stick a fork into it and frizzle it, all bubbling and spluttering, over the galley fire. Better still, do it yourself; the smell o' the cooking being part of——"

Mr. Chalk arose and, keeping his legs with difficulty, steadied himself for a moment with his hands on the companion, and disappeared below.

"There's nothing like it," said Brisket, turning with a satisfied smile to Mr. Stobell, who was sitting with his hands on his knees and rumbling with suppressed mirth. "It's an odd thing, but, if a man's disposed to be queer, you've only got to talk about that to finish him. Why talking about fried bacon should be so bad for 'em I don't know."

"Imagination," said Tredgold, smoking placidly.

Brisket smiled and then, nursing his knee,

scowled fiercely at the helmsman, who was also on the broad grin.

"Of course, it wants proper telling," he continued, turning to Stobell. "Did you notice his eyes when I spoke of it bubbling and spluttering over the galley fire?"

"I did," replied Mr. Stobell, laying his pipe carefully on the deck.

"Some people tell you to tie the pork to a bit o' string after frying it," said Brisket, "but that's what I call overdoing it. I think it's quite enough to describe its cooking, don't you?"

"Plenty," said Stobell. "Have one o' my matches," he said, proffering his box to Tredgold, who was about to relight his cigar with a fusee.

"Thanks, I prefer this," said Tredgold.

Mr. Stobell put his box in his pocket again and, sitting lumpily in his chair, gazed in a brooding fashion at the side.

"Talking about pork," began Brisket, "reminds me——'

"What! ain't you got over that joke yet?" inquired Mr. Stobell, glaring at him. "Poor Chalk can't help his feelings."

"No, no," said the captain, staring back.

"People can't help being sea-sick," said Stobell, fiercely.

"Certainly not, sir," agreed the captain.

"There's no disgrace in it," continued Mr. Stobell, with unusual fluency, "and nothing funny about it that I can see."

"Certainly not, sir," said the perplexed captain again. "I was just going to point out to you how, talking about pork——"

"I know you was," stormed Mr. Stobell, rising from his chair and lurching forward heavily. "D'ye think I couldn't hear you? Prating, and prating, and pra——"

He disappeared below, and the captain, after exchanging a significant grin with Mr. Tredgold, put his hands behind his back and began to pace the deck, musing solemnly on the folly of trusting to appearances.

"THE CAPTAIN AND MR. DUCKETT DISCUSSED WITH GREAT EARNESTNESS THE NATURE OF THE SECRET."

Sea-sickness wore off after a day or two, and was succeeded by the monotony of life on board a small ship. Week after week they saw nothing but sea and sky, and Mr. Chalk, thirsting for change, thought with wistful eagerness of the palm-girt islands of the Fijian Archipelago to which Captain Brisket had been bidden to steer. In the privacy of their own cabin the captain and Mr. Duckett discussed with great earnestness the nature of the secret which they felt certain was responsible for the voyage.

CHAPTER XVI.

IT is an article of belief with some old-fashioned people that children should have no secrets from their parents, and, though not a model father in every way, Mr. Vickers felt keenly the fact that his daughter was keeping something from him. On two or three occasions since the date of sailing of the *Fair Emily* she had relieved her mind by throwing out dark hints of future prosperity, and there was no doubt that, somewhere in the house, she had a hidden store of gold. With his left foot glued to the floor he had helped her look for a sovereign one day which had rolled from her purse, and

twice she had taken her mother on expensive journeys to Tollminster.

Brooding over the lack of confidence displayed by Selina, he sat on the side of her bed one afternoon glancing thoughtfully round the room. He was alone in the house, and now, or never, was his opportunity. After an hour's arduous toil he earned tenpence-halfpenny, and, rightly considering that the sum was unworthy of the risk, put it back where he had found it, and sat down gloomily to peruse a paper which he had found secreted at the bottom of her box.

Mr. Vickers was but a poor scholar, and the handwriting was deplorable. Undotted "i's" travelled incognito through the scrawl, and uncrossed "t's" passed themselves off unblushingly as "l's." After half an hour's steady work, his imagination excited by one or two words which he had managed to decipher, he abandoned the task in despair, and stood moodily looking out of the window. His gaze fell upon Mr. William Russell, standing on the kerb nearly opposite, with his hands thrust deep in his trouser-pockets, and, after a slight hesitation, he pushed open the small casement and beckoned him in.

"You're a bit of a scholar, ain't you, Bill?" he inquired.

Mr. Russell said modestly that he had got the name for it.

Again Mr. Vickers hesitated, but he had no choice, and his curiosity would brook no delay. With a strong caution as to secrecy, he handed the paper over to his friend.

Mr. Russell, his brow corrugated with thought, began to read slowly to himself. The writing was certainly difficult, but the watching Mr. Vickers saw by the way his friend's finger moved along the lines that he was conquering it. By the slow but steady dilation of Mr. Russell's eyes and the gradual opening of his mouth, he also saw that the contents were occasioning him considerable surprise.

"What does it say?" he demanded, anxiously.

Mr. Russell paid no heed. He gave vent to a little gurgle of astonishment and went on. Then he stopped and looked up blankly.

"Well, I'm hanged!" he said.

"What *is* it?" cried Mr. Vickers.

Mr. Russell read on, and such exclamations as "Well, I'm jiggered!" "Well, I'm blest!" and others of a more complicated nature continued to issue from his lips.

"What's it all about?" shouted the excited Mr. Vickers.

Mr. Russell looked up and blinked at him. "I can't believe it," he murmured. "It's like a fairy tale, ain't it? What do *you* think of it?"

The exasperated Mr. Vickers, thrusting him back in his chair, shouted insults in his ear until his friend, awaking to the true position of affairs, turned to the beginning again and proceeded with much unction to read aloud the document that Mr. Tredgold had given to Selina some months before. Mr. Vickers listened in a state of amazement which surpassed his friend's, and, the reading finished, besought him to go over it again. Mr. Russell complied, and having got to the end put the paper down and gazed enviously at his friend.

"*You* won't have to do no more work," he said, wistfully.

"Not if I 'ad my rights," said Mr. Vickers. "It's like a dream, ain't it?"

"They bought a ship, so I 'eard," murmured the other; "they've got eight or nine men aboard, and they'll be away pretty near a year. Why, Selina'll 'ave a fortune."

Mr. Vickers, sitting with his legs stretched out stiffly before him, tried to think. "A lot o' good it'll do me," he said, bitterly. "It's young Joseph Tasker that'll get the benefit of it."

Mr. Russell whistled. "I'd forgot him," he exclaimed, "but I expect she only took him becos she couldn't get anybody else."

Mr. Vickers eyed him sternly, but, reflecting that Selina was well able to fight her own battles, forbore to reply.

"She must ha' told him," pursued Mr. Russell, following up a train of thought. "Nobody in their senses would want to marry Selina for anything else."

"Ho! indeed," said Mr. Vickers, coldly.

"Unless they was mad," admitted the other. "What are you going to do about it?" he inquired, suddenly.

"I shall think it over," said Mr. Vickers, with dignity. "As soon as you've gone I shall sit down with a quiet pipe and see what's best to be done."

Mr. Russell nodded approval. "First thing you do, you put the paper back where you got it from," he said, warningly.

"I know what I'm about," said Mr. Vickers. "I shall think it over when you're gone and make up my mind what's best to be done."

"Don't you do nothing in a hurry," advised Mr. Russell, earnestly. "I'm going to think it over, too."

Mr. Vickers stared at him in surprise. "You?" he said, disagreeably.

"Yes, me," replied the other. "After all, what's looks? Looks ain't everything."

His friend looked bewildered, and then started furiously as the meaning of Mr. Russell's remark dawned upon him. He began to feel like a miser beset by thieves.

"What age do you reckon you are, Bill?" he inquired, after a long pause.

"I'm as old as I look," replied Mr. Russell, simply, "and I've got a young face. I'd sooner it was anybody else than Selina; but, still, you can't 'ave everything. If she don't take me before young Joseph I shall be surprised."

"'I FOUND 'IM INSIDE THE HORSE AND GROOM,' HE SAID."

Mr. Vickers regarded him with undisguised astonishment.

"I might ha' married scores o' times if I'd liked," said Mr. Russell, with a satisfied air.

"Don't you go doing nothing silly," said Mr. Vickers, uneasily. "Selina can't abear you. You drink too much. Why, she's talking about making young Joseph sign the pledge, to keep 'im steady."

Mr. Russell waved his objections aside. "I can get round her," he said, with cheery confidence. "I ain't kept ferrets all these years for nothing. I'm not going to let all that money slip through my fingers for want of a little trying."

He began his courtship a few days afterwards in a fashion which rendered Mr. Vickers almost helpless with indignation. In full view of Selina, who happened to be standing by the door, he brought her unfortunate father along Mint Street, holding him by the arm and addressing him in fond but severe tones on the surpassing merits of total abstinence and the folly of wasting his children's money on beer.

"I found 'im inside the Horse and Groom," he said to the astonished Selina; "they've got a new barmaid there, and the pore gal wasn't in the house arf an hour afore she was serving him with beer. A pot, mind you."

He shook his head in great regret at the speechless Mr. Vickers, and, pushing him inside his house, followed close behind.

"Look here, Bill Russell, I don't want any of your larks," said Miss Vickers, recovering herself.

"Larks?" repeated Mr. Russell, with an injured air. "I'm a teetotaler, and it's my duty to look after brothers that go astray."

He produced a pledge-card from his waist-

coat-pocket and, smoothing it out on the table, pointed with great pride to his signature. The date of the document lay under the ban of his little finger.

"I'd just left the Temperance Hall," continued the zealot. "I've been to three meetings in two days; they'd been talking about the new barmaid, and I guessed at once what brother Vickers would do, an' I rushed off, just in the middle of brother Humphrey's experiences—and very interesting they was, too—to save him. He was just starting his second pot, and singing in between, when I rushed in and took the beer away from him and threw it on the floor."

"I wasn't singing," snarled Mr. Vickers, endeavouring to avoid his daughter's eye.

"Oh, my dear friend!" said Mr. Russell, who had made extraordinary progress in temperance rhetoric in a very limited time, "that's what comes o' the drink; it steals away your memory."

Miss Vickers trembled with wrath. "How dare you go into public-houses after I told you not to?" she demanded, stamping her foot.

"We must 'ave patience," said Mr. Russell, gently. "We must show the backslider 'ow much happier he would be without it. I'll 'elp you watch him."

"When I want your assistance I'll ask you for it," said Miss Vickers, tartly. "What do you mean by shoving your nose into other people's affairs?"

"It's—it's my duty to look after fallen brothers," said Mr. Russell, somewhat taken aback.

"What d'ye mean by fallen?" snapped Miss Vickers, confronting him fiercely.

"Fallen into a pub," explained Mr. Russell, hastily; "anybody might fall through them swing-doors; they're made like that o' purpose."

"You've fell through a good many in your time," interposed Mr. Vickers, plucking up spirit.

"I know I 'ave," said the other, sadly; "but never no more. Oh, my friend, if you only knew how 'appy I feel since I've give up the drink! If you only knew what it was to 'ave your own self-respeck! Think of standing up on the platform and giving of *your* experiences! But I don't despair, brother; I'll 'ave you afore I've done with you."

Mr. Vickers, unable to contain himself, got up and walked about the room. Mr. Russell, with a smile charged with brotherly love, drew a blank pledge-card from his pocket and, detaining him as he passed, besought him to sign it.

"He'll do it in time," he said in a loud whisper to Selina, as his victim broke loose. "I'll come in of an evening and talk to him till he does sign."

Miss Vickers hesitated, but, observing the striking improvement in the visitor's attire effected by temperance, allowed a curt refusal to remain unspoken. Mr. Vickers protested hotly.

"That'll do," said his daughter, indecision vanishing at sight of her father's opposition; "if Bill Russell likes to come in and try and do you good, he can."

Mr. Vickers said that he wouldn't have him, but under compulsion stayed indoors the following evening, while Mr. Russell, by means of coloured diagrams, cheerfully lent by his new friends, tried to show him the inroads made by drink upon the human frame. He sat, as Miss Vickers remarked, like a wooden image, and was only moved to animation by a picture of cirrhosis of the liver, which he described as being very pretty.

At the end of a week Mr. Vickers's principles remained unshaken, and so far Mr. Russell had made not the slightest progress in his designs upon the affections of Selina. That lady, indeed, treated him with but scant courtesy, and on two occasions had left him to visit Mr. Tasker; Mr. Vickers's undisguised amusement at such times being hard to bear.

"Don't give up, Bill," he said, encouragingly, as Mr. Russell sat glum and silent; "read over them beautiful 'Verses to a Tea-pot' agin, and try and read them as if you 'adn't got your mouth full o' fish-bait. You're wasting time."

"I don't want none o' your talk," said his disappointed friend. "If you ain't careful I'll tell Selina about you going up to her papers."

The smile faded from Mr. Vickers's face. "Don't make mischief, Bill," he said, uneasily.

"Well, don't you try and make fun o' me," said Mr. Russell, ferociously. "Taking the pledge is 'ard enough to bear without having remarks from you."

"I didn't mean them to be remarks, Bill," said the other, mildly. "But if you tell about me,. you know, Selina'll see through your little game."

"I'm about sick o' the whole thing," said Mr. Russell, desperately. "I ain't 'ad a drink outside o' my own house for pretty near a fortnight. I shall ask Selina to-morrow night, and settle it."

"Ask her?" said the amazed Mr. Vickers. "Ask 'er what?"

"Ask 'er to marry me," said the other, doggedly.

Mr. Vickers, thoroughly alarmed, argued with him in vain, the utmost concession he could wring from the determined Mr. Russell being a promise to give him a hint to get out of the way.

"I'll do that for my own sake," he said, frankly. "I can do it better alone, and if your old woman is in you get her out too. Ask 'er to go for a walk; that'll please Selina. I don't know what the gal does want. I thought turning teetotaler and setting a good example to you would do the trick, if anything would."

Mrs. Vickers's utter astonishment next evening, when her husband asked her to go for a walk, irritated that gentleman almost beyond endurance. Convinced at last that he was not joking, she went upstairs and put on her bonnet, and then stood waiting for the reluctant Mr. Vickers with an air of almost bashful diffidence.

"Joseph is coming in soon," said Selina, as her parents moved to the door. "I'm expecting him every minute."

"I'll stop and see 'im," said Mr. Russell. "There's something I want to speak to him about partikler."

Mr. Vickers gave a warning glance at him as he went out, and trembled as he noted his determined aspect. In a state of panic he took hold of his wife by the elbow and propelled her along.

It was a cold night, and a strong easterly wind had driven nearly everybody else indoors. Mr. Vickers shivered, and, moving at a good pace, muttered something to his astonished wife about "a good country walk." They quitted the streets and plunged into dark lanes until, in Mr. Vickers's judgment, sufficient time having elapsed for the worst to have happened, they turned and made their way to the town again.

"There's somebody outside our house," said Mrs. Vickers, who had been in a state of amazed discomfort the whole time.

Mr. Vickers approached warily. Two people were on the doorstep in the attitude of listeners, while a third was making strenuous attempts to peep through at the side of the window-blind. From inside came the sound of voices raised in dispute, that of Selina's being easily distinguishable.

"SELINA WAS STANDING IN FRONT OF MR. TASKER IN THE MANNER OF A SMALL HEN DEFENDING AN OVERGROWN CHICKEN."

"What—what's all this?" demanded Mr. Vickers, in trembling tones, as he followed his wife inside and closed the door.

He glanced from Selina, who was standing in front of Mr. Tasker in the manner of a small hen defending an overgrown chicken,

to Mr. Russell, who was towering above them and trying to reach him.

"What's all this?" he repeated, with an attempt at pomposity.

The disputants all spoke at once: Mr. Russell with an air of jocular ferocity, Miss Vickers in a voice that trembled with passion, and Mr. Tasker speaking as a man with a grievance. Despite the confusion, Mr. Vickers soon learned that it was a case of "two's company and three's none," and that Mr. Russell, after turning a deaf ear to hints to retire which had gradually increased in bluntness, had suddenly turned restive and called Mr. Tasker a "mouldy image," a "wall-eyed rabbit," and divers other obscure and contradictory things. Not content with that, he had, without any warning, kissed Miss Vickers, and when Mr. Tasker, obeying that infuriated damsel's commands, tried to show him the door, had facetiously offered to show that gentleman the wall and taken him up and bumped him against it until they were both tired.

"Anybody would ha' thought I was hurting 'im by the noise he made," said the impenitent Mr. Russell.

"I—I'm surprised at you, Bill," said Mr. Vickers, nervously.

"Put him outside," cried Selina, stamping her foot.

"You'd better get off 'ome, Bill," said Mr. Vickers, with a persuasive wink.

"While you're safe," added his daughter, with a threatening gesture.

"Go and get yourself 'arf a pint o' warm lemonade," chimed in the voice of the daring Joseph.

Mr. Russell stepped towards him, but Mr. Vickers, seizing him by the coat, held him back and implored him to remember where he was.

"I'd bump the lot of you for two pins," said the disappointed Mr. Russell, longingly. "And it 'ud do you good; you'd all be the better for it. You'd know 'ow to behave to people when they come in to see you, then. As for Selina, I wouldn't marry her now for all her money."

"Money?" said the irate Selina, scornfully. "What money?"

"The money in the paper," said Mr. Russell, with a diabolical leer in the direction of the unfortunate Mr. Vickers. "The paper what your father found in your box. Didn't he tell you?"

He kicked over a chair which stood in his way and, with a reckless swagger, strode to the door. At the Horse and Groom, where he spent the remainder of the evening, he was so original in his remarks upon women that two unmarried men offered to fight him, and were only appeased by hearing a full and true account of the circumstances responsible for so much bitterness.

CHAPTER XVII.

"TRIED!" said Captain Bowers, indignantly. "I have tried, over and over again, but it's no use."

"Have you tried the right way?" suggested Edward Tredgold.

"I've tried every way," replied Captain Bowers, impatiently.

"We must think of another, then," said the imperturbable Edward. "Have some more beef?"

The captain passed his plate up. "You should have seen her when I said that I was coming to supper with you this evening," he said, impressively.

Mr. Tredgold laid down the carving knife and fork. "What did she say?" he inquired, eagerly.

"Grunted," said the captain.

"Nonsense," said the other, sharply.

"I tell you she did," retorted the captain. "She didn't say a word; just grunted."

"I know what you mean," said Mr. Tredgold; "only you are not using the right word."

"All right," said the captain, resignedly; "I don't know a grunt when I hear it, then; that's all. She generally does grunt if I happen to mention your name."

Mr. Tredgold resumed his meal and sat eating in silence. The captain, who was waiting for more beef, became restless.

"I hope my plate isn't in your way," he said, at last.

"Not at all," said the other, absently.

"Perhaps you'll pass it back to me, then," said the captain.

Mr. Tredgold, still deep in thought, complied. "I wish I could persuade you to have a little more," he said, in tones of polite regret. "I've often noticed that big men are small eaters. I wonder why it is?"

"Sometimes it is because they can't get it, I expect," said the indignant captain.

Mr. Tredgold said that no doubt that was the case sometimes, and was only recalled to the true position of affairs by the hungry captain marching up to the beef and carving for himself.

"I'm sorry," he said, with a laugh. "I was thinking of something else. I wonder

whether you would let me use the crow's-nest for a day or two? There's a place we have got on our hands, a mile or two out, and I want to keep my eye on it."

The captain, his good humour quite restored, preserved his gravity with an effort. "I don't see that she could object to that," he said, slowly. "It's a matter of business, you might say."

"Of course, I could go straight round to the back without troubling you," resumed Mr. Tredgold. "It's so awkward not to be able to see you when I want to."

Captain Bowers ventured a sympathetic wink. "It's awkward not to be able to see *anybody* when you want to," he said, softly.

Two days later Miss Drewitt, peeping cautiously from her bedroom window, saw Mr. Tredgold perched up in the crow's-nest with the telescope. It was a cold, frosty day in January, and she smiled agreeably as she hurried downstairs to the fire and tried to imagine the temperature up aloft.

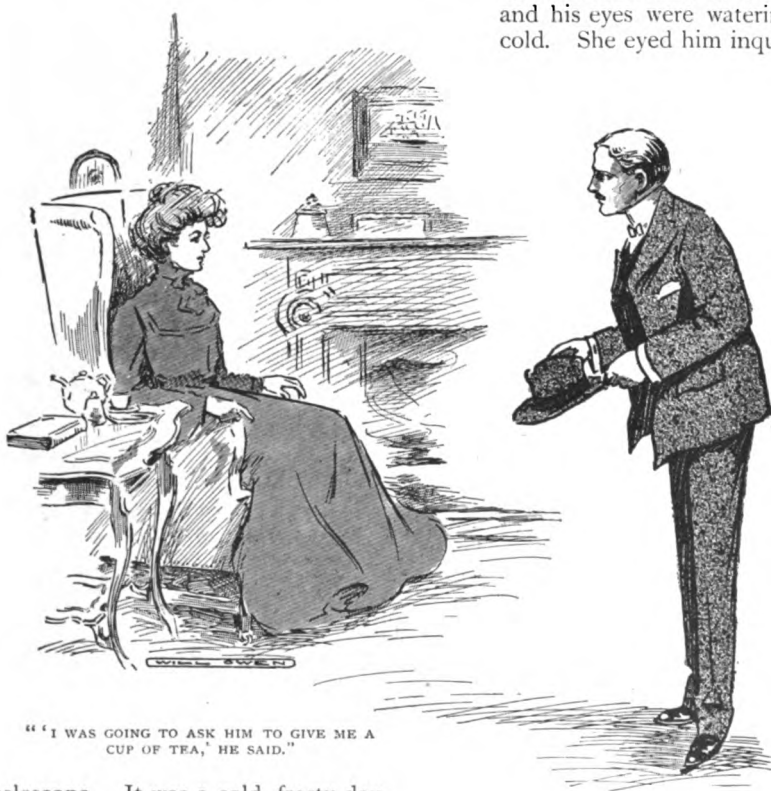
Stern in his attention to duty, Mr. Tredgold climbed day after day to his post of observation and kept a bored but whimsical eye on a deserted cow-house three miles off. On the fourth day the captain was out, and Miss Drewitt, after a casual peep from the kitchen window, shrugged her shoulders and returned to the sitting-room.

"Mr. Tredgold must be very cold up there, miss," said Mr. Tasker, respectfully, as he brought in the tea. "He keeps slapping his chest and blowing on his fingers to keep 'imself warm."

Miss Drewitt said "Oh!" and, drawing the little table up to her easy-chair, put down her book and poured herself out a cup of tea. She had just arranged it to her taste—two lumps of sugar and a liberal allowance of cream—when a faint rap sounded on the front door.

"Come in!" she said, taking her feet from the fender and facing about.

The door opened and revealed to her indignant gaze the figure of Mr. Tredgold. His ears and nose were of a brilliant red and his eyes were watering with the cold. She eyed him inquiringly.



"'I WAS GOING TO ASK HIM TO GIVE ME A CUP OF TEA,' HE SAID."

"Good afternoon," he said, bowing.

Miss Drewitt returned the greeting.

"Isn't Captain Bowers in?" said Mr. Tredgold, with a shade of disappointment in his voice as he glanced around.

"No," said the girl.

Mr. Tredgold hesitated. "I was going to

ask him to give me a cup of tea," he said, with a shiver. "I'm half frozen, and I'm afraid that I have taken a chill."

Miss Drewitt nearly dropped her tea-cup in surprise at his audacity. He was certainly very cold, and she noticed a little blue mixed with the red of his nose. She looked round the cosy room and then at the open door, which was causing a bitter draught.

"He is not in," she repeated.

"Thank you," said Mr. Tredgold, patiently. "Good afternoon."

He was so humble that the girl began to feel uncomfortable. His gratitude for nothing reminded her of a disappointed tramp; moreover, the draught from the door was abominable.

"I can give you a cup of tea, if you wish," she said, shivering. "But please make haste and shut that door."

Mr. Tredgold stepped inside and closed it with alacrity, his back being turned just long enough to permit a congratulatory wink at the unconscious oak. He took a chair the other side of the fire, and, extending his numbed fingers to the blaze, thanked her warmly.

"It is very kind of you," he said, as he took his cup from her. "I was half frozen."

"I should have thought that a brisk walk home would have been better for you," said the girl, coldly.

Mr. Tredgold shook his head dispassionately. "I should probably only have had lukewarm tea when I got there," he replied. "Nobody looks after me properly."

He passed his cup up and began to talk of skating and other seasonable topics. As he got warmer and his features regained their normal colouring and his face its usual expression of cheerfulness, Miss Drewitt's pity began to evaporate.

"Are you feeling better?" she inquired, pointedly.

"A little," was the cautious reply. His face took on an expression of anxiety and he spoke of a twinge, lightly tapping his left lung by way of emphasis.

"I hope that I shall not be taken ill here," he said, gravely.

Miss Drewitt sat up with a start. "I should hope not," she said, sharply.

"So inconvenient," he murmured.

"Quite impossible," said Miss Drewitt, whose experience led her to believe him capable of anything.

"I should never forgive myself," he said, gently.

Miss Drewitt regarded him in alarm, and of her own accord gave him a third cup of tea and told him that he might smoke. She felt safer when she saw him light a cigarette, and, for fear that a worse thing might befall her, entered amiably into conversation. She even found herself, somewhat to her surprise, discussing the voyage and sympathizing with Mr. Tredgold in his anxiety concerning his father's safety.

"Mrs. Chalk and Mrs. Stobell are very anxious, too," he said. "It is a long way for a small craft like that."

"And then to find no treasure at the end of it," said Miss Drewitt, with feminine sweetness.

Mr. Tredgold stole a look at her. "I did not mean to say that the captain had no treasure," he said, quietly.

"You believe in it now?" said the girl, triumphantly.

"I believe that the captain has a treasure," admitted the other, "certainly."

"Worth half a million?" persisted Miss Drewitt.

"Worth more than that," said Mr. Tredgold, gazing steadily into the fire.

The girl looked puzzled. "More?" she said, in surprise.

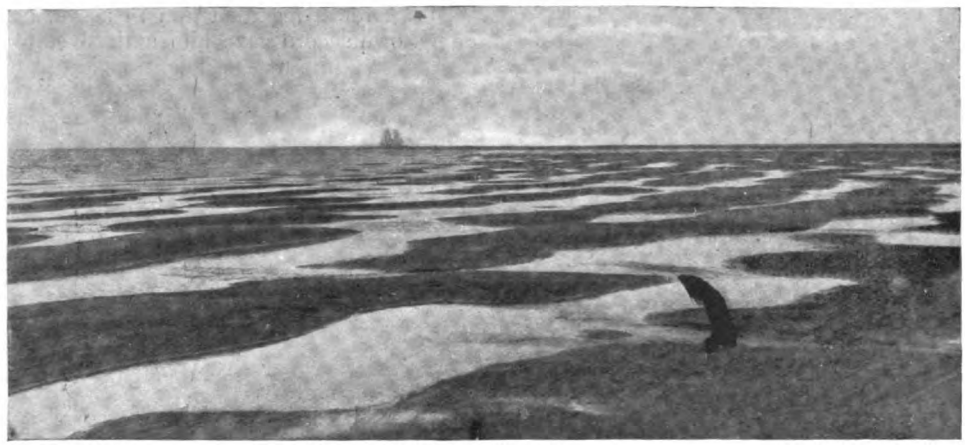
"Much more," said the other, still contemplating the fire. "It is priceless."

Miss Drewitt sat up suddenly and then let herself back slowly into the depths of the chair. Her face turned scarlet and she hoped fervently that if Mr. Tredgold looked at her the earth might open and swallow him up. She began to realize dimly that in the absence of an obliging miracle of that kind there would never be any getting rid of him.

"Priceless," repeated Mr. Tredgold, in challenging tones.

Miss Drewitt made no reply. Rejoinder was dangerous and silence difficult. In a state of nervous indignation she rang for Mr. Tasker and instructed him to take away the tea-things; to sweep the hearth, and to alter the position of two pictures. By the time all this was accomplished she had regained her wonted calm and was airing some rather strong views on the subject of two little boys who lived with a catapult next door but one.

(To be continued.)



From a Photo. by] THE GOODWIN SANDS. *[H. Franklin & Son, Deal.*

The Goodwin Sands.

By Paul Devinne.

TO the south-east of England, about five miles from the coast of Deal, lies the most famous sand-bank in the world. It is not remarkable for its size—being but ten miles long by two to three miles wide—but for the countless marine tragedies enacted during eight centuries, and also by reason of its origin. Many learned geologists and antiquarians have spent themselves in a vain effort to trace the genesis of Goodwin Sands. The weight of evidence would seem to show clearly that the Goodwin Sands of to-day occupy the site of a fertile island, overwhelmed by the sea at the close of the eleventh century. In the case of Lomea, one of the lordships given to Earl Godwin by Edward the Confessor (shown in the early map reproduced on the next page), the land was never reclaimed, but continued to erode and in course of time became covered by the sands washed down from the estuary of the Thames.

So much then for the origin of Goodwin Sands. Let us now glance at their modern character—as the "greate shippe-swallower"—the dread of the mariners of all nations who find themselves in these waters.

Few places in the kingdom and its immediate neighbourhood are less known by personal experience than the famous sands. Gloomy and solitary on most days when visible above water, they are always treacherous. Even when the sand is hard and firm it does not invite the pedestrian, who has come out for the purpose in a boat from Deal, to linger and enjoy the view. In places the foot soon begins to sink when stationary; and in crossing the little pools and rivulets the utmost caution is necessary lest the whole leg becomes engulfed before you can draw it out. Truly what we see here is a graveyard. It is also a vast repository of treasure—of lost gold, silver, and precious metals running well up into the millions sterling. We have spoken of the size of the Goodwin bank; its shape has been compared to a lobster. Its surface runs out into all manner of curious irregularities—promontories and jaws of sand—intersected by channels which are called "swatches" by the sailors. Nor is the configuration ever stationary. The sands are perpetually shifting. At high tide the whole bank is completely submerged—even the North Goodwin is from eight to ten feet under water, while the rest is covered by as much as three fathoms of water. The northern edge is particularly steep, so that ill-fated ships striking on it very often fall over the side of this marine precipice in full view of beholders and are seen no more. And scattered all through the Goodwins at high tide the adventurous explorer will find "fox-falls" twenty feet in depth, as well as numerous gullies, which seem shallow pools until sounded, when they show six or eight feet of water. As for the scenery, it is indescribably dreary and melancholy, as may be seen by the photograph above. For miles

the visitor's eye scans nothing but flats of murky grey, only relieved by the countless colourless pools and lakes—or, perchance, a bit of timber or the fluke of an anchor—sad memorials of some proud ship whose keel struck on the sands and whose hull was dashed to pieces here. Stay, there are the gulls—almost weird in their tameness—strutting to and fro close to our feet or perched ominously above the decaying timbers of a wreck. All is wrapt in silence, for the noise of the waves cannot carry over these grey acres of dune and pool.

Yet this silence has upon occasion been exchanged for scenes of mirth and revelry, oddly out of keeping with the character of the place. Who, for instance, would regard Goodwin Sands as a suitable place for a cricket match? Yet several times has such a match occurred. The first was brought to a conclusion as long ago as 1824. At that time Captain Kennet Martin was harbour-master at Ramsgate, and, being well acquainted with the Goodwins, undertook all the arrangements. The game, we are told, was well played, all the formalities being punctiliously observed. True, the fielding was at times a trifle awkward, owing to the necessity of running over wet, yielding sand, and occasionally through a pool or gully, knee-deep in water, when the batsman had made a good hit. But all was carried through cheerfully, notwithstanding the danger of tides, waves, and quicksands. A second match played fifteen years later came near ending tragically, for on the conclusion of the game a storm arose. The sea grew very high, and the cricketers quickly found their small boat worse than useless to transport the party back to Deal. In this predicament a panic seized them, and they all stood shivering on the sands, hoping to be taken off by some passing vessel. Luckily, a large "hovelling" lugger was dispatched meanwhile from Deal by their friends and a catastrophe averted hardly a moment too soon. In August, 1844, a third match was played by two Margate elevens, and a fourth a decade later, when the fielding was particularly brilliant and, it may be added, particularly wet, for few of the players escaped without a ducking.

THE GOODWIN SANDS IN 1051, THEN CALLED LOMEA ISLAND —IT WILL BE NOTED THAT RICHBOROUGH AND SANDWICH, NOW INLAND, WERE THEN ISLANDS.

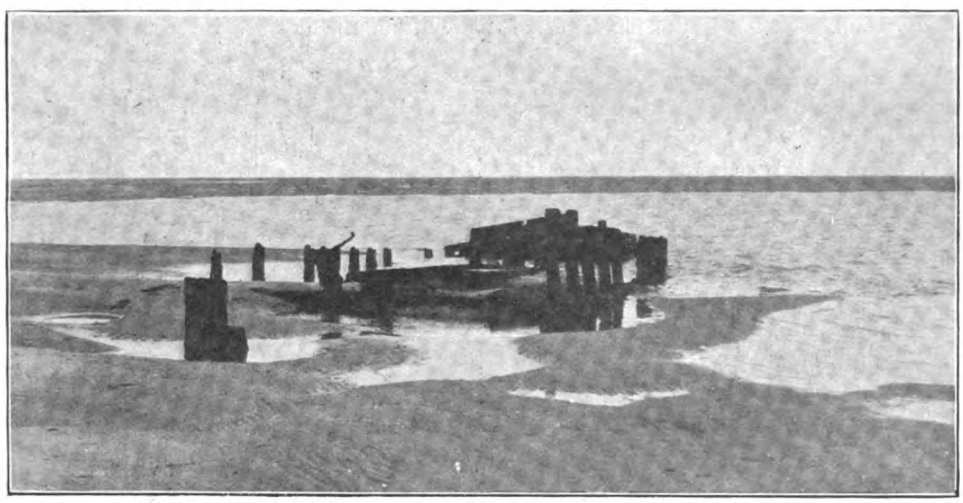
As a proof of how hard the surface of the Goodwins can become at low tide, we must not fail to record that on August 31st, 1887, three London cyclists made it the scene of a spirited run. On leaving the boat they had to wade knee-deep with their machines on their backs in order to gain a landing. It was quickly found, when a start had been made, that if the riders went more than twenty yards away from the margin the wheels invariably sank in the sand. When a favourable spot had at length been reached a mile run was performed, one rider accomplishing it in three minutes thirty seconds. It is memorable that barely a month had elapsed after this extraordinary bicycle race on the Goodwins when a German vessel was wrecked and disappeared with half her crew on the very spot where the race had been run by the light-hearted youths from London! The sudden and total disappearance of a ship after she has struck is by no means uncommon on the Goodwins. On the morning of November 30th, 1888, a large barque was distinctly seen from Deal beach to go ashore. Instantly the Kingsdown lifeboat was manned and put off to the wreck, but although the boat cruised about for five hours no trace except an empty ship's boat was discovered of the ill-fated vessel. There was no clue to her identity. She was seen to strike and then totally and bodily to vanish before the lifeboat could reach her.

As might be expected, the local lifeboat worthies at Deal are full of tales of wrecks on Earl Godwin's submerged island. In fact, you cannot be long in their company before you succumb to the fascination of these grim narrations, even though you are conscious that many of them are eked out

with Homeric details, which betray the poet as well as the literal historian.

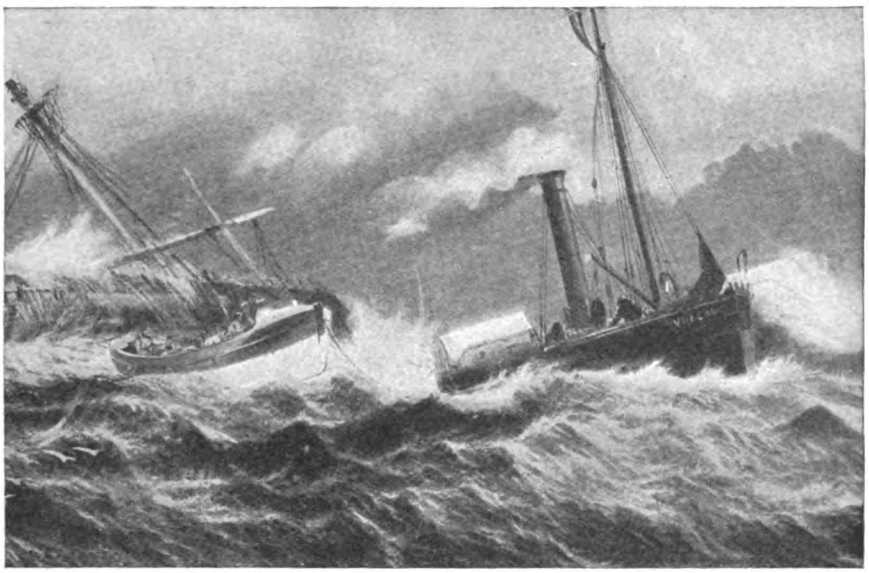
When it is remembered that there are from two to five thousand wrecks and casualties on the British coasts every year, in spite of lighthouses, lightships, beacons, and buoys, the occupation of lifeboat men must needs be a thrilling one. Not forgotten at the Goodwins is that total loss of an entire fleet of men-of-war in the storm of 1703, when Admiral Beaumont and twelve hundred officers and men perished on the sands; but the stories one oftenest hears are wrecks during the past century, beginning with the loss of the *Aurora*, Admiralty transport, which ran on to the outer edge of the Goodwins in a thick fog and was totally wrecked, three hundred passengers and the whole of her crew perishing. No lifeboats were there at Deal or elsewhere in those days, the work of life-saving being left wholly to the Kentish "hovellers." Then there was the wreck of the *British Queen* in 1814. Her signals of distress could not be seen owing to the fog, and her guns were not heard. All on board perished, and the only fragment saved was that part of the stern which exhibited her name. Had this, too, been lost, no record of her fate would have remained to those on shore. There are many at Deal who still recall vividly the wreck of the *Shepherdess* in 1844.

Often these doomed vessels not only sank with all on board, but with such rapidity that three or four hours sufficed, from the first indication of being grounded on the sands, to complete the work of destruction. Take such a record as this, and it is only a sample of hundreds that are religiously preserved at Deal: "The *Violet*, mail-packet, left Ostend about eleven p.m., 4th of January, 1857. At two in the morning she struck on the Goodwins; a little after three there was no one left on board to answer the signals of the steamer and lifeboat that came out to their rescue; at seven there was nothing to be seen of the *Violet*, crew, or passengers, but a portion of one mast and the lifebuoy picked up by the lifeboat, with the three pale corpses attached to it, sleeping their last sleep under the lifeboat sail." On the other hand, there are wrecks which remain almost bolt upright, with their keels embedded in the sand. Thus they remain for days and weeks if no tide suffices to clear their keels. Naturally, it often becomes a matter of importance to remove the wrecked hulls of vessels from the neighbourhood of the sands, in order that they shall not become an added danger to navigation. But such an operation is not easy: recourse is had to gunpowder or dynamite in the manner shown on the next page. The hull is blown to pieces, which are drifted far and wide.



THE SPOT WHERE THE GERMAN VESSEL SANK—NEAR THE SCENE OF THE BICYCLE RACE.
From a Photo. by H. Franklin & Son, Deal.

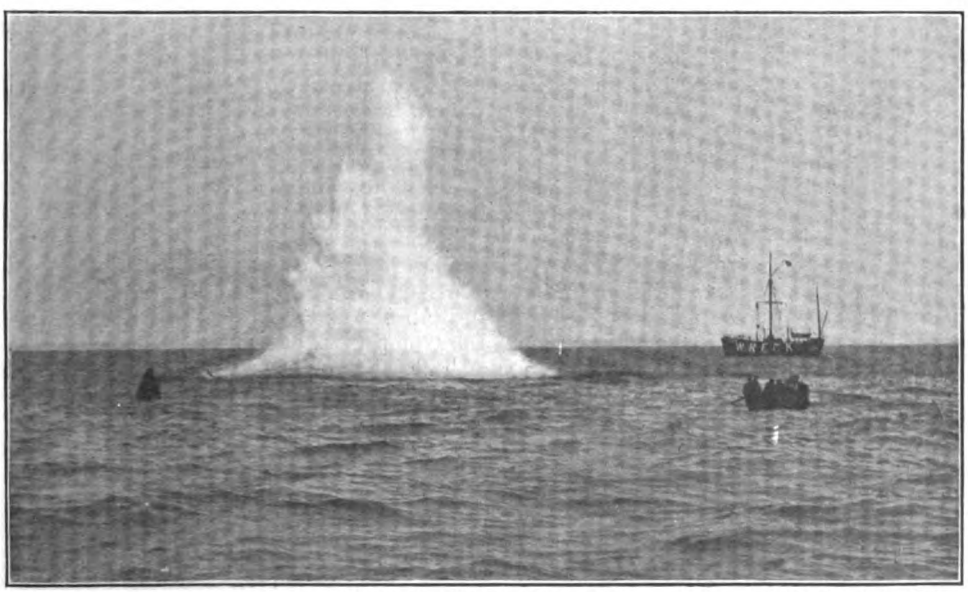
One could fill this entire number of THE STRAND with enthralling stories of the wrecks of recent years as told by the men whose calling leads them daily throughout the season to frequent the vicinity of the Goodwin Sands. Readers may naturally ask what causes so many wrecks at this particular spot, which is well known to be dangerous. In the first place it may be as well to explain what so many vessels are



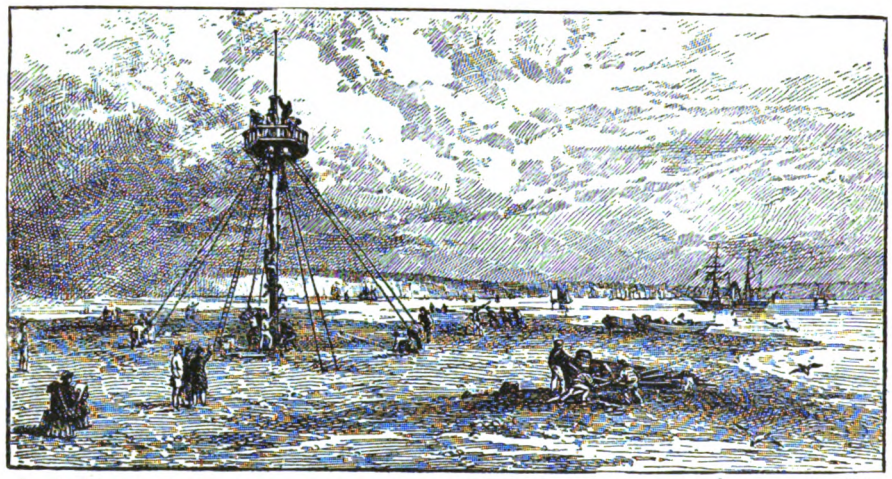
From a] "TO THE RESCUE!"—A WRECK ON THE GOODWINS. *[Painting.*

doing in this part at all. The roadstead between the Goodwins and the Kentish coast is known as the Downs: the former forming a natural breakwater and so converting the Downs into an extensive harbour of refuge when stormy weather overtakes the Channel. Thus large fleets of merchantmen besides men-of-war may commonly be seen; at other times wind-bound sailing ships, riding at anchor here, as many as four hundred sail having been counted. It is recorded that three entire English fleets, under three different admirals, have been known to rendezvous simultaneously in the Downs. It is in making for this harbour of refuge that many ships get grounded.

Not until about the close of the seventeenth century was there any attempt made by the authorities to erect a beacon or establish a lightship which should warn mariners of the presence of the Goodwin Sands. Borings were then made to a con-



From a Photo. by] BLOWING UP A WRECK ON THE SANDS. *[H. Franklin & Son, Deal.*



From a Drawing by] THE FIRST SAFETY BEACON ERECTED BY CAPTAIN BULLOCK, R.N., IN 1840. *[S. Owen, Esq.*

siderable depth, but the suction was so great that it was decided that the same "spongy, glutinous material" continued for hundreds of fathoms. No firm bottom appeared to exist, and further action became postponed for a century. In 1795 the first lightship was established, and some years later the first beacon was fixed into an old hulk filled with stones by order of Trinity House. The story of the successive beacons erected on the Goodwins during the past century is too long to narrate here—several of them at great expense—but all of them were overthrown and disappeared into the bosom of the terrible sands.

That erected by Captain (afterwards Admiral) Bullock in 1840 was the first "refuge beacon" on the sands. In the gallery, shown in the above drawing, was kept a supply of bread, water, and spirits. Unhappily, this beacon was run down by a Dutch galiot sailing up the Channel in 1844.

We have spoken of the site of Earl Godwin's lost island of Lomea as a graveyard. Few who have seen the sands, however, may be aware that it has ever been knowingly selected as the place of interment by presumably rational human beings. Yet Evelyn, in his "Diary," records under date of April 12th, 1705: "My brother-in-law Granville departed this life this morning, after a long, languishing illness, leaving a son by my sister, and two granddaughters. Our relation and friendship had been long and great. He was a man of excellent partes. He died in the eighty-fourth year of his age, and will'd his body to be wrapp'd in leade, and carried downe to Greenwich, put on board a ship, and burried in sea betweene Dover and Calais, on the Goodwin Sands, which was done on the Tuesday or Wednesday after. This occasioned much discourse, he having had no relation whatever to the sea."

For the second case we must turn to the *London Evening Post* of May 16th, 1751, where we find the following item:—

"We have an account from Hambourg that on the 16th April last, about six leagues off the North Foreland, Captain Wyrck Pietersen, commander of the ship called the *Johannes*, took up a coffin made in the English manner and with the following inscription upon a silver plate: 'Mr. Francis Humphrey Merrydith, died 25th March, 1751, aged 51,' which coffin the said captain carried to Hambourg and then opened it, in which was enclosed a leaden one and the body of an elderly man embalmed and dressed in fine linen. This is the corpse that was buried in the Goodwin Sands a few weeks ago, according to the will of the deceased."

Thus was the design of the dead man frustrated. What was his purpose? Who can tell? Perhaps there was a romance similar to that of Sir Anthony Gloster in Mr. Kipling's poem, who told his son on his death-bed to take him out and bury him off the Union Bank at sea. He sought—

A berth off the Paternosters in the haven where I would be.
I believe in the Resurrection if I read my Bible plain,
But I wouldn't trust 'em at Woking; we're safer at sea again.

At present, although there is no beacon, four staunch and well-kept lightships warn the navigator off his bearings, or seeking the shelter of the Downs by day or night, that he is in dangerous proximity to that "greate shippe-swallower," Goodwin Sands.

Sister Ann.

By E. Massie and E. Dyke.

MR. WILLIAM, the younger, but not young, partner of the firm of Brownlow Brothers, sat in his somewhat dingy office, with a newspaper on his left hand, a ledger on his right, and a cup of tea on the table before him.

In the room below his brother Stephen—a fussy, pompous individual—was strutting to and fro in silent indignation. But his wrath craved for expression, and so presently he came up the stairs to his brother.

"William," said he, "are you aware that Miss Morrison is about to get married?"

"What, again?" exclaimed Mr. William. "Surely not again?"

"Eh?" said Mr. Stephen, sharply.

"What I meant," explained his brother, "is that this is the third Miss Morrison who has worked for us and left to be married. The first one married the 'south' traveller, didn't she? And the second one—let me see—she married the Glasgow agent. Pray, whom is the third one going to marry?"

Mr. Stephen twirled his eye-glasses irritably around the forefinger of his left hand as he replied: "Not even anyone connected with the firm. She is going to marry a greengrocer, or fruit-grower, or something of that kind. Going to leave a comfortable situation like this—to marry—a *greengrocer!*"

"Dear — me!" mildly remarked Mr. William.

"I was talking to Dickenson only this morning," continued the indignant Mr. Stephen. "He has had a lot of trouble lately with the lads in his office, and I said to him: 'If you want your books kept neatly —and *cheaply*—Dickenson, get a girl. In our office we have had three young ladies, sisters, one after the other, and all three were perfection, my dear sir, *perfection!*' Then, when I came in this afternoon, the first thing Miss Morrison said to me was, 'Oh, Mr. Stephen, I'm going to be married.'"

"What are we going to do, then?" inquired the younger brother. "We must get another clerk somehow."

"Advertise, I suppose," answered Stephen, gloomily.

"I wonder," said William, thoughtfully, "if there is another Miss Morrison?"

"Impossible!" said the other. "There could not be four such girls in one family!" The time came when he recalled that remark as a prophecy.

"Still," persisted Mr. William, "there is just a chance."

Mr. Stephen rang the bell which stood on his brother's desk, and Miss Morrison appeared in response to the summons.

She was a rather pretty girl, and as she stood before the two men she blushed becomingly.

"Ahem!" began the elder partner. "Both your eldest and your elder sister previously held the position which you now occupy, and we wondered—that is to say, my brother wondered—if you had another sister who could—er—follow in your footsteps?"

Miss Morrison hesitated for a moment. Then she said: "There's Ann. She has just left school."

"Capital!" exclaimed Mr. Stephen. "And she could take on your work here?"

"Ye-es," assented Miss Morrison, but in a doubtful tone; "I suppose so."

"She would accept the post, I presume?" asked Mr. Stephen, and his manner implied that she would be foolish indeed to refuse.

"Certainly, sir," said the girl; "but I'm not sure whether you would be satisfied with her. You see, she is very young."

"My dear Miss Morrison," said Mr. Stephen, gallantly, "any one of *your* sisters would satisfy us. Will you ask her to call here on Monday? Then you can get her well into the way of the work before you leave."

"I will tell Ann, sir, thank you," said Miss Morrison.

"And," added Mr. Stephen, with an attempt at playfulness, "will you tell—er—Ann, too, not to get married?"

"Yes, sir," replied Miss Morrison, with a smile.

"So your sister's name is Ann?" interposed Mr. William, suddenly. "Wasn't 'Sister Ann' someone in history? 'Sister Ann'—ah, yes—of course——"

But Miss Morrison had disappeared, and Mr. Stephen was looking solemn again. "I suppose," said he, "that we must give her a silver cake-basket. We gave one to each of the others."

Monday morning duly arrived, and with it Sister Ann.

"Good morning!" said Mr. Stephen, briskly, as he and his brother entered the office. "Quite well? Have you seen the books?"

"Yes, sir," said Ann, with a little sigh. The sight of those books had not been a prepossessing one.

"What we want," announced Mr. William, "is somebody who will keep our books nicely and neatly, and who will not run away to be married as soon as she has learned to do so. Your sisters, Miss Ann, are most excellent young ladies, but they all have such a—er—matrimonial propensity. *You* are not engaged to be married, I hope?"

"No, sir," answered Ann, meekly. "I am sixteen next month," she added.

Mr. Stephen was determined to run no risk this time; therefore, although on delicate ground, he continued:—

"And you have—er—no attachment which might develop into an engagement?"

"YOU HAVE—ER—NO ATTACHMENT WHICH MIGHT DEVELOP INTO AN ENGAGEMENT?"

"Let me see," said Ann, demurely, folding her hands and drooping her eyes. "I—don't think—I have."

"That's right!" said Mr. Stephen, with relief apparent in his tone. "And I hope that we shall get on very well together."

In answer to her sister's subsequent inquiries with respect to this interview, Ann asserted that Mr. Stephen had asked her whether she was married or single, and that she—Ann—had replied that she was single *at present*, but was in love with the milk-boy.

"Ann," said her sister, severely, "this is no occasion for levity. How much I wish you were more like the rest of us!"

"There couldn't be four girls like you in one family," retorted saucy Ann, unconsciously echoing Mr. Stephen. "Three's bad enough, but *four* would be impossible! The steam must be let off somewhere."

A month later Ann had the little upstairs office to herself. Her sister was enjoying her honeymoon. Ann pictured the happy pair walking hand in hand, and carrying about their lunch—probably ham sandwiches and wedding-cake—in the silver cake-basket.

Strictly speaking, Ann was not a success at the establishment of Brownlow Brothers. With three sisters—all "perfection"—preceding her, perhaps it was a little difficult to uphold the family tradition. Ann soon gave up the attempt.

Mr. Stephen, for the first few weeks, was unaware of the difference between this Miss Morrison and her paragons of sisters. Mr. William, however, had detected it on the very first morning of Ann's attendance at the office. "Well, Sister Ann," he had said, cheerily, "and how do you think you will like being here?" And the girl had replied, "I

don't think, Mr. William, that I shall like it at all."

That was not what a Miss Morrison should have said. Any one of the others, Mr. William felt sure, would have murmured sweetly: "Very much, sir, thank you, and I will do my best to give satisfaction."

Yet this daring young person rather fascinated Mr. William. He had never been a daring character himself, and never would be. He was just a meek, benevolent old fellow, who thought evil of no one, and who had a smile and a halfpenny for every youngster he met.

For the first three days then, at least, Mr. William found a certain charm in Ann's audacity. On the fourth day he was awakened from his afternoon siesta by a brisk, tuneful whistle. The sound came from the next room, which opened into his own office and was occupied by Ann.

Mr. William frowned. He did not approve of callers waiting in the young lady's office. He went softly to the door, intending to confront the intruder, but, to his intense surprise, the only person visible was Ann — Ann, with her chair tipped backward at a perilous angle, her feet tucked underneath the desk to steady herself, her hands clasped behind her head—whistling as cheerily as a blackbird. As the door-handle clicked sharply under Mr. William's hand, the girl's chair jerked back suddenly to the horizontal.

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry!" she cried. "I thought you were out."

"I have been engaged in my private office," said Mr. William, severely.

"I didn't know," said Ann, meekly. She did not add that she had knocked at the door three times without eliciting a response.

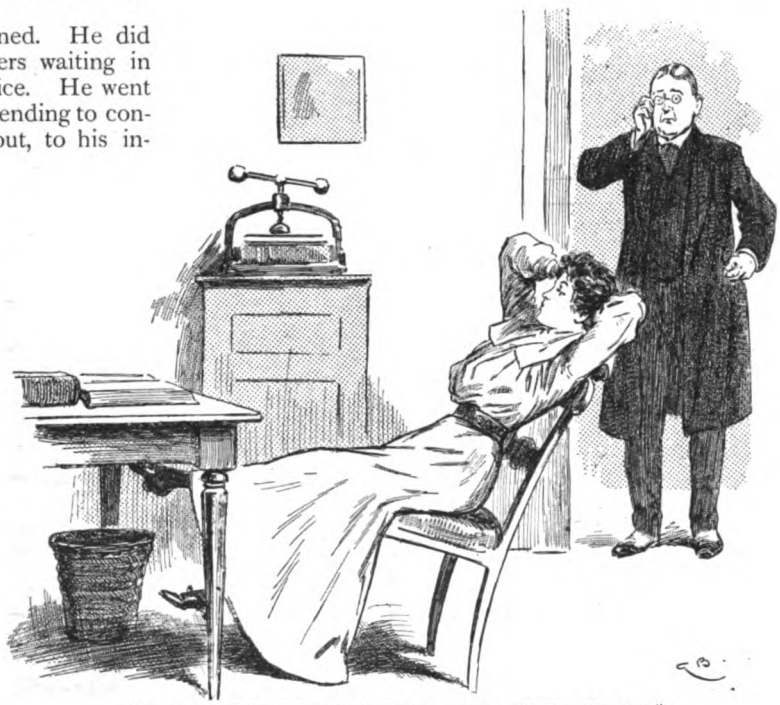
"Are you acquainted with the proverb concerning 'a whistling woman and a crowing hen'?"

There was a moment's pause; then Ann's mischievous glance met the old man's serious one. "But you know, sir," she said, slyly, "you *told* me not to get married."

"It is unnecessary to go to extremes, however," said Mr. William, as he turned to re-enter his own sanctum.

The delinquent was speedily forgiven. When at four o'clock she carried her master's cup of tea into his office her big grey eyes wore such a wistful expression that he felt constrained to pat her on the head as he said, kindly, "There, there, Sister Ann! It's all right."

Mr. Stephen had a poor opinion of Ann since the day when he detected sundry strange, inky marks on one of the ledgers. Ann's explanation of their existence was that they had been caused by a fly which she had rescued from an inky grave; but Mr. Stephen



"TO HIS INTENSE SURPRISE, THE ONLY PERSON VISIBLE WAS ANN."

naturally inquired why it should have been placed upon that ledger to dry. To Ann's assertion that she had deposited it upon a nice, clean sheet of blotting-paper from which it had crawled in an unguarded moment, he turned a deaf ear.

Ill-luck seemed to dog Sister Ann where Mr. Stephen was concerned. Did she make a blunder—and it must be confessed that

this was a not infrequent occurrence—it was sure to come to Mr. Stephen's notice. If, as sometimes happened, Mr. William let her off half an hour earlier than usual, it transpired afterwards that Mr. Stephen had particularly wanted her. Was she late in the morning, it was always Mr. Stephen who awaited her.

But the smiles of Mr. William made up for his brother's frowns, and, in spite of her shortcomings, Ann had been in the office four years before the catastrophe occurred.

It was the middle of July. The week had begun—and gone on—badly for Ann. On Monday a letter which she had wrongly addressed was returned by the Post Office and, of course, fell into the hands of Mr. Stephen. On Tuesday Ann, taking "French leave," met Mr. Stephen on the stairs. On Wednesday she was the bearer of a misleading message, which caused the senior partner to wait nearly two hours at the railway-station for an old and esteemed customer who failed to turn up.

With Thursday came the climax. It was a day of stifling heat, and Ann, alone in her close office, having for the moment nothing to do, glided from day-dreams into actual sleep. Mr. Stephen, peeping in, looked, snorted, and went in search of his brother. Three times that week had William stoutly declared, in the face of all argument to the contrary, that Ann was really a good, diligent, capable girl. Now he should see for himself! Mr. William's office, however, was empty, and, after loitering about for a little while, Mr. Stephen returned to that of Ann.

Miss Morrison was still slumbering peacefully in her chair, but, to Mr. Stephen's vast amazement, Mr. William, with an open newspaper in his hand, was bending over her with the tenderness of a mother.

Gently he covered the girl's face with the paper, placing the ink-pot upon one corner to keep it in position. Then, looking up, he caught the stern eye of Mr. Stephen. A dull red mounted to his face as he murmured, stupidly, "To—to—keep the flies off."

Mr. Stephen strode into the room.

"I should like to know," he thundered, "what this nonsense——"

With a start Ann awoke and sat upright. The paper still rested upon her head, but the ink-pot which Mr. William had utilized as a paper-weight rolled to the ground and started a tiny black stream across the floor.

"Is—is—anything the matter?" she faltered.

Mr. Stephen vouchsafed no other reply than an angry glare. "William," he said, "I wish to speak with you." With that he turned on his heel, and William, throwing an apologetic glance towards Ann, followed meekly.

"'IS ANYTHING THE MATTER?' SHE FALTERED."

An hour later Ann's friend reappeared, with a troubled countenance.

"I fear, Sister Ann," said he, "that there's trouble in store for you. Do you remember that long specification and estimate which you wrote out for Mr. Stephen last Friday? Yes? Well, there was a dreadful mistake in the price named, and, unfortunately, we have accepted the order. Mr. Stephen says that

you must have copied it wrongly. There's someone downstairs now about the business —wants to hold us to the quotation."

Ann's colour rose at the prospect of war.

"I have Mr. Stephen's copy," she said. "What's wrong?"

"Item three, fifteen pounds, should be nearer fifty-one pounds. I'm afraid you've transposed the figures somehow."

Ann referred to a paper which she had taken up.

"'Item three, best finish, fitted, fixed, entire satisfaction, fifteen pounds.' *There!*"

Mr. William felt a thrill of unholy joy. To think that Mr. Stephen could make a mistake—and *such* a mistake—like a mere ordinary person! Nevertheless, the situation was awkward.

"If it *had* been your mistake, Sister Ann —though I'm glad it's not—but if it had been, I thought that perhaps Mr. Carter—he is downstairs now—might have overlooked it, on your account, you know."

"*You* might have overlooked it, perhaps," said Ann, "but no one else."

"I don't see how they could help it," said Mr. William, simply.

Perhaps the implied compliment intoxicated Ann. She turned suddenly to Mr. William. "Let's go and see!" she said, excitedly, and before he had realized her intention she was half-way down the stairs. At the bottom she waited for him.

"Mr. William," she whispered, "lend me your handkerchief, quick! I've lost mine"; and Mr. William could only give one astonished gasp and yield his handkerchief before she had disappeared into his brother's room.

"What's the meaning of this, Miss Morrison?" demanded Mr. Stephen, as he caught sight of her. "Things have come to a pretty pass indeed, when you cannot be trusted to copy correctly a few pages of writing!"

"I — I'm very sorry, sir!" stammered Ann.

"Sorry!" Mr. Stephen fairly shouted; "sorry! You'd burn the place down to warm your hands, and say you were *sorry* to find that I was burnt up inside it! I have no patience with you! I've put up with your vagaries long enough; I'll stand them no longer. This—*this* is the climax!"

Ann played her part well. The thought of that bit of paper upstairs sustained her. A climax, indeed! Mr. Stephen should have one all to himself presently. She cast a glance of such innocent entreaty at Mr. Carter that that gentleman yearned to tell Mr. Stephen to hold his tongue.

Mr. William, entering the room softly, beheld Ann, the picture of guilty misery, standing before his irate brother with downcast eyes and trembling lip, and making ample use of his handkerchief.

"What have you to say for yourself?" demanded Mr. Stephen, in his very sternest tone.

"I—don't—know—sir," quavered Ann.

For a moment Mr. William was perplexed. Had he not seen Stephen's paper, the evidence of his error, with his own eyes? Then it suddenly flashed upon him that this brave child was endeavouring to save the situation by taking the blame upon herself. How splendid it was of her! But he hoped that she would not tell any downright falsehoods.

"After this" — now Mr. Stephen's tone was coldly righteous—"I must, of course, refuse to give you a reference."

This was going rather too far, even if Ann *had* been guilty of the carelessness imputed to her. By this time she had apparently completely broken down. Her sobs were piteous to hear. Mr. Carter coughed uneasily.

"Really, Mr. Brownlow," he said, "we all make mistakes sometimes, you know."

Concerning the mistake of Brownlow Brothers he had been inflexible, but the mistake of this pretty little girl—whose white, dimpled chin just showed itself beneath the enormous handkerchief in which the rest of her face was for the present buried—was entirely a different matter!

Ann lowered the handkerchief and gave him a grateful glance.

"I had an awful toothache that day," she said, "and—bad news from——"

"*Toothache! Bad news!*" scoffed Mr. Stephen, his eyes riveted upon the initials "W. B." neatly embroidered in one corner of the handkerchief which Ann held.

"Look here," said Mr. Carter, suddenly, to Mr. Brownlow; "suppose you send us in an amended quotation? Though how you came to sign the thing I don't know!"

"I was in a great hurry," explained Mr. Stephen, with some heat, "and I said to Miss Morrison, 'Now, can I depend upon the accuracy of this copy?' and she assured me that she had gone through it carefully several times. So I signed it. And this"—Mr. Stephen's voice was tragic in its intensity—"*this* is the result!"

Mr. Carter placed his hand kindly on the

girl's shoulder. "Well, well!" said he, "say no more about the matter, and send me an amended quotation."

"You may go upstairs, Miss Morrison," said Mr. Stephen, stiffly.

Ann had won. Mr. William wanted to applaud loudly, and would have liked to explain to Mr. Carter that the girl had really not been in fault. But he suppressed the impulse, and relieved his feelings a little by opening the door for Ann with marked deference.

She flew up the stairs two at a time, and executed a wild dance on the landing. At the top she met the office cleaner, carrying a bucket of water. "Oh, Mrs. Perkins," cried the excited girl, "there's been such fun downstairs!"

"Eh?" said Mrs. Perkins; "fun? Where?"

"Mr. Stephen *is* such fun," said Ann. "If you had only seen him!"

"Mr. Stephen!" sniffed the old woman, scornfully. "Fun? *He*, indeed! Stopped one-and-six out of my money, he did, just because——"

But Ann had danced out of sight, and Mrs. Perkins trudged on downstairs.

The brothers Brownlow passed her in the passage.

"I tell you, William," the elder was saying, "it's impossible."

"But, my dear Stephen, I saw the paper with my own eyes."

"I don't believe it! It was something else. That girl is cunning enough for anything."

"Seeing is believing," said Mr. William, confidently. "It's upstairs now."

As the two men slowly ascended the stairs the charwoman at the bottom eyed them with disfavour. "Fun!" she commented; "fun!"

Ann heard their approach. Her heart beat faster, her eyes sparkled with delight.

Mr. William entered first. "Miss Morrison," he said, eagerly, "where is that paper you showed me? Mr. Stephen won't believe that it was his mistake."

"I haven't got it," said Ann.

"Eh?" exclaimed Mr. William; "not got it?"

Ann nodded. Mr. Stephen nodded also, with a sleek, "told-you-so" sort of smile upon his face.

"Where is it, then?" inquired the younger brother.

"I didn't keep it, Mr. William."

Mr. William glanced quickly from his brother's face to the girl's.

"Then Mr. Stephen must take my word for it that I saw the original paper, and that the mistake was his."

The situation was puzzling, but Mr. William was determined to stand up for Ann after the gallant—and he *did* hope not too untruthful—way in which she had managed the affair downstairs.

Ann addressed herself to Mr. Stephen.

"It is quite

"'OH, MRS. PERKINS,' CRIED THE EXCITED GIRL, 'THERE'S BEEN SUCH FUN DOWNSTAIRS!'"

true, sir," said she. "I made an exact copy of your estimate."

"Then where is my estimate?" demanded Mr. Stephen.

"I haven't got it, sir."

"There! Could we have more positive proof of guilt? You tricked Mr. William, but you knew, miss, that you could not bamboozle *me!* And you destroyed the papers. Miss Morrison, you can leave these premises at once. Inform your parents that you have been dismissed as a liar and a cheat."

Ann took up her hat and pinned it on.

"MISS MORRISON, YOU CAN LEAVE THESE PREMISES AT ONCE."

Then, with a quiet "Good-bye" to Mr. William, she left the office for ever.

Before descending the stairs, however, she darted to the end of the passage and snatched a paper from the window-ledge.

Mr. William stood motionless, his eyes fixed wistfully on the vacant chair and desk, until he heard the clang of the front door. Ann Morrison had gone.

Then Mr. William awoke from his reverie and turned to his brother.

"You *cad!*" he said, and passed into his own room, slamming the door behind him.

He had not been so upset about anything since someone—with eyes very like Ann's—had passed out of his life thirty years ago.

Now that she had gone he realized how he had looked every day for Ann's coming, how her mere presence had seemed to warm and cheer for him that gloomy room.

He imagined her creeping away alone, to tell her people how she had been dismissed in disgrace from the place which her three sisters had so honourably filled. And she was the prettiest and sweetest of all! Her parents, too—whom Mr. William remembered to have seen when the first Miss Morrison was engaged—had such strict ideas!

Oh, why had she destroyed that paper? He could not understand it at all. And then the gross injustice which had been done! There was one thing which he could do to put the matter right—only one thing—and that he would do. But what would Stephen say? Never mind. *He* was not worthy of consideration.

Mr. William put on his hat and went out.

Oddly enough, he came across Ann almost immediately. As he turned into the High Street of the little market town all the clocks were striking five, and becoming suddenly aware that he had not had his usual tea he paused almost unconsciously outside a confectioner's shop. And there, seated at the table nearest to the door, was Ann Morrison, calmly—could it be possible?—helping herself to strawberries and cream.

Mr. William entered the shop, and Ann's look of surprise melted into a radiant smile. "Didn't I do it well?" she asked, eagerly.

Her friend nodded emphatically. "Yes; but oh, Sister Ann, I'm so sorry it should have ended like that!"

Ann was about to speak, but he rushed on breathlessly:—

"When your sisters left it was different. But for you—as it is—I thought it would be so very difficult for you at home—and I—I want to know, Sister Ann, if you will do me the honour—the infinite honour—of becoming my wife? I—I know there's a difference in age — but I would do my very best to make you happy — and you know—don't you, dear?—how fond I am of you!"

As Mr. William wound up his speech Ann's sweet eyes had a suggestion of tears in them. She did not speak at once, and the silence was broken by a deferential voice at Mr. William's elbow.

"What can I serve you with, sir?"

"Oh, go away!" said Mr. William, testily.

But the presence remained at his side, and with extreme tactlessness handed him a menu.

"Those, then," said Mr. William, absently, with his thumb on the top of the card. "The first three items."

The waiter withdrew, to return almost immediately with a cup of coffee, a cup of cocoa, a cup of tea, and three small jugs of cream, which he arranged in a neat row before Mr. William. This done, he vanished.

Then Ann spoke. There was an odd little choking sound in her voice, and the words came slowly.

"Mr. William," she said, "you're the kindest and best—you've always been so thoughtful for me—and I ought to have told you before. But it was all so commonplace—to leave like the others and have a silver cake-basket—and the other way seemed so much more fun. I was going to tell you to-morrow that I must leave. There's a cousin of mine—we have always been great chums; he has just got a post in India, and he has asked me to marry him, and I have said 'yes.' You see, it's really quite commonplace—all but my leaving the office. I have always been so dull there, but to-day made up a little for the dulness. Before I came out I put that paper on Mr. Stephen's desk, so he is sure to see it—and, oh, Mr. William, I shall always think of you."

"Then you can't marry me?" said Mr. William, slowly.

"No-o," said Ann, half laughing, half crying; "I'm afraid I can't."

And is it possible that Mr. William, sitting there with the array of cups before him, gave a sigh—a very little sigh—of relief?

"'THEN YOU CAN'T MARRY ME?' SAID MR. WILLIAM, SLOWLY."

Inches and Eminence.

By Beckles Willson.

TO amplify a familiar proverb, the world knows little of the stature of its greatest men. In all the volumes and treatises which have been written and printed on the subject of anthropometry the writers built up their fabrics largely upon conjecture. Where are correct data accessible?

If one wishes to confirm or confound a theory, such as propounded by Lombroso that "nearly all great men are little," where may one turn for reliable statistics? Not to memoirs, not to the biographical dictionaries. It is astonishing, considering the keen interest mankind displays in inches, but it is a fact, that not one biography in a hundred gives the exact stature of the subject of whom it treats, and not even in those instances in which it is given can it be relied upon as wholly and inexpugnably accurate.

Take so glaring a case as that of Napoleon. Here is a personage constantly under surveillance by people struck by the one eminent peculiarity of his person; yet he would be an ingenious inquirer who should succeed in reconciling the various accounts given of Napoleon's stature. Bourienne, who had ample opportunities for observing him closely, says he was five feet two inches; but Captain Maitland measured him on the *Bellerophon*, and found his distinguished passenger to be five feet seven. Constant says five feet one and a half inches. Bunbury avers the height was not less than five feet six. The curious might naturally ask: What did Napoleon himself say? Did nobody ever ask him to step beneath a standard or submit his person to the tape-measure? Perhaps they did not dare—although the conqueror was by no means ashamed of his stature, because he, too, held to the theory that the greatest men are little men.

At St. Helena, reviewing the achievements of his generals, he observes that "Kléber had all the qualities and defects of a tall man." In sooth, this was a favourite comment of Napoleon's. He chose short men invariably for difficult enterprises; he was convinced, in spite of history, that Cæsar and Alexander, as well as Frederick the Great, were men of diminutive stature. Nothing pleased him more about Montholon than that he had (to use Lord Rosebery's phrase) "the complacence to be shorter than himself."

This theory of intellectual greatness almost invariably accompanying physical littleness has been argued at length by Lombroso and by Balzac, amongst a host of lesser writers. But the fault with such inquirers is the fault we have premised—they argue inevitably in accordance with their predilections. Any great man whose height is in doubt they put promptly into the category of short men; they extend the upper boundaries of brevity until it reaches well past middle height; and lastly, and more important still, they exclude as many tall men from their lists as they conveniently can. By such process do they obtain a verdict for their theory. It is indeed difficult to quote exact figures. The fact that a man is stated by his biographer to be "rather under" or "rather over" or of full middle stature means nothing at all. Heights vary from age to age; they vary in different countries, and friends and even close relatives are not to be trusted.

"We all," wrote Mr. Havelock Ellis some years ago, "have different standards of height, and it is possible for the same person to be short, middle-sized, and tall for different observers who all knew him well at the same period of his life. Middle height, as judged by the eye, is a peculiarly uncertain quantity. Thus Rossetti seemed to his brother to be of "rather low middle stature," to Mr. Hall Caine of "full middle height," and to Mr. Sharp "rather over middle height." His actual height was barely five feet eight inches (five feet seven and seven-eighth inches). That is to say, Rossetti was of precisely middle height, according to the figures we shall give presently. Like all other scientists, Mr. Ellis himself was guilty of relying too much upon inaccurate data, as when he announced Bishop Wilberforce to be five feet three inches. This drew down upon him an indignant protest from one of the great Bishop's relatives against the latter being classed as a "dwarf." "I frequently saw the Bishop under a standard, and his exact height was five feet eight and a half inches."

As to the standard of height varying from age to age, Thomas Love Peacock would have it that we moderns had degenerated. Most of us cannot agree with him. Chaucer may well have been of middle height; when Mr. Troutbeck examined Chaucer's skeleton at the digging of Browning's grave he calculated that Chaucer's height was five feet six inches.

Leaving, however, the dead worthies to sleep in their graves, let us turn to the eminent individuals of our own day. In this field of inquiry we would walk with little more security if we had not taken peculiar precautions against error. Is it not odd that nobody seeking after anthropometrical truth has hit upon the expedient of going straight to the great men themselves and asking them point-blank for a correct measurement of their persons? Nothing could be simpler; it is far better than beating about the bush—better than even relying upon the best ocular or second-hand evidence. That, then, is what the present writer has done, and is thus enabled to present herewith figures accompanied by a novel form of diagram which makes them easy of comparison at a glance, and which may prove of some value to biographers and anthropologists, as well as a present source of edification to the admirers of the celebrities of the hour.

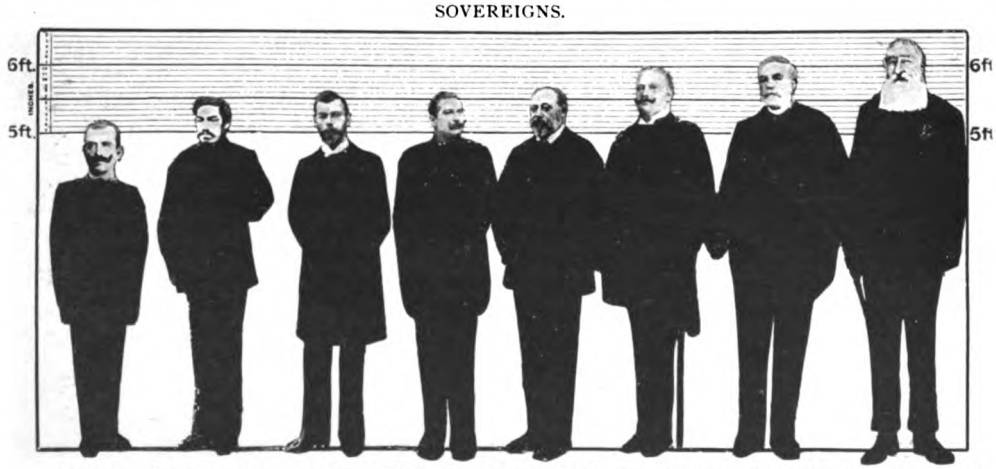
Naturally there was no guarantee that such an inquiry would be answered; but, barring a few exceptions, the persons addressed, from His Majesty and the Prince of Wales downward, recognising that any scientific deductions hereafter to be made must be based on fact and not on guess-work, have courteously complied with our request.

What is genius? If it be eminence in its highest form, an extraordinary facility in doing a thing extremely well, surely in our first group, that of hereditary rulers, there are some who unquestionably exhibit a genius for kingship. Take His Majesty Edward VII., whom no less a personage than the American Secretary of State has alluded to as "one of the ablest men of his time"—could any reader of this article say, off-hand, what is His Majesty's stature? For every one who blundered above the mark, there would be perhaps fifty who would blunder below it. The greatest admirers of Napoleon, Wellington, and Nelson always made them shorter than they really were. As one writer puts it, "Men are wont to belittle the physical height of the man of genius in order to emphasize his intellectual stature." We see this as far back as Homer; is not Ulysses himself "shorter by a head than Agamemnon son of Atreus"?

In reply to our letter, His Majesty's secretary, Lord Knollys, writes from Windsor Castle to say that His Majesty's height is five feet eight and a half inches. This points to a remarkable fact. The Anthropometric Committee of the British Association has succeeded in ascertaining the stature of the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland. Of King Edward's male adult subjects the average is found to work out at 67·66 inches, while we are told that "the mean (*i.e.*, the most frequent height) is five feet seven and seven-eighths of an inch, the professional and commercial classes having a mean height about two to three inches over this and the labouring classes about an inch or two below. Racially both the Scotch and the Irish are somewhat taller than the English and the Welsh shorter."

The meaning of these figures is that King Edward represents in his own person, when a deduction of five-eighths of an inch is made for boots, what may be described as the standard British stature. His Majesty thus becomes, in yet another sense, the pattern Englishman of his time. The Emperor

SOVEREIGNS.



King of Italy. Emperor of Japan. The Czar. The Kaiser. King Edward VII. King of Portugal. King of Sweden. King of Belgium.

William falls slightly below his Royal uncle's, but not below the average German, height. Of the elected rulers, President Loubet, who appears in the final group, also, curiously enough, represents the French average, which is five feet six. On the other hand, we find the Emperor of Japan to be far above the national standard of height. "His Majesty is," writes the Japanese Ambassador, "a tall man for a Japanese—five feet six inches." This is corroborated by those who have met the Mikado personally, as Mr. Arthur Diòsy and Mr. Douglas Sladen, who both write to us placing His Majesty's stature at five feet six inches.

Few will be surprised to learn that King Leopold is the tallest monarch in Christendom; but even if he boasted the six feet six inches bestowed on him by his countrymen he would still be dwarfed in comparison with Peter the Great, whose stature is punctiliously given by Russian historians as six feet eight and a half inches. The distinction of being the shortest monarch belongs surely to King Victor Emmanuel, who is, however, erect and dignified in bearing.

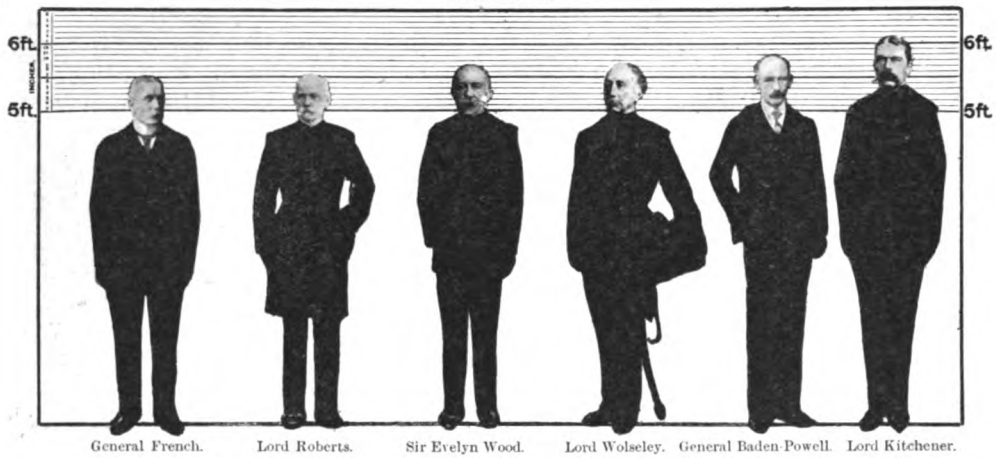
Turning to British statesmen, not everyone will be prepared to learn that the Duke of Devonshire is a taller man than Mr. Balfour or Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Even the Duke is not quite certain about it, although the fact has been well attested at St. Stephen's. "I believe," writes his Grace, "that my height as a young man was six feet one inch; but I cannot say what it is at present."

As we shall see, it is by no means unusual for a man to lose half an inch and more after the age of fifty, owing to the shrinking of the intervertebral cartilages of the spine. There is nothing to show that in exceptional cases the reverse process may not occur, and Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., who has, by the way, devoted a great deal of study and observation to this matter of stature in relation to intellectual ability, thinks it has occurred with him — his height having sensibly increased long after maturity. But there will be hardly any real surprises in this political list. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman may be interested to know that his height is the same as that of Edmund Burke and Oliver Cromwell, while Mr. Asquith has precisely the stature of W. E. Gladstone, who was nearly always taken by those who had never seen him, or seen him only on the public platform, for a tall man. Mr. Morley is of the same height as Lord Beaconsfield, Dickens, and Lord Lytton, while Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has for inch-fellows Jeffrey, Sir A. Cockburn, and John Wesley.

STATESMEN.

From politicians we pass to soldiers. Here we surely have a surprise. Most of us are prepared to hear that Lord Kitchener is of the same height as Abraham Lincoln, but how many would have said that only half an inch separates the height of Lord Roberts from that of Wellington? Soldiers and the populace generally talk of his lordship as if he were an extremely diminutive person, when, as a matter of fact, attested in writing by the hero of Kandahar himself, he is as lofty in stature as Alexander the Great, and taller than Nelson, Blake, Warren Hastings, Marshal Luxembourg, and Sydney Smith, who are not commonly referred to as short men. Earl Roberts is half an inch taller than General Sir John French.

SOLDIERS.



General French. Lord Roberts. Sir Evelyn Wood. Lord Wolseley. General Baden-Powell. Lord Kitchener.

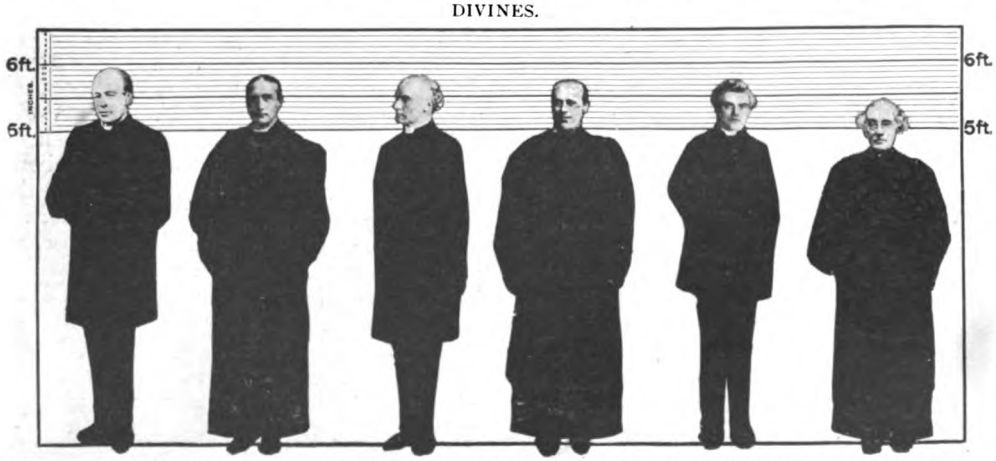
Turning to divines, we do not, with the exception of His Grace the Archbishop of York, encounter any conspicuously short men. Canon Scott-Holland tops those given in our chart, although there are one or two distinguished six-footers. Yet as a rule in the Church we find the example of the Primate, in pausing at just over middle height, the one most generally followed by the clergy. The Bishop of Stepney is five feet nine and a half inches.

The Law next claims our attention. No one will deny that the Lord Chancellor somewhat strengthens the case for the short men, but, on the other hand, the Lord Chief Justice weakens it, as does also the Solicitor-General, Sir Edward Carson, a six-footer.

Science, philosophy, and invention certainly claim as their most distinguished exponents more tall than short men. To Darwin, Humboldt, Helmholtz, Arago, Volta, Metsche, Schopenhauer, Condorcet, Boyle, Trevitheck, and Lavoisier may be added to-day Marconi, Lodge, Lister, Crookes, and Reay. Lord Avebury is over middle height, and even Lord Kelvin was much taller in early life. On this point Sir William Crookes writes: "I have always been under the impression that I was five feet nine inches in height, but on measuring again yesterday I find I am half an inch less. I have not been measured for many years, and probably as age has come on my height has shrunk a fraction of an inch. This is not at all uncommon." Similarly Mr. Justice Grantham writes, and Mr. Leader, R.A., also remarks: "My height is five feet ten inches; it was one inch more thirty years ago." This shrinkage of the cartilage also occurs during the day. Everyone knows that a man or woman is taller in the morning than at night, or taller after resting than after protracted exertion.

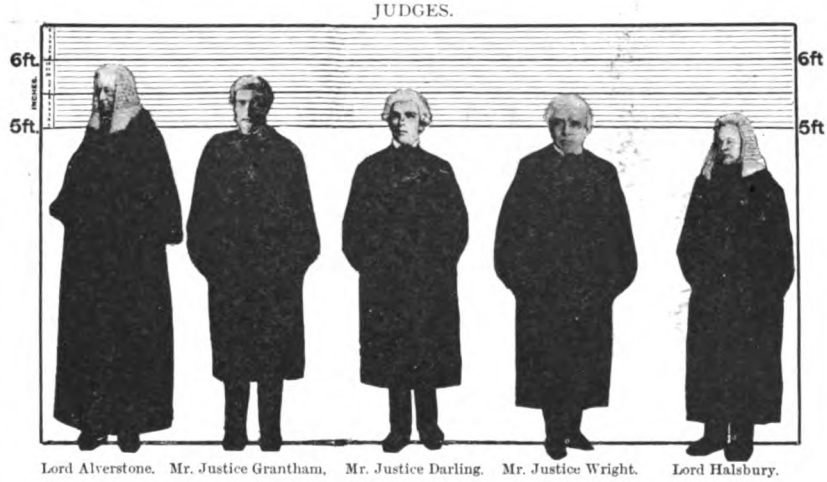
In literature tall men—even unusually tall

DIVINES.



Canon Scott-Holland. Bishop of London. Canon Wilberforce. Archbishop of Canterbury. Rev. R. J. Campbell. Archbishop of York.

JUDGES.



Lord Alverstone. Mr. Justice Grantham. Mr. Justice Darling. Mr. Justice Wright. Lord Halsbury.

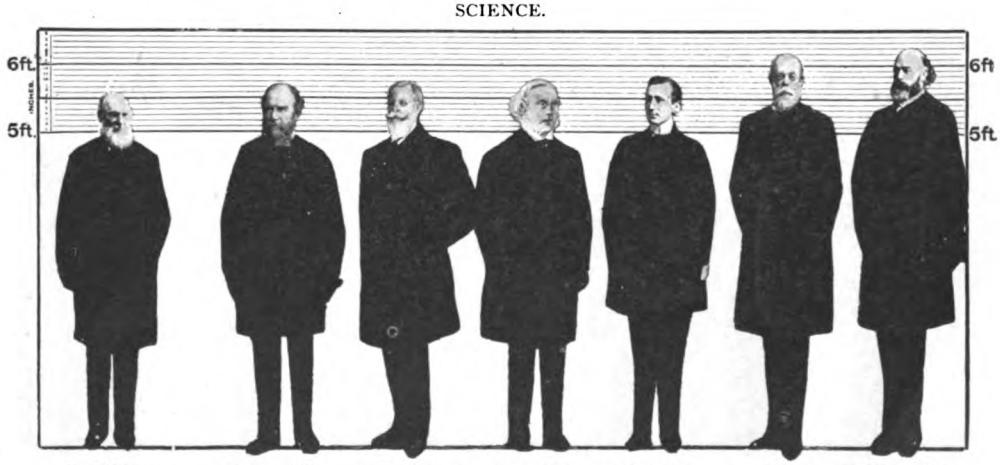
men—have nearly always preponderated. Fielding and Thackeray were each six feet four inches. Scott, Whitman, and Tennyson were six feet. Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, Southey, and Shelley were five feet eleven inches. Goethe, Burns, Dumas, Longfellow, and Marryat were five feet ten. We have already seen that Dickens, Beaconsfield, and Lytton, though not tall, were five feet nine inches. Byron was five feet eight and a half inches.

To-day we have few such intellectual giants, and of those we have it must be admitted the larger proportion is short. Mr. Swinburne is, perhaps, our shortest, but the Poet Laureate runs him close. Of lesser writers Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne with six feet four inches is said to be the tallest British author; Mr. Bloundelle-Burton is also well above the stature of one of our most popular novelists, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

In art, who was the most distinguished British painter of the last half century? Was it not the six-footer, Millais? An undue proportion of the members of the Royal Academy are very tall men. Sir Ernest Waterlow is six feet two, Mr. Dicksee is six feet one, while Mr. Sargent and Mr. Jackson are six feet. And it is a six-footer, Mr. Marcus Stone, who has constituted himself, out of his considerable knowledge of the subject, a pronounced opponent of the short genius theory. Not only does he assert it to be untrue that most men of genius are diminutive, but maintains that a majority of England's great men are of lofty stature.

"We do not know Shakespeare's height," remarked Mr. Stone, "but I assume it to have been at least six feet." The famous painter continued: "I must first explain what I mean by genius and greatness. We call military men and politicians great, but in my opinion they possess quite a second-rate ability in comparison with the creative order of intellect, and my inquiries and personal observation have confirmed me in the belief that, so far from genius being usually short,

SCIENCE.



Lord Kelvin. Lord Avebury. Sir Wm. Crookes. Lord Lister. Mr. Marconi. Lord Reay. Sir Oliver Lodge.

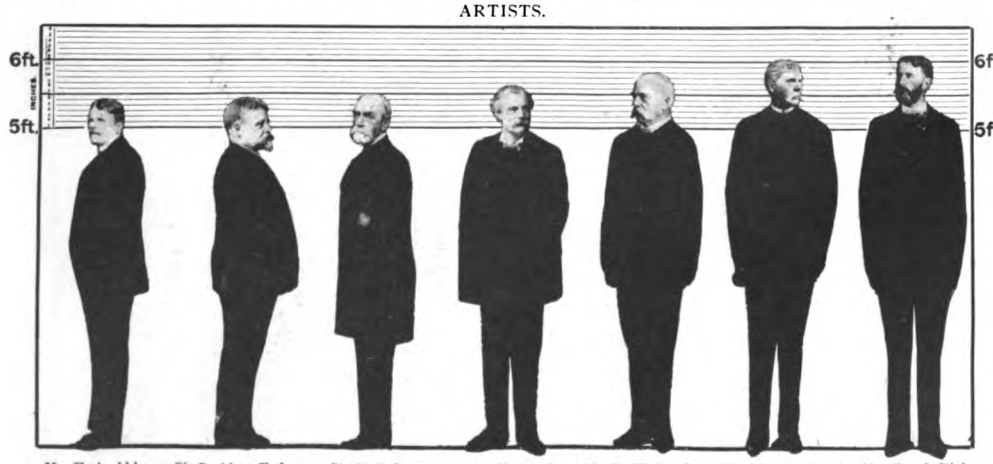
AUTHORS.

the rule is just the other way. Who was the greatest painter of the Victorian era? Millais. Who was its greatest poet? Tennyson. Its greatest thinkers? Carlyle, Darwin, and Ruskin. Its greatest novelist? Thackeray. Then look at Charles Reade—over six feet—at Leech, Trollope, Hans Andersen, Thomas Arnold, Wordsworth, and Emerson." This list, together with those previously given, is certainly an imposing one, but it can be made longer still if we take in a wider purview. Mr. Stone referred to Scott, who was of the stature of the author of "Sherlock Holmes," and to Johnson. He might also have added amongst his tall men of genius of past times—George Washington, six feet three inches; George Borrow, six feet two inches; Sir Walter Raleigh, six feet; Sir R. Burton, six feet; Cobbett, six feet; Walt Whitman, six feet; Lord Brougham, Audabon, Bunyan, Clive, Bismarck, Froude, J. P. Richter, Sheridan, Puvis de Chavannes, Corot, Delacroix, Lessing, Tourgeneff, Poussin, Huxley, James, Thomson, A. de Musset, Sterne, Schiller, Romilly, Smollett, Moltke, Mirabeau, Lamartine, Gounod, and Millet—these are but a few of the tall men, and these are names of the first order.

Of our sculptors, we may note that men of middle height are in the ascendant, although Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A. (who does not figure in the chart), is rather below the medium. Mr. George Frampton, R.A., gives his stature as five feet eight and a half inches.

The stage is well known to increase to a startling degree the deceptiveness of stature. Tall men look short; short men appear long. Most theatre-goers would be apt to give Sir Henry Irving credit for six feet; he is in reality two inches below that altitude. On the other hand, no one, we feel assured,

ARTISTS.



ACTORS.

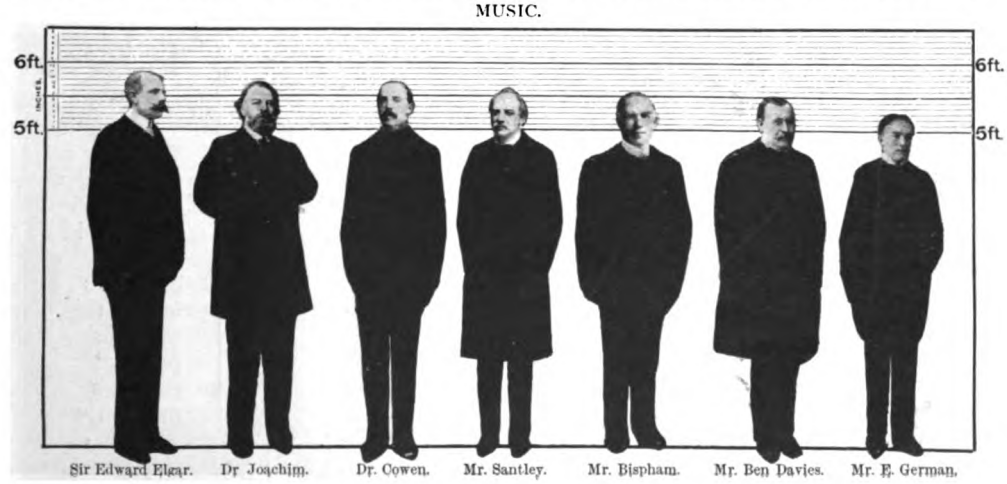
Mr. Edmund Payne. Mr. G. Grossmith. Mr. Lewis Waller. Sir C. Wyndham. Sir H. Irving. Mr. Tree.
Mr. John Hare. Mr. Martin Harvey. Mr. Cyril Maude. Mr. A. Bourchier. Mr. George Alexander.

would guess that the popular actor-manager of St. James's Theatre was the taller; yet here is the solemn asseveration over his signature: "Five feet eleven inches.—George Alexander."

Mr. Hare, short as he is, is yet taller than the celebrated David Garrick, and Mr. Cyril Maude, although over middle height, was not debarred—thanks to the illusion of the stage—from enacting the *rôle* of that diminutive hero, the Little Minister. Mr. Seymour Hicks's height is five feet eight inches. Mr. Martin Harvey is usually thought to be of physical brevity. He writes: "I regret to say that (in view of the association of genius with diminutive stature) my height is five feet seven and a half inches." Mr. Weedon Grossmith writes: "I have been measured again after ten years and am still five feet four inches. I have not grown. As showing what the bootmakers can do, in boots I am five feet five and a half inches." Mr. Fred Terry is six feet in his socks; Mr. H. A. Lytton is five feet six inches; while Mr. Walter Passmore is five feet four inches. Mr. Wilson Barrett's stature is five feet eight inches. The height of Mr. W. S. Penley is five feet three inches. Mr. Edward Terry is five feet nine inches. Amongst dramatists, many, even amongst their acquaintances, will learn for the first time that Mr. Pinero is so much taller than Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who writes to say that he is "five feet five and a half inches high, and five feet five inches without shoes." Mr. W. S. Gilbert is, we all know, well over six feet.

Over the musicians and singers Sir Edward Elgar claims pre-eminence in inches. The rest are generally below middle height. Dr. Cowen is five feet seven and three-quarter inches, Mr. Walter Slaughter is five feet seven and a half inches, while Mr. Edward German is only five feet three inches.

MUSIC.



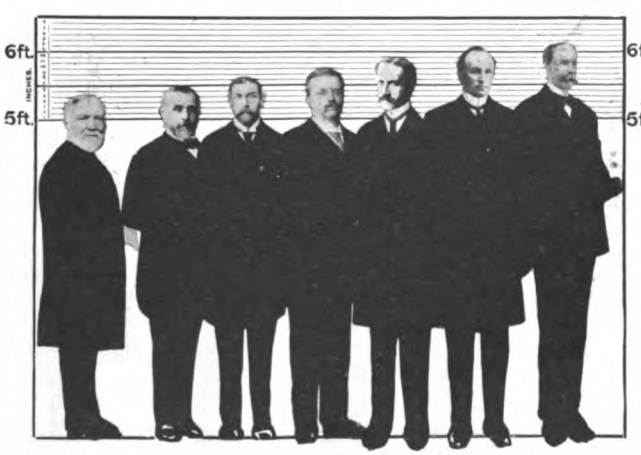
Sir Edward Elgar. Dr Joachim. Dr. Cowen. Mr. Santley. Mr. Bispham. Mr. Ben Davies. Mr. E. German.

CRICKET.

R. Abel. Mr. P. F. Warner. Mr. C. B. Fry. Hon. F. S. Jackson. Mr. A. MacLaren. Prince Ranjit-Sinhji. Lord Hawke. Mr. W. G. Grace. T. Hayward. J. Tunnicliffe.

In a nation where stature is above the common run of mankind, and which is much given to athletics, we should expect to find physical loftiness in conjunction with exceptional athletic prowess. And taking the national game by way of illustration we find that the majority of eminent cricketers are tall men, and the redoubtable Gunn, who is not given in the accompanying chart, might almost be bracketed with Tunnicliffe. Even Prince Ranjit-Sinhji is all but a six-footer.

We cannot do better than present as the final one in our series of charts a group of some half-a-dozen men—men of marked ability—"men of the moment," who have achieved undeniable success in their different walks of life. The insight and initiative of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales were shown in his famous Guildhall speech, which may mark the beginning of a new epoch in British commercial annals. Sir Arthur Bigge writes from Marlborough House to inform us that H.R.H. is "five feet eight inches in his boots." Curiously enough, like the rulers of England, France, Germany, and Russia, the President of the United States of America also represents the average height of the native population, which is believed to be a fraction more than rules in this country. Both our great pro-consuls are tall men—Lord Milner being, in his boots, close upon six feet. Lord Curzon writes: "My height is six feet one inch in boots, and a little less without." Two popular millionaire philanthropists are represented in Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. Andrew Carnegie—one tall and the other short; and, indeed, this pair, happening at the conclusion of our list of celebrities, represent also what we may take to be the truth of this question of stature. Eminence—*i.e.*, great talents, great capacity—is found oftenest in both abnormal extremes, and this is the conclusion reached by Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, by L. Von Ranke, and more recently by Mr. Havelock Ellis. Both giants and dwarfs are most frequently abnormal in intellect and character. But the normal man is of normal height—and if he does not accomplish revolutions in politics, warfare, and art he at least achieves what genius too often misses, the prize of personal happiness and the virtue of good citizenship.



Mr. Andrew Carnegie. President Loubet. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. President Roosevelt. Lord Milner. Lord Curzon, Sir T. Lipton.

Some Reminiscences of Antoinette Sterling.

By Malcolm Sterling MacKinlay.

I.

IN the following article I propose to deal only with the earlier years of my mother's career, and to recount some episodes of her life which are probably quite unknown to all save those who enjoyed her more intimate friendship. Many of the reminiscences I am enabled to give in my mother's own words from the journals and other writings which remain. This is especially interesting in the portions dealing with Brahms, Jean Ingelow, Dinah Muloch, Noel Paton, Blackie, and others, of whom my mother has drawn a singularly vivid word-picture.

MME. STERLING IN EARLY LIFE.
From a Photo.

Her birthplace was Sterlingville, New York State, "a place filled with pine trees and spruce trees," so my mother described it, "and tall, slender beeches trying to reach up to heaven; great big oaks, more earthly, with their strong roots digging down deep in Mother Earth's warm lap; pungent hemlock, and winter-greens, and snow and ice, and cold — cold which could hardly be measured by a thermometer; snow, so deep that we were often imprisoned until the old Irishman came in the morning to make the fires. More than once he came with toes frozen so entirely that they had to be cut off, or more probably sawn off in those days, when health was so rampant that no doctor could live in Sterlingville for lack of disease.

"In all my days until I was eleven years old there were but two deaths there: one was a man struck by lightning, while the other, after his Christmas dinner, fell into the big wheel belonging to one of the large blast furnaces owned by my father, where I used to revel in seeing the red liquid iron pouring into beds of sand in long bars, to be made into all sorts of things."

My mother was brought up very strictly in many ways; her father would not allow a card in the house, as he thought that anyone who did such a sinful and terrible thing as to play cards would be condemned to eternal damnation. He even thought professional singing one of the most terrible crimes that could be committed. What would his feelings have been could he have known that after his death his youngest daughter was to follow such a career? Wine and beer were never to be seen at his table, and although a little brandy was kept in his house it was only to be used medicinally, and then in the most dire necessity; it was locked in a dark cupboard and regarded by the children with a mysterious dread, as if it had been an evil spirit.

My mother never tasted intoxicating drink till she came to England, and then only occasionally — at birthdays, Christmas, or other times when it seemed disagreeable to refuse.

"At last there came a time when I made up my mind that I would never touch another drop, and that resolution was the same thing to me, with my Puritanical training, as taking the pledge. I had a friend, a gifted woman, to whom strong drink was a snare, and for her sake I became a total abstainer on her promising to become one at the same time."

It was not, however, until many years afterwards that my mother actually signed the pledge at a Band of Hope meeting in Exeter Hall.

"I felt in my heart that I must go to that meeting, although I had not been invited. When I entered the hall there was a burst of applause and welcome from the people, and later I learned the reason of the excitement. Two of the principal speakers had disappointed them, and the committee just felt that they must leave the meeting to God and He would provide for it. I sang or spoke

just as I felt led during the meeting; and afterwards when asked to sign the pledge, because it would be such an encouragement to the children, I gladly did so, though I was just as much pledged before in my heart."

When my mother was sixteen an event happened which changed the whole course of her life. Her father had up to that time been an immensely wealthy man, owning limitless iron ore and vast tracts of land, with three villages named after him—Sterlingville, Sterlingberg, and Sterlingbush—and seven blast furnaces. Suddenly, without warning, the tariff on imported iron was removed and the American market flooded with English iron at a far cheaper rate than Jim Sterling, with his furnaces burning coke instead of coal, could produce. His ruin quickly followed on this, and within a very few months his death took place. Had all this never happened my mother would have remained at home, and probably have never done any more music than she had been learning hitherto from Miss Anna Sykes, at the Clinton Seminary. As it was, the family were thrown upon their own resources, and little "Nettie" Sterling took a post down South, on a plantation in Mississippi, as teacher of singing. While staying there the bitter hostile feeling against the Northerners became so pronounced as to render her position intolerable. A long arrear of salary due to her could not be obtained, and passports were denied; but, nothing daunted, my mother resolved to return to civilization and her friends, or perish in the attempt. On a dark, rainy night, in company with a young Northern woman, a teacher also, on a neighbouring plantation, she bade adieu to the Sunny South. Assisted by the loyal blacks they travelled by night through swamps and by-ways, enduring exposure and danger, and, after hair-breadth escapes innumerable, at last found themselves back among their friends in the North, safe and sound.

MME. STERLING AND HER BABY DAUGHTER.
From a Photo. by Fradelle & Young, Regent Street.

My mother now determined to study singing in earnest, and, having been provided by friends with the necessary money, went to a fine old Italian *maestro*, Bassini, and then, after some time, on to New York, to a well-known Spanish professor, Abella, husband of the famous Greek contralto, D'Angri.

While pursuing her studies here, Miss Antoinette Sterling was engaged at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year to sing at Dr. Adam's church. This famous Presbyterian church was one of the largest in the city, and had a congregation which represented about a quarter of the wealth of New York. At this time "Women's Rights" were beginning to be discussed, and Emily Faithfull came to New York to hold a big meeting at Steinway Hall on the question. The hall was perfectly crammed, and, among others, Miss Sterling attended, though not in any very serious spirit, being just a young student, and knowing nothing about the big questions of the day. After the debate had taken place and the conclusion arrived at that woman was far more than man's equal, in spite of his cowardly attempts to crush her, Miss Sterling was called upon to give a song. By a strange fluke, almost without thinking, and certainly without any idea of perpetrating a practical joke, the singer got up and gave "A Man's a Man for a' That." The audience went wild, cheered, clapped, and stamped their feet, but laughed most of all, and but for her obvious youth and inexperience would have never been convinced that it was not an intentional hit at the "Woman's Rights" question.

My mother had during this stay in New York a wonderful experience in connection with the funeral of Horace Greeley. The streets of the city were impassable from the crowd which had gathered together from all parts to pay honour to the memory of one of America's greatest men.

"I happened to be passing in the vicinity, when a man suddenly came up and said: 'You must come and sing!' He wedged his way with me through the living wall,

went somewhere for the music, and took me up above the gallery to the organ loft, which was very high and situated by itself. Miss Kellogg had just finished singing, 'I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.' Some of the most prominent men of America carried the coffin. Just as they lifted it, and were starting down the aisle, there came a voice from far up in the church, the singer almost invisible, 'Beyond the smiling and the weeping.' The bearers stood motionless during the song. The song ceased, still they and all around them stood motionless; one might have heard a pin drop. Then, after a long pause, the voice recommenced, and sang the song all through again. People wept and women fainted, so truly thrilling and tragic was the whole scene. In my youthfulness I could not see anything in it so marvellous, but now I see it was the psalm of Dr. Bonar, 'Beyond the smiling and the weeping,' set by Zundel, which exactly fitted Horace Greeley's life, and passing into the Beyond."

JOHANNES BRAHMS.
From a Photo. by Brasch, Berlin.

On coming to Europe my mother at once placed herself under the instruction of the world-famous *maestro*, Signor Manuel Garcia, the teacher of Jenny Lind, who has just recently entered on his hundredth year. Up to this time my mother had been using the full extent of her voice, her range being from the D below middle C to the top C sharp, a range of three octaves, singing, in fact, both the soprano and contralto arias from opera and oratorio. Signor Garcia, however, advised her strongly to abandon her higher notes, and confine herself to genuine contralto music—advice which his pupil followed from that time.

From Signor Garcia my mother went to Baden-Baden to his sister, Pauline Viardot Garcia, who had by this time retired from a brilliant career on the operatic stage. "Mme. Viardot had a lovely concert-hall built at the back of the Opera House—a small square building capable of holding about a hundred people, in addition to a small orchestra, a stage, and an ante-room. Here Madame used to give very select concerts, to which were invited celebrities from every land, representatives of the various branches of art and science, poets, painters, diplomatists—in fact, everyone of renown. On one occasion when I sang I remember the old Emperor of Germany was present, and I had the honour of being presented.

"When I was staying in Baden-Baden I saw Brahms a good deal. For Mme. Viardot's birthday Brahms, who looked then a boy—rather short and thick, with a full, round face, and fair, yellowish hair—wrote a small chorus for women's voices. The rehearsals all took place at my rooms and Herr Brahms came to conduct them. At five o'clock on the birthday morning Herr Brahms and the pupils went quietly up through the grassy fields to Madame's house and, under her window, gave the serenade. Mme. Viardot came down from her room delighted, and each student threw her a bouquet, a stipulated price having been given for each of the bunches of flowers, so that none should be more gorgeous than another.

"I remember, too, how Herr Brahms came to see me, and accompanied while I ran through some of his songs with him. He was very anxious for me to sing them, but I saw that they did not suit me at all, and so had to refuse his request. One song especially was like a duet, being written very low in the first part and very high in the second part; and, what is more, I told him so."

From Mme. Viardot, Miss Antoinette Sterling went on to another of Signor Garcia's pupils, this time Mme. Marchesi, at the Cologne Conservatoire.

"The principal of the Conservatoire was Ferdinand Hiller, a most wonderful man, who was absolutely worshipped by all the people around Cologne. On one occasion I went to a big Rhenish festival with Hiller and his daughter, and it opened my eyes to his popularity. When he reached the station we found it crowded with people who had come to welcome him. Nor was this all, for, when we got into the carriage to drive off, the people in their excitement took the horses from the carriage and drew it through the streets to the concert themselves. There was a great actress engaged to recite at the

concert, and Herr Hiller improvised to her recitation."

When my mother was staying at the Conservatoire the Queen of Prussia and the Crown Prince came to one of the concerts. My mother was down to sing early in the programme and gave an aria of Rossini's, making such a furore with it that the whole concert was broken up, much to the disgust of the other students, who were hoping to have the honour of performing before the Royal audience. At the end of Miss Sterling's song the Prince cried out "Magnifique! magnifique!" being quite carried away with her voice. After singing, my mother had the honour of a long conversation with the Queen, who expressed great surprise on being told that the singer was not a German.

At last my mother felt she ought to end her studies in Europe, so she bade farewell to Mme. Marchesi, and returned to New York. Shortly after her return Henry Ward Beecher engaged her to sing regularly at his church. He was an immense admirer, and used to feel so overcome when my mother sang "Rest in the Lord" that he had at last to forbid the song being given any more, as he was so affected by it that he could not preach afterwards.

AUTON RUBINSTEIN.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"Henry Ward Beecher was a very powerful and eloquent, if somewhat eccentric, preacher. On one occasion I remember that he started his sermon by saying, 'It's damned hot to day.' Having at once caught the attention of all by these words, he went on to say that as he was coming into church before the service he heard one of the congregation make this remark. After this explanation he proceeded to give one of his very best sermons, entirely extempore, yet without any stumbling or signs of hesitation. On another Sunday he brought a very vivid home truth to the hearts of his congregation. 'Supposing that any of you young men who are here this morning were going to be at home in the bosom of your family all day, and in the evening were going out to a splendid party where you would meet a lot of pretty girls. And suppose someone were to bring you a buttonhole of lovely flowers and make you promise only to wear it once. Now, would you wear that buttonhole at home, and delight your mother and sisters, who do so much to make you happy, or would you wear it at the party, where you were going to meet all the pretty girls?'"

Miss Sterling used to sing from the gallery in the church and complained of its being draughty. Mr. Beecher told her that he did not think anything could be done, but would try. Next Sunday at her seat was a sort of little throne, with a canopy hanging round it, so that she would never more be troubled. This at once became known as the "Jewel Box," and was called by that name as long as it remained there. When my mother left to go to England, Beecher always had that chair kept vacant, and told a friend that he lost a certain inspiration after she had quitted her accustomed place in the church.

About this time Rubinstein went over to visit America, and when he reached New York my mother was taken to one of his concerts by a Mrs. Pearsall. This lady was a friend of Rubinstein, and at the end of the recital took him back with them to supper. "After Rubinstein had eaten I don't know how many plates of raw oysters and smoked countless cigarettes, he asked me to sing, and accompanied me. He stopped after the song, looked at me, and said, 'Sie haben nie geliebt' ('You have never loved'), adding that I had no heart. I shall never forget his playing. Liszt was tremendous, wild, passionate, but not so single-minded as Rubinstein. *There* was a giant, a monumental soul carved out of granite. He was a great, all-round man, lofty and powerful. He had something to say to the world, and he said it in music. But he was not exclusively a musician — he was educated, cultivated, and well read."

Soon my mother decided to leave her native land and cross the ocean once more to London to see what name she could make for herself there; and in 1873 arrived in England, making her *début* at Riviere's Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, on November 5th, under the conductorship of Sir Julius Benedict, with the Slumber Song from Bach's Christmas Oratorio, and "The

Three Fishers." The excitement was intense, and in that one night her position was made. Miss Antoinette Sterling was at once engaged for all the remaining Promenade Concerts of the season, and in the following spring made her first appearance at the Philharmonic Concerts, Monday and Saturday Pops, etc., and at Messrs. Boosey's Ballad Concerts, singing afterwards at every single concert given by them for the next twenty years; while on the 8th of April Miss Sterling appeared before Queen Victoria at Osborne in honour of Prince Leopold's birthday. Miss Sterling sang Schubert's "Doppelgänger," "The Three Fishers," and "Don't be Sorrowful," while the other artists appearing were Mr. Cusins and Herr Ludwig Strauss. The story of her appearing in high-neck dress, by special permission of the Queen, because of her Quaker principles, is too well known to be repeated here. My mother was always devoted to the Scotch. One of her oldest and most intimate friends was George MacDonald, and it was he who gave her away at the Savoy Chapel when, on Easter Sunday, 1875, she was married to John MacKinlay, himself a Scotch-American.

GEORGE MACDONALD.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"My first meeting with George MacDonald, that apostle of love, of poetry, of kindness, and of nobleness, was when he came to New York on tour. He was lecturing one night on Robert Burns at the Y.M.C.A. Hall. I was always a devotee of 'Robbie Burns' and of George MacDonald's books, so with a friend I went to the hall through a heavy rainstorm. We sat entranced during the lecture. Suddenly a stranger interrupted the speaker by calling out, 'No lecture upon Burns could be perfect without the voice of one of his most enthusiastic followers and greatest exponents—Miss Antoinette Sterling.' I had thought at first that Mr. MacDonald had brought a *protégée* to introduce to the American public, and was simply horror-struck to hear my own name. The three thousand or more people burst into tumultuous applause, while I sat immovable, full of confusion amid the calls. But the public will was so strong, and the calls were so loud and unintermitting, that Mr. MacDonald was obliged to stand still, supposing, of course, that the scene had been arranged and that I was a young singer wanting an appearance. At last someone came and literally pulled me up to the platform before I recovered my self-possession, and there I stood quite stupefied by the rush and din. Amid cries for 'A Man's a Man' I jumped out into the open sea of music, and with no idea of absolute pitch I began, half dazed, in the middle of the first verse. The crowd grew more boisterous than ever, and my mind at once got into greater confusion. I went on to the second verse, but suddenly came to a barren place, all words disappearing, as I had never before sung it without music or words. Then sounded in my ear from close behind the soft, rich voice of George MacDonald — 'Gie fules their silks and knaves their wine.' It was like giving a toboggan a little push down the hill. It started the wheels of memory, and like a hidden mental phonograph the machinery worked. I somehow got through it, and amid thunders of applause went back to my seat.

"This first meeting was the prelude to a long friendship. I never but once, that I can remember, ever met dear George MacDonald but he would whisper, 'Caller Herrin', Nette,' and I sang it always, with or without accompaniment, much to his satisfaction and delight."

"Caller Herrin'" was always one of my mother's favourite songs, and particularly appealed to all the Scotch who heard her sing it. Dr. Wilson, a magnificent old Scotchman, with whom my mother and father used to spend every Sunday afternoon regularly for fifteen years when in London, being looked upon by him as members of the family, wrote on first hearing her sing "Caller Herrin'": "I have never been so aroused by song all my life before to-night. You carried me back, as if by an electric shock, to my student days in Edinburgh, when I was a lad of eighteen, and brought those fine Musselburgh fishwomen before me with their creels in the streets calling out at eleven o'clock at night just as vividly as when I was close by them."

At Edinburgh it was that my mother first made the acquaintance of these fishwives, and actually heard them calling out their "Caller Herrin'." "Mr. William Nelson, the publisher, another grand specimen of a Scotchman, brought two of the fishwives up to Salisbury Green, where I was staying with his family, and he asked them to sing 'Caller Herrin'' to Miss Sterling. At first they were so scared and so shy that they could not even speak, and so I sang it to them first. The dowry of these fishwomen is in their wonderful petticoats. Sometimes they will wear as many as a dozen, especially upon their marriage day."

Another Edinburgh friend was Sir Noel Paton, the painter, whom my mother used often to visit in his studio when on tour in Scotland. This is her description of him:—

"There, standing in front of his painting, I saw the most magnificent type of Scotchman, a Michael Angelo model he might have been, his face suggesting that of the beloved George MacDonald. He looks like one of the great paintings of the prophets and heroes. Such a head; such a front. A glory of greyish hair with the Scotch crinkly waves, and beard long and heavy, curly and thick; massive shoulders, magnificent eyes, and pose, grand in stature, noble from head to foot, and a heart to match.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"Another wonderful association with Edinburgh is dear, strange, wonderful Professor Blackie, just an outcome of Scotland, and just like a bit of wild, strange, beautiful mountain scenery with rushing waters, and quiet lakes, unconventional to the highest degree. The professor knew that we were coming, and himself opened the door, with a white straw tall hat on, saying, 'I come to receive my guests myself; no men-servants here.' Taking Mrs. Balfour and myself on either arm, he conducted us to the drawing-room, where we had a flow of wit and humour, and touching stories, and Scotch songs, in which the professor would join for a few bars, here and there. He had on a white tie with long flowing ends, and reminds one rather of Joshua Fox of Falmouth—only Fox was taller, broader, and very quiet, a Quaker, around whom everything with wings flocked in such numbers that you could scarcely distinguish him. The professor kept saying to me, while I sang, 'Follow Nature, that's right,' beating time with his two hands all the while. He was then eighty-three years old, and said he was going to keep on working until the day he died. At the carriage door I remember him saying, 'I worship God, I worship God.' He is very religious, but unconventional and unorthodox. I was going to say, 'Thank Heaven,' and I do say it ten thousand times. Oh, the Scotch heart! the Scotch mind! the Scotch tongue! the Scotch oat-cakes! the caller and dried herrin'."

One of my mother's earliest friends in England was Dinah Muloch, the authoress of "John Halifax, Gentleman," which was one of the most widely-read books about twenty years ago, though now looked on as old-fashioned. The following is my mother's description of their first meeting:—

"One day Mrs. M—— wrote to ask whether I would go to see Dinah Muloch (Mrs. Craik), and in great excitement we started off for a small town called Shortlands, about an hour away from London. At the station I saw an open wagonette with dark blue cushions and two fine chestnut horses waiting to take us to see my heroine, the one whom I had always loved since I was a young girl. As we drove up to the house there stood in the doorway a tall, sweet-looking woman, with an oval head and greyish hair; almond-shaped, very full blue-grey eyes, heavy, light-coloured eyelashes, and beautiful long, taper-fingered hands. Mrs. Craik put her arms around me and kissed me, but I—well, I just hugged her and kissed her over and over again. Then my heroine hurried me out all alone with her through the trees into a corner strangely hemmed in, and taking both my hands said, 'Sing, sing!' I sang song after song, and from that hour dear, beloved 'John Halifax' and I were tender, loving friends."

Another writer for whom my mother always had a deep love and admiration was

the poetess Jean Ingelow. "One day my husband came home and said he had been to see Jean Ingelow about some words of hers which he wanted to have set for me. I was wildly excited, and said I was going off to see her that very moment, and that I should just hug and kiss her. My husband replied, quietly, 'Jean Ingelow is not one to be hugged and kissed immediately.' But he took me, and I *did* hug and kiss her in spite of a very quiet, stately dignity, and we became, I am proud to say, deeply attached friends, in spite of our different characters—and her two brothers made a joyous and merry quartet. Oh, that lovely quaint garden of hers, with its partition of trees three-quarters of the way down, and a mass of bushes at the lowest end, and everywhere a wealth of old-fashioned flowers. It was a scene never to be forgotten. The house always seemed like a cosy nest—something built exactly fitted for the owner."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.
From a Photo. by London Stereoscopic Co.

My mother always longed to have a little girl and often talked of it to Jean Ingelow, adding that she wanted her to have blue eyes. After my sister was born, when next my mother saw the poetess the first greeting was, "And so the little girl has come at last. Has she got blue eyes?" When my mother answered in the affirmative Jean Ingelow gave her a kiss, and said, "My dear, you are the only one I have ever known whose wish has been fully gratified." Jean Ingelow afterwards became godmother to my sister, who was named after her; and when, a few years later, she passed away, my mother attended the funeral, and at the graveside sang "Rest in the Lord."

One of my mother's greatest early successes was in Charles Kingsley's "Three Fishers," and this is her description of her rendering of the song, and of her meeting with Charles Kingsley:—

"Although I had never been on the sea or big rivers when first I sang it, and had never even seen any fishermen, I somehow knew by instinct that song of 'The Three Fishers.' At the beginning no one knew that the fishermen would necessarily be drowned, and therefore it should be treated as a story. But there is a natural custom of anticipating evil beforehand, in spite of the lesson given so long ago—'Think no evil.' So the custom was, and is, to begin the song so mournfully that everyone knows in the first verse what the end will be. I had never seen or known of anyone who had been drowned, but that mysterious instinct was so strong that I could never foreshadow the end, and so made the first verse quite bright about the three fishers who 'went sailing out into the west.' I must believe it was the true way, as both the poet and the composer most warmly endorsed my reading of it.

"Charles Kingsley asked me to come to Eversley, to my great delight, and when there he asked me to sing 'The Three Fishers.' I was young and had boy-nature enough to sit down at the piano and sing it at once. At the end Mr. Kingsley said, 'I have seen many wrecks among the fishermen, and that is true to the very life. The excitement and tragedy is not *after* they are drowned, but at the time of the storm. Then come the calm, and resignation.' But after I had sung 'Caller Herrin'' Mr. Kingsley walked out of the room, covering his face with his hands, so deeply was he affected.

"In Australia, years after, I met one of the nurses who had been with Charles Kingsley, so small is the world really, and he had told her that once he went to a concert to hear Miss Sterling sing 'The Three Fishers,' but was so stirred by its tragical truth that he could only hide his face and weep. How marvellous is that instinct which leads to the Truth unknown to the personality. Charles Kingsley had wished to hear what it was in that song which took such a hold of the people. Sitting there by himself in a remote corner he found so much more made manifest in the words accentuated by the singing, the poetry made more beautiful with the halo of the music, that he wept to see how much there was in the words that he himself had never seen."

When the Abbé Liszt came to England for the last time the Baroness Burdett-Coutts gave a luncheon party and reception after it, and my mother was chosen to be the singer. The *maestro* had stipulated that he was not

to be asked to touch or even look upon a piano. He had then given his last recital, and was leaving England in three days. Nevertheless, on returning to the drawing-room after lunch, a piano lay there open and waiting. The Abbé Liszt was told that Mme. Sterling was going to sing one of his songs, and while "Der König im Thule" was being sung, he sat motionless close beside the piano, and at the finish, raising his head, murmured "Ach Gott, ach Gott!" This was the Abbé's last visit and appearance in public.

LISZT.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street.

"The next morning, his last day in England, there came a letter inviting my husband and myself to dine with Liszt at Mr. and Mrs. Littleton's, where he was staying, adding that the Abbé was most anxious to hear me sing again before he left. When we were there, very willing guests, Liszt asked me who was to play for me. I should have said, 'You, *maestro*, if you will,' but did not do so. After I had sung two of his songs Liszt sat down and played in a way none who heard could ever forget. He played on and on, just dreaming in his rapt, tumultuous way over the piano—an old man, hurling strange doubts and questionings over the very brink of the grave. After that he asked me specially to sing him the 'King of Thule' once again, and when I had done so he improvised more divinely even than before and said many sweet things to me. Next day he left for Bayreuth, and soon after his end came."

Another great composer, Charles Gounod, was in London. One of the first whom he visited was my mother, bringing with him a letter of introduction from Mme. Viardot. My mother had only just moved into a new house, and on M. Gounod asking her to sing took him up to the drawing-room, which was absolutely empty save for two or three chairs and the grand piano, which Mr. William Steinway had sent her as a present after hearing her sing at one of Mme. Patti's concerts. The song chosen by my mother was Cowen's "Better Land." When the song was over, M. Gounod came forward and, kissing both of her hands, said that he had heard every voice of any repute in the world, but that *this* voice was unique.

CHARLES GOUNOD.
From a Photo. by London Stereoscopic Co.

The following is the story of the writing and first performance of "The Lost Chord":—

"One day my husband saw the words of 'The Lost Chord,' and thought he would ask Mr. Arthur Sullivan, as he then was, to set them. Sullivan replied that he had already done so. In Scotch way my husband said 'nae more,' but returned and told me, but I had never heard of any such song. My husband returned once more, and found that Sullivan had written 'The Lost Chord,' all but the last verse. I always think he was not permitted to finish it until we met. I well remember coming to rehearse it, and how he said it would not be a success; nor shall I ever forget the anxiety felt by all who were concerned in it, as to how it would be received—by myself, however, least of all, I think; and the relief and excitement when it was all over, and that wonderful burst of wild applause which followed. The song was an inspiration. As Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote in a letter shortly before his death, 'I have composed much music since then, but have never written a second "Lost Chord."'

"I have had 'The Lost Chord' played for me since then by all sorts of organists—good, bad, and indifferent — and by all sorts of organs—high, low, in tune and out of tune, too large and too small; but the funniest experience I had of singing it was at a concert given by Sims Reeves. Sir John Stainer was at the organ and Sir Arthur Sullivan at the

piano. I went out and greeted the audience, and *vice versâ*, and then waited for the few bars of introduction to swell out on the organ. But, lo! no sound came from the great organ. Sir Arthur and I looked at each other aghast, and then, after waiting some minutes, up at Sir John Stainer, who was signalling down that something was amiss. It was found that, through a misunderstanding, the water which worked the bellows had never been turned on. It was only a few minutes before the mistake was rectified and the familiar strains rolled out, but it seemed to me almost half an hour, standing out there on the platform waiting. Many people thought that we had arranged the whole thing for a dramatic and realistic situation of 'The Lost Chord.'"

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
From a Photo. by Schaarwächsen, Berlin.

I will conclude with a story typical of my mother's very practical, if unorthodox, religion, and of how she brought it into everyday life.

My mother one Sunday evening met an old friend, a very well known American clergyman, in great distress, and on inquiring the cause was informed that just before he had left for church his wife had swallowed a bonnet-pin. He could not possibly stay, as service was about to commence, so he had sent for a doctor and come to the church in a fearful state of mind. My mother at once said she would accompany him back and cheer up his wife. Arriving, they were told the invalid had gone up to bed and was not to be disturbed. However, they hastened upstairs and found her lying down, feeling very unwell. "And so your wife has swallowed a pin?" said my mother. "Don't you think God is greater than a pin?" The clergyman hesitated a little; he had not thought of it in that light before. "But it was a *big* pin." "Oh, you think God could have managed a small one?" More hesitation. "But it had a large ball on the end." "Oh, *now* I see what is the matter; God could have managed it all right if it had only been an ordinary pin, but it is the large ball that has been too much for Him."

This novel way of putting the case so amused them both that they began to smile, and the sufferer said she felt much better and would get up after all. She did so, and never felt anything again. If my mother had not gone there the poor woman would have been placed in the hands of a surgeon, who would have proceeded to cut her open to find the pin. In fact, the doctor had already said this would have to be done, all of which would have been a great pity, as the missing pin was discovered next day, without any operation beyond that of looking—on the floor!

SIR JOHN STAINER.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

(To be concluded next month.)

THE MAGIC RING

AND THE MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES OF ITS FINDER

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.
FROM THE ARABIAN.

AH! said Mourad the Hunchback, who had been persuaded to relate the circumstances which had brought him to the hospital of Alexandria, let none of you imagine that fortune has dealt with you more unkindly than it has with me; for in my time I have been a king and I have been rich, exceedingly rich. All my misfortunes have come upon me because all my wishes have been granted, even to the least of my desires. Listen to my marvellous adventures and learn how I became deaf, hunchbacked, short of breath, unable to speak without stammering, and disfigured by a frightful scar.

By trade my grandfather and my father were treasure-seekers. Before I was old enough to share in my father's labours I spent my time in playing with the other children of the village where I lived.

Near Myt-Rahyneh there is a lake, bounded on all sides by a chain of low hills, supposed to have been formed by the drifting of the sand upon the ruins of some ancient city. A palm wood covers these hills and surrounds the lake.

It was in this wood that I and my young companions loved to play, and most of all to enjoy the pleasure of bathing in the lake. One day, on diving, I touched something hard, on which my grasp closed, in the mud at the bottom. Returning at once to land, I washed off the thick coat of mud from the object, and discovered it to be a ring, made of bronze, in which was set, in the form of a seal, a blackish stone, having some letters engraved on its upper face.

I felt much pleased at my discovery, though I knew nothing of its real value, and, immediately slipping it on my finger, I continued my sport.

A little while afterwards the day arrived when for the first time my father was to take me with him in his search for treasure; but before leaving Myt-Rahyneh with me he wished me to make the acquaintance of my uncle, whom I had not yet seen, and who lived at Cairo. I pleased my uncle, who expressed a wish to keep me with him for awhile; my father consented and departed without me.

One grand festival day I was lounging in the inner court of my uncle's palace, and turning and re-turning on my finger the ring I had so strangely found, when by merest chance the eyes of my uncle's secretary rested on this ring, which he asked me to let him

examine more closely. I would not draw it from my finger, but went over to him and held up my hand for him to inspect.

His examination was soon made.

"These characters," he said to me, "are neither Arabic, Persian, Coptic, Greek, nor Hebrew; this inscription is in bird character—that is to say, in the ancient writing of our forefathers—and there exists in Egypt nobody who can read these characters, with the exception of an old man I know who lives in a monastery in the desert of Bahar bela-mâ, the waterless river. If you will entrust me with this ring—I set off the day after to-morrow on my tour to collect the taxes due to the Bey, my master, and my way lies by the place where the learned old man dwells—I will on my return bring it back to you, together with an explanation of the inscription on it."

I would not consent to part with my ring. I pretended to be wholly unable to draw it from my finger, which had swollen and grown since it had been placed there; but I offered to accompany him on his journey, if my uncle would give me permission.

That permission was easily obtained, and I set off joyously with the secretary.

After two days and nights of painful travelling we at last reached the monastery, and the next morning I was conducted into the presence of the learned old monk, Makaryous, who examined my ring attentively, and showed some surprise on reading the inscription.

"My son," he said to me, "this inscription is written in characters more ancient than all the works of men that have come down to us. This is the strange sense of it: 'What does Mourad desire? Let him say, or let him only think. Mourad desires! All that Mourad desires shall be accomplished.'

"I do not know," he added, "whether he to whom this ring belonged had the power of having all his wishes granted, but, if so, I doubt whether he was really happy. Moderation in one's desires, contentment with that which one already possesses, those are the only true riches."

I interrupted the old priest.

"At your age, venerable master," I said, "such thoughts are, no doubt, very proper; but, as to myself, if this ring has the power of conveying to its possessor the means of satisfying all his desires, I am so fatigued by the journey I have made to reach this place that my first wish would be to return to my uncle's palace in Cairo."

I was still speaking when, all at once, I felt myself being carried through the air, and in a moment found myself landed in one of the lower rooms of the palace which I had quitted two days before. Tired as I was I retired to rest and quickly fell asleep, but in my dreams I beheld all the splendours of the Court of the ancient Caliphs at Bagdad, and they still held possession of my mind when I awoke.

"Ah! how happy I should be," I cried, "to look upon that enchanting scene! How I wish I were, at this moment, within sight of so many marvels—in the middle of the great city of Bagdad!"

I had hardly spoken these words ere I found myself in the heart of the city, which I lost no time in exploring. My wanderings sharpened my appetite, but I found that I did not possess the smallest piece of money with which to buy myself food. When night came I had no shelter, and sat down sadly under some trees growing upon a little hill, whence I could see a large portion of the city. In front of me was the Pasha's palace, a vast building surrounded by gardens. Lights shone in every part of it, and numerous servants and slaves, all richly dressed, hurried through the courts. This spectacle made my situation yet more painful to me.

"How unhappy I am!" I moaned. "How I wish I were as fortunate as the Pasha!"

Before I had done speaking a long train of slaves issued from the palace carrying gold dishes, containing everything that could satisfy the appetite. Musicians and singers, performing in the most delightful manner, completed the procession, which in a moment arranged itself about me under the trees of the little hillock on which I was seated.

But I had barely begun to partake of the first dishes which had been presented to me in so wonderful a manner when I was interrupted by a band of the Pasha's soldiers, who had followed my attendants, and who forced them, with sticks and whips, to return to the posts which the mysterious power of the ring had made them desert. Many of their blows fell upon me. Not being able to resist so many enemies, it was natural that I should wish to be in some place where I should be safe.

Hardly had this desire formed itself in my heart when I found myself in a place which appeared to be shut in on all sides, and where I thought myself in safety, for my enemies had suddenly disappeared. I was not alone there, however, and, though the darkness prevented me from seeing clearly

where I was, I presently became aware, by the sounds of groans and the clanking of chains, that I was in a prison.

The prisoners who surrounded me informed me that I was still in Bagdad, and that the place was no other than the deepest dungeon in the fortress. They added that, on the previous evening, they had been captured with arms in their hands in a rebellion against the Pasha, and had all been condemned to death.

Their sobs and despair redoubled when they heard, in the courtyard of the prison, the preparations for their execution, and the clatter of arms announced the arrival of the soldiers who were to conduct them to their doom.

"A LONG TRAIN OF SLAVES ISSUED FROM THE PALACE CARRYING GOLD DISHES."

I had no time to reflect on my position; a few seconds more and I should be confounded with the guilty, since it would have been impossible for me to explain how I had come to be amongst them. Therefore, without losing a moment in uselessly lamenting my fate, I addressed myself to the ring.

"Transport me," I cried, "to some distant spot, far from the executioners who now threaten me with death."

The prison and the prisoners, the executioners and the soldiers, all disappeared at the same moment, and, without having been conscious of any movement, I found myself calmly seated on a rough mat, printed in various colours. I was in a convent of idolatrous Fakirs, in a great Indian city on the borders of China.

I looked about me to recognise my new retreat, but in whatever direction I turned my eyes they rested only on gigantic sculptured figures of strange and hideous form—heads without bodies, bodies without shape, without arms, legs, or heads; here was the body of an animal having ten human heads supported on a single neck; there, on a human body, the heads of ten kinds of furious animals; on one side the statue of a beautiful woman with a graceful head, but with shoulders from which sprang twenty arms, each hand holding some threatening weapon; on another side, their bodies united in a single group, an enormous buffalo, a striped tiger, a serpent with yellow scales, and the head of a frightful crocodile with sharpened teeth and yawning jaws. All these monsters I learned were idols worshipped by a crowd which filled this temple. None of those

present seemed to be in the least astonished at my sudden appearance, but pressed about me, crying:—

"Come! come with us and throw yourself under the wheels of our great idol Juggernaut. You will taste the extreme pleasure of being crushed to death beneath the wheels."

As I remained dumb to these suggestions one of the most zealous of the Fakirs rushed towards me with two handfuls of flaming coals, and before I had any idea of his purpose forced them into my mouth.

"ONE OF THE FAKIRS RUSHED TOWARDS ME WITH TWO HANDFULS OF FLAMING COALS, AND FORCED THEM INTO MY MOUTH."

I spat them out as quickly as I could, and you will easily understand how eagerly I formed the desire to escape to some place where the horrible zeal of the Fakir could not pursue me. My wish was realized as soon as it was formed, but a portion of my tongue had been burned away, and from that time I have stammered in my speech.

The Fakir certainly would not have dared to follow me to the place in which I now found myself. I was in a deep gorge in the island of Ceylon, with a monstrous tiger on one side of me and an enormous lion on the other, the two seemingly disputing which of them should devour me. Never was any wish of mine more rapidly formed than my desire for the instant destruction of those two frightful animals, the sight of which froze me with terror.

In a moment, and without heeding my presence, they sprang upon each other. Making the echoes ring with their horrible roarings, the two terrific beasts tore each other with teeth and claws, without relenting for a moment, until both, equally exhausted, fell dead at my feet.

I had nothing more to fear from my two savage enemies, but I was at the bottom of a frightful precipice from which I could find no way of escape. Hunger began to afflict me. Raising my eyes to the rocks which surrounded me as with a wall of iron, what was my joy on perceiving an enormously tall tree, the top of which was laden with fruit!

After many efforts I gained the top of the tree, and was about to seize some of the fruit when I saw the head of a hideous serpent rise in front of me, the monster appearing big enough to swallow me. I slid

as quick as lightning down the trunk, and on reaching the bottom was astonished to find that I had not broken every limb of my body.

I could still see at the top of the tree the frightful serpent, whose eyes, like blazing coals, never for a moment ceased to glare down upon me.

No one will be surprised by the wish I formed to be delivered from this terrifying danger. Hardly was it expressed before the air and rocks surrounding me rang with dreary croakings and the most alarming howlings. The croaking came from a cloud of vultures, mixed with eagles, kites, and ravens of extraordinary size, whose flight shut out the light above me; the howlings came from the throats of thousands upon thousands of jackals and hyenas, which, with famished cries, sprang down the deep rocks.

The birds of prey pounced upon the serpent and speedily tore him to pieces with their beaks and claws. The animals sprang upon the bodies of the dead lion and tiger. Their repast did not occupy them long, and, though they had not yet paid any attention to me, I had no doubt that their savage jaws would be prepared for me as soon as their first prey had been devoured.

"Oh, Genie of the ring," I cried, "save me from this army of devouring enemies, and conduct me to some place inhabited by human beings!"

This cry of extreme distress had scarcely left my trembling lips ere a clap of thunder, a thousand times greater than any I had ever before heard, burst from the clouds above me. I thought the skies had fallen on my head. The jackals and hyenas fled, the eagles and vultures took flight, and I found myself seated on a carpet of grass in the midst of a beautiful valley.

I was saved. But that crash of supernatural thunder had rendered me utterly deaf, as I now am.

I approached some farmers and by signs asked them for bread. They offered me work, and I accepted their offer eagerly and gratefully. For a long time I was happy with these good people. One day I was lying in the modest but commodious cabin I lived in, resting, according to custom, during the great noontide heat. I was rather dozing than sleeping, and my ideas, almost without my being conscious of them, compared my own position with that of the rich.

"What an enviable lot is theirs!" I cried. "That which all my toils of a lifetime could not procure for me, a little gold gives them every day. Ah! why have I not gold—much gold?"

I was speaking aloud, but I could not continue my exclamation; both voice and breath failed me. An extraordinary weight lay upon my chest and held me down, as if the mountain of Kaf had fallen on me. I was buried, crushed under an immense pile of gold pieces, my chest pressed in, my ribs deformed, my lungs stifled, and from that time I have been short of breath.

"What have I desired?" I thought to myself. "This treasure will be my death. I ought rather to have wished for the power which gives at once honours and the enjoyment of riches. How happy I should be if I were a king!"

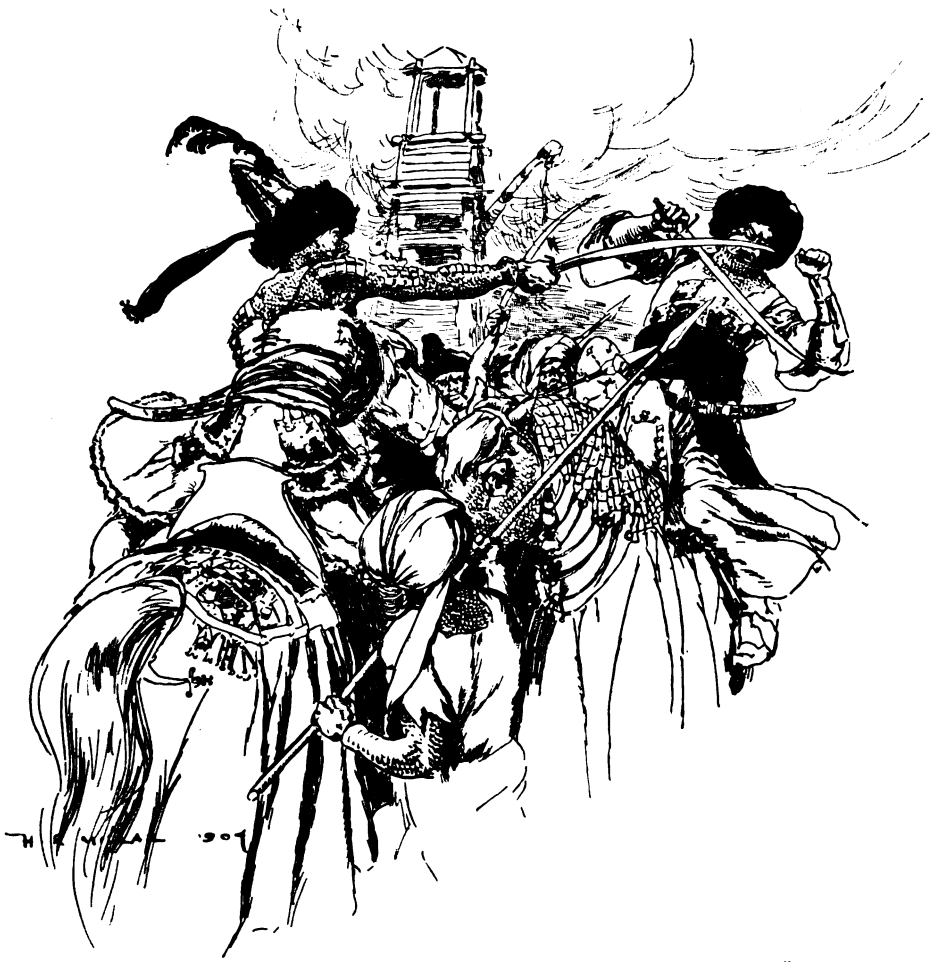
The gold, under the weight of which I had been groaning, disappeared, and I found myself mounted on a war-horse, dressed in magnificent clothes, a numerous army surrounding me. I was in the vast plains of Tartary, King of Samarcand and Bokhara!

I was a king, but the moment for my advancement to this supreme rank had been ill-chosen. A fierce battle was raging around me. The soldiers who defended my cause were beaten. Only rebels were crowding about me, and I was face to face with a bold rebel, full of strength and rage, with his reddened sword above my head ready to strike.

The desire to escape the fatal blow sprang into my mind like lightning. In an instant I disappeared from the field of battle; but at the very moment of my disappearance the terrible blow reached me to which I owe the dreadful wound of which the scar still disfigures my face.

I found myself alone on the sea-shore of one of the islands in the Indian Ocean, which seemed to me to be deserted. I immediately made my way into the interior in search of a resting-place and food.

For a long time I came upon nothing but bare rocks, piled one upon another, as if by the hands of giants. However, by the evening I arrived at the entrance to a forest of trees such as I had never seen before. I found some wild fruits, which I eagerly devoured. A cave, dug by Nature out of the side of a rock, served me for shelter during the night. I stretched myself upon the ground and speedily fell asleep. When I woke I found myself surrounded by a great crowd of black and naked savages, all of them wonderfully thin. The skin, or rather



"AT THE MOMENT OF MY DISAPPEARANCE THE TERRIBLE BLOW REACHED ME."

leather, which covered their dry and bony bodies was painted in colours with rings and stripes. Resistance on my part would have been impossible. I was speedily bound so tightly that I could scarcely move a muscle. My feet and hands were tied together, my head fastened between my knees, and altogether I was so bent up as to resemble a bale of goods packed for a long journey.

The barbarians carried me off in triumph to a part of the forest. An immense crowd awaited my conductors with howls which made my flesh creep on my bones with terror.

They placed me near a blazing brazier, and at first I did not feel sure as to whether their intention was to burn me alive as a sacrifice to one of their idols, or simply to roast and eat me. But though I discovered that these savages were not cannibals—only fire-worshippers—they filled me with scarcely less terror.

"My ring," I cried, "deliver me from these flames! Transport me to my own country, out of the reach of this threatening fire!"

My wish was expressed in a voice broken by terror, but the Genie of the ring, whoever he was, heard me and, according to my wish, bore me far away from those terrible savages into my own country, for I found myself at the bottom of a well four hundred feet deep, in the citadel of Cairo.

I had forgotten to ask to be relieved of my bonds, and my detestable Genie, according to his custom, had taken care not to exceed my wish in the smallest degree.

The ice-cold water in which I was

plunged froze all my limbs; I sank deeper and deeper into it, until my lips were covered and I felt the mud at the bottom of the well giving under my weight. An instant more and I should inevitably be swallowed up in it!

"Ah! why," I sighed, "why was I not raised as high above ground as I am now buried in its depths!"

At the same instant, as if by a miracle, I found myself on the very summit of the great Pyramid of Ghizeh. But I was helpless. I could make no movement, and before me on the pinnacle, at so great a height, there was nothing but the prospect of a cruel death by hunger.

Had I been nearer the edge of the narrow platform on which I was lying I might have chanced to see some Arab wandering in the desert who likewise might have perceived me, heard my cries, and come to my rescue.

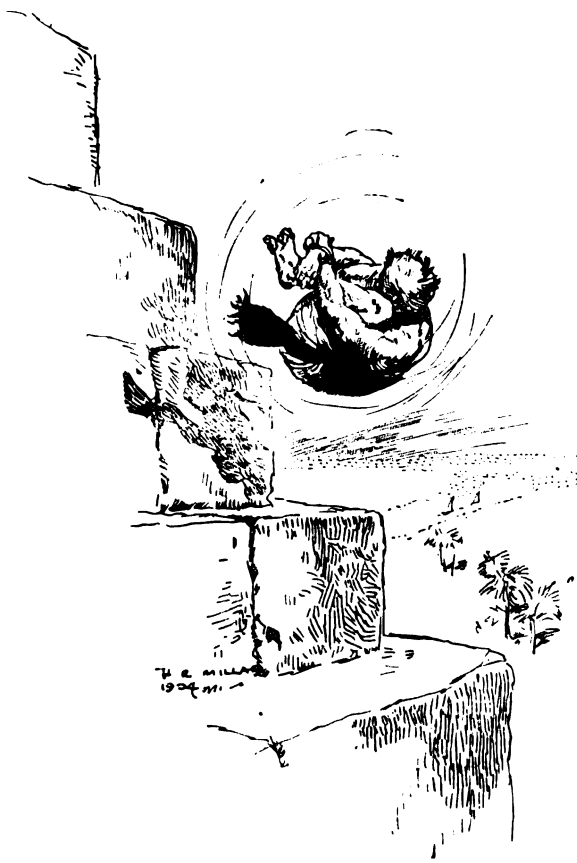
At that thought an irresistible desire seized upon me. Making a violent effort, knitting up all the fibres of my body, I succeeded, with inconceivable pain, writhing and crawling little by little, in reaching the margin of one of the outer stones of the ledge, and was thus enabled to look down to the bottom of the pyramid.

Immediately below me were two men, bent over the sand and engaged in digging in it.

"Ah!" I cried. "If one of them were my father!"

One of the two, hearing my voice, raised his head. It was indeed my father. To recognise him and wish to be with him was one and the same thought.

At that moment my body, tied up in something like a ball, rolled forward over the edge of the stone, and then bounded from ledge to ledge, from block to block, to the bottom of the fearful precipice, and fell, an inanimate mass, into the very hole which my father and his companion were digging in the sand.



"MY BODY BOUNDED FROM LEDGE TO LEDGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE FEARFUL PRECIPICE."

The doctors in whose hands my wondering father placed me declared that I was dead past recovery, but a skilful French doctor, who was then called in, succeeded in bringing me back to life.

My head, arms, and legs were only severely bruised, and my skin grazed and torn; that was all—except that my back was bent, and defied all the efforts of medical science to make it straight again. It is from that time that I have been hunchbacked.

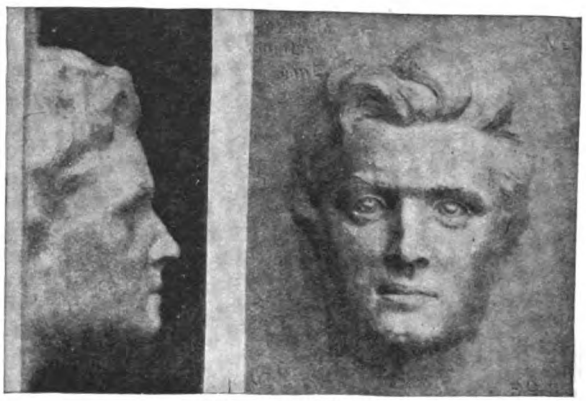
But I am now perfectly resigned to my fate, and, as to my magic ring, I have formed a firm resolution never again to have recourse to its power, of which I made myself so long the plaything and the victim.

That is my story.

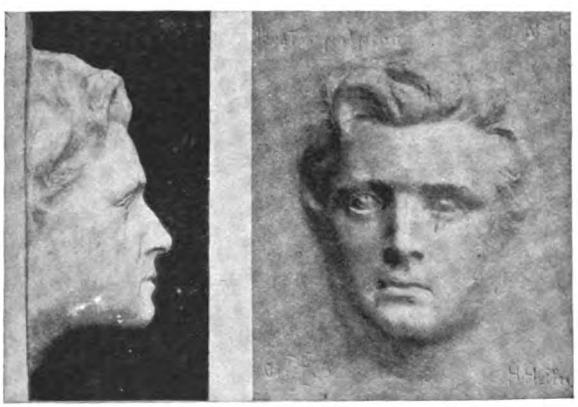
The Science of Expression.

By Louis Elkind, M.D.

THERE are few subjects which are more interesting and instructive, from whatever point you may consider them, physiologically or psychologically, than the study of human expression as it is affected by sentiment, passion, and emotion; and this not only from the academic, but from the practical point of view also. The theory and practice of that science ought to be mastered by every artist. For he will thus be able to acquire, not only a true spirit of exact observation, but he will also learn to discern what is imperative and essential to just and fine expression—a fact upon which both the effect and force of his creations largely depend. And, further, the science in question forms an invaluable aid to the physician; that is, as far as the early recognition and correct interpretation of bodily ailments in general, and of those of the brain in particular, are concerned.



NO. 2.—ENTHUSIASM.



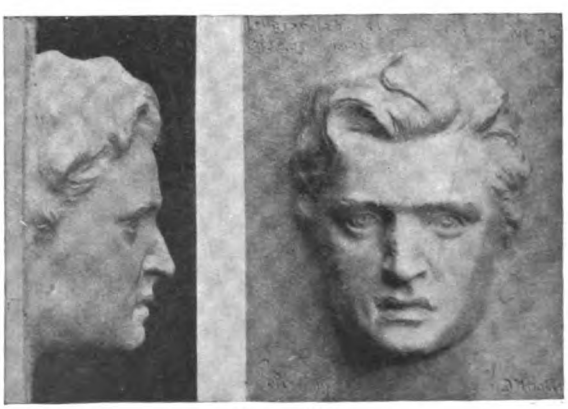
NO. 1.—RAPTURE.

Again, as it is often said that you cannot tread on a man's toe without learning at least something of his temper, the physiognomic study—the science I am speaking of is generally called physiognomy—of facial expression is of great and constant assistance to the man in the street in his daily observations of human nature and affairs of life.

Moreover, speaking generally, the science of physiognomy brings home easily to the observer the meaning of all those emotions, genuine or otherwise, which the actor or actress so often displays on the stage. The same remark applies, it should be added, to art in general, and to sculpture and painting in particular.

As regards the history of physiognomy, it is true that, comparatively speaking, it is a quite new science, inasmuch as we are indebted to Charles Darwin for the knowledge, which we now possess, of the natural laws which underlie it and of the physiological processes which govern it. For it was he who raised physiognomy to an exact science.

Turning now to the illustrations, I must first of all acknowledge my indebtedness to Messrs. Anton Schroll, the well-known publishers of Vienna, for permission to reproduce these excellent photographs from the original clay models.



NO. 3.—SCORN.

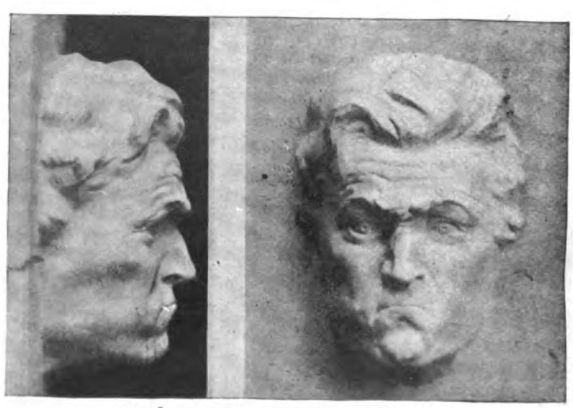
NO. 4.—BITTERNESS.

They have recently been published under the title, "Grund formen der Mimik," for the purpose of aiding those who take up art as a profession in the study of anatomy, the author being Dr. H. Mebber. In these illustrations it will be seen that the face is in every case the same, yet how different! Whether we look at it full face or in profile we see that thought, passion, or emotion can alter it to a remarkable extent, from something almost sublime to something almost repellent.

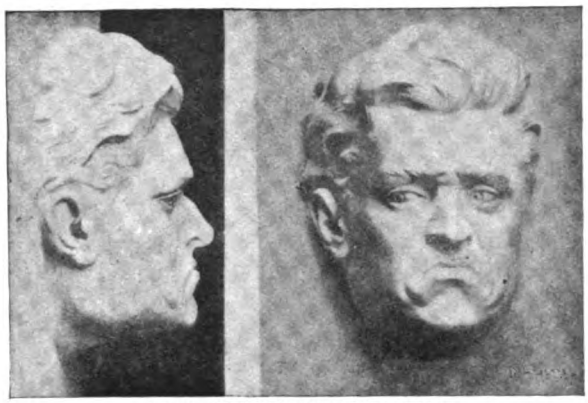
NO. 5.—PHYSICAL OR MENTAL EXERTION.

In illustration No. 1 we have a model of what may be termed, from the æsthetic point of view, great beauty. It is clear that the thoughts are in a lofty plane. The expression manifested in the face is characteristic, say, of a poet or a deep thinker in a moment of calm, serene inspiration. No. 2 is not very different—at least in some respects. The thoughts expressed are still noble, but they have become emotional, more tender, as it were. This change, it should be pointed out, is produced to a considerable extent by a slight relaxation of the muscles around the mouth. The features bear a strong resemblance to those of Beethoven, and looking at them in this illustration one can easily imagine what Beethoven's expression must have been when his soul was lifted up by the grandeur of his own music. As a matter of fact, Von Kloeber's famous painting presents the master in that attitude. Very different indeed is illustration No. 3. Here we have scorn and indignation aroused by a feeling of wrong, and we can also detect in the expression a sense of depression and a fair amount of pessimism. No. 4 is almost the same as No. 3, only more pronounced and more permanent. In No. 5 the mouth is the chief feature to be noticed. It betokens ardent concentration of mind on some difficult matter, say on some abstruse mathematical or scientific problem, or even on some work necessitating severe physical exertion.

A somewhat similar expression is to be found on the face of the Cromwell statue opposite the Houses of Parliament, though not so marked and pronounced as is the case in Cooper's famous portrait of the Lord Protector. The same may be said of more than one statue of Bismarck and of Cardinal Richelieu. Melancholy is prominent in the expression illustrated in No. 6, but the expression is almost exactly the same as that produced by violent pain.



NO. 6.—MELANCHOLIA—OR, VIOLENT PAIN.



NO. 7.—CONTEMPT AND DETESTATION.

No. 7 shows us profound contempt and scorn, together with unhappiness. The lower lip protrudes beyond the upper, a feature generally to be met with in people in whom the lower jaw is more prominent than the upper. The Imperial House of Austria furnished us with a famous example of this, and it is to be remembered that the Hapsburgs have almost throughout their history had an amazing amount of unhappiness and misfortune. In this connection one is reminded of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, whose countenance exhibited the same feature in a very marked degree, as well as of Philip IV. of Spain. There are few pictures in which this particularly interesting feature is so well pronounced as in Peter Paul Rubens's famous painting, in which the young Spanish King is represented in half-life size. Apart from many other striking points, such as, for instance, the pale face, the flaxen hair, and the general attitude, the characteristically prominent lower jaw is so effectively and vividly depicted by the master that one is at once able to realize what the expression I am just referring to implies in actual life. The picture in question is in a private collection of art treasures in London. In No. 8 we have mirth which has given rise to uproarious laughter, while in No. 9 we have grief.

It is a matter of very considerable interest that, according to Raphael's more recent biographers, the late Professor Grimm amongst others, his immortality was achieved, and this to a considerable extent, through his intimate acquaintance with anatomy and physiology. However this may be, and whether—and it would be difficult to ascertain the truth on this point—his wonderful ability to illustrate the natural emotions in such an exact way was wholly the product of the genius innate in him, or whether he adopted and improved upon the manner of some of his predecessors, it is certain that by thus closely observing Nature he established a school of painting which, apart from a few short reactionary periods, has prevailed ever since, and which has pursued with zeal the principle of giving to the face on the canvas a physiognomic expression—that is to say, one which is based on scientific lines.

NO. 8.—UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER.

NO. 9.—GRIEF.

Curiosities.

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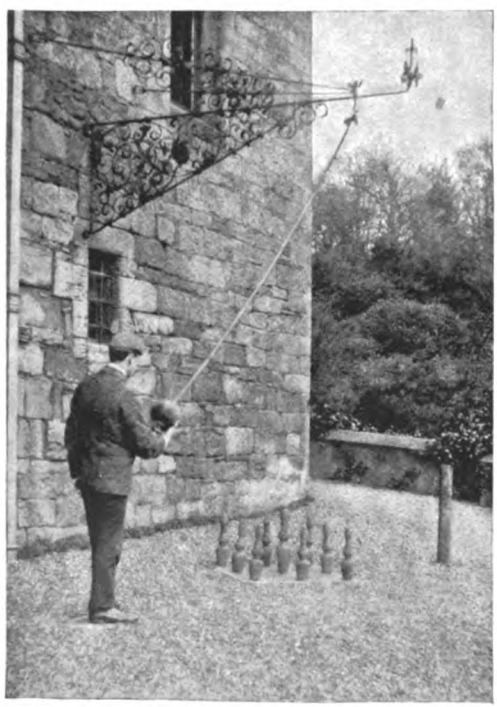
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions o this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

From a Photo. by H. Grose.

WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE MINE?

Some miners in Australia have adapted the cipher of "The Dancing Men" given in the Sherlock Holmes story published in THE STRAND MAGAZINE for December, 1903, and have spelt out the name of their mine as shown in the photograph. Can our readers give the name of the mine?—The photograph was sent to Sir A. Conan Doyle, Undershaw, Hindhead, Haslemere.

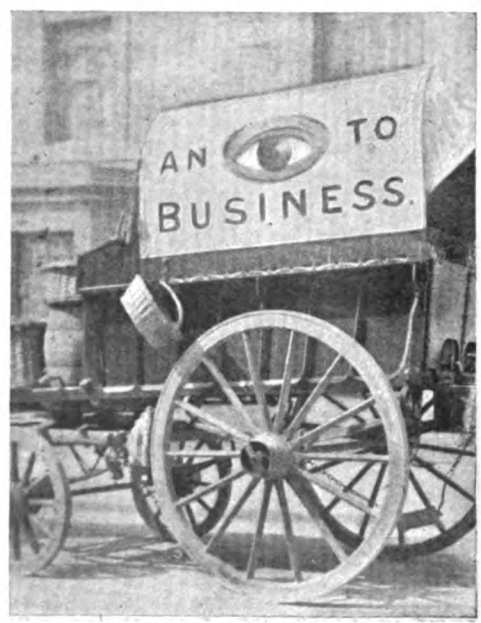


"SCOTCH SKITTLES."

"Everyone is familiar, more or less, with the game of skittles, but it is not everyone who is acquainted with the form shown in the above photo. The ball, as will be noticed, is suspended from the bracket jutting from the wall by a long rope, and the object of the player is to knock down the pins, not by merely throwing the ball straight at them, but by tossing it in a circle round the stump opposite so that it strikes the 'men' as it comes swinging back. The photo. was taken at Dalzell House, near Motherwell, the seat of Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, one of the very few places where this form of the pastime, frequently termed 'Scotch Skittles,' is played."—Mr. Andrew Paterson, Millview Place, Hamilton Street, Motherwell.

WHOSE EYE?

"The cart belongs to a man who sells oil in Kent, and whether the 'eye to business' shown in the picture refers to the purchaser or the seller is to be judged."—Mr. Paul Melhuish, Leinster Avenue, Upper Richmond Road, East Sheen, S.W.



A NEW USE FOR DOGS.

"Whilst cycling with a friend in Normandy I had the opportunity of taking this curious photo. We were cycling through the small seaside resort, Quiberville, *en route* for Dieppe, when we passed an elderly Frenchman on a somewhat ancient type of machine behind which was harnessed a dog. On obtaining permission to photograph him, he informed us that the dog was of great help in pushing behind when going up hill."—Mr. R. Howard Smith, St. Stephens, Bromley Park, Kent.

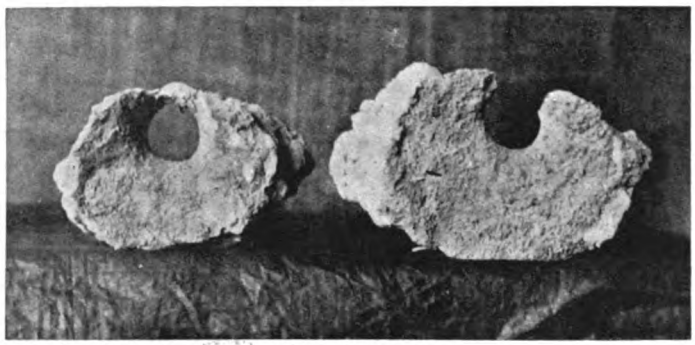
WONDERFUL CARVING.

"This photo. represents a wonderful piece of carving now on view at the Museum, Kirkleatham. The whole is carved out of a solid piece of boxwood, the only instrument that was used being an ordinary penknife. This work of art is now valued at £2,000. It is

said that this marvellous piece of carving was the cause of a wager being once laid in a dispute as to its entirety. To prove that the work was one single piece it was plunged into a pot of boiling oil, in which it was allowed to remain for hours. All doubts were set at rest when it was withdrawn and found to be still complete." — Mr. Geo. Guy, Reservoir Cottage, Dartmouth Park Hill, N.W.

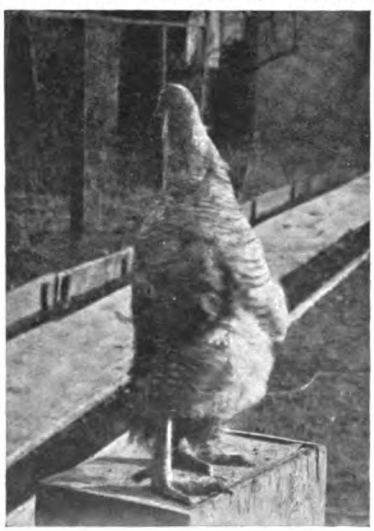
ANOTHER OPTICAL ILLUSION.

"This photograph of the statue of Richard I. (Cœur de Lion) standing outside the Houses of Parliament shows a very curious effect of lighting, which was not noticed until the print was finished. It seems as if the figure on the horse was sitting sideways, but on looking into the picture it will be seen that it is the strong light on the horse's shoulder which produces this curious illusion."—Mr. G. Dunstall Swan, 42, Kynaston Road, Stoke Newington, N.



THE CLAY NESTS OF THE NUTHATCH.

"Probably the most industrious of our British nest-builders is the nuthatch, a bird not quite so large as the common house-sparrow. Having selected a hollow in a tree or bank, this bird proceeds to fill up the entrance with clay or marl, leaving a hole of not more than two inches in diameter. The photograph shows two masses of clay which have been built up little by little for this purpose. The amount of labour entailed will be obvious when it is stated that the larger of the masses weighs three pounds, while the other is a pound less. Those shown in the photograph were probably built by the same pair of birds, as they were taken, after two consecutive seasons' hatches had flown, from the same bank, not more than a yard apart. This pair of birds is to be seen in their old locality at the present time. Doubtless they will construct a similar entrance to their domicile this year. The interior of the nest consists almost entirely of the fine inner bark of the fir and the seeds of fir-cones."—Mr. Bertram Cox, 14, May Crescent, Lincoln.

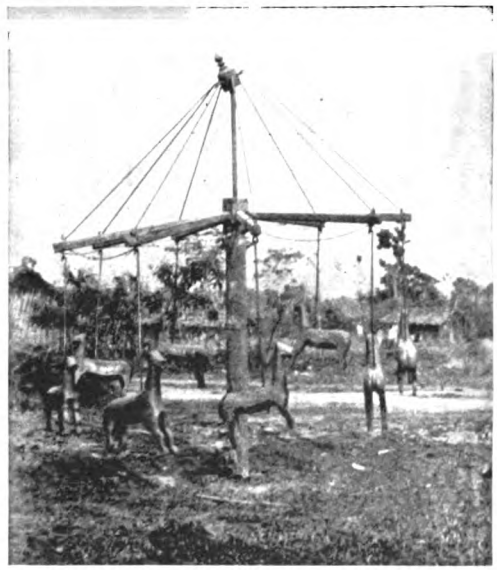


THE PULLET'S ACCIDENT.

"My photograph was taken by Mr. Lew Hecker, Miamisburg, Ohio. A Plymouth rock pullet met with an accident, which left it so that at all times it walked and stood in a perfectly erect position. It grew fat, and apparently enjoyed life as well as any other chicken—until a neighbour's cat killed it. As will be seen from the photograph, it re sembled as much as anything a back view of Robinson Crusoe in his dress of skins and furs."—Mr. Marshall Moore, 1,427, North New Jersey Street, Indianapolis.

"SAVAGE" HOBBY-HORSES.

"This photo., taken by the Rev. Daniel Kirkwood, shows a merry-go-round of hobby-horses made by the natives of Jalpaiguri."—Mr. W. G. Dingwall, Nedeem Tea Co., Kumai Division, Jalpaiguri, India.

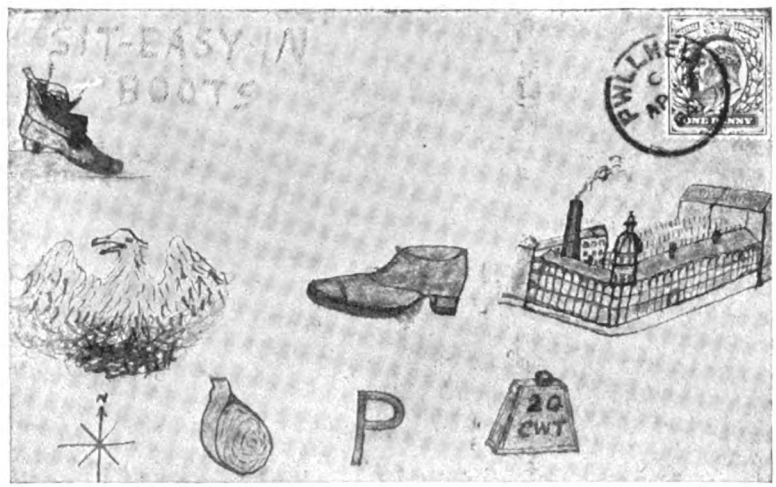


A HOUSE BUILT BY LOVERS.

"The house shown in the photograph stands just outside Morecambe, and was built entirely by two lovers. A young man made up his mind to build the house he intended living in, and, upon mentioning it to his sweetheart, she agreed to help him. He built the house and she carried the hod for him. It took them three years to build, and now they are married and are living in it."—Mr. W. Pilkington, 5, Pine Street, Pendleton.

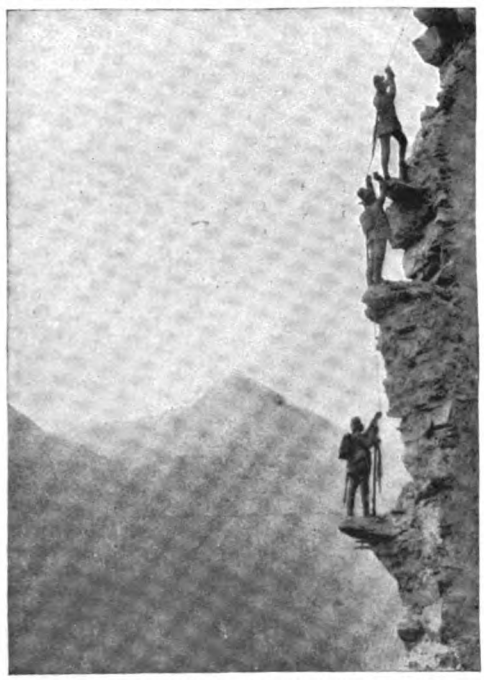
AN INGENIOUS PICTORIAL ADDRESS.

"This envelope was received in Northampton, and was delivered by the first morning post to the manufacturers of the well-known 'Citizen' boots, and, as the post-mark shows, it had been posted in Pwllheli the previous evening, which reflects credit on the post-office staff for their promptitude and exactness in deciphering the address so quickly. The address depicted by the drawings reads as follows: 'Citizen' Boots, Phœnix Shoe Works, Northampton."



"INTREPID CLIMBERS."

"This is the kind of photo. to produce when the conversation turns on the difficulties of rock-climbing in the Alps. It will be noticed that the ledges of rock overhang in the most perilous manner, and make one wonder how the first of these intrepid climbers managed to pull himself up to his position and whether the photographer who snap-shotted the ascent was very comfortable in his coign of vantage. But the fact is, the photo. is a hoax! The 'intrepid climbers' are little wooden models (about twelve inches high); and the unnamed peak is the stone-work at the end of a veranda in an hotel in Switzerland which has been cut to produce this effect, the only real thing in the picture being the distant mountains. But so natural is the effect, so lifelike the action of these tiny effigies, with their apparently experienced handling of their implements and ropes, that few readers will probably have detected the real nature of the photograph before being told."—Mr. P. S. Greig, Gold's House, Greatham, Hants.



RELICS OF THE MUTINY.

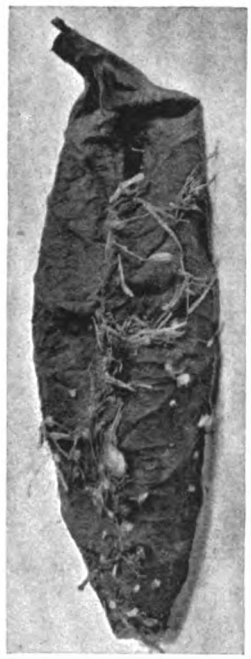
"I send you a photo. of the old ball and cross that were on the dome of the English church at Delhi during the Mutiny. The photo. plainly shows the holes made by the bullets. The church is close to the Cashmere Gate, where some of the fiercest fighting took place. The ball and cross are made of copper sheet, and were placed in their present position some years ago."—Mr. H. H. Spalding, The Laurels, Silverton, near Exeter.

NOT A TERRIBLE MONSTER.

"I send you a snap-shot of my Angora cat eating a piece of meat on the kitchen floor. The optical illusion is a very amusing one."—Miss Pauline L. Cash, 142, Hemenway Street, Boston, Mass.

THE TAILOR-BIRD'S NEST.

"The leaf shown in the photograph was taken by me one morning from the almond tree I am fortunate to have in my garden adjoining the bungalow. You will observe that the sides of the leaf are actually stitched together with some fibrous substance like rough yellow silk, as taken from the silk-worm, to form a nest. This stitching is done by the beak of the bird, and must be admitted as marvellous. The white wool lining is made of the cotton wool grown in these parts in a pod—a tree bearing this is close by."—Mr. Walter Finbow, Railway Compound, Negapatam, S. India.

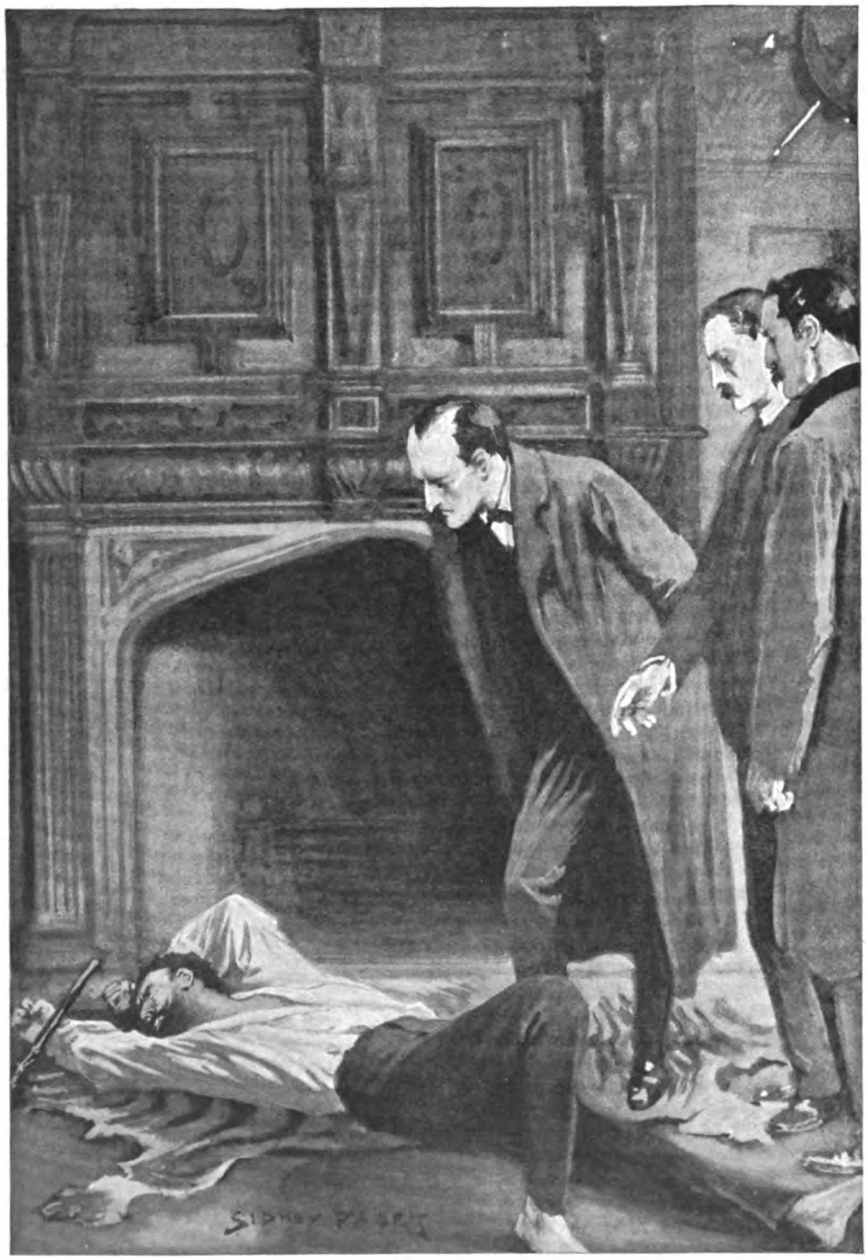


WHERE EXTREMES MEET.

"The two men seen in my photograph, taken by the American Photo. Co., are operators in the Rangoon office of the Government Telegraph Department. The bigger man, W. H. T. Shortt, aged nineteen, weighs eighteen stone and stands six feet, while the little man, G. Cartledge, is aged thirty-one, weighs four stone, and stands four feet."—Mr. P. E. W. Rosemeyer, Inspecting Telegraph Master, Toungoo, Burma.

CELEBRITIES IN STAINED GLASS.

"In the parish church at Elham, six miles from Folkestone, are two stained-glass windows which show scenes from Old Testament history. The larger window, consisting of two lights, represents David as a youth playing his harp before King Saul. The monarch is seated upon a throne and is surrounded by a number of counsellors. As a picture the window is very good, and at first glance would not strike anyone as being in the slightest degree remarkable, or calling for special examination or notice. But the extraordinary feature about the window is that every face at the time it was designed was a portrait of a living celebrity. Some of the originals have since died. The faces are not confined to either sex, or to any particular class. Royalty, nobility, and commoner are represented, the figures including politicians of different parties, princesses, a famous author and sage, and the leading female singer of the present day. The most prominent figure in the window is that of King Saul, and the beholder is astonished to find, surrounded by all the regal pomp and ceremony so vigorously scoffed at and derided by him, a life-like representation of Thomas Carlyle, the Sage of Chelsea. Carlyle was living when the window was designed, and certainly no better portrait can be seen anywhere of the great writer. At his side sits David, but, owing to the time which has elapsed since the window was made, the features of the 'ruddy youth' are not so plainly distinguishable. The designer took as his model Madame Adelina Patti. In the lower part of the window beneath King Saul are shown ladies, and amongst these can be plainly distinguished the late Princess Alice, Princess Louise, and Princess Beatrice, daughters of the late Queen Victoria. Further interesting portraits are to be found amongst the counsellors of King Saul. Standing close to the monarch are the late Mr. Gladstone and the late Lord Beaconsfield, whilst in the second light of the window is the late Lord Salisbury. In the case of these eminent men the portraits are all first rate. The window was designed by the brother of the Rev. D. Wodehouse, Vicar of Elham, who adopted the remarkable plan of taking living celebrities as models for his figures."—Mr. R. A. Shield.



"IT WAS THE BODY OF A TALL, WELL-MADE MAN, ABOUT FORTY YEARS OF AGE."

(*See page* 247.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxviii. SEPTEMBER, 1904. No. 165.

THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

XII.—The Adventure of the Abbey Grange.

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IT was on a bitterly cold and frosty morning during the winter of '97 that I was awakened by a tugging at my shoulder. It was Holmes. The candle in his hand shone upon his eager, stooping face and told me at a glance that something was amiss.

"Come, Watson, come!" he cried. "The game is afoot. Not a word! Into your clothes and come!"

Ten minutes later we were both in a cab and rattling through the silent streets on our way to Charing Cross Station. The first faint winter's dawn was beginning to appear, and we could dimly see the occasional figure of an early workman as he passed us, blurred and indistinct in the opalescent London reek. Holmes nestled in silence into his heavy coat, and I was glad to do the same, for the air was most bitter and neither of us had broken our fast. It was not until we had consumed some hot tea at the station, and taken our places in the Kentish train, that we were sufficiently thawed, he to speak and I to listen. Holmes drew a note from his pocket and read it aloud:—

"Abbey Grange, Marsham, Kent,
"3.30 a.m.

"MY DEAR MR. HOLMES,—I should be very glad of your immediate assistance in what promises to be a most remarkable case. It is something quite in your line. Except for releasing the lady I will see that everything is kept exactly as I have found it, but I beg you not to lose an instant, as it is difficult to leave Sir Eustace there.

"Yours faithfully, STANLEY HOPKINS."

"Hopkins has called me in seven times, and on each occasion his summons has been entirely justified," said Holmes. "I

"'COME, WATSON, COME!' HE CRIED. 'THE GAME IS AFOOT.'"

fancy that every one of his cases has found its way into your collection, and I must admit, Watson, that you have some power of selection which atones for much which I deplore in your narratives. Your fatal habit of looking at everything from the point of view of a story instead of as a scientific exercise has ruined what might have been an instructive and even classical series of demonstrations. You slur over work of the utmost finesse and delicacy in order to dwell upon sensational details which may excite, but cannot possibly instruct, the reader."

"Why do you not write them yourself?" I said, with some bitterness.

"I will, my dear Watson, I will. At present I am, as you know, fairly busy, but I propose to devote my declining years to the composition of a text-book which shall focus the whole art of detection into one volume. Our present research appears to be a case of murder."

"You think this Sir Eustace is dead, then?"

"I should say so. Hopkins's writing shows considerable agitation, and he is not an emotional man. Yes, I gather there has been violence, and that the body is left for our inspection. A mere suicide would not have caused him to send for me. As to the release of the lady, it would appear that she has been locked in her room during the tragedy. We are moving in high life, Watson; crackling paper, 'E.B.' monogram, coat-of-arms, picturesque address. I think that friend Hopkins will live up to his reputation and that we shall have an interesting morning. The crime was committed before twelve last night."

"How can you possibly tell?"

"By an inspection of the trains and by reckoning the time. The local police had to be called in, they had to communicate with Scotland Yard, Hopkins had to go out, and he in turn had to send for me. All that makes a fair night's work. Well, here we are at Chislehurst Station, and we shall soon set our doubts at rest."

A drive of a couple of miles through narrow country lanes brought us to a park gate, which was opened for us by an old lodge-keeper, whose haggard face bore the reflection of some great disaster. The avenue ran through a noble park, between lines of ancient elms, and ended in a low, widespread house, pillared in front after the fashion of Palladio. The central part was evidently of a great age and shrouded in ivy, but the large windows showed that modern changes had been carried out, and one wing of the house appeared to be entirely new. The youthful figure and alert, eager face of Inspector Stanley Hopkins confronted us in the open doorway.

"I'm very glad you have come, Mr. Holmes. And you too, Dr. Watson! But, indeed, if I had my time over again I should not have troubled you, for since the lady has come to herself she has given so clear an account of the affair that there is not much left for us to do. You remember that Lewisham gang of burglars?"

"What, the three Randalls?"

"Exactly; the father and two sons. It's their work. I have not a doubt of it. They did a job at Sydenham a fortnight ago, and were seen and described. Rather cool to do another so soon and so near, but it is they, beyond all doubt. It's a hanging matter this time."

"Sir Eustace is dead, then?"

"Yes; his head was knocked in with his own poker."

"Sir Eustace Brackenstall, the driver tells me."

"Exactly—one of the richest men in Kent. Lady Brackenstall is in the morning-room. Poor lady, she has had a most dreadful experience. She seemed half dead when I saw her first. I think you had best see her and hear her account of the facts. Then we will examine the dining-room together."

Lady Brackenstall was no ordinary person. Seldom have I seen so graceful a figure, so womanly a presence, and so beautiful a face. She was a blonde, golden-haired, blue-eyed, and would, no doubt, have had the perfect complexion which goes with such colouring had not her recent experience left her drawn and haggard. Her sufferings were physical as well as mental, for over one eye rose a hideous, plum-coloured swelling, which her maid, a tall, austere woman, was bathing assiduously with vinegar and water. The lady lay back exhausted upon a couch, but her quick, observant gaze as we entered the room, and the alert expression of her beautiful features, showed that neither her wits nor her courage had been shaken by her terrible experience. She was enveloped in a loose dressing-gown of blue and silver, but a black sequin-covered dinner-dress was hung upon the couch beside her.

"I have told you all that happened, Mr. Hopkins," she said, wearily; "could you not repeat it for me? Well, if you think it necessary, I will tell these gentlemen what occurred. Have they been in the dining-room yet?"

"I thought they had better hear your ladyship's story first."

"I shall be glad when you can arrange matters. It is horrible to me to think of him still lying there." She shuddered and buried her face for a moment in her hands. As she did so the loose gown fell back from her forearms. Holmes uttered an exclamation.

"You have other injuries, madam! What is this?" Two vivid red spots stood out on one of the white, round limbs. She hastily covered it.

"I AM THE WIFE OF SIR EUSTACE BRACKENSTALL."

"It is nothing. It has no connection with the hideous business of last night. If you and your friend will sit down I will tell you all I can.

"I am the wife of Sir Eustace Brackenstall. I have been married about a year. I suppose that it is no use my attempting to conceal that our marriage has not been a happy one. I fear that all our neighbours would tell you that, even if I were to attempt to deny it. Perhaps the fault may be partly mine. I was brought up in the freer, less conventional atmosphere of South Australia, and this English life, with its proprieties and its primness, is not congenial to me. But the main reason lies in the one fact which is notorious to everyone, and that is that Sir Eustace was a confirmed drunkard. To be with such a man for an hour is unpleasant. Can you imagine what it means for a sensitive and high-spirited woman to be tied to him for day and night? It is a sacrilege, a crime, a villainy to hold that such a marriage is binding. I say that these monstrous laws of yours will bring a curse upon the land—Heaven will not let such wickedness endure." For an instant she sat up, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes blazing from under the terrible mark upon her brow. Then the strong, soothing hand of the austere maid drew her head down on to the cushion, and the wild anger died away into passionate sobbing. At last she continued:—

"I will tell you about last night. You are aware, perhaps, that in this house all servants sleep in the modern wing. This central block is made up of the dwelling-rooms, with the kitchen behind and our bedroom above. My maid Theresa sleeps above my room. There is no one else, and no sound could alarm those who are in the farther wing. This must have been well known to the robbers, or they would not have acted as they did.

"Sir Eustace retired about half-past ten. The servants had already gone to their quarters. Only my maid was up, and she had remained in her room at the top of the house until I needed her services. I sat until after eleven in this room, absorbed in a book. Then I walked round to see that all was right before I went upstairs. It was my custom to do this myself, for, as I have explained, Sir Eustace was not always to be trusted. I went into the kitchen, the butler's pantry, the gun-room, the billiard-room, the drawing-room, and finally the dining-room. As I approached the window, which is covered with thick curtains, I suddenly felt the wind blow upon my face and realized that it was open. I flung the curtain aside and found myself face to face with a broad-shouldered, elderly man who had just stepped into the room. The window is a long French one, which really forms a door leading to the lawn. I held my bedroom candle lit in my hand, and, by its light, behind the first man I saw two others, who were in the act of entering. I stepped back, but the fellow was on me in an instant. He caught me first by the wrist and then by the throat. I opened my mouth to scream, but he struck me a savage blow with his fist over the eye, and felled me to the ground. I must have been unconscious for a few minutes, for when I came to myself I found that they had torn down the bell-rope and had secured me tightly to the oaken chair which stands at the head of the dining-room table. I was so firmly bound that I could not move, and a handkerchief round my mouth prevented me from uttering any sound. It was at this instant that my unfortunate husband entered the room. He had evidently heard some suspicious sounds, and he came prepared for such a scene as he found. He was dressed in his shirt and trousers, with his favourite blackthorn cudgel in his hand. He rushed at one of the burglars, but another—it was the elderly man—stooped, picked the poker out of the grate, and struck him a horrible blow as he passed. He fell without a groan, and never moved again. I fainted once more, but again it could only have been a very few minutes during which I was insensible. When I opened my eyes I found that they had collected the silver from the sideboard, and they had drawn a bottle of wine which stood there. Each of them had a glass in his hand. I have already told you, have I not, that one was elderly, with a beard, and the others young, hairless lads. They might have been a father with his two sons. They talked together in whispers. Then they came over and made sure that I was still securely bound. Finally they withdrew, closing the window after them. It was quite a quarter of an hour before I got my mouth free. When I did so my screams brought the maid to my assistance. The other servants were soon alarmed, and we sent for the local police, who instantly communicated with London. That is really all I can tell you, gentlemen, and I trust that it will not be necessary for me to go over so painful a story again."

"Any questions, Mr. Holmes?" asked Hopkins.

"I will not impose any further tax upon Lady Brackenstall's patience and time," said Holmes. "Before I go into the dining-room I should be glad to hear your experience." He looked at the maid.

"I saw the men before ever they came into the house," said she. "As I sat by my bedroom window I saw three men in the moonlight down by the lodge gate yonder, but I thought nothing of it at the time. It was more than an hour after that I heard my mistress scream, and down I ran, to find her, poor lamb, just as she says, and him on the floor with his blood and brains over the room. It was enough to drive a woman out of her wits, tied there, and her very dress spotted with him; but she never wanted courage, did Miss Mary Fraser of Adelaide, and Lady Brackenstall of Abbey Grange hasn't learned new ways. You've questioned her long enough, you gentlemen, and now she is coming to her own room, just with her old Theresa, to get the rest that she badly needs."

With a motherly tenderness the gaunt woman put her arm round her mistress and led her from the room.

"She has been with her all her life," said Hopkins. "Nursed her as a baby, and came with her to England when they first left Australia eighteen months ago. Theresa Wright is her name, and the kind of maid you don't pick up nowadays. This way, Mr. Holmes, if you please!"

The keen interest had passed out of Holmes's expressive face, and I knew that with the mystery all the charm of the case had departed. There still remained an arrest to be effected, but what were these commonplace rogues that he should soil his hands with them? An abstruse and learned specialist who finds that he has been called in for a case of measles would experience something of the annoyance which I read in my friend's eyes. Yet the scene in the dining-room of the Abbey Grange was

sufficiently strange to arrest his attention and to recall his waning interest.

It was a very large and high chamber, with carved oak ceiling, oaken panelling, and a fine array of deer's heads and ancient weapons around the walls. At the farther end from the door was the high French window of which we had heard. Three smaller windows on the right-hand side filled the apartment with cold winter sunshine. On the left was a large, deep fireplace, with a massive overhanging oak mantelpiece. Beside the fireplace was a heavy oaken chair with arms and cross-bars at the bottom. In and out through the open woodwork was woven a crimson cord, which was secured at each side to the crosspiece below. In releasing the lady the cord had been slipped off her, but the knots with which it had been secured still remained. These details only struck our attention afterwards, for our thoughts were entirely absorbed by the terrible object which lay spread upon the tiger-skin hearthrug in front of the fire.

It was the body of a tall, well-made man, about forty years of age. He lay upon his back, his face upturned, with his white teeth grinning through his short black beard. His two clenched hands were raised above his head, and a heavy blackthorn stick lay across them. His dark, handsome, aquiline features were convulsed into a spasm of vindictive hatred, which had set his dead face in a terribly fiendish expression. He had evidently been in his bed when the alarm had broken out, for he wore a foppish embroidered night-shirt, and his bare feet projected from his trousers. His head was horribly injured, and the whole room bore witness to the savage ferocity of the blow which had struck him down. Beside him lay the heavy poker, bent into a curve by the concussion. Holmes examined both it and the indescribable wreck which it had wrought.

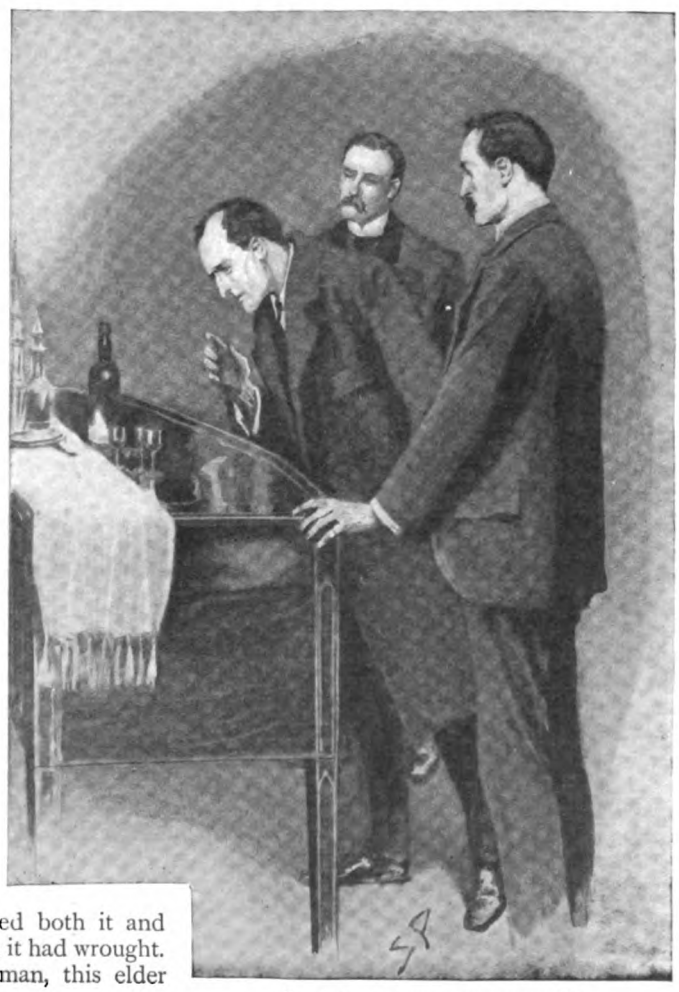
"He must be a powerful man, this elder Randall," he remarked.

"Yes," said Hopkins. "I have some record of the fellow, and he is a rough customer."

"You should have no difficulty in getting him."

"Not the slightest. We have been on the look-out for him, and there was some idea that he had got away to America. Now that we know the gang are here I don't see how they can escape. We have the news at every seaport already, and a reward will be offered before evening. What beats me is how they could have done so mad a thing, knowing that the lady could describe them, and that we could not fail to recognise the description."

"Exactly. One would have expected that they would have silenced Lady Brackenstall as well."



"HALLOA, HALLOA, WHAT IS THIS?"

"They may not have realized," I suggested, "that she had recovered from her faint."

"That is likely enough. If she seemed to be senseless they would not take her life. What about this poor fellow, Hopkins? I seem to have heard some queer stories about him."

"He was a good-hearted man when he was sober, but a perfect fiend when he was drunk, or rather when he was half drunk, for he seldom really went the whole way. The devil seemed to be in him at such times, and he was capable of anything. From what I hear, in spite of all his wealth and his title, he very nearly came our way once or twice. There was a scandal about his drenching a dog with petroleum and setting it on fire—her ladyship's dog, to make the matter worse—and that was only hushed up with difficulty. Then he threw a decanter at that maid, Theresa Wright; there was trouble about that. On the whole, and between ourselves, it will be a brighter house without him. What are you looking at now?"

Holmes was down on his knees examining with great attention the knots upon the red cord with which the lady had been secured. Then he carefully scrutinized the broken and frayed end where it had snapped off when the burglar had dragged it down.

"When this was pulled down the bell in the kitchen must have rung loudly," he remarked.

"No one could hear it. The kitchen stands right at the back of the house."

"How did the burglar know no one would hear it? How dared he pull at a bell-rope in that reckless fashion?"

"Exactly, Mr. Holmes, exactly. You put the very question which I have asked myself again and again. There can be no doubt that this fellow must have known the house and its habits. He must have perfectly understood that the servants would all be in bed at that comparatively early hour, and that no one could possibly hear a bell ring in the kitchen. Therefore he must have been in close league with one of the servants. Surely that is evident. But there are eight servants, and all of good character."

"Other things being equal," said Holmes, "one would suspect the one at whose head the master threw a decanter. And yet that would involve treachery towards the mistress to whom this woman seems devoted. Well, well, the point is a minor one, and when you have Randall you will probably find no difficulty in securing his accomplice. The lady's story certainly seems to be corroborated, if it needed corroboration, by every detail which we see before us." He walked to the French window and threw it open. "There are no signs here, but the ground is iron hard, and one would not expect them. I see that these candles on the mantelpiece have been lighted."

"Yes; it was by their light and that of the lady's bedroom candle that the burglars saw their way about."

"And what did they take?"

"Well, they did not take much—only half-a-dozen articles of plate off the sideboard. Lady Brackenstall thinks that they were themselves so disturbed by the death of Sir Eustace that they did not ransack the house as they would otherwise have done."

"No doubt that is true. And yet they drank some wine, I understand."

"To steady their own nerves."

"Exactly. These three glasses upon the sideboard have been untouched, I suppose?"

"Yes; and the bottle stands as they left it."

"Let us look at it. Halloa! halloa! what is this?"

The three glasses were grouped together, all of them tinged with wine, and one of them containing some dregs of bees-wing. The bottle stood near them, two-thirds full, and beside it lay a long, deeply-stained cork. Its appearance and the dust upon the bottle showed that it was no common vintage which the murderers had enjoyed.

A change had come over Holmes's manner. He had lost his listless expression, and again I saw an alert light of interest in his keen, deep-set eyes. He raised the cork and examined it minutely.

"How did they draw it?" he asked.

Hopkins pointed to a half-opened drawer. In it lay some table linen and a large corkscrew.

"Did Lady Brackenstall say that screw was used?"

"No; you remember that she was senseless at the moment when the bottle was opened."

"Quite so. As a matter of fact that screw was *not* used. This bottle was opened by a pocket-screw, probably contained in a knife, and not more than an inch and a half long. If you examine the top of the cork you will observe that the screw was driven in three times before the cork was extracted. It has never been transfixed. This long screw would have transfixed it and drawn it with a single pull. When you catch this fellow you will

find that he has one of these multiplex knives in his possession."

"Excellent!" said Hopkins.

"But these glasses do puzzle me, I confess. Lady Brackenstall actually *saw* the three men drinking, did she not?"

"Yes; she was clear about that."

"Then there is an end of it. What more is to be said? And yet you must admit that the three glasses are very remarkable, Hopkins. What, you see nothing remarkable! Well, well, let it pass. Perhaps when a man has special knowledge and special powers like my own it rather encourages him to seek a complex explanation when a simpler one is at hand. Of course, it must be a mere chance about the glasses. Well, good morning, Hopkins. I don't see that I can be of any use to you, and you appear to have your case very clear. You will let me know when Randall is arrested, and any further developments which may occur. I trust that I shall soon have to congratulate you upon a successful conclusion. Come, Watson, I fancy that we may employ ourselves more profitably at home."

"I COULD SEE BY HOLMES'S FACE THAT HE WAS MUCH PUZZLED."

During our return journey I could see by Holmes's face that he was much puzzled by something which he had observed. Every now and then, by an effort, he would throw off the impression and talk as if the matter were clear, but then his doubts would settle down upon him again, and his knitted brows and abstracted eyes would show that his thoughts had gone back once more to the great dining-room of the Abbey Grange in which this midnight tragedy had been enacted. At last, by a sudden impulse, just as our train was crawling out of a suburban station, he sprang on to the platform and pulled me out after him.

"Excuse me, my dear fellow," said he, as we watched the rear carriages of our train disappearing round a curve; "I am sorry to make you the victim of what may seem a mere whim, but on my life, Watson, I simply *can't* leave that case in this condition. Every instinct that I possess cries out against it. It's wrong — it's all wrong—I'll swear that it's wrong. And yet the lady's story was complete, the maid's corroboration was sufficient, the detail was fairly exact. What have I to put against that? Three wine-glasses, that is all. But if I had not taken things for granted, if I had examined everything with the care which I would have shown had we approached the case *de novo* and had no cut-and-dried story to warp my mind, would I not then have found something more definite to go upon? Of course I should. Sit down on this bench, Watson, until a train for Chislehurst arrives, and allow me to lay the evidence before you, imploring you in the first instance to dismiss from your mind the idea that anything which the maid or her mistress may have said must necessarily be true. The lady's charming personality must not be permitted to warp our judgment.

"Surely there are details in her story which,

if we looked at it in cold blood, would excite our suspicion. These burglars made a considerable haul at Sydenham a fortnight ago. Some account of them and of their appearance was in the papers, and would naturally occur to anyone who wished to invent a story in which imaginary robbers should play a part. As a matter of fact, burglars who have done a good stroke of business are, as a rule, only too glad to enjoy the proceeds in peace and quiet without embarking on another perilous undertaking. Again, it is unusual for burglars to operate at so early an hour; it is unusual for burglars to strike a lady to prevent her screaming, since one would imagine that was the sure way to make her scream; it is unusual for them to commit murder when their numbers are sufficient to overpower one man; it is unusual for them to be content with a limited plunder when there is much more within their reach; and finally I should say that it was very unusual for such men to leave a bottle half empty. How do all these unusuals strike you, Watson?"

"Their cumulative effect is certainly considerable, and yet each of them is quite possible in itself. The most unusual thing of all, as it seems to me, is that the lady should be tied to the chair."

"Well, I am not so clear about that, Watson; for it is evident that they must either kill her or else secure her in such a way that she could not give immediate notice of their escape. But at any rate I have shown, have I not, that there is a certain element of improbability about the lady's story? And now on the top of this comes the incident of the wine-glasses."

"What about the wine-glasses?"

"Can you see them in your mind's eye?"

"I see them clearly."

"We are told that three men drank from them. Does that strike you as likely?"

"Why not? There was wine in each glass."

"Exactly; but there was bees-wing only in one glass. You must have noticed that fact. What does that suggest to your mind?"

"The last glass filled would be most likely to contain bees-wing."

"Not at all. The bottle was full of it, and it is inconceivable that the first two glasses were clear and the third heavily charged with it. There are two possible explanations, and only two. One is that after the second glass was filled the bottle was violently agitated, and so the third glass received the bees-wing. That does not appear probable. No, no; I am sure that I am right."

"What, then, do you suppose?"

"That only two glasses were used, and that the dregs of both were poured into a third glass, so as to give the false impression that three people had been here. In that way all the bees-wing would be in the last glass, would it not? Yes, I am convinced that this is so. But if I have hit upon the true explanation of this one small phenomenon, then in an instant the case rises from the commonplace to the exceedingly remarkable, for it can only mean that Lady Brackenstall and her maid have deliberately lied to us, that not one word of their story is to be believed, that they have some very strong reason for covering the real criminal, and that we must construct our case for ourselves without any help from them. That is the mission which now lies before us, and here, Watson, is the Chislehurst train."

The household of the Abbey Grange were much surprised at our return, but Sherlock Holmes, finding that Stanley Hopkins had gone off to report to head-quarters, took possession of the dining-room, locked the door upon the inside, and devoted himself for two hours to one of those minute and laborious investigations which formed the solid basis on which his brilliant edifices of deduction were reared. Seated in a corner like an interested student who observes the demonstration of his professor, I followed every step of that remarkable research. The window, the curtains, the carpet, the chair, the rope—each in turn was minutely examined and duly pondered. The body of the unfortunate baronet had been removed, but all else remained as we had seen it in the morning. Then, to my astonishment, Holmes climbed up on to the massive mantelpiece. Far above his head hung the few inches of red cord which were still attached to the wire. For a long time he gazed upwards at it, and then in an attempt to get nearer to it he rested his knee upon a wooden bracket on the wall. This brought his hand within a few inches of the broken end of the rope, but it was not this so much as the bracket itself which seemed to engage his attention. Finally he sprang down with an ejaculation of satisfaction.

"It's all right, Watson," said he. "We have got our case—one of the most remarkable in our collection. But, dear me, how slow-witted I have been, and how nearly I have committed the blunder of my lifetime!

Now, I think that with a few missing links my chain is almost complete."

"You have got your men?"

"Man, Watson, man. Only one, but a very formidable person. Strong as a lion—witness the blow which bent that poker. Six foot three in height, active as a squirrel, dexterous with his fingers; finally, remarkably quick-witted, for this whole ingenious story is of his concoction. Yes, Watson, we have come upon the handiwork of a very remarkable individual. And yet in that bell-rope he has given us a clue which should not have left us a doubt."

"Where was the clue?"

"Well, if you were to pull down a bell-rope, Watson, where would you expect it to break? Surely at the spot where it is attached to the wire. Why should it break three inches from the top as this one has done?"

"Because it is frayed there?"

"Exactly. This end, which we can examine, is frayed. He was cunning enough to do that with his knife. But the other end is not frayed. You could not observe that from here, but if you were on the mantelpiece you would see that it is cut clean off without any mark of fraying whatever. You can reconstruct what occurred. The man needed the rope. He would not tear it down for fear of giving the alarm by ringing the bell. What did he do? He sprang up on the mantelpiece, could not quite reach it, put his knee on the bracket—you will see the impression in the dust—and so got his knife to bear upon the cord. I could not reach the place by at least three inches, from which I infer that he is at least three inches a bigger man than I. Look at that mark upon the seat of the oaken chair! What is it?"

"Blood."

"Undoubtedly it is blood. This alone puts the lady's story out of court. If she were seated on the chair when the crime was done, how comes that mark? No, no; she was placed in the chair *after* the death of her husband. I'll wager that the black dress shows a corresponding mark to this. We have not yet met our Waterloo, Watson, but this is our Marengo, for it begins in defeat and ends in victory. I should like now to have a few words with the nurse Theresa. We must be wary for awhile, if we are to get the information which we want."

She was an interesting person, this stern Australian nurse. Taciturn, suspicious, ungracious, it took some time before Holmes's pleasant manner and frank acceptance of all that she said thawed her into a corresponding amiability. She did not attempt to conceal her hatred for her late employer.

"LOOK AT THAT MARK ON THE SEAT OF THE OAKEN CHAIR!"

"Yes, sir, it is true that he threw the decanter at me. I heard him call my mistress a name, and I told him that he would not dare to speak so if her brother had been there. Then it was that he threw it at me. He might have thrown a dozen if he had but

left my bonny bird alone. He was for ever illtreating her, and she too proud to complain. She will not even tell me all that he has done to her. She never told me of those marks on her arm that you saw this morning, but I know very well that they come from a stab with a hat-pin. The sly fiend—Heaven forgive me that I should speak of him so, now that he is dead, but a fiend he was if ever one walked the earth. He was all honey when first we met him, only eighteen months ago, and we both feel as if it were eighteen years. She had only just arrived in London. Yes, it was her first voyage—she had never been from home before. He won her with his title and his money and his false London ways. If she made a mistake she has paid for it, if ever a woman did. What month did we meet him? Well, I tell you it was just after we arrived. We arrived in June, and it was July. They were married in January of last year. Yes, she is down in the morning-room again, and I have no doubt she will see you, but you must not ask too much of her, for she has gone through all that flesh and blood will stand."

Lady Brackenstall was reclining on the same couch, but looked brighter than before. The maid had entered with us, and began once more to foment the bruise upon her mistress's brow.

"I hope," said the lady, "that you have not come to cross-examine me again?"

"No," Holmes answered, in his gentlest voice, "I will not cause you any unnecessary trouble, Lady Brackenstall, and my whole desire is to make things easy for you, for I am convinced that you are a much-tried woman. If you will treat me as a friend and trust me you may find that I will justify your trust."

"What do you want me to do?"

"To tell me the truth."

"Mr. Holmes!"

"No, no, Lady Brackenstall, it is no use. You may have heard of any little reputation which I possess. I will stake it all on the fact that your story is an absolute fabrication."

Mistress and maid were both staring at Holmes with pale faces and frightened eyes.

"You are an impudent fellow!" cried Theresa. "Do you mean to say that my mistress has told a lie?"

Holmes rose from his chair.

"Have you nothing to tell me?"

"I have told you everything."

"Think once more, Lady Brackenstall. Would it not be better to be frank?"

For an instant there was hesitation in her beautiful face. Then some new strong thought caused it to set like a mask.

"I have told you all I know."

Holmes took his hat and shrugged his shoulders. "I am sorry," he said, and without another word we left the room and the house. There was a pond in the park, and to this my friend led the way. It was frozen over, but a single hole was left for the convenience of a solitary swan. Holmes gazed at it and then passed on to the lodge gate. There he scribbled a short note for Stanley Hopkins and left it with the lodge-keeper.

"It may be a hit or it may be a miss, but we are bound to do something for friend Hopkins, just to justify this second visit," said he. "I will not quite take him into my confidence yet. I think our next scene of operations must be the shipping office of the Adelaide-Southampton line, which stands at the end of Pall Mall, if I remember right. There is a second line of steamers which connect South Australia with England, but we will draw the larger cover first."

Holmes's card sent in to the manager ensured instant attention, and he was not long in acquiring all the information which he needed. In June of '95 only one of their line had reached a home port. It was the *Rock of Gibraltar*, their largest and best boat. A reference to the passenger list showed that Miss Fraser of Adelaide, with her maid, had made the voyage in her. The boat was now on her way to Australia, somewhere to the south of the Suez Canal. Her officers were the same as in '95, with one exception. The first officer, Mr. Jack Croker, had been made a captain, and was to take charge of their new ship, the *Bass Rock*, sailing in two days' time from Southampton. He lived at Sydenham, but he was likely to be in that morning for instructions, if we cared to wait for him.

No; Mr. Holmes had no desire to see him, but would be glad to know more about his record and character.

His record was magnificent. There was not an officer in the fleet to touch him. As to his character, he was reliable on duty, but a wild, desperate fellow off the deck of his ship, hot-headed, excitable, but loyal, honest, and kind-hearted. That was the pith of the information with which Holmes left the office of the Adelaide-Southampton company. Thence he drove to Scotland Yard, but instead of entering he sat in his cab with his brows drawn down, lost in profound thought. Finally he drove round to the Charing Cross telegraph office, sent off a message, and

"HOLMES GAZED AT IT AND THEN PASSED ON."

then, at last, we made for Baker Street once more.

"No, I couldn't do it, Watson," said he, as we re-entered our room. "Once that warrant was made out nothing on earth would save him. Once or twice in my career I feel that I have done more real harm by my discovery of the criminal than ever he had done by his crime. I have learned caution now, and I had rather play tricks with the law of England than with my own conscience. Let us know a little more before we act."

Before evening we had a visit from Inspector Stanley Hopkins. Things were not going very well with him.

"I believe that you are a wizard, Mr. Holmes. I really do sometimes think that you have powers that are not human. Now, how on earth could you know that the stolen silver was at the bottom of that pond?"

"I didn't know it."

"But you told me to examine it."

"You got it, then?"

"Yes, I got it."

"I am very glad if I have helped you."

"But you haven't helped me. You have made the affair far more difficult. What sort of burglars are they who steal silver and then throw it into the nearest pond?"

"It was certainly rather eccentric behaviour. I was merely going on the idea that if the silver had been taken by persons who did not want it, who merely took it for a blind as it were, then they would naturally be anxious to get rid of it."

"But why should such an idea cross your mind?"

"Well, I thought it was possible. When they came out through the French window there was the pond, with one tempting little hole in the ice, right in front of their noses. Could there be a better hiding-place?"

"Ah, a hiding-place—that is better!" cried Stanley Hopkins. "Yes, yes, I see it all now! It was early, there were folk upon the roads, they were afraid of being seen with the silver, so they sank it in the pond, intending to return for it when the coast was clear. Excellent, Mr. Holmes—that is better than your idea of a blind."

"Quite so; you have got an admirable theory. I have no doubt that my own ideas were quite wild, but you must admit that they have ended in discovering the silver."

"Yes, sir, yes. It was all your doing. But I have had a bad set-back."

"A set-back?"

"Yes, Mr. Holmes. The Randall gang were arrested in New York this morning."

"Dear me, Hopkins. That is certainly rather against your theory that they committed a murder in Kent last night."

"It is fatal, Mr. Holmes, absolutely fatal. Still, there are other gangs of three besides the Randalls, or it may be some new gang of which the police have never heard."

"Quite so; it is perfectly possible. What, are you off?"

"Yes, Mr. Holmes; there is no rest for me until I have got to the bottom of the business. I suppose you have no hint to give me?"

"I have given you one."

"Which?"

"Well, I suggested a blind."

"But why, Mr. Holmes, why?"

"Ah, that's the question, of course. But I commend the idea to your mind. You might possibly find that there was something in it. You won't stop for dinner? Well, good-bye, and let us know how you get on."

Dinner was over and the table cleared before Holmes alluded to the matter again. He had lit his pipe and held his slippered feet to the cheerful blaze of the fire. Suddenly he looked at his watch.

"I expect developments, Watson."

"When?"

"Now—within a few minutes. I dare say you thought I acted rather badly to Stanley Hopkins just now?"

"I trust your judgment."

"A very sensible reply, Watson. You must look at it this way: what I know is unofficial; what he knows is official. I have the right to private judgment, but he has none. He must disclose all, or he is a traitor to his service. In a doubtful case I would not put him in so painful a position, and so I reserve my information until my own mind is clear upon the matter."

"But when will that be?"

"The time has come. You will now be present at the last scene of a remarkable little drama."

There was a sound upon the stairs, and our door was opened to admit as fine a specimen of manhood as ever passed through it. He was a very tall young man, golden-moustached, blue-eyed, with a skin which had been burned by tropical suns, and a springy step which showed that the huge frame was as active as it was strong. He closed the door behind him, and then he stood with clenched hands and heaving breast, choking down some overmastering emotion.

"Sit down, Captain Croker. You got my telegram?"

Our visitor sank into an arm-chair and looked from one to the other of us with questioning eyes.

"I got your telegram, and I came at the hour you said. I heard that you had been down to the office. There was no getting away from you. Let's hear the worst. What are you going to do with me? Arrest me? Speak out, man! You can't sit there and play with me like a cat with a mouse."

"Give him a cigar," said Holmes. "Bite on that, Captain Croker, and don't let your nerves run away with you. I should not sit here smoking with you if I thought that you were a common criminal, you may be sure of that. Be frank with me, and we may do some good. Play tricks with me, and I'll crush you."

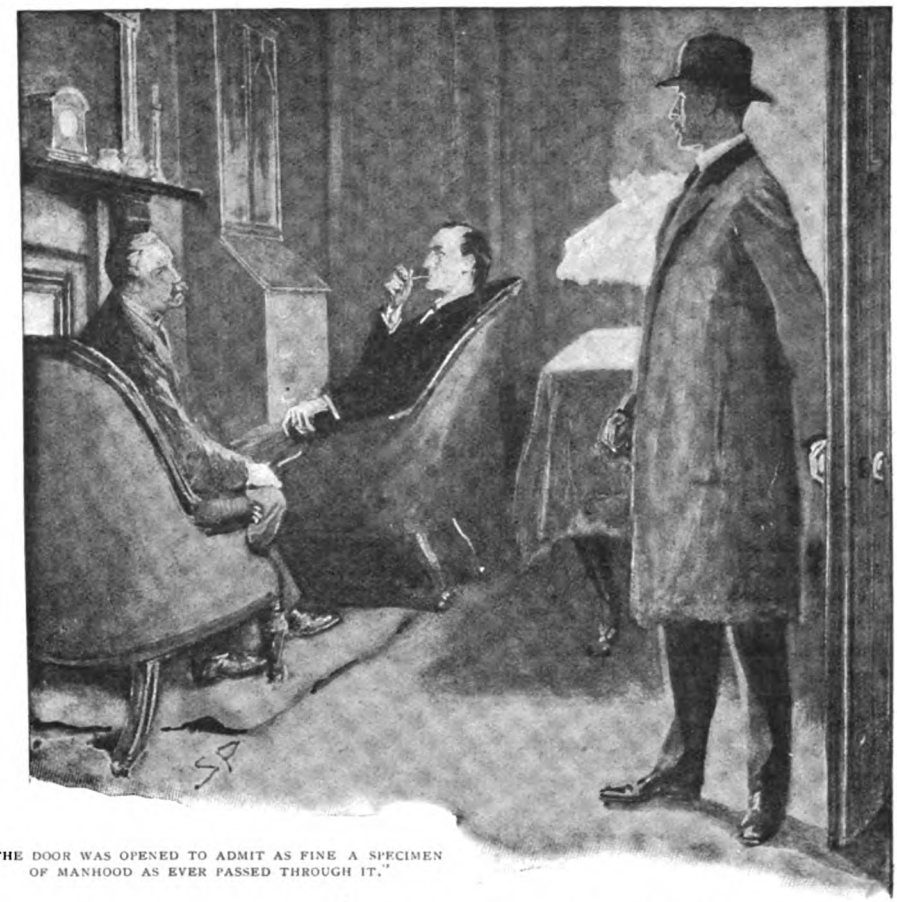
"What do you wish me to do?"

"To give me a true account of all that happened at the Abbey Grange last night—a *true* account, mind you, with nothing added and nothing taken off. I know so much already that if you go one inch off the straight I'll blow this police whistle from my window and the affair goes out of my hands for ever."

The sailor thought for a little. Then he struck his leg with his great, sun-burned hand.

"I'll chance it," he cried. "I believe you are a man of your word, and a white man, and I'll tell you the whole story. But one thing I will say first. So far as I am concerned I regret nothing and I fear nothing, and I would do it all again and be proud of the job. Curse the beast, if he had as many lives as a cat he would owe them all to me! But it's the lady, Mary—Mary Fraser—for never will I call her by that accursed name. When I think of getting her into trouble, I who would give my life just to bring one smile to her dear face, it's that that turns my soul into water. And yet—and yet—what less could I do? I'll tell you my story, gentlemen, and then I'll ask you as man to man what less could I do.

"I must go back a bit. You seem to know everything, so I expect that you know that I met her when she was a passenger and I was first officer of the *Rock of Gibraltar*. From the first day I met her she was the only woman to me. Every day of that voyage I loved her more, and many a time since have I kneeled down in the darkness of the night watch and kissed the deck of that ship



"THE DOOR WAS OPENED TO ADMIT AS FINE A SPECIMEN OF MANHOOD AS EVER PASSED THROUGH IT."

because I knew her dear feet had trod it. She was never engaged to me. She treated me as fairly as ever a woman treated a man. I have no complaint to make. It was all love on my side, and all good comradeship and friendship on hers. When we parted she was a free woman, but I could never again be a free man.

"Next time I came back from sea I heard of her marriage. Well, why shouldn't she marry whom she liked? Title and money—who could carry them better than she? She was born for all that is beautiful and dainty. I didn't grieve over her marriage. I was not such a selfish hound as that. I just rejoiced that good luck had come her way, and that she had not thrown herself away on a penniless sailor. That's how I loved Mary Fraser.

"Well, I never thought to see her again; but last voyage I was promoted, and the new boat was not yet launched, so I had to wait for a couple of months with my people at Sydenham. One day out in a country lane I met Theresa Wright, her old maid. She told me about her, about him, about everything. I tell you, gentlemen, it nearly drove me mad. This drunken hound, that he should dare to raise his hand to her whose boots he was not worthy to lick! I met Theresa again. Then I met Mary herself—and met her again. Then she would meet me no more. But the other day I had a notice that I was to start on my voyage within a week, and I determined that I would see her once before I left. Theresa was always my friend, for she loved Mary and hated this villain almost as much as I did. From her I learned the ways of the house. Mary used to sit up reading in her own little room downstairs. I crept round there last night and scratched at the window. At first she would not open to me, but in her heart I know that now she loves me, and she could not leave me in the frosty night. She whispered to me to come round to the big front window, and I found it open before me so as to let me into the

dining-room. Again I heard from her own lips things that made my blood boil, and again I cursed this brute who mishandled the woman that I loved. Well, gentlemen, I was standing with her just inside the window, in all innocence, as Heaven is my judge, when he rushed like a madman into the room, called her the vilest name that a man could use to a woman, and welted her across the face with the stick he had in his hand. I had sprung for the poker, and it was a fair fight between us. See here on my arm where his first blow fell. Then it was my turn, and I went through him as if he had been a rotten pumpkin. Do you think I was sorry? Not I! It was his life or mine, but far more than that it was his life or hers, for how could I leave her in the power of this madman? That was how I killed him. Was I wrong? Well, then, what would either of you gentlemen have done if you had been in my position?

"She had screamed when he struck her, and that brought old Theresa down from the room above. There was a bottle of wine on the sideboard, and I opened it and poured a little between Mary's lips, for she was half dead with the shock. Then I took a drop myself. Theresa was as cool as ice, and it was her plot as much as mine. We must make it appear that burglars had done the thing. Theresa kept on repeating our story to her mistress, while I swarmed up and cut the rope of the bell. Then I lashed her in her chair, and frayed out the end of the rope to make it look natural, else they would wonder how in the world a burglar could have got up there to cut it. Then I gathered up a few plates and pots of silver, to carry out the idea of a robbery, and there I left them with orders to give the alarm when I had a quarter of an hour's start. I dropped the silver into the pond and made off for Sydenham, feeling that for once in my life I had done a real good night's work. And that's the truth and the whole truth, Mr. Holmes, if it costs me my neck."

Holmes smoked for some time in silence. Then he crossed the room and shook our visitor by the hand.

"That's what I think," said he. "I know that every word is true, for you have hardly said a word which I did not know. No one but an acrobat or a sailor could have got up to that bell-rope from the bracket, and no one but a sailor could have made the knots with which the cord was fastened to the chair. Only once had this lady been brought into contact with sailors, and that was on her voyage, and it was someone of her own class of life, since she was trying hard to shield him and so showing that she loved him. You see how easy it was for me to lay my hands upon you when once I had started upon the right trail."

"I thought the police never could have seen through our dodge."

"And the police haven't; nor will they, to the best of my belief. Now, look here, Captain Croker, this is a very serious matter, though I am willing to admit that you acted under the most extreme provocation to which any man could be subjected. I am not sure that in defence of your own life your action will not be pronounced legitimate. However, that is for a British jury to decide. Meanwhile I have so much sympathy for you that if you choose to disappear in the next twenty-four hours I will promise you that no one will hinder you."

"And then it will all come out?"

"Certainly it will come out."

The sailor flushed with anger.

"What sort of proposal is that to make to a man? I know enough of law to understand that Mary would be had as accomplice. Do you think I would leave her alone to face the music while I slunk away? No, sir; let them do their worst upon me, but for Heaven's sake, Mr. Holmes, find some way of keeping my poor Mary out of the courts."

Holmes for a second time held out his hand to the sailor.

"I was only testing you, and you ring true every time. Well, it is a great responsibility that I take upon myself, but I have given Hopkins an excellent hint, and if he can't avail himself of it I can do no more. See here, Captain Croker, we'll do this in due form of law. You are the prisoner. Watson, you are a British jury, and I never met a man who was more eminently fitted to represent one. I am the judge. Now, gentleman of the jury, you have heard the evidence. Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, my lord," said I.

"Vox populi, vox Dei. You are acquitted, Captain Croker. So long as the law does not find some other victim you are safe from me. Come back to this lady in a year, and may her future and yours justify us in the judgment which we have pronounced this night."

The Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt.

CHAPTER VI.—IN LONDON (*continued*).

MY intense desire to win over the English public had caused me to overtax my strength. I had done my utmost at the first performance and had not spared myself in the least. The consequence was that in the night I coughed up blood in such an alarming way that a messenger was dispatched to the French Embassy in search of a physician. Dr. Vintras, who was at the head of the French Hospital in London, found me lying on my bed exhausted, and looking more dead than alive. He was afraid that I should not recover, and requested that my family should be sent for. I made a gesture with my hand to the effect that it was not necessary. As I could not speak, I wrote down with a pencil, "Send for Dr. Parrot."

Dr. Vintras remained with me part of the night, putting crushed ice between my lips every five minutes. At length, towards five in the morning, the bleeding ceased and, thanks to a potion that the doctor gave me, I fell asleep.

We were to play "L'Etrangère" that night at the Gaiety, and, as my *rôle* was not a very fatiguing one, I wanted to perform my part *quand-même*.

Dr. Parrot arrived by the four o'clock boat and refused categorically to give his consent. He had attended me from my childhood. I really felt much better, and the feverishness had left me. I wanted to get up, but to this Dr. Parrot objected.

SARAH BERNHARDT IN 1879.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

Presently Dr. Vintras and Mr. Mayer, the impresario of the Comédie Française, were announced. Mr. Hollingshead, director of the Gaiety Theatre, was waiting in a carriage at the door to know whether I was going to play in "L'Etrangère," the piece announced on the bills. I asked Dr. Parrot to rejoin Dr. Vintras in the drawing-room, and I gave instructions for Mr. Mayer to be introduced into my room.

"I feel much better," I told him, quickly. "I'm very weak still, but I will play. H'sh! Don't say a word here. Tell Mr. Hollingshead, and wait for me in the smoking-room; but don't let anyone else know."

I then got up and dressed very quickly. My maid helped me, and, as she had guessed what my plan was, she was highly amused.

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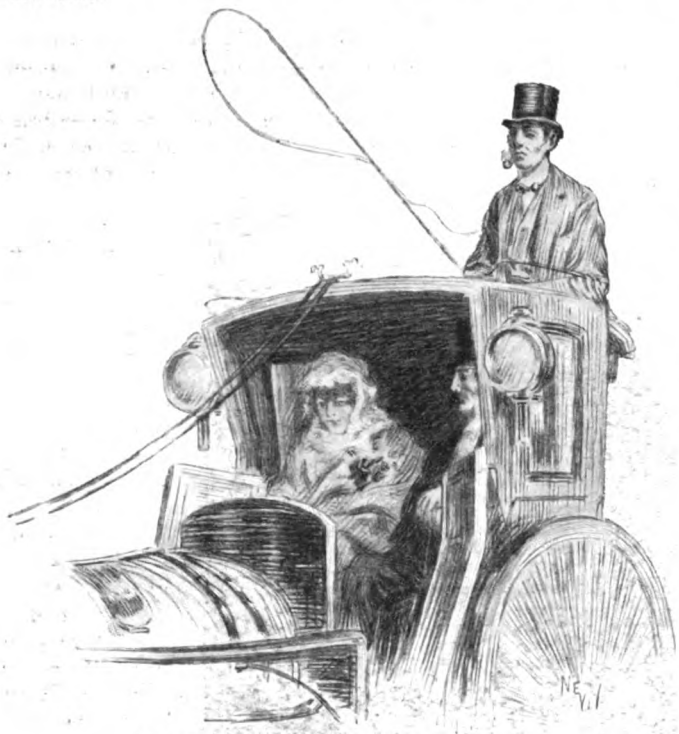
Wrapped in my cloak, with a lace fichu over my head, I joined Mayer in the smoking-room, and then we both got into his hansom.

"Come to me in an hour's time," I said, in a low voice, to my maid.

"Where are you going?" asked Mayer, perfectly stupefied.

"To the theatre; quick, quick!" I answered.



"'TO THE THEATRE; QUICK, QUICK,' I ANSWERED."

The cab started, and I then explained to him that if I had stayed at home neither Dr. Parrot nor Dr. Vintras would have let me act upon any account.

"The die is cast now," I added, "and we shall see what happens."

When once I was at the theatre I took refuge in the manager's private office, in order to avoid Dr. Parrot's anger. I was very fond of him and I knew how wrongly I was acting with regard to him, considering the inconvenience to which he had put himself in making the journey especially for me, in response to my summons. I knew, however, how impossible it would have been to have made him understand that I felt really better, and that in risking my life I was really only risking what was my own, to dispose of as I pleased.

Half an hour later my maid joined me. She brought with her a letter from Dr. Parrot, full of gentle reproaches and furious advice, finishing with a prescription in case of a relapse. He was leaving an hour later, and would not even come and shake hands with me. I felt quite sure, however, that we should make it all up again on my return. I then began to prepare for my *rôle* in "L'Étrangère." While dressing I fainted three times, but I was determined to play *quand-même.*

The opium I had taken in my potion made my head rather heavy. I arrived on the stage in a semi-conscious state, yet delighted with the applause I received. I walked as though I were in a dream, and could scarcely distinguish my surroundings. The house itself I only saw through a luminous mist. My feet glided without effort over the carpet, and my voice sounded to me far away—very far away. I was in that delicious stupor that one experiences after chloroform, morphine, opium, or hasheesh.

The first act went off very well, but in the third act, just when I was to tell the Duchesse de Septmonts (Croizette) all the troubles that I, Mrs. Clarkson, had gone through during my life, just as I should have commenced my interminable story, I could not remember anything. Croizette murmured my first phrase for me, but I could only see her lips move without hearing a word. I then said, quite calmly:—

"The reason I sent for you here, madame, is because I wanted to tell you my reasons for acting as I have done, but I have thought it over and have decided not to tell you them to-day."

Sophie Croizette gazed at me with a terrified look in her eyes; she then rose and left the stage, her lips trembling and her eyes fixed upon me all the time.

"What's the matter?" everyone asked, when she sank almost breathless into an arm-chair.

"Sarah has gone mad!" she exclaimed.

"I assure you she has gone stark mad. She has cut out the whole of her scene with me."

"But how?" everyone asked.

"She has cut out two hundred lines," said Croizette.

"But what for?" was the eager question.

"I don't know. She looks quite calm."

The whole of this conversation, which was repeated to me later on, took much less time than it does now to write it down. Coquelin had been told, and he now came on to the stage to finish the act. The curtain fell. I was stupefied and desperate afterwards on hearing all that people told me. I had not noticed that anything was wrong, and it seemed to me that I had played the whole of my part as usual, but I was really under the influence of the opium. There was very little for me to say in the fifth act, and I went through that perfectly well. The following day the accounts in the papers sounded the praises of our company, but the piece itself was criticised. I was afraid at first that my involuntary omission of the important part in the third act was one of the causes of the severity of the Press. This was not so, however, as all the critics had read and re-read the piece. They discussed the play itself, and did not mention my slip of memory.

My reason for telling about my loss of memory, which was quite an unimportant incident in itself, is merely to prove to authors how unnecessary it is to take the trouble of explaining the characters of their creations. Alexandre Dumas was certainly anxious to give us the reasons which caused Mrs. Clarkson to act as strangely as she did. He had created a person who was extremely interesting and full of action as the play proceeds. She reveals herself to the public in the first act by the lines which Mrs. Clarkson says to Madame de Septmonts: "I should be very glad, madame, if you would call on me. We could talk about one of your friends, Monsieur Gérard, whom I love, perhaps, as much as you do, although he does not perhaps care for me as he does for you."

That was quite enough to interest the public in these two women. It was the eternal struggle of good and evil, the combat between Vice and Virtue. But it evidently seemed rather commonplace to Dumas—ancient history, in fact—and he wanted to rejuvenate the old theme by trying to arrange for an orchestra with organ and banjo. The result he obtained was a fearful cacophony. He wrote a foolish piece, which might have been a beautiful one. The originality of his style, the loyalty of his ideas, and the brutality of his humour sufficed for rejuvenating old ideas, which, in reality, are the eternal basis of all tragedies, comedies, novels, pictures, poems, and pamphlets. It was Love between Vice

SARAH BERNHARDT IN "L'ÉTRANGÈRE."

and Virtue. Among the spectators who saw the first performance of "L'Étrangère" in London—and there were quite as many French as English present—not one remarked that there was something wanting, and not one of them said that he had not understood the character.

I talked about it to a very learned Frenchman.

"Did you notice the gap in the third act?" I asked him.

"No," he replied.

"In my big scene with Croizette?"

"No."

"Well, then, read what I left out," I insisted.

When he had read this he exclaimed:—

"So much the better. It's very dull, all that story, and quite useless. I understand the character without all that rigmarole and that romantic history."

Later on, when I apologized to Dumas fils for the way in which I had cut down his play, he answered, "Oh, my dear child, when I write a play I think it is good; when I see it played I think it is stupid; and when anyone tells it to me I think it is perfect, as the person always forgets half of it."

The performances given by the Comédie Française drew a crowd nightly to the Gaiety Theatre, and I remained the favourite. I mention this now with pride, but without any vanity. I was very happy, and very grateful for my success, but my comrades had a grudge against me on account of it, and hostilities began in an underhand, treacherous way.

Mr. Jarrett, my adviser and agent, had assured me that I should be able to sell a few of my works, either my sculptures or paintings. I had, therefore, taken with me six pieces of sculpture and ten pictures, and I had an exhibition of them in Piccadilly. I sent out invitations—about a hundred in all.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales let me know that he would come, with the Princess of Wales. The English aristocracy and the celebrities of London came to the inauguration. I had only sent out a hundred invitations, but twelve hundred people arrived and were introduced to me. I was delighted, and enjoyed it all immensely.

Mr. Gladstone did me the great honour of talking to me for about ten minutes. With his genial mind he spoke of everything in a singularly gracious way. He asked me what impression the attacks of certain clergymen on the Comédie Française and the profession

MR. GLADSTONE AT SARAH BERNHARDT'S ART EXHIBITION.

of dramatic artistes had made on me. I answered that I considered our art quite as profitable, morally, as the sermons of Catholic and Protestant preachers.

"But will you tell me, mademoiselle," he insisted, "what moral lesson you can draw from 'Phèdre'?"

"Oh, Mr. Gladstone," I replied, "you surprise me. 'Phèdre' is an ancient tragedy; the morality and customs of those times belong to a perspective quite different from ours, and different from the morality of our present society. And yet in that play there is the punishment of the old nurse Œnone, who commits the atrocious crime of accusing an innocent person. The love of Phèdre is excusable on account of the fatality which hangs over her family, and descends upon her without pity. In our times we should call that fatality atavism, for Phèdre was the daughter of Minos and Pasiphae. As to Theseus, his verdict, against which there could be no appeal, was an arbitrary and monstrous act, and was punished by the death of that beloved son of his who was the sole and last hope of his life. We ought never to cause what is irreparable."

"Ah," said the Grand Old Man, "you are against capital punishment?"

"Yes, Mr. Gladstone."

"And quite right, mademoiselle."

Sir Frederick Leighton then joined us, and with great kindness complimented me on one of my pictures, representing a young girl holding some palms. This picture was bought by Prince Leopold.

My little exhibition was a great success, but I never thought that it was to be the cause of so much gossip and of so many cowardly side-thrusts, until finally it led to my rupture with the Comédie Française.

I had no pretensions, either as a painter or a sculptress, and I exhibited my works for the sake of selling them, as I wanted to buy two lion cubs and had not money enough. I sold the pictures for what they were worth —that is to say, at very modest prices.

Lady H—— bought my group "After the Storm." It was smaller than the large group which I had exhibited two years previously at the Paris Salon, and for which I had received a prize. The smaller group was in marble, and I had worked at it with the greatest care. I wanted to sell it for one hundred and sixty pounds, but Lady H—— sent me four hundred pounds together with a charming note, which I venture to quote. It ran as follows:—

"Do me the favour, madame, of accepting the enclosed four hundred pounds for your admirable group, 'After the Storm.' Will you also do me the honour of coming to lunch with me, and afterwards you shall choose for yourself the place where your piece of sculpture will have the best light.—ETHEL H——"

This was Tuesday, and I was playing in "Zaire" that evening, but Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday I was not acting. I had money enough now to buy my lions, so without saying a word at the theatre I started for Liverpool. I knew there was a big menagerie there, Cross's Zoo, and that I should find some lions for sale.

The journey was most amusing, as, although I was travelling incognito, I was recognised all along the route and was made a great deal of.

Three gentlemen friends and Hortense Damain were with me, and it was a very lively little trip. I knew that I was not shirking my duties with the Comédie, as I was not to play again before Saturday, and this was only Wednesday.

We started in the morning at 10.30 and arrived in Liverpool about 2.30. We went at once to Cross's, but could not find the entrance to the house. We asked a shopkeeper at the corner of the street, and he pointed to a little door which we had already opened and closed twice, as we could not believe that this was the entrance.

I had seen a large iron gateway with a wide courtyard beyond, and we were in front of a little door leading into quite a small, bare-looking room, where we found a little man.

"Mr. Cross?" we said.

"That's my name," he replied.

"I want to buy some lions," I then said.

He began to laugh, and then he asked:—

"Do you really, mademoiselle? Are you so fond of animals? I went to London last week to see the Comédie Française, and I saw you in 'Hernani.'"

"It wasn't from that you discovered that I like animals?" I said to him.

"No; it was a man who sells dogs in St. Andrew's Street who told me; he said you had bought two dogs from him, and that if it had not been for a gentleman who was with you, you would have bought five."

He told me all this in very bad French, but with a great deal of humour.

"Well, Mr. Cross," I said, "I want two lions to-day."

"I'll show you what I have," he replied, leading the way into the courtyard where

the wild beasts were. Oh, what magnificent creatures they were! There were two superb African lions with shining coats, and powerful-looking tails which were beating the air. They had only just arrived, and they were in six chameleons which belonged to a small breed, and looked like lizards. He also gave me another chameleon, an admirable full-sized specimen, which looked like a prehistoric, fabulous sort of animal. It was a

"THERE WERE TWO SUPERB AFRICAN LIONS."

perfect health, with plenty of courage for rebellion. They knew nothing of the resignation which is the dominating stigma of civilized beings.

"Oh, Mr. Cross," I said, "these are too big. I want some young lions."

"I haven't any, mademoiselle."

"Well, then, show me all your animals."

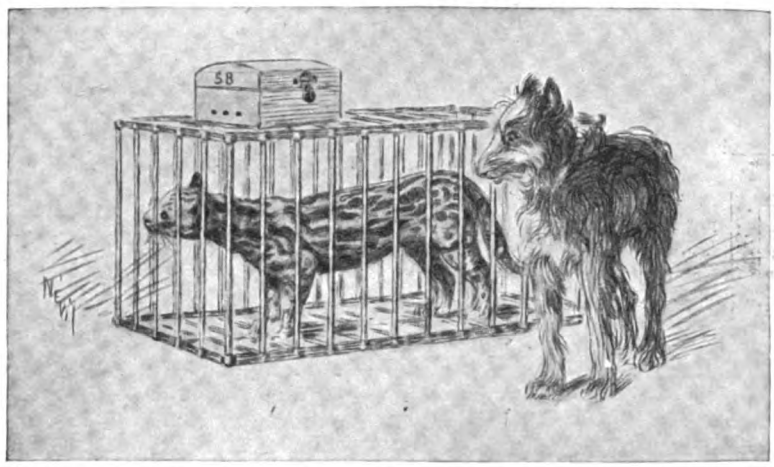
I saw the tigers, the leopards, the jackals, the cheetahs, the pumas, and I stopped in front of the elephants. I simply adore them, and I should have liked to have a dwarf elephant. That has always been one of my dreams, and perhaps some day I shall be able to realize it.

Cross had not any, however, so I bought a cheetah. It was quite young and very droll; it looked like a gargoyle on some castle of the Middle Ages. I also bought a dog-wolf, quite white, with a thick coat, fiery eyes, and teeth like spears. He was terrifying to look at. Mr. Cross made me a present of veritable Chinese curiosity, and changed colour from pale green to dark bronze; at one minute long and slender as a lily leaf, and then all at once puffed out and thick-set as a toad. Its lorgnette eyes, like those of a lobster, were quite independent of each other. With its right eye it would look ahead, while with its left eye it looked backwards. I was delighted and quite enthusiastic over this present. I named my chameleon "Cross-ci Cross-ça," in honour of Mr. Cross.

We returned to London with the cheetah in a cage, the dog-wolf in a leash, my six little chameleons in a box, and "Cross-ci Cross-ça" on my shoulder, fastened to a gold chain we had bought at a jeweller's. I had not found any lions, but I was delighted all the same. My servants were not so pleased as I was. There were already three dogs in the house: Minniccio, who had accompanied me from Paris; Bull and Fly, bought in

London. Then there was my parrot, Bizibouzou, also my monkey, Darwin.

Mme. Guérard screamed when she saw these new guests arrive. My butler hesitated to approach the dog-wolf, and it was all in vain that I assured them that my cheetah was not dangerous. No one would open the cage, and it was carried out into the garden. I asked for a hammer in order to open the door of the cage that had been nailed down, thus keeping the poor cheetah a prisoner. When my domestics heard me ask for the hammer they decided to open it themselves. Mme. Guérard and the women servants watched from the windows. Presently the door burst open and the cheetah, beside himself with joy, sprang like a tiger out of his cage, wild with liberty. He rushed at the trees, making straight for the dogs, who all began to howl with terror. The parrot was excited and uttered shrill cries, and the monkey, shaking his cage, gnashed his teeth in distraction. This concert in the silent square made the most prodigious effect. All the windows were opened and more than twenty faces appeared above my garden wall, all inquisitive, alarmed, or furious. I was seized with a fit of uncontrollable laughter, and so was my friend, Louise Abbema. Nittis, the painter, who had come to call on me, was in the same state, and so was Gustave Doré, who had been waiting for me ever since two o'clock. Georges Deschamp, an amateur musician with a great deal of talent, tried to note down this Hofmannesque harmony, whilst my friend, Georges Clairin, his back shaking with laughter, sketched the never-to-be-forgotten scene.



"WE RETURNED TO LONDON WITH THE CHEETAH IN A CAGE, THE DOG-WOLF IN A LEASH, AND MY SIX LITTLE CHAMELEONS IN A BOX."

The next day in London the chief topic of conversation was the Bedlam that had been let loose at 77, Chester Square. So much was made of it that our dean, M. Got, came to beg me not to make such a scandal, as it reflected on the Comédie Française. I listened to him in silence, and when he had finished I took his hand.

"Come with me and I will show you the scandal," I said. I conducted him into the garden, followed by my visitor and friends.

"Let the cheetah out," I said, standing on the steps like a captain ordering his men to take in a reef.

When the cheetah was free the same mad scene occurred again as on the previous day.

"You see, Monsieur le Doyen," I said, "this is my Bedlam."

"You are mad," he said, "but it certainly is irresistibly comic"; and he laughed until the tears came when he saw all the heads appearing above the garden wall.

(To be continued.)

The Diver's Story.

By Max Pemberton.

I.

HE was a cheery, good-humoured man, who told me all about himself and his calling almost before the train had left Southampton Station. I should have thought him about fifty years of age, but he informed me that he was nearer forty, and he added that time did not deal kindly with men who wrestled with the sea for her mysteries.

"It's a hard life, sir," he said, "though I wouldn't go so far as to call it a dangerous life. What I mostly suffer from is pain in my head. The doctors say I'll have to give the work up, and that's bad news for a man with children. I should have been employed on this submarine job if it hadn't have been for the old trouble—but I won't take up your time with the story of my misfortunes. There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out, and Nelson, James, and Co. will look to it that Harry Robb does not starve. A man may find something to do even if he doesn't wear a diver's helmet, sir, and I've been wearing that for nearly twenty years now."

"And you are not tired of the life?"

"No man is tired, or ought to be, of that which brings him bread and butter, sir. I like my work, if the work doesn't like me. Sometimes it's very ordinary work, sometimes it's very unordinary. I could tell you many stories if you had the patience to listen."

"Tell me one now," I said—and this is the story he told me.

II.

THE diver is accustomed to telegrams, and they do not give him the fright that some simple-minded people seem to get out of them. I had returned from working upon a bridge job in the West of England when the telegram came to me by which I learned of the wreck of the *Ironsides*. "Go to Southend," the message said, "and there ask at the New Hotel for Miss MacNaghten. All arranged by river. Lose no time. Yacht sunk."

I had been reading the daily papers as I came up from Bristol, and it was not difficult for me either to name the service or describe the boat. A small petroleum yacht, *Ironsides*, the paper said, had been sunk in a collision off the fringe of the West Knock Sands. Her owner had been alone on the boat when she went down, but escaped by the dinghy. There had been no sea running at the time, and the name of the vessel which had caused this untoward accident remained a mystery. There was not even a doubt about the matter, and no one needed to make one, for the yacht was uninsured.

This much I read in the newspapers, and it set my mind at rest as to the nature of the work I was to do at Southend. No doubt the owner had already put the matter into the hands of some salvage company, perhaps into the hands of my own employers, Messrs. Nelson, James, and Co., in which case an examination of the sunken vessel would be made before an attempt to hoist her was proceeded with. My own task presented no difficulties whatever; nor would I have given it a second thought but for the curious intimation in the telegram that I was to seek out a lady at Southend. The newspaper said that the owner of the yacht was Mr. Jay Luxsill, a solicitor, of Harwich; why then, I asked, did not he meet me at the station, and what had this Miss MacNaghten to do with it? It certainly was an odd circumstance, and it puzzled me not a little.

It was nearly eight o'clock when I arrived at the New Hotel at Southend. A porter out in the hall told me that Miss MacNaghten was then at dinner, but had given instructions that she expected me, and that I was by no means to leave the hotel without seeing her. Such an impatient message coming from a lady about the sunken hull of a yacht certainly interested me, and that which followed after was no less surprising. Scarcely had I set my foot in a little sitting-room upon the first floor when there entered one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen in my life. Taller than myself by a matter of at least two

inches, she had the darkest hair and the fairest skin I have ever looked upon, while her eyes were full of a deep kindly feeling which spoke of the true womanly nature. I could see at once that she was greatly agitated, for she had hardly asked me to sit down before she began to tell me of her troubles; and never once did she rest while she was speaking, but walked up and down the room for all the world like a beautiful animal caught in a pretty cage.

"You are from Messrs. Nelson, James, and Co.?" she began.

"That is so, madam. I am Harry Robb, the oldest diver on their staff."

"Have they told you why I sent for you?"

"They have sent me a telegram to say that a yacht is sunk, that is all, madam. I imagine the rest, for I have been reading the newspapers. They tell me she has gone down in the channel off the West Knock; I presume it is a case of salvage, and that you are a relative of Mr. Luxsill's, her owner."

"NEVER ONCE DID SHE REST WHILE SHE WAS SPEAKING."

She answered my question, though I do believe she heard but a half of that which I had said. All her gestures, her manner, and her looks seemed those of a person labouring under some great agitation, and I could see that she had something to say to me which it was very difficult to say.

"I am not a relative of Mr. Luxsill's. Heaven forbid!" she exclaimed, quickly. "The yacht is nothing to me, Mr. Robb. I can see that you are a man of heart. Let me implore your secrecy in a matter of the greatest confidence."

I bowed my head gravely, and she came and sat by me on a sofa near the window. The night was hot, with scarcely a whiff of a breeze from the river. I could hear the bands playing down in the gardens and on the pier, and it occurred to me as the strangest thing imaginable that an old, blunt hand like myself should be sitting by this beautiful woman, and that she should have chosen me first of all for her confidant.

"I have daughters of my own, madam," I said, "and, believe me, I would go far any day to do a lady a service. What you say to me in this room shall be forgotten here if you wish it so; I have no interests but those of my employers. You can speak to me as freely as you please."

She gave me a look which expressed a woman's gratitude, and then, pressing her hands to her forehead as though her head were heavy with the secret she carried, she began to tell me the story.

"You have read about the accident to the yacht and you know that it has gone down," she said. "Did they tell you who was on board at the time, Mr. Robb?"

"The papers differ," I answered. "Some say that Mr. Luxsill, the owner, had just gone aboard when it happened; others say that he was rowing to the pier-head to pick up some of the things. By all accounts he put it down to a collision with a barge coming round from Shoebury. They say she was one of the new-fangled boats driven by oil; I have always held that they would be dangerous enough in a river, let alone in the open sea; but what I cannot understand, madam, is her being run down like that when

she was at anchor and only the owner aboard her. What was he doing out by the West Knock? It's no place for yachts to lie, as any man can tell you. When I get the plant here I will answer the question for myself, if it can be answered, and tell you exactly how she sank and what is to be done to raise her. My mates will come down by river and should be here early in the morning—I fear we must keep our curiosity until then."

It was well meant enough, but it fell on deaf ears. I began to see that Miss MacNaghten cared nothing whatever about the way the yacht had sunk or how she might be raised; and, believe me, my own curiosity was not the less for that.

"Mr. Robb," she said, "forgive me if I am abrupt with you. The yacht is nothing to me; I have no interest in it whatever. That which concerns me is the fate of the man I love. I believe he was on board the boat when they sank her."

It is always a distressing thing for a man to see a woman in trouble and to know how little he can help her. Miss MacNaghten had borne up well enough until this moment, but now she sank down weeping, and for many minutes together not a word was spoken between us. To me the news came like a thunderclap. I could understand her better now, and her indignant denial of kinship with Mr. Luxsill, her agitation when she first met me, her impatience afterwards, were no longer a mystery. That she meant to speak of foul play upon the yacht I never had an instant's doubt; and this in spite of the fact that many details of the story were still wanting to me.

"Miss MacNaghten," I said, at length, "this is a very dreadful thing to hear. May I take the liberty of asking you to be patient? Perhaps it is only your fancy. I would not think of it if I were you until we are certain."

She raised a tear-stained face and tried to compose herself.

"Yes, yes, I may be doing a great wrong," she said, quickly. "Mr. Haynes—Robert, that is—may not have been there at all. He left me some days ago to meet Mr. Luxsill in the Solent; he was to have written to me from Southampton. No letter has reached me. I have heard nothing, although the yacht has been here two days. When I called upon Mr. Luxsill he was not in the hotel, and he left word that Robert had returned to London yesterday. But I know that it is not true—I know it," she went on, with renewed animation and the suggestion of something greater than anger. "He was to have met me here yesterday; there is no word from him. Heavens! what can I think?"

I did not know how to answer her, nor, to be plain, had she yet convinced me, despite the reality of her grief, that her story was true. I had it in my mind that the young man of whom she spoke had been detained either in London or Southampton, and that she might receive a telegram from him at any minute. Her agitation, I thought, was that of over-anxiety and great affection, and I made sure that a few hours would dispel it.

"If you take my advice, miss," I said, "you will just go to bed and wait for what the morning brings. Surely, if anything had happened to this gentleman, there would have been some news of it from someone. The hands could tell you if he were on the yacht or no. Have you spoken to them?"

The question brought her to reason, and she was calm again when she answered it.

"The men are not yet discovered," she replied; "we do not know their names, though we shall soon find out. Mr. Luxsill avoids me; I understand that he has gone to London. He was Robert's solicitor, you know."

I looked up at her sharply.

"Then there were money matters between them, Miss MacNaghten?"

"Yes, yes," she said; "all Mr. Haynes's interests were in Mr. Luxsill's hands. I know that there has been trouble over them—Robert told me so not a week ago. That is why I am so anxious, Mr. Robb. Yes, I think that you will help me now, for I am a woman and alone."

I answered her that she should know the truth as soon as willing lips could tell it to her, and, afraid as much of her gratitude as of her sorrow, I left the hotel with her heavy secret for my burden.

III.

I ROSE betimes in the morning and found my men and the barges awaiting on the river for me. A tug had brought them down; for Miss MacNaghten, it appears, was a lady of means, and Nelson, James, and Co. had received their instructions that no expense need be spared. Slack water was at eleven o'clock, and by eight we were moving up toward the West Knock Sands. Long as my experience has been, and many the queer things that the sea has shown me, I cannot say that I have ever set out to a job with such a heavy heart as I carried that bright June day. The grief stricken girl in the hotel, her sorrow and her story, seemed to be with

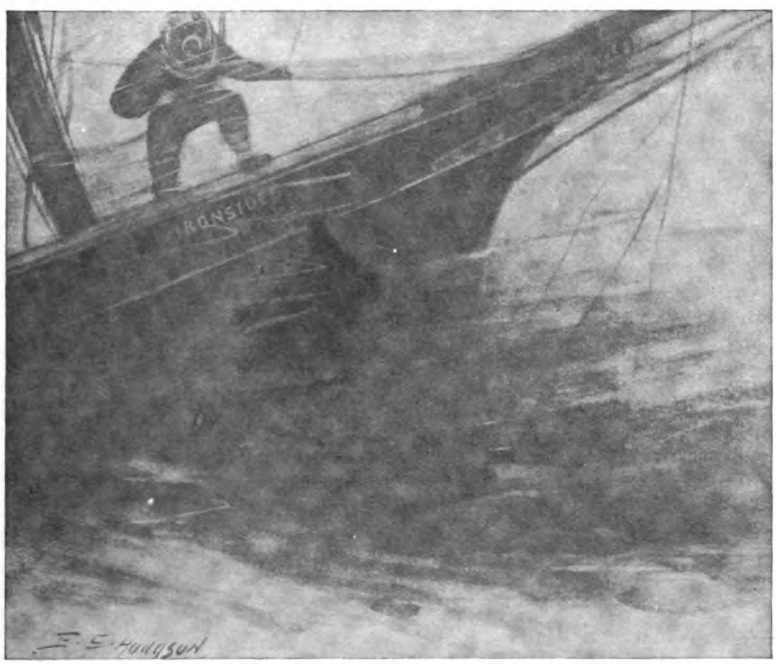
me on the barge, telling me of some foul deed hidden by the waves, and making me an instrument of its discovery. At the best I could but come back to her and say "he is not on the ship"; at the worst, I must tell her that her life was broken and that the sorrow would endure. Sometimes I wished that she had been less frank with me and simply said, "Go and see what the sunken yacht holds." Dead men have I come face to face with many a time in the cabins of sunken ships; but to seek for one so near to happiness, to be a messenger of a woman's joy or a woman's grief, was a task I would gladly have surrendered.

The tide still ebbed when we left Southend; the morning was magnificently fresh, and the estuary specked with the white sails of yachts, and the great black hulls of steamers making for London or the channels.

If we had been in any doubt as to the whereabouts of the sunken yacht, the Trinity boat soon set our doubts at rest, for she lay off the West Knock, and her men were already investigating the wreck. When we came up they surrendered the job to us willingly, for the boat did not lie in the channel for ships, and no buoy was needed to indicate the spot. Knowing the Thames as I did, by long years of work upon its waters, I said that the *Ironsides* lay some three fathoms down, a depth which meant nothing to a diver, and without any more fuss at all I put on my dress and clambered over the side to the deck of the sunken yacht.

It sounds an easy thing enough to speak of a man's clambering down into the sea with boots on him which he could hardly lift on shore, and a helmet over his head which will give him life or death at the will of his mates in the barge above. Put a novice in this dress, and for the first five minutes he will be more ready to walk on his head than his heels; he cannot manage the taps; he does not regulate his air; his boots, so to speak, are floated up by his balloon-like jacket.

By-and-by, when he comes to use the little taps properly, he begins to know what the lead in his shoes is for, and when he has found out how to walk below as easily as he can walk above he has taken the first step toward becoming a diver. He will learn afterwards how to feel his way, how to use his eyes, and how to take the shortest cut to the work he has undertaken. For the most part, we men are not much in love with sunken ships. Unless we approach them



"I SAW WHAT KIND OF A CRAFT SHE WAS AND BY WHAT MEANS DISASTER HAD OVERTAKEN HER."

with all the caution we can command, our pipes will be caught up by the rigging above us and our safety lines entangled before a man has time to think of it. No such danger as this, however, followed me to the deck of the launch upon the sands of the West Knock Shoal. I had scarcely placed a foot upon the gunwale of the *Ironsides* when I saw what kind of a craft she was and by what means disaster had overtaken her.

A lightly-built boat, it was plain that she had been designed both for sea and river. Her freeboard was considerable, she was decked all over, and had a kind of poop aft in which her petroleum engine stood. As to the accident which had sent her to the bottom, no man could have looked at her twice and have doubted the nature of it—she had been in collision, and badly in collision. There was a great hole in her bow which would have sunk a hundred tonner; and she showed it gaping as she lay already half embedded in the soft mud of the estuary. I foresaw that she would be quite covered up before many tides had flowed; and even as it was her situation made my task no light one. A man needed almost an acrobat's feet to balance himself on that tilted deck and to keep the pipes clear while he entered the cabin below; and more than this, the tide was still ebbing strongly, so that the water seemed to race past me as though it would drag me up river, do what I would. None the less, I meant to go down. Alone there, with the secret so near me, I reflected an instant upon the woman who waited ashore for the tidings, good or ill, which this sunken hull might give her. Was her story but a myth, or must the worst be her portion? Step by step, as I descended the few steps of the cramped companion, the questions followed me; then I lost them in the interest of the scene about.

It is given to few men—to none, it may be, beyond those of my own calling—to enter the cabin of a ship which lies below the sea. And this is well, for it is a spectacle that a man's eyes would not willingly look upon, and often it is one full of such grim horrors that the mind recalls them with shuddering. Once in my life I walked the lower deck of an emigrant ship which had sunk off the Needles, and never to the last of my days shall I forget the phantoms which gaped at me through the still, green water. Let me not dwell upon it save to remind the unthinking of what a diver's life may mean when some great accident of the sea claims his service.

In the cabin of the *Ironsides* no such horror awaited me—at least not yet. I found a plain room, lined with teak and washed by now gentler tides; a lamp from the ceiling had dropped against the roof and swayed lazily with the water; the fixed table in the middle of the room, shorn of its burden, had dropped glasses and a decanter into the corner, where the broken pieces shone like crystals when the light from my lamp fell upon them. But there was no trace here of any passenger; the ship had no secret; and gradually, and it may be a little fearfully, I went on to the door at the farther end of the cabin and tried to open it. It had jammed in the socket, however, and I was compelled to work a good five minutes with my axe before I forced it.

The work did me good. I was less like a man groping in a dark house for some ghastly secret there; and although I knew well enough that, if the yacht settled any deeper in the sand, my chances of getting out of it were few enough, I put that thought out of my head and went with a will at the obstinate door. After all it was not difficult to believe that I had heard a woman's story and that nothing but her own anxiety lay behind it. If Mr. Haynes had been on the yacht with his lawyer when the accident happened, reason said that he would be found near the companion and not in a cabin amidships. There had been, I was sure, an interval between the collision and the foundering of the *Ironsides;* and I argued that Mr. Haynes, a strong young man as I understood him to be, would never have been caught like a rat in a trap. I could have wagered a fortune that all was well; and when I had taken one last pull upon the lines to be sure they were free, I screwed my courage up and entered the cabin.

It was a smallish room with two inside bunks, and a nicely-fitted washing-basin on the starboard side. So much the lantern showed me clearly as it shone through the lapping water and caught up bright rays of light from the plated fittings all around. The bunks themselves were but little disturbed by the tides, although some of the coverings had been caught up by the sea and floated out almost like the extended wings of a tent. On the floor there lay a writing-case with sodden bits of paper all about it, and I noticed that the port was open, as it probably had been at the moment of collision.

All this you may say is but a furniture catalogue, and yet in my dread of discovering

something more I examined the cabin again and again, and did not neglect to pick up any trifle that I thought might be of service or interest to Miss MacNaghten. She would be a happy woman when I went ashore, I said, and that was a foolish boast enough, for the words were scarcely thought of when, turning round to leave the cabin, I saw the figure of a man and knew that they were a lie.

"I SAW THE FIGURE OF A MAN."

Mr. Haynes — for I knew well enough that it was he—lay huddled up upon the floor at the aft end of the cabin. I should have seen him upon first entering if the door had not swung over behind me and shut him in between me and the bunk. My first belief was that he had been sleeping at the time of the accident, and had been caught by the rushing water as the yacht dipped and went down; but, Heaven knows, I was too frightened to make sure, and for the first time for many a year I went near to losing my nerve completely. The dread of being down there in the cabin of the yacht with this fearful story beside me seemed to freeze the very blood in my veins. How if the line were foul behind me? I asked myself; how if the yacht shifted with the tide and the mud covered her decks? This was the fool's thought that came to me, and with it another more dreadful, for it seemed to me that the figure of the dead man moved and had life in it still.

In justice to myself be it said that all this foolishness passed away when I got over the first shock of the discovery and came to think of it more calmly. I had faced many a similar scene in many a good ship, as you know, and it should have been nothing to me beyond the ordinary that someone had perished in the wreck of the *Ironsides*. For all that I could tell to the contrary, this gentleman's end had been a plain accident; he had come by his death as many a good man has come by it at sea when two ships meet and but one goes on. The difficulties between him and Mr. Luxsill, his solicitor, had no place in the matter; the two men, whatever their differences, had been upon the yacht together and had shared the same risks and suffered, each his own destiny. Sorry as I was for Miss MacNaghten (and the picture of her face stood before me to the end) I said that her suspicions could not be justified and were in themselves a wrong; and my mind was clearer and my spirit better because it was so.

So easy is it to hope for the best. Many times since that day, when I have been tempted to think this or that of good fortune or of bad, I have reminded myself of that moment in the cabin of the yacht *Ironsides*, when, from a belief in accident, a chance movement revealed the dreadful truth to me. Mr. Haynes had been murdered, foully murdered. My lantern, shining through the water, cast its light suddenly upon something which set my heart beating and cut short all

my arguments as though a man had struck me a blow upon the mouth. There at my feet the thing lay; another look at the figure before me and I went headlong from the cabin, afraid as I had never been in all my life, and carrying a story with which I knew the whole country would ring to-morrow.

IV.

I HAD half expected Miss MacNaghten to meet me at the pier-head, but I was very glad to find that she was not there. My business was rightly with the police, and I went up to the station without loss of time, and told them the story. It was no task of mine to put forward any theory, or to attempt to say by whom foul play had come. For the police the case was simple enough. Two men had been upon a yacht when it collided with a Thames barge; one of the two had escaped, the other was found murdered in the cabin of the sunken vessel. The rest lay with the proper authorities. I was glad enough to have done my part, and when the inspector himself volunteered to go round and see Miss MacNaghten I let him go willingly. My work lay back by the West Knock. We were to raise the *Ironsides* at any cost, the instructions said; and no time was to be lost about the matter.

I say that I went back to my work, but you may be sure that I carried excitements enough with me to keep a man thinking through the long June day. This crime, whatever it was, would be the talk of England to-morrow. I could already hear the hue and cry which would follow after Mr. Luxsill; and I knew now why he had not called at the hotel, and had only written a line to Miss MacNaghten. Possibly, I thought, he had already made good his escape; he might even have reached Liverpool and taken ship for America; or he might be hiding in London, that great city wherein the memory of men and their deeds is lost so quickly. The greater mystery was that of the yacht's end; I racked my brains the afternoon through for some answer to the question of her sinking, and could not find one. If Mr. Haynes had been shot down in cold blood, how came the *Ironsides* to be running full speed, as she must have been, by the West Knock Sand? Why had not the man thrown the body into the river and let the tide carry it out to sea if it would? Of the grief-stricken woman who had made me her agent I tried not to think; there could be no sorrow like hers in England to-day, and in that sorrow a stranger had no part or lot.

We worked upon the ship during the afternoon, and it was almost dusk when we returned to the pier-head, and went into the town to hear if there were any further tidings. They told us at the police-station that the news had been flashed over the country, but that there was no trace, so far, of Mr. Luxsill. He had not been to his offices in town for some weeks; they had seen nothing of him at home or at the clubs; and the detective who came down from London was of the opinion that he had already fled the country. Excited talk of the day's work kept me awake and out of my bed until a late hour. I cannot tell you why I did it, but, when other folks were off home and the band had ceased to play and Southend was almost asleep, I found myself again upon the pier looking out toward that distant light which marked the scene of the terrible story.

Whence would news of Mr. Luxsill come? I asked. What house hid him? Would he escape or be taken? You shall judge of my astonishment when, turning at the pier's head, I found myself face to face with the man himself and knew that he would be taken this very night, and that for the second time it was destined that I should be the instrument.

I had been standing alone upon the landing-stage when I first heard his step behind me, and turning round I saw the hunched figure of a bearded man crossing the grill in the moonlight. Though I knew it was Luxsill, I was not frightened of him. Nature has given me good strength, and there are few men who have got the better of Harry Robb when it came to a rough and tumble. I did not fear him, though I kept my eyes wide open enough, and was quite determined that, whatever befell, the police should put their hands upon him before many minutes had passed. He, meanwhile, glided up to me as though he feared the sound of his own footsteps, and, looking a little wildly to the right and the left to be sure that we were alone, he addressed me abruptly with a question.

"You are the diver that went down to the yacht *Ironsides* this morning, are you not?"

I said that I was the man, and waited for him to go on.

"I am its owner, Mr. Luxsill," he went on; "perhaps you have heard of me?"

I said that I had heard his name, and again waited for him to proceed.

"They are telling lies about me and my guest," he continued, his excitement rising rapidly. "You have already discovered the truth, I am sure?"

I looked him full in the face and told him.

"The truth is at the police-station. It's a six-chambered revolver, and two of the cartridges are empty. I'll tell you something more, my man. Mr. Haynes, your guest, was shot between the shoulders."

He stepped back from me as though I had hit him.

"You have been paid to tell that lie," he said.

I answered him with contempt. What could a man say to such a charge?

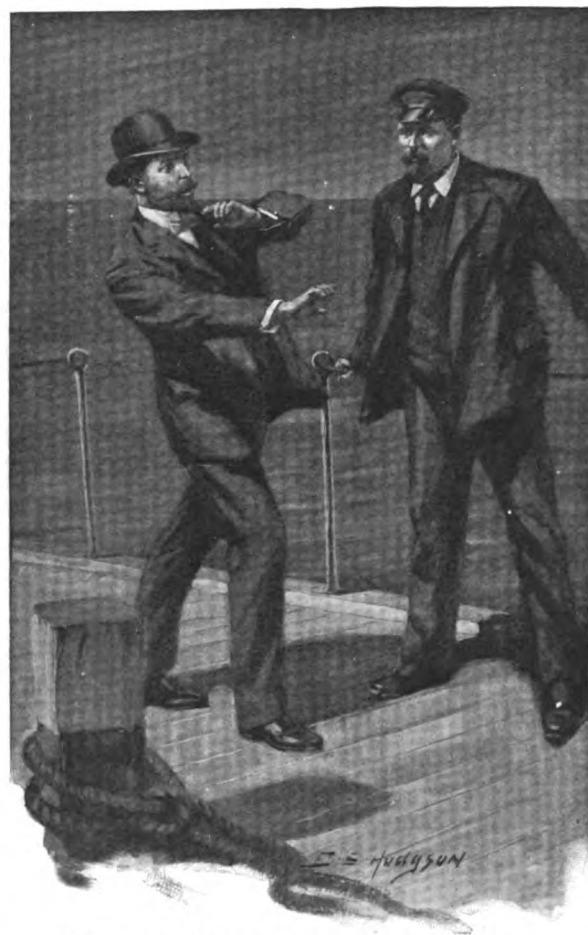
"You'll find out how much I have been paid when the case comes on," I replied, and added, "I'm not your judge, thank Heaven."

This plain speaking frightened him. He crept quite close to me and whispered in my ear a pitiful, whining story I scarcely had the patience to hear.

"I'll double their price," he said; "I'll give you a thousand here and now to hold your tongue. What's it to you? You're a poor man. You never need work again. Why don't you answer me? The money shall be found to-morrow. I'll meet you in London. Come, you won't say 'no' to that?"

"Mr. Luxsill," said I, quietly, "if you offered me ten thousand, it would be no good to you. I'm a poor man, but I wouldn't stand in your shoes to-night for all the gold in England. You say you are innocent. Go to the court and prove it. An innocent man has nothing to fear from his fellow-men. Go and face things and justice will be done. I want none of your money and you waste your time talking to me. Your place is in the law courts. They will hear your story."

"They would not believe me," he whined. "Things look black against me. I don't deny it. You could help me—there's no one else. If you keep your story to yourself——"



"HE STEPPED BACK FROM ME AS THOUGH I HAD HIT HIM."

"It would be useless. My mates know as much as I do."

"But they would not speak. I can buy them too. Heavens! you would not hang an innocent man?"

"Let the law decide about the innocence. I shall tell the truth—no more, no less."

"You shall tell nothing," he exclaimed, in a sudden mad fury; and, losing all control, he flung himself upon me, and we went rolling together headlong from the pier to the sea.

Now, I confess that I had never anticipated violence from this man, and was altogether unprepared for what followed upon his words. I thought him half mad with fear, and believed that a child could have arrested him. Judge of my surprise when I found myself in a madman's grip, fighting for my life down below among the piles of the pier, where the tide raced and surged, and no living man, as it seemed, could come to my assistance. A stout swimmer, this villain's arms pinned me like a belt. I remember the fall, the rushing surge of the waters in my ears, the darkness when I came up again, and then the eyes of the madman glaring into my own; his hoarse threats and the waters rushing by and choking them. If I

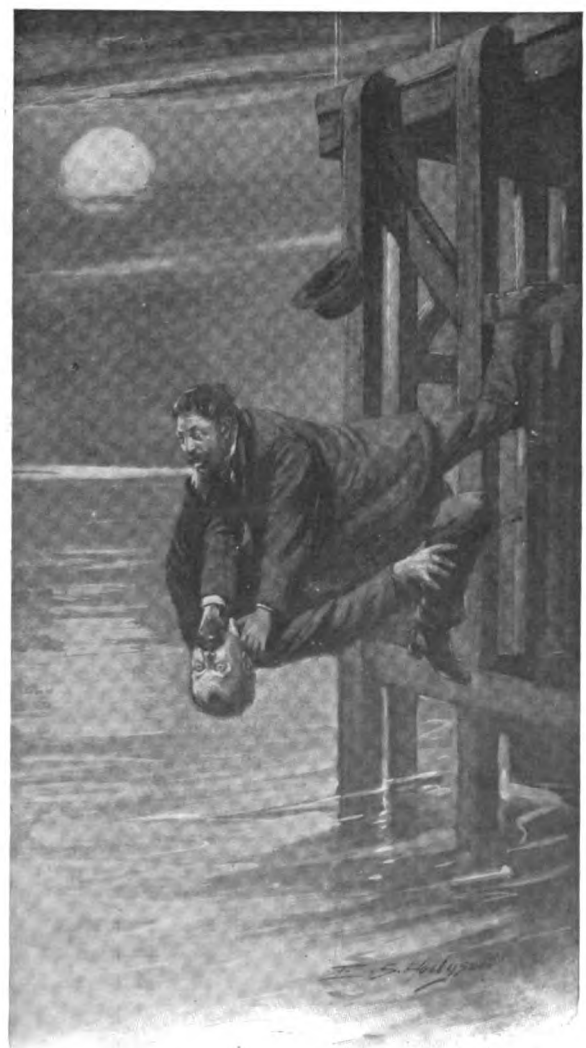
cried out, I cannot remember doing so. All that I am sure of is that I managed by one great and overmastering effort to get an arm about one of the piles, while with the other I forced the madman back. To cast him off was more than my strength could do. He clung to me with a desperation not of terror, but of an anger awful to witness. In vain I beat him down. His hands clutched my clothes, his arms were twined about my limbs; there were moments when he forced my mouth below the water and I thought that the end had come. And thus it seemed through hours of terrible suspense, though it may be that minutes only passed and my fears magnified them. This man desired death and was determined that I should share it with him. I can never tell you all I suffered and lived through when that truth came home to me; but it nerved me anew, and I struck at him savagely again and again, until my arm was wearied, and for very weariness I ceased, and a truce fell between us.

There was a dead silence now, and you could hear the waves beating mournfully between the piles as the tide raced in. Luxsill, clinging to my shoulder, thrust a savage face near my own, though he no longer tried to drag me down. I was almost tempted for a while to believe that he was losing consciousness, but presently he seemed to rouse himself from his stupor, and with a great cry he loosed his hold of me and sank between the waves.

V.

A YACHT'S boat going in to fetch her owner from the theatre heard the dead man's cry and stopped to save the living who was so nearly gone. They carried me ashore and listened to my tale with wonder. The police in their turn were ready to declare that they knew Luxsill was in the town all the time. I left them to their conceit and went to my bed, not to quit it until long days had passed.

That poor Mr. Robert Haynes had been shot by Luxsill in a quarrel over money affairs there could be no doubt. What happened afterwards remained the mystery. In my own opinion the villain put the yacht out to sea in a mad panic, fearing the notice of those in the anchorage; and knowing nothing of his whereabouts, nor carrying lights, he collided with a barge off the West Knock. It may be so—it is nothing to me unless it be for the memory of a woman's sorrow and of the stately grief which cost me so much to witness.



"WE WENT ROLLING TOGETHER HEADLONG FROM THE PIER TO THE SEA."

HORSE TALES.

BEING THE REMINISCENCES OF A FAMOUS LONDON DEALER.

By George Cox.

I DON'T know why it should be so, but it appears that from time immemorial—in fact, from the days of the Old Testament—there has always been a certain prejudice directed against my unfortunate profession. Why this should be I cannot understand, for, so far as my experience teaches, the horse-dealer of this generation is the absolute embodiment of rectitude and honour compared with certain other professional men whom I could name.

It appears that many, many years ago, at one of the North-country assizes, a man named Reuben Swift was on his trial for murder. He happened to be what is termed a "coper," which being interpreted means a hanger-on to the fringe of the much-maligned horse-dealing fraternity. Counsel for the Crown commenced by relating the circumstances of the murder and the suspicion which attached to the accused. He remarked incidentally that Swift had become acquainted with the deceased in the pursuit of his business, which was that of a horse-dealer. Here the judge pricked up his ears and asked to be told over again what the prisoner's occupation was.

"A horse-dealer, m'lud."

"A horse-dealer?"

"Yes, m'lud."

"Well, really," said the learned judge, "I think, such being the case, it is scarcely worth while wasting the time of the Court by taking further evidence."

Whereupon the foreman rose and said the jury had made up their minds that the prisoner was guilty. So he was sentenced to death and hanged in due course.

This little story I relate as a warning to my readers not to jump to conclusions as hastily as the judge and jury in Reuben Swift's case, but to hear what I have to say before passing judgment against me.

For generations and generations, during over three hundred years, my family carried on the business of horse-dealers in Stamford Street, Waterloo Road, London. I can scarcely bear to think of the great changes which have taken place in that locality during my lifetime. I can well remember that within a radius of half a mile of our yard no fewer than a thousand horses were stabled at livery every morning by people driving in to business from the suburbs. Now all this is changed. The livery yards are transformed into huge warehouses, the riders and drivers have disappeared, goodness only knows where. Trains, trams, motors, and omnibuses have revolutionized the traffic, and nothing but memory remains of what used to be.

When I left school in the early fifties my father decided that I should be articled to an uncle who was a solicitor in Gray's Inn. Now, I very strongly objected to becoming a limb of the law, for from my cradle I had been brought up among horses and led to believe that I should follow in the old groove.

My father, however, was very firm, declaring that the good and profitable days of horse-dealing were on the wane. He prophesied that very soon the auction repository

and jobmaster would monopolize the horse trade. I only wish now that I had taken his advice, but at that time I was ready to move Heaven and earth to get my own way.

My only chance, I felt sure, was to do some great thing and prove my ability. This is how it came about. A dear, good gentleman, living in Portland Place, an old and valued customer of my father's, was in want of a very perfect hack. At my special request I was entrusted to take one for his inspection. The price I was to ask was one hundred and fifty guineas. Away I went, riding the hack myself, and, though I say it, very few could show a horse much better in those days than your humble servant.

The old gentleman appeared to like the animal, and I persuaded him to have a little ride. On his return, at the end of about half an hour, he said: "Take the hack round to the stable, my lad, and come back to the house and see me." I was delighted beyond measure, thinking it looked six to four on a deal. But when we reached his library he told me to tell my father that, though the hack seemed very nice, it was not precisely what he required. My hopes went down into the heels of my boots, as I had relied on this, my very first deal, to soften the poor old governor's heart.

But this instant a brilliant idea came to my rescue. I heaved three very deep, distinct, and audible sighs, so audible, indeed, that I think the benevolent old gentleman imagined I was going to have a fit. When he asked me what was the matter, I explained to him how all my future career depended upon this transaction. Here I think I rubbed my eye with the back of my glove.

"Well," said the dear, good old gentleman, "if that's the case, let's walk round to the stable and have another look at the hack. So round we went, and after another look he asked, "Well, my boy, what's the price?"

"Two hundred guineas, sir," I said.

"Very well, come in, and I will give you a cheque, and a sovereign for yourself, and you may tell your father from me that you will make a horse-dealer." Into a hackney carriage I climbed with my saddle and bridle, and a very light heart.

But what a hack it was! I can see it now, and I should like to come across the like of it in these degenerate days.

I need not say my father was well satisfied with my maiden attempt at horse-dealing. He decided then and there to give me further trial. He had a commission to find a very perfect shooting-cob for Lord X——, irrespective of price, provided it was absolutely quiet and well broken to its work. At last an animal was found. It was supposed to be the very thing, and I was sent round to display it. In due course his lordship, who was exceedingly corpulent and short-tempered, found himself safely seated on the animal's back. Relying implicitly upon what he had been told about its thorough docility and experience to the sound of firearms, he pulled the trigger of his gun without hesitation.

But the result proved that too much confidence is wont to be a calamity, at any rate in the matter of shooting-ponies, for almost as soon as the report was heard the pony had slipped from between his lordship's legs like a streak of lightning. No harm was done beyond a little mental disturbance and the fact that his lordship was compelled to

"THE PONY SLIPPED BETWEEN HIS LORDSHIP'S LEGS."

take his meals standing for some time afterwards. Of course, back came the pony, and my father had to look for another. After his former experience Lord X—— now decided to see a gun fired from the pony's back before making another experiment himself.

A hundred and fifty pounds for a shooting-cob was a good price in those days, so it was well worth taking a little trouble to procure a gun and go through the desired performance.

My father left the matter entirely in my hands, and it was arranged that his lordship should see the gun fired from the pony's back on the following day. The next thing was to get a gun, which was a scarce commodity in the neighbourhood of Stamford Street. I tried everywhere, but without success, until at last a man named Joe, who had lived with us for many years, said he could borrow a gun from a neighbouring pawnbroker. Away he went, and presently returned with an old fowling-piece of the most venerable pattern, eaten up by the rust of ages.

However, at my age I was not very hard to please, so I slapped him on the back and sent him off to procure powder and caps. Understanding nothing whatever about guns, I left the matter entirely in Joe's hands. At the same time I could not but be surprised when I saw him stuff about half a pound of powder down the muzzle and then ram in the best part of a newspaper. This done we fetched the shooting-cob out, and it was arranged that I was to sit on his back and fire the gun, whilst Joe stood at attention in front of the animal's head in case of accidents.

All this took place at the bottom of the yard, away from the vulgar gaze. I duly mounted and was handed the gun, but it was too heavy for me to lift to my shoulder, and I had to rest the butt against my waistcoat buttons. All being ready, I pulled the trigger and it went off with a mild pop, not nearly so loud as I expected. The fact was the nipple of the gun was rusted through, and so the powder failed to catch. The pony gave a little jump, nothing more, and as I continued to take the caps from my pocket and fire them off he grew quite accustomed to the mild report. Indeed, he soon began to compose his nerves by nibbling at a bundle of green stuff which was lying on the ground before him. I had fired off about forty caps, and the worthy Joe, who stood about ten yards from me in an angle of the wall, saw no objection to my pointing the muzzle of the gun at the end of his nose, which prominence was somewhat enlarged and gaily tinted, no doubt in consequence of a too convivial disposition and the insidiously low price of gin.

From the firing of what must have been the fortieth shot until the moment when I found myself in the arms of a neighbouring chemist I have no recollection. It appears that, as the continual dripping of water weareth away stones, so doth the continual firing of caps cause rust to be corrupted. From the evidence of an eye-witness to the explosion it would appear that I chanced to take a more deadly aim than usual at the nasal target of my faithful henchman. I am told that when the contact took place between the percussion-cap and the powder-magazine I ascended in rapid and winding form up to the glazed roof of the yard, and after breaking a skylight descended with equal rapidity. Fortunately for myself I landed on a bed of straw, otherwise this story would never have been written.

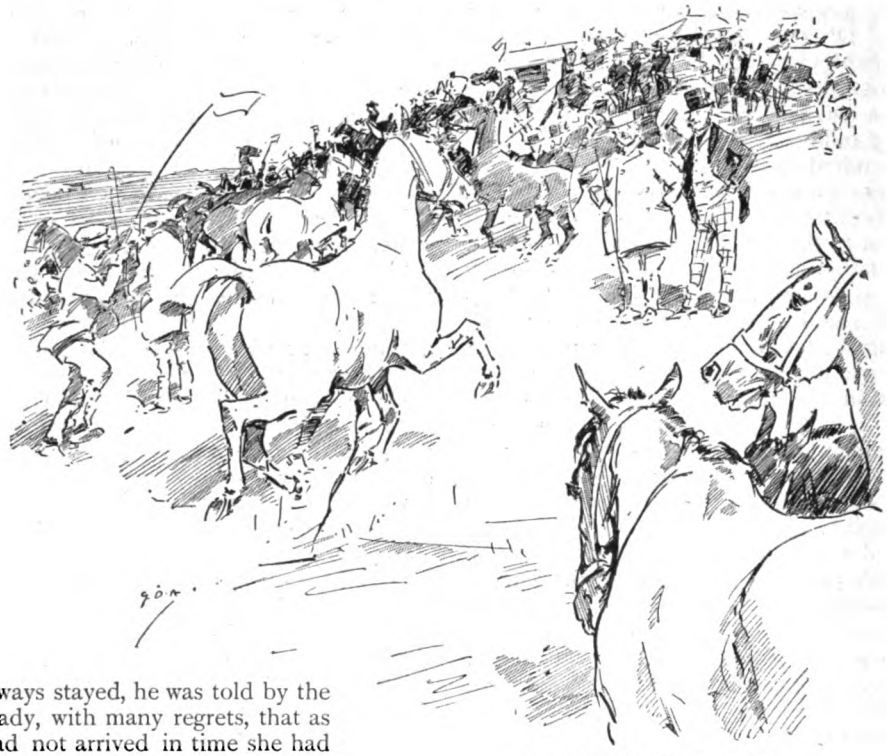
Joe went into the hospital with the side of his head nearly blown off. His nose came out at the back of his ear, while his hair and whisker on one side of his face never grew again to the day of his death. That sad event happened in a madhouse, but I hope that this was not entirely owing to my unfortunate experiment.

The pony went with one bound, or perhaps was exploded, into the copper-house and tried to boil himself alive. The spring door of the copper-house having closed behind him, it was imagined for some time that he had been blown into space. He was extricated quite safely, but eventually died after a lingering illness from nervous shock and exhaustion. Lord X——, after hearing of this occurrence, preferred to trust to Shanks's pony to take him out shooting.

In the good old times of which I am speaking an enormous business was done at the numerous fairs which were held all over England, buyers from all parts of the world attending. But now that means of transit are so rapid and convenient, fairs have nearly all died out, and the few which still struggle on are hardly worth visiting.

To show what the demand was in those days for horses, I may mention that buyers used to go to Barnet and there meet the horses coming from the northern fairs on their way from London, so as to obtain first look.

My father had several stories about his experiences at fairs, where he had plenty of opportunities of exercising his talent for practical jokes. On one occasion, from some cause or other, he arrived at Rugby for the fair one day late. On reaching the inn where



AN OLD-FASHIONED HORSE FAIR.

he always stayed, he was told by the landlady, with many regrets, that as he had not arrived in time she had let the room he usually occupied, and that for love or money she could not find him a bed either in the house or out. The town was unusually full, and even the kitchen-table supplied an upper and a lower berth.

What was to be done?

My father was a very old customer, and naturally the good-wife wished, if possible, to accommodate him. At last she said, "Well, now, look here, Mr. Cox; there is an old gentleman from Coventry, in the ribbon trade, who is sleeping in the state bedroom."

This room was so called because a Royal person was supposed to have slept in it once upon a time, and the bed was of unusual size.

"If you don't mind," she went on, "and Mr. So-and-so has no objection, perhaps you might have half his bed."

My father, thinking half a Royal couch better than no bed, readily consented, and the landlady went off to interview the old gentleman from Coventry, who finally acquiesced under pressure, only stipulating that my father should make no noise to disturb his early slumbers, as he always went to rest at nine o'clock.

After spending a pleasant evening with all his friends in the coffee-room, where liberal libations of whisky and plentiful supplies of cigars had put him into an uncommonly good humour, he found himself about twelve o'clock the last to go to bed. Indeed, he always boasted that wherever he went he was always the last to retire and the first to rise in the morning.

At this moment the spirit moved him in the direction of a little fun. So he rang the bell for the chambermaid, who knew him well, and said, "Oh! Mary, I wish you would get a pan of coals" (a warming-pan) "and run it up my bed. I have had a long journey and feel a bit chilly to-night."

Away went Mary for the coals, and in a few moments passed the coffee-room door, where my father was waiting, candle in hand, to go upstairs. She was carrying a pan pretty nearly red-hot with coals she had taken from the kitchen fire. On arriving at the top of the stairs my father discovered that he had left his great-coat in the coffee-room with some papers of importance, so he said he must go down again and fetch it. He proposed to go down in the dark, but the girl, thinking he might not be able to find his way, said, "You take the candle, sir; I can find my way in the dark as well as in the light." Observe the artfulness of my father!

On reaching the bedroom she made her way to the bed, undid the end, and vigorously pushed in the warming-pan. The old gentleman from Coventry was peacefully enjoying the first sweet hours of his beauty sleep. I believe that he bounded up to the ceiling, uttering a cry so wild and weird that the unfortunate girl fell headlong down the stairs into my father's arms, followed by the old gentleman, who came down six stairs at a time. Such was his mental perturbation that he roundly declared he would never return to the haunted bed. He spent the rest of the night in an arm-chair of the smoking-room, while my father slept in state upon his ill-gotten couch.

"THE UNFORTUNATE GIRL FELL HEADLONG DOWN THE STAIRS."

In attending fairs it is always important to be out and about very early in the morning. One night all the people had retired to rest and my father was left alone, finishing his cigar and looking at the paper, when the boots, a regular country yokel, came into the coffee-room on some errand. Of course, my father had something to say to him, and soon elicited the fact that the unfortunate fellow was in a great state of mind over an unusually large and dirty collection of boots which he had to dry, clean, and polish by five o'clock in the morning.

"Well," said my father, "and how do you propose to get through such a formidable job?"

"I dunno, master; it is almost beyond me. I s'pose I shall have to brush all the wet mud off first."

"Why, you don't mean to tell me you don't know better than that? Why on earth can't you do as the boots all do in London? Put the lot in a tub or horse-trough and wash them in the water with a broom. When you take them out they will be clean, and all you have to do is to put them in front of the fire with a little salt over them. They will be dry in half an hour and fit to take a rare polish." The advice was speedily acted upon. About forty pairs of boots went into the horse-trough and were well stirred up with the broom. Need I say what happened next day at five o'clock, or describe the language which was used when all the early risers called for their boots and tried to get them on?

My father had the fair all to himself that morning.

On another occasion he received an order to find half-a-dozen first-class grey carriage horses for a foreign potentate. They were to be of great size and superb action—rather a difficult commission to execute. In due course he went to Horncastle Fair, where he had more than a dozen runners watching the roads to get the first offer of any likely horse on its way to the fair. The first day was a Saturday, and my father saw a very beautiful grey horse come in, led by a groom, who said his master would not arrive in Horncastle until the following day.

My father was so delighted with the appearance of the horse that he said to his runner, "Now, you stay with this horse. Never leave him for a moment till the owner arrives, and no matter where I am you come and fetch me immediately."

The following day, Sunday, my father went as usual with all the other leading dealers to church. Imagine his horror when in the middle of the Litany he heard someone behind him trying to attract his attention by whistling. Looking round he saw the wretched runner wildly gesticulating and heard a loud stage-whisper :—

"Come on out, sir, come out; the owner of the grey horse has just arrived."

A shake of the head and a look of withering reproof dispatched the unseemly intruder until after the service.

My father was an acknowledged and excellent judge of all kinds of horses, cart-horses included, and he was often invited to act as one of the judges at agricultural shows. On one occasion, when he was judging somewhere in the West of England, he was annoyed by an exceedingly rude, uncouth exhibitor, who made some very unpleasant remarks because his horse did not take a prize. In the evening there was a dinner at which the health of the judges was proposed. Speaking in reply he expressed his regret at the disappointment which had evidently been occasioned to a certain gentleman because his horse had not been awarded a prize. My father begged to assure him that the only reason why he had not received a prize was that there had been no class in the programme for such horses as his.

The disappointed gentleman jumped up at once and inquired eagerly, "Pray, sir, may I ask in what class you consider my horse should have competed, with a probability of success?"

"With pleasure, sir," replied the old governor. "If there had been a class for the worst horses your county could produce, most assuredly yours would have taken the prize."

This reminds me of a gentleman who rode his horse into the courtyard of the inn at a country town. As he gave it up to the ostler, that worthy remarked, "I can see that you have bred this animal yourself, sir."

"As a matter of fact," replied the owner, "I did. But I don't understand how you came to jump to such a conclusion."

"Well, sir," replied the ostler, "I felt sure you must have bred him, because no living man in his senses would ever have dreamed of buying such a brute."

Among the many strange experiences which have come before me in my long acquaintance with the noble animal, I can remember none more curious and alarming than the following. It was the case of a horse going suddenly stark, staring, raving mad, and perhaps the reason why this horrid circumstance impressed itself so forcibly upon me is because I happened to be on his back when the seizure took place.

The late Lord Tollemache was well known to have the most beautiful chestnut horses in London. He bought many of them in Stamford Street, and on this occasion had just secured from us a very beautiful beast which was almost a thoroughbred. It was sent to St. James's Square about noon, and a few hours later, much to our astonishment, he came to us in a great state of mind, saying that he had just discovered a very ugly open wound on the horse's near hind joint. The coachman had not noticed it when the horse arrived, but the leg was swelling visibly, and the wound became more conspicuous every moment. It was altogether a mystery how it came there.

His lordship thought so seriously of the matter that he proposed to lose a hundred pounds off the price given if we would take the animal back.

This was accepted, and the horse was returned.

The wound was certainly a very ugly and mysterious-looking one. It was on the outside of the joint, not in the front, where he might possibly have injured it through slipping. What particularly struck our vet. was the horse's extraordinary behaviour. He was put into a very large loose-box down at our farm at Stockwell (in fact, the very box that the noted Stockwell used to stand in), and, strange to say, he used to walk round and round this box almost continuously day and night, in no way disturbing the straw except in the particular track which he followed. His shoes and the stones were worn perfectly smooth and bright with the constant walking. Occasionally he would stop for an instant and snap at some imaginary object as a dog snaps at a fly.

In course of time the wound healed, and after about four months the horse was again ready for sale. One afternoon, when I was down at the farm and had an hour to spare before keeping an appointment, I ordered a saddle and bridle for this horse, as I knew he was very agreeable to ride. I had been on his back for perhaps half an hour, trotting and cantering about, and was letting him walk quietly round the field before taking him in, when, without a moment's warning, he commenced to shriek and scream as I never heard any animal do in my life before. He

plunged, he reared, he kicked, he went round and round like a teetotum, screaming all the time as though possessed by twenty thousand demons.

So violent was his temper and so quick were all these evolutions that I had not time to fall off or to throw myself off, as I should certainly have done had it been possible. I slipped my hand down close to his bit and tried to pull his head round in order to give me a second to make my escape, but it was no use. He kicked both his hind shoes off, and then with one shriek, too unearthly to describe, gave a tremendous bound into the air, set his neck as stiff as a poker, and went off at racing pace. He never looked where he was going, and the result was that he rushed full speed into the end of some old wooden sheds at the extreme corner of a twenty-acre field.

Of course, he came over backwards in the fall, but fortunately for me I was not hurt, and I contrived to hold on to the bridle. He continued to make the most awful cries, which by this time had attracted the attention of the men in the stables. They came running to my assistance, and very glad I was to see them, for all I had been able to do was to keep hitting him over the head with a stick so as to prevent him from jumping upon me. At last he was conducted, screaming as though he were being burnt alive, back into the large box he originally occupied. To show to some extent what his violence was, I may mention that it was impossible to get the saddle off him or even the bridle, which was now bent and broken out of all shape.

When left to himself he galloped round and round the box as hard as he could go, knocking himself about, poor beast, in the most frightful manner. All the first vets. in London came to see him, as the case was such an extraordinary one.

He used to have hay thrown into his box, and he would perhaps stop for an instant to take a mouthful. Then off he would go again, rushing full tilt against the wall and knocking himself over, then up and off again and down again unceasingly, until at last, after everything had been tried, we had to have him shot.

"HE GAVE A TREMENDOUS BOUND INTO THE AIR."

His head went to the Royal Veterinary College. It was always thought that the wound in his hind joint must have come from the bite of a mad dog on his way from Stamford Street to Lord Tollemache's stables. Indeed, the men who delivered the horse had some vague remembrance of a dog jumping about and barking at the horse on Westminster Bridge.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that where vicious English horses will kick you when you approach them in their stall, foreign horses do not resort to this expedient as a proof of their displeasure, but quietly and methodically squeeze the life out of you.

I remember a horse in my stud in Stamford Street that was possessed of this particular manner of showing resentment.

One day about lunch-time a gentleman

about four feet ten inches high, and as large round as the average water-butt, called and asked me for a harness horse of a particular size. We walked through the stables, and I pointed out this particular horse as likely to suit my small, round customer. He remarked that he thought the animal was taller than he required.

"No," said I, "he is not nearly so tall as he looks. The flooring of the stalls is much higher than where we are standing, so that the appearance of the horse's height is somewhat deceptive. If you will walk up and stand beside him you will be able to judge much better."

For the moment I had quite forgotten the warning I had so frequently received as to the uncomfortable habits of the animal. So we walked up to his side in the stall.

"GENTLY BUT SURELY THE MOUNTAIN WAS FALLING UPON HIM."

Then at once the truth dawned upon me, for I saw the horse gradually fixing his feet against the opposite side of the stall and bringing the weight of his body upon us.

Self-preservation is the first law of Nature, so I quickly located myself in the manger, whilst my corpulent client, in ignorance of what was in store for him, was giving the animal gentle pats and telling him to keep away. He might just as well have remonstrated with an avalanche; gently but surely the mountain was falling upon him, and at last it came.

Here was a treat this horse had evidently not enjoyed for years, and the old oak posts of the stall fairly groaned with the strain. I shouted and yelled for assistance, but when help arrived it was too late, as all the squeezing that could be done had been got out of this poor fellow. His eyes were protruding from their sockets, his mouth gaped, his tongue lolled out, his hair stood on end, not a sound of a voice was left in him.

At last he was rescued from his perilous position, and I beheld a tall, thin man with his trousers half-way up his legs. He marched out of the yard with giant strides, never uttering a word. This was the first and last time I saw him, and I have often wondered whether his oldest friends recognised him after that fond embrace.

An Irish Gentleman

BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

I.

WHEN mine host of the Golden Eagle took the visitors' book to a foreigner lately arrived by diligence in the little capital of the Principality of Wartburg-Hochstein, the new-comer, in a flourishing hand, described himself as Robert O'Donnel, gentleman, aged twenty-eight; and when the innkeeper, curious to know his guest's history, made discreet inquiries, he added to these brief facts the information that he travelled through Germany in pursuit of artistic emotion, had visited the galleries of Dresden and Berlin, and now, on his way to Munich and Italy, proposed in the town of Wartburg to sort his ideas and bring his journal up to date. For in those early years of Queen Victoria's reign no person of culture went abroad without a copious note-book; and Mr. O'Donnel had already covered a vast number of pages with the ecstasies occasioned in his enthusiastic bosom by the palaces of Potsdam, the Madonna Sistina, the castles of the Rhine; and for his own edification had added thereto sundry philosophic reflections and poetical ideas.

He was a handsome man, with a florid complexion, white teeth, and bold eyes; the Byronic frenzy still reigned supreme, and his hair was worn in admired but careful disorder; of his whiskers he was inordinately vain. His dress, flamboyant even for those days, when young bloods sought systematically to astound the vulgar, excited a flattering attention; his loose collar exhibited the fine contour of his neck, his satin stock contrasted vehemently with the extravagance of his waistcoat, and his tall hat was worn with a rakish swagger achieved by none but him. The innkeeper thought him a surprising creature, but was charmed by the assurance with which in a rich brogue he discoursed fluently in abominable German; and his good-humoured, gallant ease made the German suspect that he must be some English nobleman of great wealth, till Mr. O'Donnel assured him he was greater than that, bedad, for he was an Irish gentleman in whose veins ran the blood of innumerable kings. It never occurred to him to add that his family had fallen upon evil days, and the five notes in his pocket-book formed the entire capital of this scion of an ancient race.

For many years Mr. O'Donnel had lived adventurously on his wits, turning his quick intelligence to whatever offered the chance of honest gain; he had taught ignorant boys Latin, played the grave-digger in "Hamlet," written for booksellers, gambled, enjoyed every minute of his life; and now, having by lucky chance made a hundred pounds by backing an outsider, was carrying out an old-

cherished dream to visit the romantic lands whereon his fancy had so long battened. His good spirits had borne him through many vicissitudes, his sense of honour had kept him, even in the direst straits, from any action unbecoming his Royal forebears, and his charm of manner had secured him a multitude of friends from whom, at an extremity, he could always borrow a guinea.

Things looked brighter for him in London at last, and it seemed possible that he could attain a position of some ease; but a life of humdrum prosperity was the last to attract him, and no sooner had he this round sum in his pocket than he flung his prospects to the wind, and with "Virgil" in one pocket and "Childe Harold" in the other set out on a tour of adventure. He reckoned that his money would last till he came to Rome, where he had friends and could wait till something happened; there perhaps some cardinal might want a secretary, a war would break out wherein volunteers were needed, an expedition might be formed to discover the North Pole, some nobleman might desire a tutor for his son. Anyhow, the future must look after itself; Mr. O'Donnel could only attend to the present.

The day after his arrival at Wartburg he set out to visit the castle, celebrated for its romantic history and its dungeons; he observed everything with eager eyes, and afterwards, wandering in the princely forest, his imagination all aflame, invented thrilling adventures wherein he, a gallant hero, rescued from those dark walls fair damsels in distress.

Suddenly he saw coming towards him a young girl on horseback, at terrific speed. She pulled the reins with all her might, obviously terrified, but with no effect; and he saw that she had entirely lost control over the steed she rode. Mr. O'Donnel was strong in the arm and brave; he flung himself in the way, seized the bridle, for some yards was dragged along, but succeeded eventually in stopping the horse. The lady slipped from the saddle and fainted in his arms; he was sufficiently versed in the literature of the day to know how to revive her, and, carrying her to the neighbouring brook, bathed her temples with cold water. Presently she opened her eyes, smiled gently, and blushed.

"I think you've saved my life," she murmured.

"Madam, for that I would willingly have given mine own," he replied, gallantly.

But before the conversation could proceed an older lady and two gentlemen cantered up, dismounted quickly, and surrounded the fair equestrian with anxious demands.

"I'm not hurt, I'm not frightened," she said. "This gentleman came to my rescue."

The elder woman thanked him elaborately, and one of the gentlemen stepped forward, a wizened man with a skin of parchment.

"Sir, allow me to present myself—Count Peter von Graban."

"My name is Robert O'Donnel, your very humble servant."

"You have done an inestimable service to her Serene Highness the Princess Mary of Wartburg-Hochstein."

Mr. O'Donnel swept the ground with his tall hat, and the girl, with a smile, held out her hand.

"How can I thank you?"

He kissed the proffered hand and placed his own on his heart.

"Madam, it is I who owe you thanks."

II.

A FEW hours later Mr. O'Donnel was writing in his journal a glowing account of the whole affair, with such information as he had gathered concerning the Hereditary Prince whose daughter he had so romantically assisted. It appeared that John-Adolphus of Wartburg-Hochstein was a most despotic ruler, and Mr. O'Donnel's liberal soul revolted against the accounts of his tyranny; feared by all that came in contact with him, seldom seen to smile, he rarely spoke save to command. He seemed altogether a person of few amenities. Mr. O'Donnel drew a flowery picture of this martinet chastising his people with scorpions, of the constant terror wherein they lived, and asked in flowing periods when the spirit of liberty would awake these sluggard Teutons to a sense of the nobility of man.

There was a knock at the door and the innkeeper, with wondering visage, announced that the Court Chamberlain, Count Peter von Graban, desired to see him.

"Show him in," said Mr. O'Donnel.

"I am commanded by his Serene Highness to thank you for the service you rendered the Princess this morning and to give you this small return."

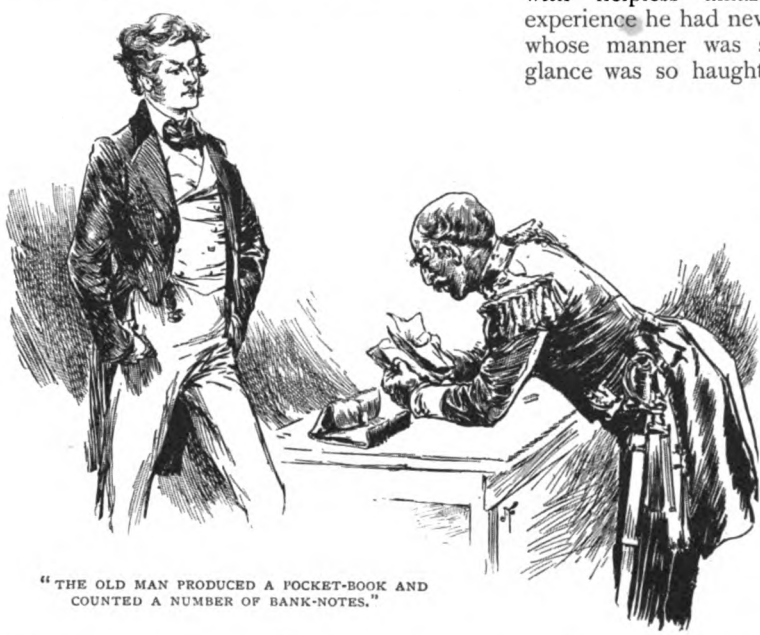
The little old man produced a pocket-book and counted a number of bank-notes.

"In English money you will find it amounts to fifty pounds."

Mr. O'Donnel reddened to the very roots of his hair, for such an insult had never been offered him before; then grew extremely

pale. He paused for one moment to consider his reply.

"I beg you to tender my most respectful thanks to his Serene Highness. I am extremely grateful for this mark of his favour.



"THE OLD MAN PRODUCED A POCKET-BOOK AND COUNTED A NUMBER OF BANK-NOTES."

At the same time, may I ask you whether there is not in the town some charity in which the Princess is interested?"

"Certainly. The orphanage for daughters of poor noblemen is under her special protection."

"Then perhaps she will permit me to subscribe to so admirable an object this sum, and to add thereto another fifty pounds of my own."

Mr. O'Donnel unlocked his box, took out his five English notes, and gravely handed the whole to the astonished Chamberlain

"You will be so good as to see to this matter for me."

"But, sir, I do not know what the Prince will say to such a proceeding. You still leave his Serene Highness under a great obligation to you."

Mr. O'Donnel raised himself to his full height and struck a magnificent gesture.

"Sir, King William IV., before he ascended the throne, once borrowed a guinea from your humble servant and never repaid it. I shall be charmed to add the name of your master to the Sovereigns in my debt."

"The Prince will never permit it."

"Then let her Serene Highness his daughter give me the glove which I had the honour to touch with my lips this morning, and I shall feel myself amply repaid."

The Court Chamberlain stared at him with helpless amazement; in his long experience he had never come across anyone whose manner was so magnificent, whose glance was so haughty, and whose German so imperfect.

"But you don't know what sort of a man the Prince is. If I go back to him with such a message, he's capable of hitting me with his riding-whip. He'll look upon this reply as an insult—his temper is ungovernable. I won't answer for the consequences to yourself."

Then Mr. O'Donnel held his tongue no longer.

"And how dare he insult me! Who does he think I am that he should send me fifty pounds as though I were a lackey? Go, sir, and tell your master that he must have the soul of a flunkey to use an Irish gentleman with such indignity."

Mr. O'Donnel flung open the door, and the Count Peter von Graban was so taken aback that, without another word, he walked out. Then the Irishman rubbed his hands.

"Robert, me boy, you acted with spirit," he said to himself, contentedly. "I'm proud of ye."

But then he sat down to think, for his generosity, though apposite to the occasion, had left him—penniless. His wanderings in North Germany had cost half the sum at his disposal, and the fifty pounds he had just given away were all he had. He did not regret his munificence, but it forced upon him a hateful subject, the future; the most he could do was to get away decently from Wartburg, and then he must trust to luck. For one hour he was immensely despondent, but then an idea struck him; he would get as far as Baden, and then it was strange if he found no one from whom he could borrow ten guineas to try his luck at the tables. Already he saw a shining pile of gold in front of him, and, feeling that his

journey to Italy was after all assured, he went down to dinner in the highest spirits. The state of his finances was such that economy was entirely out of the question, and he ordered the innkeeper to bring the best bottle of wine in his cellar. The news of his adventure had quickly spread, and the various persons at the *table d'hôte* were anxious to hear details; but with a wave of the hand Mr. O'Donnel put them off, giving them to understand that it was his habit to stop runaway horses every day of his life. He had not finished dinner when the maid entered to say that the Chamberlain was again desirous to see him.

"Will no one rid me of this pestilent fellow?" cried Mr. O'Donnel, with irritation. "Say that I'm dining, but shall be glad if he will drink a glass of wine with me."

The innkeeper, marvelling at his guest's independent spirit, himself carried the message, and Count Peter walked in. Somewhat curtly he signified his desire to speak with the Irishman alone, and in a moment the pair were left to themselves. For a while he hesitated awkwardly, sipping the wine which Mr. O'Donnel insisted he should take.

"You must wonder why I intrude myself upon you again to-day," he said at last, abruptly.

"Not at all. I can quite understand that the pleasure of my company has drawn you hither."

The Count frowned, unused to such flippancy, and irritably drummed the table with his fingers.

"I am the bearer of an apology. His Serene Highness commands me to express his regrets and my own for the insult that was offered you."

Mr. O'Donnel nodded.

"Was he in a passion?"

"The saints preserve us!" cried the old man, throwing up his hands. "He raged and stormed and fumed. You don't know what a man he is; he was within an ace of having me arrested. . . . He wishes to know how he can acknowledge the great service you have done him."

"Let him do me the honour of dining with me to-morrow," answered Mr. O'Donnel, without hesitation.

"Are you mad, sir? Do you not know that John-Adolphus is the proudest prince in Germany? He would no more eat with you in an inn than—than——"

The Chamberlain sought for some monstrous comparison, but found nothing. He repeated that such a thing was impossible; the Prince would look upon the invitation as the height of impudence; he might very well cause the Irishman to be conducted across the frontier.

"Which would certainly save the expense of the diligence," interrupted Mr. O'Donnel, with a smile.

The Count reasoned, argued, persuaded, but the other was immovable. He wanted nothing on this earth save the company at dinner of his Serene Highness Prince John-Adolphus of Wartburg-Hochstein. At length the Chamberlain departed, saying, grimly, that the answer would be brought next day by a troop of soldiers. Mr. O'Donnel shrugged his shoulders, and presently going out composed the first verses of a ballad suggested by the dungeons of Wartburg-Hochstein. In the morning an equerry brought the reply that his Serene Highness would be pleased to dine with Mr. O'Donnel that afternoon.

III.

MR. O'DONNEL told his landlord that he expected a distinguished person to dinner, and himself went to the cellar to choose the wines that pleased him. He interviewed the cook, and impressed her vastly by the subtlety of his knowledge. He was something of an artist in culinary affairs, and with his own hands prepared a dish which the greatest epicures of London had pronounced incomparable. At the appointed hour, to the innkeeper's confusion and amazement, the Prince himself drove up in full uniform, blazing with decorations. He was a huge man, with grey hair and a grey moustache, with bushy eyebrows and scowling eyes. He gave the impression of imperious temper and of violent disposition. Mr. O'Donnel received him with courteous ease, and, as though he had known him for years, led him into the private room made ready for their meal.

"I thought you wanted to show me off at the *table d'hôte*," said the Prince, grimly.

"By no means. Had it been possible I should have begged you to come incognito."

They sat down and dinner was served. Mr. O'Donnel was always good company, but on this occasion he surpassed himself; he was humorous, fantastical, witty; he would have kept a whole table in a roar of laughter, but the Prince never smiled. He watched his companion gravely, apparently indifferent both to the brilliant conversation and the excellent dinner. Still Mr. O'Donnel was not put out of countenance, and exerted

himself to amuse and divert his Royal guest. At last the Prince rose to his feet.

"Now we are quits," he said.

"On the contrary, I am eternally your debtor for the entertainment you have given me in these two hours."

The Prince looked at him grimly, and perhaps the shadow of a smile twinkled behind his heavy eyebrows; but he said

"I AM ETERNALLY YOUR DEBTOR FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT YOU HAVE GIVEN ME."

nothing, and turning to the door ordered his carriage.

"I do not understand you," he said, as he stepped in. "What have you gained by this?"

"The pleasure of a brief acquaintance with your Serene Highness."

The Prince grunted fiercely and drove off. Mr. O'Donnel went to his room, flung himself on the bed, and cried: "Now, how the deuce am I going to pay the bill?"

Somewhat ruefully he counted the loose change in his pocket, which formed the entire capital at his command. Nothing was left but to pawn his ring, which he valued immensely, since it was a present from the great Count d'Orsay, and when it grew dark he set out to find a jeweller. On second thoughts, considering it unlikely that he would ever again set foot in this unlucky town, Mr. O'Donnel offered it for sale, and though the man was willing to give but half its value he had not the face to haggle. The sum suggested was large enough to get him safely to Baden, and he accepted thankfully. Next morning he paid his bill and set out with the diligence.

Mr. O'Donnel, light of heart once more, observed the scenery with as much enthusiasm as though there were no uncertainty about his dinner on the following day. At the frontier horses for the second time were changed and, somewhat to the passengers' surprise, passports demanded. An officer carefully examined the Irishman's and looked at him with great suspicion.

"Have you any fault to find with this important document?"

"You did not have it *visé* when you arrived at Wartburg."

"Upon my soul I had better things to do than to trouble myself with needless formalities."

"I can't allow you to leave the Principality. You must go back to Wartburg."

"What do you mean, sir?" cried Mr. O'Donnel, in a fury. "I shall do no such thing, and I'll see you—further."

The officer briefly motioned to his men, and before the other knew what they were about he found himself seized and pinioned. He struggled with all his might, but they had taken him unawares and he was helpless; he could only vent his wrath in a copious flow of language, and he expressed himself with a force and vigour which would have astonished a Billingsgate fishwife. The officer was entirely indifferent, and ordered him to be taken into a room of the inn at which the diligence had stopped till a carriage could be got ready to take him back to Wartburg. In half an hour all arrangements were complete, and Mr. O'Donnel, fuming and mystified, found him-

self traversing the country he had admired during the day.

"Will you undo my arms?" he asked, savagely. "If I've got to spend the night in this jolting carriage I may as well make myself as comfortable as possible."

This was accordingly done, and Mr. O'Donnel, having come to the conclusion that he had been arrested by some mistake which would be explained as soon as he got to Wartburg, soon recovered his equanimity. He was in search of adventure, and here was one which would make an admirable story for his friends in London; he began already to surround it with humorous details. So passed the night, and in the morning the carriage seemed to ascend a steep hill, and it flashed across the Irishman's mind that he was being taken to the castle of Wartburg. He chuckled when he thought of meeting the Prince again under such different circumstances. The carriage stopped.

"Now I must blindfold you," said the officer.

"What ridiculous folly is this?" cried Mr. O'Donnel, losing his temper again. "I've never been treated so ignominiously in my life. I shouldn't like to stand in your shoes when I tell the Prince how you have used me."

"Everything that has happened to you is by express command of his Serene Highness."

The Irishman was too staggered by this to answer, and helplessly allowed his eyes to be bandaged. He was led along passages, through courtyards, down stairs, till a greater chill told him he was underground. The handkerchief was removed, and with a cry Mr. O'Donnel saw he was in one of those historic dungeons which two days before had so excited his romantic fancy.

"Upon my soul," he cried, "this is beyond a joke."

IV.

WITH creaking of locks and drawing of rusty bolts the heavy door was closed and the Irishman was left in absolute darkness; for a while he could see nothing, and it seemed to him the dungeon was darker than the darkest night he had ever known. But presently through a narrow chink he discerned a faint glimmer of light, and, his eyes growing used to the obscurity, he saw that he was in a small chamber with stone walls, slimy and wet. In one corner was a plank bed, and opposite the light was dimly seen a crucifix. He started when something crossed his foot, and with beating heart recognised the scampering of rats. Beside this, all that broke the oppressive silence was a continual drip, drip, as water fell slowly from the damp roof.

Mr. O'Donnel sat on the bed to think what this might mean; the whole thing was so improbable that he was utterly dumfounded; a hundred explanations ran through his mind, but each seemed absurd. He passed from amazement to despondency, from terror to rage. At last, growing desperately hungry, he made the tour of his cell, and discovered in a recess a jug of water and some coarse black bread. This assuaged his hunger, but scarcely his passion, and the more he thought of what had happened the more

"TWO SOLDIERS ENTERED WITH CANDLES."

indignant he grew. Then he heard sounds; the door was ponderously unlocked and two soldiers entered with candles, which they set on a ledge, thus illuminating for the prisoner's edification all the discomfort of that place. They retired, and in a moment there appeared —John - Adolphus, Hereditary Prince of Wartburg-Hochstein.

"Good morning, my friend," he said, coolly. "I hope you've made yourself at home."

For an instant Mr. O'Donnel was too much taken aback to reply, but, recovering himself, broke forthwith into an indignant harangue, wherein he threatened the Prince with the most horrid revenge, and demanded explanations for the infamous treatment to which he had been subjected. John-Adolphus shrugged his shoulders.

"You entertained me so well that I desired to continue our acquaintance. It seemed the only way to gain once more the pleasure of your conversation was to arrest you before you crossed the frontier."

"But I will never suffer such an indignity. I will appeal to the English Ambassador, and you shall learn what it means to trifle with the liberty of an English subject."

"Nonsense, my dear sir. It will never get to the ears of your Ambassador that I have taken you prisoner. I can detain you for thirty years without the smallest risk to myself."

"My disappearance will be remarked and commented upon."

"I doubt it. I can scarcely think anyone will much trouble himself with the whereabouts of an obscure Irishman who travels with ten thalers in his pocket."

"How do you know that?"

"You forget that you were searched. Your luggage was examined, and I arrived at the conclusion that you were nearly penniless. By the way, that was a singularly unflattering description you drew of me in your journal —and somewhat treasonable to boot."

"Treasonable it may have been," returned Mr. O'Donnel, "but by all the saints of Heaven it was not unflattering."

"I am anxious to know why you gave your entire fortune to a charitable institution and then sold your ring to pay for my dinner."

With a grim smile the Prince held out his hand, on the little finger of which Mr. O'Donnel observed the ring which two days before he had left with the jeweller. He was about to burst out again angrily when the twinkling eyes of the Prince suggested to him that the whole thing was an elaborate practical joke.

"Upon my soul," he cried, "your Serene Highness has the oddest sense of humour that ever I saw."

The Prince chuckled: it was the first time Mr. O'Donnel had seen in him any signs of amusement.

"You had your little jest with me, Mr. O'Donnel — you must not mind if I have mine. I could not resist the temptation to see how you would like the dungeons about which you raved so poetically when you only knew them from the outside. Let us make friends and go to our dinner, which is just now ready."

"Faith, I shall be able to do justice to it," answered the other, still very sore, but determined to make the best of things, "for your prison fare is not calculated to stay a man's appetite."

It seemed like a story from the "Arabian Nights" when Mr. O'Donnel found himself half an hour later seated at table between John-Adolphus and his daughter the Princess Mary. The Prince was quite a different creature from the sullen, haughty officer who came to the Golden Eagle, and evidently could enjoy a joke as well as any man. The Irishman, flushed with wine, finding his audience appreciative, gave of his best, and poured forth the full stream of his rollicking fun; there was no restraint to his audacity, to the quaint turns of his humour, to his boisterous anecdote. The Prince and his daughter held their sides with laughter. Tears streamed from their eyes, and the grim stone walls of Wartburg had not for years heard such loud hilarity.

But with his spirits Mr. O'Donnel had recovered his sense of the effective; he knew his success was unparalleled, and he did not mean to spoil it by lingering on the scene of his triumph. Admirable actor as he was, he knew the value of a striking exit. No sooner was dinner ended than he rose to his feet.

"It grows late, and I must reach Baden quickly. Have I your Serene Highness's permission to retire?"

"To-night?" cried the Prince. "Of course, if you wish it, I say nothing; but is there not something I can do before you go to show my appreciation of your wit and good-humour?"

"Certainly," returned Mr. O'Donnel, promptly. "Your Serene Highness remembers that my means are small. If the carriage that brought me back here may take me again to the frontier you will overwhelm me with benefits."

"But you have no money at all. Surely now you will accept something from me?"

"The saints preserve me!" cried Mr. O'Donnel, with a wave of the hand. "Have you more charities that you want to benefit?"

The Prince shook his head, more mystified than ever by this eccentricity. He could not understand that to the Irishman, rollicking and romantic, featherbrained and heroic, a fine phrase or a striking attitude was more than all the treasure of this world. At length he had a sensible idea.

"Mr. O'Donnel, I am going to keep this ring with which you paid for my dinner. In return I crave your acceptance of mine."

He took a splendid diamond from his finger.

"But beside this mine is quite worthless," cried Mr. O'Donnel.

"Pray take it. You may find it useful when next you entertain Royal personages at dinner."

Mr. O'Donnel hesitated no longer, but with profuse thanks slipped the ring on his finger. Then the Princess stepped forward.

"I, too, have a present for you. I wish you to keep it in remembrance of the service you did me. It is of no value at all."

She handed him the glove which he had before gallantly asked for.

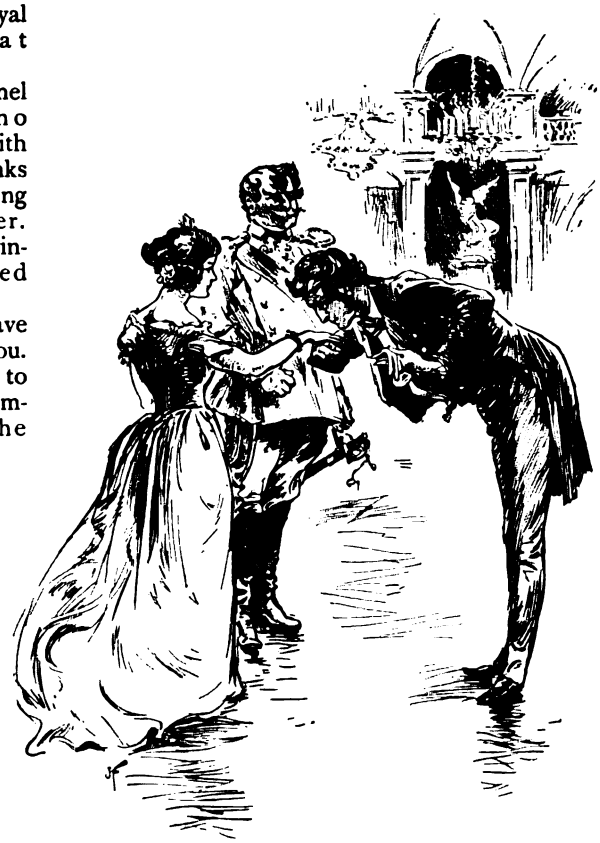
"On the contrary," he said. "It is ten times more valuable than the ring, for *you* have worn it."

He bent down and kissed her hand. The carriage was at the door, and waiting only to launch one parting jest Mr. O'Donnel took advantage of their laughter to bow and retire. From the window, laughing still, the Prince and his daughter watched him drive out into the night, with ten thalers in his pocket and on his hand a ring worth two hundred pounds.

"Is he a mountebank or is he a hero?" she asked. "I've never met such a man."

"English and Irish, they're all mad," answered John-Adolphus; "that's why they conquer the world."

Meanwhile, Mr. O'Donnel, immensely pleased with himself, without a thought of the difficult future, composed himself to sleep as comfortably as though he lay on a feather bed.



"HE BENT DOWN AND KISSED HER HAND."

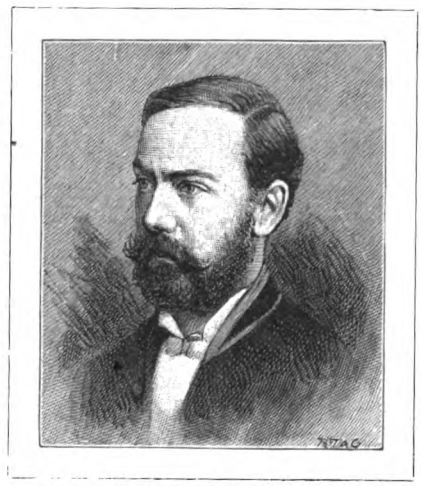
A Comparison of the Personnel of the House of Commons Now and Twenty-five Years Ago.

A SYMPOSIUM OF OLD MEMBERS.

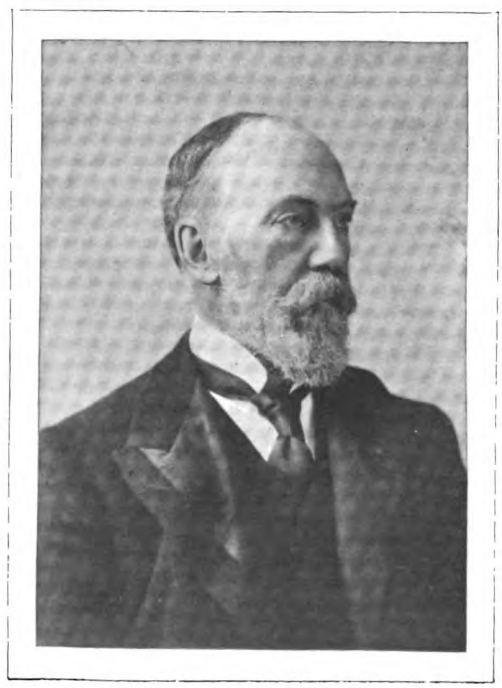
SIR CHARLES DILKE, Bart., says:—

I cannot write at length on the interesting topic which you name, being too busy with other work, but am very glad to repeat a statement which I have frequently made—namely, that I agree with Mr. Gladstone, whose experience went back, of course, infinitely farther, and who said that the standard of ability of Parliament had constantly risen in his time. Since Mr. Gladstone's retirement, and since his death, the same process has continued with even more rapid development, and I am convinced that at no time since I entered Parliament in 1868 has there been anything like the average of ability and of interest in public affairs which now distinguishes the House of Commons. If we refer to the Memoirs which give an inside view of what are supposed to have been the greatest days of Parliament, when we had a body of orators and statesmen in public life whose names are conspicuous beyond those of any such group who ever lived at one moment before or since, we find some ground for doubting whether in anything except classic oratory Parliament is behind as compared with the one moment that is picked out for contrast. At the beginning of the American War we find great names indeed. But, as I have seen groups composed of the greatest names in the athletic world easily defeated by younger men who had not, and who, oddly enough, never succeeded in leaving, a great name, so I have my doubts as to what should be the true results of comparison between the present times and those which are thought the greatest. Lord North as a Prime Minister and Lord George Germain as Colonial Secretary were admittedly not great, and would not stand comparison with Prime Ministers and Colonial Secretaries of modern times. At a later date Pitt's Administration had its seamy side; and the conduct of Cabinets in connection with the war with France may be attacked as fiercely as the conduct of Cabinets in connection with the preparation for and conduct of war in present days. I will not pursue this theme, but will content myself with the remark that among those younger men whose names are scoffed at now there may be those who are

treading the thorny road
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

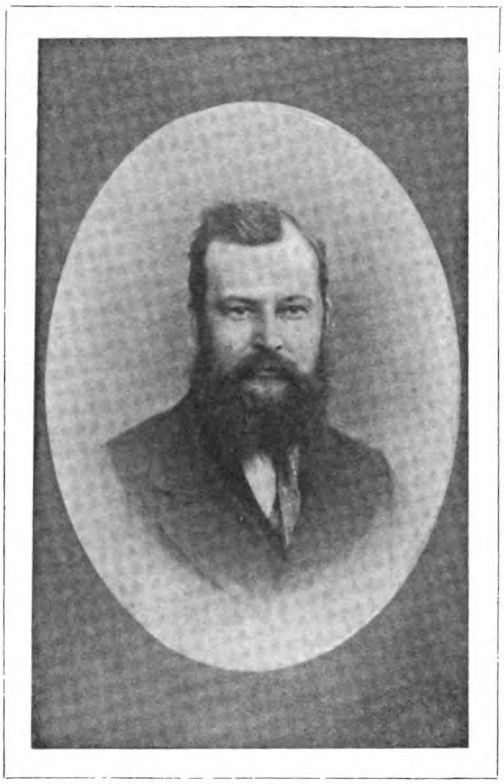


SIR CHARLES DILKE TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.
From a Photo. by John Watkins, Parliament Street, W.



SIR CHARLES DILKE AT THE PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

MR. HENRY BROADHURST says :—



MR. HENRY BROADHURST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.
From a Photo. by Henderson, King William Street.

It was twenty-four years on the 2nd of April when I first became a member of the House of Commons. With the exception of nearly two years I have been a member of it until now. During those two years I sat in the House of Lords as a member of a Royal Commission. The penalty for this promotion to high places was, in my case, a most severe and lengthy attack of influenza, the effects of which I have never wholly thrown off. For about six years before I was elected M.P. I enjoyed the great privilege of *entrée* to the Lobby by private entrance, and seldom missed a day's attendance when the House was in Session. This favour was granted to me in consequence of being secretary to the Trades Union Congress. The discharge of these secretarial duties brought me in almost constant contact with Ministers of the Crown of both political parties and with the active members of both sides of the House, so that I have had a fair measure of experience of the House—its *personnel*, its habits and manners. It is, of course, safer to indulge in free expression of opinion on those who then constituted the membership than to indulge in unrestricted observation on those who now make up the human part of that great Parliamentary machine. Neither then nor now could I count a half-dozen men of whom one could fairly say one did not care for. Of character and temperament there is a good average variety, to a greater degree now than then. They —I mean the days of twenty-five years back—were days of the dominance in debate of a comparatively few men as compared with the present day. Mr. Gladstone overtopped all men on his side of the House, seconded by Mr. Bright, Sir William Harcourt, and Sir Henry (now Lord) James. On the other side there were Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Plunkett, Lord Randolph Churchill, and, at times, Sir Robert Peel. The ordinary rank-and-file men of the respective parties were nothing like so combative as the rank-and-file men of to-day. Neither had they the same amount of ability as effective debaters ; the competition to catch the "Speaker's eye" is, I should think, at least five to-day as against one at the former time. To-day the ordinary member has not to contend against the overpowering personality in debate as he had in former days ; the debating power of the membership is more widely scattered, and the ability of the bulk is undoubtedly greater now than then. The amenities

MR. HENRY BROADHURST AT THE PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Mace & Mase, Cromer.

of the House and its precincts are more democratic, with, I fear, a marked decrease in the measure of veneration for old members and their little indulgences, which certainly was a noticeable trait in the House in the years that are gone —or so it seems to me.

I think there has grown up a tendency to gossip in groups to a greater extent than in the past, although common fellowship on the whole is not markedly on the decline. I think the House contains a greater variety of knowledge to-day than it then did. There is scarcely a subject, science, tongue, or nation but has its expert in walls of Parliament; and those who fortunately possess these gifts are free in placing themselves and their knowledge at the service of their less fortunate fellow-members. Good comradeship is the distinguishing characteristic of them as a whole. The working hours are fewer now than then, but they are more strenuously employed, and the attendance of members is far greater and more regular, and the competition in many good ways is far keener. The lazy man had better times then. To-day the younger members are all pressing forward, some for the great prize that lies before them; all of them, I hope, animated with a desire to say the best that is in them at the altar of patriotism and to sacrifice self in the interest of their country's welfare.

MR. J. T. AGG-GARDNER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.
From a Photo. by Abdullah Frères, Constantinople.

MR. J. T. AGG-GARDNER says:—

In attempting to compare the *personnel* of the Parliament of 1874 with that of the Parliament of 1904 it is difficult for anyone who has sat in both Houses to avoid partiality. First impressions are generally the most favourable—just as our heroes of early life transcend those of later periods. To regard, therefore, one's first Parliament as the best is only to obey a natural instinct.

It may, however, be at once admitted that there is one direction in which the present House of Commons excels its predecessor — that of solicitude for the personal comfort and recreation of its members. For instance, in 1874 we had but a single smoking-room — shared by visitors — and one chessboard. As an idea vaguely prevailed that to play chess within the precincts of Parliament was to commit a breach of privilege, this solitary chessboard was the private property of a member —now in the Upper House — and lurked in concealment in the smoking-room.

MR. J. T. AGG-GARDNER AT THE PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

There, through the kindness of its owner, it was a source of solace to many on weary evenings; and I confess to having seen it—a small pocket chessboard—transported to the House itself, to relieve the tedium of debate by ministering to the solution and creation of chess problems. Now, perhaps in deference to sturdy democratic impulse, we have moved ahead. Chessboards, smoking-rooms, bath-rooms, dressing-rooms abound; coiffeurs and typists, annunciators and telephones are supplied, to say nothing of private dining-rooms for ladies and elaborate arrangements for "teas on the Terrace." Such is the difference between the Spartan simplicity of 1874 and the democratic *luxe* of the Parliament of to-day.

But if in these directions the present House is in advance of its predecessor, the balance is redressed when the comparison touches matters which affect more closely the interior economy of Parliamentary life. Take, for example, the hours of public business, the arrangements for the conduct and conclusion of debates; or even such comparative trivialities as admission orders for strangers, and the practice of pairing. All these are incidents of Parliamentary life which affect its smoothness and comfort. In former days they were determined by common consent; now they are governed by drastic regulations. In fact, herein lies much of the difference between the two periods under comparison. In the earlier period the House was swayed, and to a degree controlled, by sentiments of tradition and good feeling. Now, like our friend the Chinese labourer, its members are restrained by rules and ordinances. The House of Commons was then much as the House of Lords appears to be at present—an assembly in which inconvenient excesses are not provided against, because they are not expected to occur. To-day, however, it is otherwise. Inconvenient excesses may and do occur. Consider the case of the Parliamentary bore. He existed, of course, in 1874. But he then knew his proper place and his proper audience, and droned contentedly to empty benches during the dinner-hour, or, if he attempted a bolder flight, there was always as a remedy the pleasant pastime of a "count." Now "counts" are little known, and when, as is too often the case, the "bore" struggles with the Leader of the House or the Leader of the Opposition for their privilege of winding up an important debate, he has either to be howled down or—to use a word as unpleasant as the deed—to be "closured." Here is evidence of inconvenient excesses and inconvenient remedies.

To compare the orators of the two periods would be for obvious reasons a task even more delicate than difficult. There can be, however, nothing invidious in the suggestion that, from the point of view of oratory as distinct from debating, the Parliament which contained Disraeli, Gladstone, and Bright claims debating pre-eminence. But as regards power, with the Prime Minister and Mr. Chamberlain on one side, and Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. John Redmond on the other, it will be universally conceded that the present House is exceptionally strong.

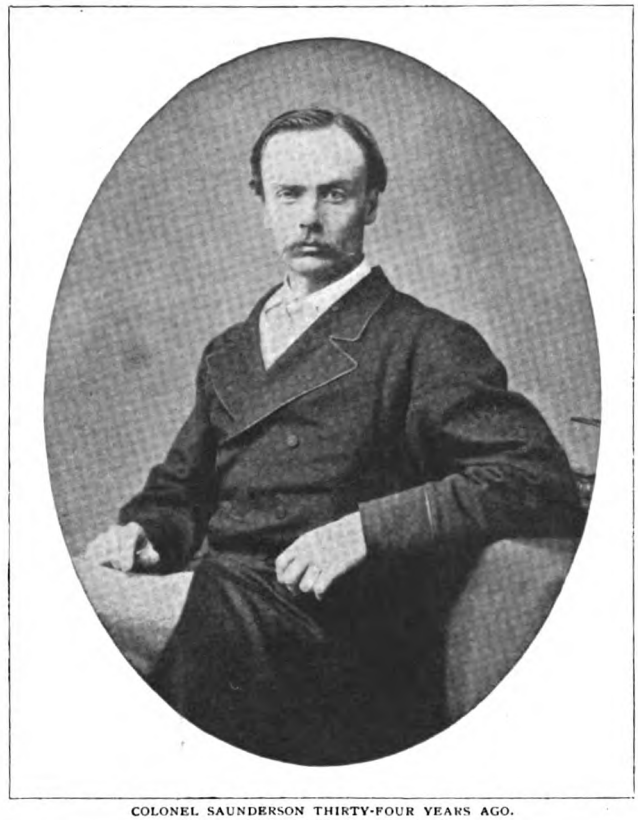
It is somewhat singular that three conspicuous orators of the House of Commons of 1874 are without seats in the present House, though still happily alive: Mr. David Plunket, now Lord Rathmore, whose graceful, finished style lives, no doubt, in the memory of colleagues of that day; Sir George Trevelyan, master of rhythmic sentences and flowing phrase; and Sir Edward Clarke, whose maiden speech in the last year of the Disraeli Parliament not only compelled cheers from both sides of the House, but drew the startling and unwonted tribute of applause from the Strangers' Gallery. If to these names are added those of Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Horsman, Mr. Joseph Cowen, and Mr. Smythe the rhetorical supremacy of the House of Commons of 1874 may be asserted, not merely as a concession to the partiality of a natural instinct, but as a record of historical fact.

COLONEL SAUNDERSON says:—

"The House of Commons is not what it was in our day" is often said with a sigh by elderly men who look back with regret to the days when they belonged to that remarkable assembly. This, no doubt, is quite true. But then it should be remembered, in passing judgment on the relative merits of the past and present, that the House of Commons represents the British people, not of forty years ago, but of to-day. So very naturally it has undergone the same change that has passed over the people it represents. Therefore, those who look back thirty or forty years, and think those bygone times were pleasanter than the days in which we now live, very naturally consider the House of Commons as a deteriorated assembly, by no means coming up to the standard of the past. For my part I do not agree with this view, believing, as I do, that the world of

the present is happier and pleasanter than the world of other days, and that the change has not been for the worse, but for the better.

A question is often asked as to whether the art of oratory has declined. The correct answer to this question depends on what we understand oratory to mean. To my mind true oratory means clothing high thoughts in brilliant and attractive language. Applying this definition to the Parliamentary speakers of the present and the past, the great difference I see lies in the fact that orators now express their thought in a less ornate and stately fashion than was the custom in former times. Our forefathers clothed their persons in fine clothes and dressed out their thoughts to match. The rounded period, the apt quotation, the dignified utterance, the classic allusion, suited their dress. Both would be out of place to-day, when men live in a hurry, think in a hurry, and, if they desire to be listened to, have to speak in a hurry.



COLONEL SAUNDERSON THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.
From a Photo. by Maull & Co., London.

COLONEL SAUNDERSON AT THE PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

My high-water mark of Parliamentary oratory is John Bright. He was the best speaker of English I ever heard either in or out of Parliament. After him I should place Mr. Gladstone, at his best. His great defect, to my mind, as an orator lay in the fact that he possessed an unbounded vocabulary, with which he so wrapped up his thoughts that they lost all shape and sharpness. His speeches always made me think of a man with a splendid figure so swaddled in clothes that all sense of the shape and muscularity was lost — Hercules in a wadded ulster. Occasionally the spirit and power of the man burst through the verbal incubus. Then Mr. Gladstone was magnificent — but only then.

By far the most interesting speaker I ever heard was Disraeli. There was a flavour of both mystery and the unexpected about him and his speeches which fascinated his

audience. Besides which, he was in a true sense of the word a child of the House of Commons — admired by both sides.

I can accurately describe what appears to me to constitute the great difference between the House of Commons of to-day and the House of Commons I remember nearly forty years ago. It is a much more free and easy assembly now than it was then. The old awe it used to exercise on its members has to a great extent vanished. New members are no longer so overwhelmed with trepidation when they address it for the first time, as used to be the case. They are no longer confronted by the shades of Pitt, Burke, or Canning, or the living presence of Gladstone, Bright, and Disraeli. They appear to have learnt that what the House now expects of a member who addresses it is that he should know something of the subject he is talking about, and that he should say it as clearly and shortly as he can.

Life in the House of Commons is undoubtedly, in my opinion, pleasanter and healthier than it used to be. All-night sittings are now almost a thing of the past. And those interminable divisions on adjournments and reporting progress which used to keep the exhausted members tramping round the division lobbies are now but hideous memories.

Who have we to thank for this happy change? Unquestionably the Irish Nationalist members. All the changes in our procedure which have tended so materially to our comfort we owe to them. I am afraid I cannot ascribe philanthropic motives to my Nationalist fellow-countrymen for thus bringing about the more easy working of the Parliamentary machine. Their avowed object was the direct opposite.

All these happy changes which have tended to make Parliamentary life bearable are the result of their efforts in a diametrically opposite direction. We ought to feel grateful to them all the same for the great, though involuntary, benefits they have conferred on all those engaged in Parliamentary life. Thus when members retire to their homes at the comfortable hour of twelve of the clock, instead of remaining in the House—as used to be so often the case in former times—a draggled and sleepy assembly, until four and five in the morning, they might bestow a kindly thought on the Irish members, who have often been described as the curse of the House of Commons, whereas they have proved themselves to be a blessing in disguise.

One other change may be observed in taking a bird's-eye view of the House—it is in the matter of hats. When I first entered Parliament a black hat was looked on as of first necessity. A member with a white hat was an object of grave suspicion, always liable to be alluded to as "the honourable member with the white hat." Now it is different; hats of all kinds are to be seen—even caps have been worn. Yet, even in recent times, some members have been distinguished by the excellent quality and shininess of their head-gear. I remember one especially. It was a beautiful hat, always in the best condition. An Irish Nationalist member who sat for a London constituency belonged to it. It came to an untimely end, for, unfortunately, I sat on it—after which misfortune its beauty had quite departed.

Believing, as I do, that my country is still fulfilling its great destiny in the world and is still on the rising grade, I have no fear for the House of Commons, which is its microcosm.

By E. W. Hornung.

I.—A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.

I.

La parlate d'amor,
O cari fior,
Recate i miei sospiri,
Narrate i miei martiri,
Ditele o cari fior——

Miss Bouverie ceased on the high note, as abruptly as string that snaps beneath the bow, and revolved with the music-stool, to catch but her echoes in the empty room. None had entered behind her back; there was neither sound nor shadow in the deep veranda through the open door. But for the startled girl at the open piano, Mrs. Clarkson's sanctum was precisely as Mrs. Clarkson had left it an hour before; her own photograph, in as many modes, beamed from the usual number of ornamental frames; there was nothing whatever to confirm a wild suspicion of the living lady's untimely return. And yet either guilty conscience, or an ear as sensitive as it was true, had heard an unmistakable step outside.

Hilda Bouverie lived to look magnificent when she sang, her fine frame drawn up to its last inch, her throat a pillar of pale coral, her mouth the perfect round, her teeth a noble relic of barbarism; but sweeter she never was than in these days, or at this moment of them, as she sat with lips just parted and teeth just showing, in a simple summer frock of her own unaided making. Her eyes, of the one deep Tasmanian blue, were still open very wide, but no longer with the same apprehension; for a step there was, but a step that jingled; nor did they recognise the silhouette in top-boots which at length stood bowing on the threshold.

"Please finish it!" prayed a voice that Miss Bouverie liked in her turn; but it was too much at ease for one entirely strange to her, and she rose with little embarrassment and no hesitation at all.

"Indeed, no! I thought I had the station to myself."

"So you had—I have not seen a soul."

Miss Bouverie instantly perceived that honours were due from her.

"I am so sorry! You've come to see Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson?" she cried. "Mrs. Clarkson has just left for Melbourne with her maid, and Mr. Clarkson has gone mustering with all his men. But the Indian cook is about somewhere. I'll find him, and he shall make some tea."

The visitor planted himself with much gallantry in the doorway; he was a man still young, with a single eye-glass and a martial moustache, which combined to give distinction to a somewhat swarthy countenance. At the moment he had also an engaging smile.

"I didn't come to see either Mr. or Mrs. Clarkson," said he; "in fact, I never heard their name before. I was passing the station, and I simply came to see who it was singing—to believe my own ears!"

Miss Bouverie was thrilled. The stranger spoke with an authority that she divined, a sincerity which she instinctively took on trust. Her breath came quickly; she was a little nervous now.

"If you won't give me that pleasure," he went on, "I must go back to where I hung up my horse, and pray that you will at least send me on my way rejoicing. You will do that in any case. I didn't know there was

such a voice in these parts. You sing a good deal, of course?"

"I haven't sung for months."

He was now in the room; there was no longer any necessity to bar the doorway, and the light coming through fell full on his amazement. The girl stood before him with a calm face, more wistful than ironic, yet with hints of humour in the dark blue eyes. Her companion put up the eye-glass which he had dropped at her reply.

"May I ask what you are doing in these wilds?"

"Certainly. I am Mrs. Clarkson's companion."

"And you sing, for the first time in months, the minute her back is turned: has the lady no soul for music?"

"You had better ask the lady."

And her visible humour reached the corners of Miss Bouverie's mouth.

"She sings herself, perhaps?"

"And I am here to play her accompaniments!"

The eye-glass focused the great smiling girl.

"*Can* she sing?"

"She has a voice."

"But have you never let her hear yours?"

"Once. I had not been here long enough to know better. And I made my usual mistake."

"What is that?"

"I thought I had the station to myself."

"Well?"

"I was told exactly what my voice was like, and fit for."

The gentleman turned on his heel, as though her appreciation of the humour of her position were an annoyance to him. His movement brought him face to face with a photographic galaxy of ladies in varying styles of evening dress, with an equal variety in coiffures, but a certain family likeness running through the series.

"Are any of these Mrs. Clarkson?"

"All of them."

He muttered something in his moustache. "And what's this?" he asked of a sudden.

The young man (for as such Miss Bouverie was beginning to regard him) was standing under the flaming bill of a grand concert to be given in the township of Yallarook for the benefit of local charities.

"Oh, that's Mrs. Clarkson's concert," he was informed. "She has been getting it up, and that's why she's had to go to Melbourne —about her dress, you know."

He smiled sardonically through moustache and monocle.

"Her charity begins near home!"

"It need not necessarily end there."

"Yet she sings five times herself."

"True—without the encores."

"And you don't sing at all."

"But I accompany."

"A bitter irony! But, I say, what's this? 'Under the distinguished patronage of Sir Julian Crum, Mus. Doc., D.C.L.' Who may he be?"

"Director of the Royal College of Music, in the old country," the girl answered, with a sigh.

"Royal College of Music? That's something new; since my time," said the visitor, sighing also. "But what's a man like that doing out here?"

"He has a brother a squatter, the next station but one. Sir Julian's spending the English winter with him on account of his health."

"So you've seen something of him?"

"I wish we had."

"But Mrs. Clarkson has?"

"No—not yet."

"I see!" and an enlightened gleam shot through the eye-glass. "So this is her way of getting to know a poor, overworked wreck who came out to patch his lungs in peace and quiet! And she's going to sing him one of his own songs; she's gone to Melbourne to dress for the part. And you're not going to sing anything at all!"

Miss Bouverie refrained alike from comment and confirmation; but her silence was the less creditable in that her companion was now communing chiefly with himself. She felt, indeed, that she had already been guilty of a certain disloyalty to one to whom she owed some manner of allegiance; but that was the extent of Miss Bouverie's indiscretion in her own eyes. It caused her no qualms to entertain an anonymous gentleman whom she had never seen before. A colder course had commended itself to the young lady fresh from London; but to a Colonial girl, on a station where special provision was made for the entertaining of strange travellers, the situation was simply conventional. It might have been less onerous with host or hostess on the spot; but then the visitor would not have heard her sing, and he seemed to know what singing was.

Miss Bouverie watched him as he leant over the piano, looking through the songs which she had dared once more to bring forth from her room. She might well have taken a romantic interest in the dark and dapper man, with the military eye-glass and

"HE PRAISED HER VOICE; AND HE KNEW—HE KNEW WHAT SINGING WAS."

moustache, the spruce duck jacket and the spurred top-boots. It was her first meeting with such a type in the back-blocks of New South Wales. The gallant ease, the natural gaiety, the charming manners that charmed no less for a clear trace of mannerism, were a peculiar refreshment after society racier of Riverina soil. Yet it was none of these things which attracted this woman to this man; for the susceptible girl was dead in her for the time being; but the desperate artist was alive again after many weeks, was panting for fresh life, was catching at a straw. He had heard her sing. It had brought him galloping off the track. He praised her voice; and he knew—he knew what singing was.

Who could he be? Not . . . could that be possible?

"Sing me this," he said, suddenly, and, seating himself at the piano, played the opening bars of a vocal adaptation of Handel's Largo with a just, though unpractised, touch.

Nothing could have afforded a finer hearing of the quality and the compass of her voice, and she knew of old how well it suited her; yet at the outset, from the sheer excitement of her suspicion, Hilda Bouverie was shaky to the point of a pronounced tremolo. It wore off with the lengthening cadences, and in a minute the little building was bursting with her voice, while the pianist swayed and bent upon his stool with the perfect sympathy of a brother in art.

And when the last rich note had died away he wheeled about, and so sat silent for many moments, looking curiously on her flushed face and panting bosom.

"I can't place your voice," he said, at last. "It's both voices—the most wonderful compass in the world—and the world will tell you so, when you go back to it, as go back you must and shall. May I ask the name of your master?"

"My own name—Bouverie. It was my father. He is dead."

Her eyes glistened.

"You did not go to another?"

"I had no money. Besides, he had lived for what you say; when he died with his dream still a dream, I said I would do the same, and I came up here."

She had turned away. A less tactful interlocutor had sought plainer repudiation of the rash resolve; this one rose and buried himself in more songs.

"I have heard you in Grand Opera, and in something really grand," he said. "Now I want a song, the simpler the better."

Behind his back a daring light came into the moist eyes.

"There is one of Mrs. Clarkson's," she said. "She would never forgive me for singing it, but I have heard it from her so often, I know so well how it ought to go."

And, fetching the song from a cabinet, she thrust it boldly under his nose. It was called "The Unrealized Ideal," and was a setting

of some words by a real poet then living, whose name caused this reader to murmur, "London Lyrics!" The composer was Sir Julian Crum. But his name was read without a word, or a movement of the strong shoulders and the tanned neck on which Miss Bouverie's eyes were fixed.

"You had better play this yourself," said he, after peering at the music through his glass. "It is rather too many for me."

And, strangely crestfallen, Miss Bouverie took his place.

My only love is always near,—
In country or in town
I see her twinkling feet, I hear
The whisper of her gown.

She foots it ever fair and young,
Her locks are tied in haste,
And one is o'er her shoulder flung
And hangs below her waist. . . .

For that was the immortal trifle; how much of its immortality it will owe to the setting of Sir Julian Crum is a matter of opinion, but here is an anonymous view.

"I like the words, Miss Bouverie, but the setting doesn't take me. It might with repetition. It seems lacking in go and simplicity; technically, I should say, a gem. But there can be no two opinions of your singing of such a song; that's the sort of arrow to go straight to the heart of the public—a world-wide public—and if I am the first to say it to you, I hope you will one day remember it in my favour. Meanwhile it is for me to thank you—from my heart—and to say good-bye!"

He was holding out a sunburnt hand.

"Must you go?" she asked, withholding her own in frank disappointment.

"Unfortunately, yes; my man is waiting for me with both horses in the scrub. But before I go I want to ask a great favour of you. It is—not to tell a soul I have been here."

For a singer and a woman of temperament, Hilda Bouverie had a wonderfully level head. She inquired his reason in no promising tone.

"You will see at Mrs. Clarkson's concert."

Hilda started.

"You are coming to that?"

"Without fail—to hear Mrs. Clarkson sing five songs—your song among them!"

"But it's hers; it has been the other way about."

The gay smile broadened on the swarthy face; a very bright eye twinkled through the monocle into those of Miss Bouverie.

"Well, will you promise to say nothing about me? I have a reason which you will be the first to appreciate in due season."

Hilda hesitated, reasoned with herself, and finally gave her word. Their hands were joined an instant, as he thanked her with gallant smile and bow. Then he was gone. And as his spurs ceased jingling on the veranda outside, Hilda Bouverie glanced again at the song on the piano and clapped her hands with unreasonable pride.

"I do believe that I was right after all!" said she.

II.

MR. CLARKSON and his young men sat at meat that evening with a Miss Bouverie hard to recognise as the apparently austere spinster who had hitherto been something of a skeleton at their board. Coldly handsome at her worst, a single day had brought her forth a radiant beauty wreathed in human smiles. Her clear skin had a tinge which at once suggested and dismissed the thought of rouge; but beyond all doubt she had done her hair with less reserve—and it was coppery hair of a volatile sort, that sprang into natural curls at the first relaxation of an undue discipline. Mr. Clarkson wondered whether his wife's departure had aught to do with the striking change in her companion; the two young men rested mutually assured that it had.

"The old girl keeps too close an eye on her," said little Mr. Hack, who kept the books and hailed from Middlesex. "Get her to yourself, Ted, and she's as larky as they're made."

Ted Radford, the station overseer, was a personage not to be dismissed in a relative clause. He was a typical back-blocker, dry and wiry, nasally cocksure, insolently cool, a fearless hand with horse, man, or woman. He was a good friend to Hack when there was no third person of his own kidney to appreciate the overseer's conception of friendly chaff. They were by themselves now, yet the last speech drew from Radford a sufficiently sardonic grin.

"You see if she is, old man," said he, "and I'll stand by to collect your remains. Not but what she hasn't come off the ice, and looks like thoring if you take her the right way."

Ted Radford was a confirmed believer in the rightness of his own way with all mankind; his admirable confidence had not been shaken by a long succession of snubs in the quarter under discussion. As for Miss Bouverie, it was her practice to play off one young man against the other by discouraging each in his turn. But this evening she was a different being. She had a vague yet absolute conviction that her

fortune was made. She could have sung all her songs to the twain, but for the reflection that Mr. Clarkson himself would hear them too, and report the matter to his wife on her return.

And the next night the male trio were strangely absorbed in some station happening which did not arouse Miss Bouverie's curiosity in the least. They were excited and yet constrained at dinner, and drew their chairs close together on the veranda afterwards. The young lady caught at least one word of which she did not know the meaning. She had the tact to keep out of earshot after that. Nor was she very much more interested when she met the two young men with revolvers in their hands the following day.

"Going to fight a duel?" she inquired, smilingly, for her heart was still singing Grand Opera and Oratorio by turns.

"More or less," returned the overseer, without his usual pleasantry. "We're going to have a match at a target behind the pines."

The London book-keeper looked an anxious clerk: the girl was glad when she saw the pair alive at dinner. There seemed to be little doing. Though the summer was already tropical, there had been plenteous rains, and Mr. Clarkson observed in Hilda's hearing that the recent days' mustering would be the last for some little time. She was thrown much in his company, and she liked Mr. Clarkson when Mrs. Clarkson was not there. In his wife's hands the good man was wax; now a mere echo, now a veritable claque in himself, he pandered indefatigably to the multitudinous vanities of a ludicrously vain woman. But it became Miss Bouverie's experience that he could, when he dared, be attentively considerate of lesser ladies. And in many ways these were much the happiest days that she had spent on the station.

They were, however, days of a consuming excitement for the caged and gagged nightingale that Hilda Bouverie now conceived herself to be. She sang not another note aloud. Mr. Clarkson lived in slippers on the veranda, which Hilda now associated chiefly with a stranger's spurs; for of the booted and spurred stranger she was thinking incessantly, though still without the emotions of an ordinarily romantic temperament. Would he be at the concert, or would he not? Would he turn out to be what she firmly imagined him, or was she to find out her mistake? Might he not in any case have said or written some pregnant word for her? Was it beyond the bounds of possibility that she should be asked to sing after all?

"'GOING TO FIGHT A DUEL?' SHE INQUIRED, SMILINGLY."

The last question was the only one to be answered before the time, unless a point-

blank inquiry of Mrs. Clarkson be included in the category. The lady had returned with a gorgeous gown, only less full of her experiences than of the crowning triumph yet to come. She had bought every song of Sir Julian's to be had in Melbourne, and his name was always on her lips. In a reckless moment Miss Bouverie had inquired his age.

"I really don't know," said Mrs. Clarkson. "What *can* it matter?"

"I only wondered whether he was a youngish man or not."

Mrs. Clarkson had already raised her eyebrows; at this answer they disappeared behind a *toupet* dating from her late descent upon the Victorian capital.

"Really, Miss Bouverie!" she said, and nothing more in words. But the tone was intolerable, and its accompanying sneer a refinement in vulgarity, which only the really refined would have resented as it deserved. Miss Bouverie got up and left the room without a word. But her flaming face left a misleading tale behind.

She was not introduced to Sir Julian; but that was not her prime disappointment when the great night came. All desire for an introduction, all interest in the concert, died a sudden death in Hilda Bouverie at her first glimpse of the gentleman who was duly presented to Mrs. Clarkson as Sir Julian Crum. He was more than middle-aged; he wore a grey beard, and the air of a somewhat supercilious martyr; his near sight was obviated by double lenses in gold rims. Hilda could have wept before the world. For nearly three weeks she had been bowing in imagination to a very different Sir Julian, bowing as though she had never beheld him in her life before; and yet in three minutes she saw how little real reason she had ever had for the illogical conclusion to which she had jumped. She searched for the sprightly figure she had worn in her mind's eye; his presence under any other name would still have been welcome enough now. But he was not there at all. In the patchy glare of the kerosene lamps, against the bunting which lined the corrugated walls of Gulland's new iron store, among flower and weed of township and of station, did Miss Bouverie seek in vain for a single eye-glass and a military moustache.

The concert began. Miss Bouverie opened it herself with the inevitably thankless pianoforte solo, in this case gratuitously meretricious into the bargain, albeit the arbitrary choice of no less a judge than Mrs. Clarkson. It was received with perfunctory applause, through which a dissipated stockman thundered thickly for a song. Miss Bouverie averted her eyes from Sir Julian (ensconced like Royalty in the centre of the first row) as

"MRS. CLARKSON IN HER FINE NEW RAIMENT HAD BOTH SUNG AND ACTED A COY DITTY."

she descended from the platform. She had not the hardihood to glance towards the great man until the indistinct stockman had had his wish, and Mrs. Clarkson, in her fine new raiment, had both sung and acted a coy ditty of the previous decade, wherein every line began with the word "somebody." It was an immediate success; the obstreperous stockman led the encore; but Miss Bouverie,

who duly accompanied, extracted solace from the depressed attitude in which Sir Julian Crum sat looking down his nose.

The township boasted its score of dwellings, but few of them showed a light that evening; not less than ninety of the round hundred of inhabitants clapped their hands and mopped their foreheads in Gulland's new store. It might have been run up for its present purpose. There was an entrance at one end for the performers, and that on the platform level, since the ground sloped a little; at the other end was the only other entrance, by which the audience were admitted. A makeshift lobby had been arranged behind the platform, and thither Mrs. Clarkson retired to await her earlier encores; when the compliment became a recognised matter of course, she abandoned the mere form of a momentary retirement, and stood patiently smiling in the satin ball-dress brought from Melbourne for the nonce. And for the brief intervals between her efforts she descended to a throne specially reserved on the great musician's right.

The other performers did not dim her brilliance by reason of their own. There was her own dear husband, whose serious recitation was the one entertaining number. There was a Rabbit Inspector who rapped out "The Scout" in a defiant baritone, and a publican whose somewhat uneven tenor was shaken to its depths by the simple pathos of "When Sparrows Build." Mrs. Clarkson could afford to encourage such tyros with marked applause. The only danger was that Sir Julian might think she really admired their untutored attempts.

"One must do it," she therefore took occasion to explain as she clapped. "They are so nervous. The hard thing is to put oneself in their place; it's nothing to me to sing a song, Sir Julian."

"So I can see, madam," said he.

At the extreme end of the same row Miss Bouverie passed her unemployed moments between Mr. Radford and the wall, and was not easy until she had signalled to little Mr. Hack to occupy the seat behind her. With the two together she felt comparatively comfortable. Mr. Radford's running criticism on the performers, always pungent, was often amusing, while Mr. Hack lost no opportunity of advancing his own ideals in the matter of musical entertainment.

"A song and dance," said he, again and again, with a more and more sepulchral deviltry—"a song and dance is what you want. You should have heard the Sisters Belton in their palmy days at the Pav! You don't get the best of everything out here, you know, Ted!"

"No; let's hope they've got some better men than you," returned Radford, inspired by the quorum of three to make mincemeat of his friend.

It was the interval between parts one and two. The platform was unoccupied. A cool draught blew through the iron building from open door to open door; there was no occasion to go outside. They had done so, however, at the lower end; there was a sudden stampede of returning feet. A something in the scuffling steps, a certain outcry that accompanied them, caused Miss Bouverie and her companions to turn their heads; they turned again at as sudden a jingle on the platform, and the girl caught her breath. There stood her missing hero, smiling on the people, dapper, swarthy, booted, spurred, and for one moment the man she had reason to remember, exactly as she remembered him. The next his folded arms sprang out from the shoulders, and a brace of long-barrelled revolvers covered the assembly.

"Up with your hands, every man of you!" he cried. "No, not the ladies, but every man and boy who doesn't want a bullet in his brain!"

The command was echoed in uncouth accents at the lower door, where, in fact, a bearded savage had driven in all and sundry at his pistol's point. And in a few seconds the meeting was as one which had carried by overwhelming show of hands a proposition from which the ladies alone saw occasion to dissent.

"You may have heard of me before," said the man on the platform, sweeping the forest of hands with his eye-glass. "My name's Stingaree."

It was the word which Hilda Bouverie had heard on the veranda and taken for some strange expletive.

"Who is he?" she asked, in a whisper that bespoke excitement, agitation, but not alarm.

"The fancy bushranger—the dandy outlaw!" drawled Radford, in cool reply. "I've been expecting him. He was seen on our run the day Mrs. Clarkson went down to Melbourne."

That memorable day for Hilda Bouverie! And it was this manner of man who had been her hero ever since: a bushranger, an outlaw, a common robber under arms!

"And you never told me!" she cried, in an indignant whisper.

"MY NAME'S STINGAREE."

"We never told Mrs. Clarkson either. You must blame the boss."

Hilda snatched her eyes from Stingaree, and was sorry for Mrs. Clarkson for the first time in their acquaintance. The new ball-dress of bridal satin was no whiter than its wearer's face, which had aged several years in as many seconds. The squatter leant towards her with uplifted hands, loyally concerned for no one and for nothing else. Between the couple Sir Julian might have been conducting without his bâton, but with both arms. Meanwhile, the flashing eye-glass had fixed itself on Miss Bouverie's companion, without resting for an instant on Miss Bouverie.

"Silence over there!" cried Stingaree, sternly. "I'm here on a perfectly harmless errand. If you know anything about me at all, you may know that I have a weakness for music of any kind, so long as it's good of its kind."

The eye-glass drooped for a moment upon Mrs. Clarkson in the front row, and the irrepressible Radford was enabled to continue his say.

"He has, too, from a mouth-organ to a full orchestra, from all accounts, Miss Bouverie. My revolver's in the coat-pocket next you!"

"It is the music," continued Stingaree, looking harder than before in their direction, "which has brought me here to-night. I've come to listen, and for no other reason in the world. Unfortunately, when one has a price upon one's head, one has to take certain precautions before venturing among one's fellow-men. And, though I'm not here for gain or bloodshed, if any man of you gives me trouble I shall shoot him like a dog!"

"That's one for me," whispered the intrepid overseer, in lower key. "Never mind. He's not looking at us now. I believe Mrs. Clarkson's going to faint. You take what I told you and slip it under your shawl, and you'll save a second by passing it up to me the instant you see her sway!"

Hilda hesitated. A dead silence had fallen on the crowded and heated store, and in the silence Stingaree was already taking an unguarded interest in Mrs. Clarkson's appearance, which as certainly betokened imminent collapse. "Now!" whispered Radford, and Hilda hesitated no more. She was wearing a black lace shawl between her appearances at the piano; she had the revolver under it in a twinkling, and pressed it to her bosom with both hands, one outside the shawl and one underneath, as who should hug a beating heart.

"Mrs. Clarkson," said Stingaree, "you have been singing too much, and the quality of your song has not been equal to the quantity."

It sounded a brutal speech enough; and to do justice to a portion of the audience not hitherto remarkable for its spirit, the ungallant criticism was audibly resented in the back rows. The maudlin stockman had indeed to be restrained by his neighbours from precipi-

tating himself upon the barrels of Stingaree. But the effect upon Mrs. Clarkson herself was still more remarkable, and revealed a subtle kindness in the desperado's cruelty. Her pale face flushed; her lacklustre eyes flared forth their indignation; her very clay was on fire for all the room to see.

"I don't sing for criminals and cut-throats!" the indignant lady cried out. She glanced at Sir Julian as one for whom she did sing. And Sir Julian's eyes twinkled under the bushranger's guns.

"To be sure you don't," said Stingaree, with as much sweetness as his character would permit. "You sing for charity, and spend three times as much as you are ever likely to make in arraying yourself for the occasion. Well, we must put up with some song-bird without fine feathers, for I mean to hear the programme out." His eyes ranged the front rows till they fell on Hilda Bouverie in her corner. "You young lady over there! You've been talking since I called for silence. You deserve to pay a penalty; be good enough to step this way."

Hilda's excitement may be supposed; it made her scandalously radiant in that company of humiliated men and women, but it did not rob her of her resource. Removing her shawl with apparent haste, but with calculated deliberation, she laid it in a bunch upon the seat which she had occupied, and stepped forward with a courage that won a cheer from the back rows. Stingaree stooped to hand her up to the platform; and his warm grip told a tale. This was what he had come for, to make her sing, to make her sing before Sir Julian Crum, to give her a start unique in the history of the platform and the stage. Criminal, was he? Then the dearest, kindest, most enchanting, most romantic criminal the world had ever seen! But she must be worthy of his chivalry and her chance; and, from the first, her artistic egoism insisted that she was.

Stingaree had picked up a programme, and dexterously mounted it between hammer and cartridge of the revolver which he had momentarily relinquished, much as a cornet-player mounts his music under his nose. With both weapons once more levelled, he consulted the programme now.

"The next item, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "is another pianoforte solo by this young lady. We'll let you off that, Miss Bouverie, since you've got to sing. The next song on the programme is called 'The Unrealized Ideal,' and the music is by our distinguished visitor and patron, Sir Julian Crum. In happier circumstances it would have been sung to you by Mrs. Montgomery Clarkson; as it is, I call upon Miss Bouverie to realize her ideal and ours, and on Sir Julian Crum to accompany her, if he will."

At Mrs. Clarkson's stony side the great man dropped both arms at the superb impudence of the invitation.

"Quite right, Sir Julian; let the blood run into them," said Stingaree. "It is a pure oversight that you were not exempted in the beginning. Comply with my entreaty and I guarantee that you shall suffer no further inconvenience."

Sir Julian hesitated. In London he was a clubman and a diner-out; and what a tale for the Athenæum—what a short cut to every ear at a Kensington dinner-table! In the end it would get into the papers. That was the worst of it. But as Sir Julian faced the drawback, his pondering eyes met those of Miss Bouverie—on fire to sing him his own song, alight with the ability to do it justice. And Sir Julian was lost.

How she sang it may be guessed. Sir Julian bowed and swayed upon the stool. Stingaree stood by with a smile of personal pride and responsibility, but with both revolvers still levelled, and one of them cocked. It was a better song than he had supposed. It gained enormously from the composer's accompaniment. The last verse was softer than another would have made it, and yet the singer obeyed inaudible instructions as though she had never sung it otherwise. It was more in a tuneful whisper than in hushed notes that the last words left her lips:—

> Lightly I sped when hope was high,
> And youth beguiled the chase;
> I follow—follow still; but I
> Shall never see her Face.

The applause, when it came, was almost overwhelming. The bushranger watched and smiled, but cocked his second pistol, and let the programme flutter to the floor. As for Sir Julian Crum, the self-contained, the cynical, he was seen for an instant, wheeled about on the music-stool, grasping the singer by both hands. But there was no hearing what he said; the girl herself heard nothing until he bellowed in her ear:—

"They'll have their encore. What can you give them? It must be something they know. 'Home, Sweet Home'? 'The Last Rose'? 'Within a Mile'? The first, eh? Very well; it's a leaf out of Patti's book; but so are they all."

And he struck the opening bars in the key of his own song, but for some moments Hilda

Bouverie stood bereft of her great voice. A leaf out of Patti's book, in that up-country township, before a roomful held in terror—and yet unmindful—of the loaded pistols of two bloodthirsty bushrangers! The singer prayed for power to live up to those golden words. A leaf out of Patti's book!

It was over. The last poignant note trembled into nothingness. The silence, absolutely dead for some seconds, was then only broken by a spirituous sob from the incorrigible stockman. There was never any applause at all. Ere it came, even as it was

"STINGAREE WAS IN THE SADDLE BEFORE THE HURLED REVOLVER STRUCK THE COLT."

coming, the overseer Radford leapt to his feet with a raucous shout.

The bushranger had vanished from the platform. The other bushranger had disappeared through the other door. The precious pair had melted from the room unseen, unheard, what time every eye doted on handsome Hilda Bouverie, and every ear on the simple words and moving cadences of "Home, Sweet Home."

Ted Radford was the first to see it; for by the end of the brief song he had his revolver uncovered and cocked at last, and no quarry left for him to shoot. With a bound he was on the platform; another carried him into the canvas ante-room, a third and a fourth out into the moonlight. It was as bright as noon in a conservatory of smoked glass. And in the tinted brightness one man was already galloping away; but it was Stingaree who danced with one foot only in the stirrup of a restive colt.

Radford rushed up to him and fired point-blank again and again. A series of metallic clicks was all the harm he did, for Stingaree was in the saddle before the hurled revolver struck the colt on the ribs, and sent the pair flying through the moonlight with a shout of laughter, a cloud of sand, and a dull volley of thunderous hoofs. The overseer picked up his revolver and returned crestfallen to examine it in the lights of the emptying room.

"I could have sworn I loaded it," said he. "If I had, he'd have been a dead man six times over."

Miss Bouverie had been talking to Sir Julian Crum. On Radford's entry she had grown *distraite*, but at Radford's speech she turned back to Sir Julian with shining eyes.

"My wife wants a companion for the voyage," he was saying. "So that will cost you nothing, but rather the reverse, and once in London I'll be answerable. I've adjudicated these things for years to voices not in the same class as yours. But the worst of it is you won't stay with us."

"I will."

"No; they'll want you at Covent Garden before we know where we are. And when you are ready to go to them, go you must."

"I shall do what you tell me."

"Then speak to Mrs. Clarkson at once."

Hilda Bouverie glanced over her shoulder, but her employers had left the building. Her smile was less roguish than demure.

"There is no need, Sir Julian. Mrs. Clarkson has already spoken to me, though only in a whisper. But I am to leave by the next coach."

Models for Famous Pictures.

By Ronald Graham.

MANY of the celebrated paintings in our public and private collections have a double interest to those who are privileged to know personally the originals of the characters depicted on canvas. It is like getting behind the scenes in Picture-land. Even when the acquaintance is not a personal one, it is something, for example, to stand in front of such a picture as Millais's "North-West Passage" at the Tate Gallery and recognise in the aged mariner 'the form and features of the inimitable, invincible Trelawney, the friend of Byron and Shelley, whose surprising adventures in the Indian Main so won our hearts and imaginations in boyhood. Trelawney was introduced to the painter by John Leech when he was an old man living near Worthing, full of fads and fancies and a strict tee-totaler. When finishing the picture Millais added, as a realistic touch, a glass of stiff grog, whereat Trelawney is said

MR. E. J. TRELAWNEY.

MRS. FOOTE.

From] WHO SAT AS MODELS FOR THE PICTURE BELOW. [*Photos.*

"THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE." By SIR J. E. MILLAIS, P.R.A.

(By permission of the Autotype Co., 74, New Oxford Street, London.)

to have been furious. "I never would have sat," he roundly declared, "if I'd known I was to represent an old drunkard." He even wanted the grog painted out, but Millais would not consent to this. The female figure was painted from a model, who was then, or afterwards became, a Mrs. Foote.

In the famous "Order of Release" no less a person than Lady

LADY MILLAIS, WHO APPEARS IN "THE ORDER OF RELEASE."

"MY FIRST SERMON."
By SIR J. E. MILLAIS.
(By permission of Henry Graves & Co.)

"THE ORDER OF RELEASE." By SIR J. E. MILLAIS.
(By permission of W. A. Mansell & Co.)

From a Photo.

MISS EFFIE MILLAIS, WHO SAT AS MODEL FOR THE ABOVE PICTURE.

Millais posed as the wife of the lucky Highlander, and it is said to have been an excellent portrait of that lady as she was at the period when the picture was painted. The original of "Bubbles," Master Willie James, is now a lieutenant in the Royal Navy. Many years before (1866) his mother, as Miss Effie Millais, posed for "My First Sermon."

Turning for a moment by way of contrast to a master-painting by another and hardly less distinguished artist, "The Golden Stairs," by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, we are able, by the kind assistance

MRS. DUCKWORTH.
From a Photo. by Mrs. Cameron.

MISS MORRIS.
From a Photo. by Mrs. Cameron

of his family, to trace several figures in that canvas to their source. First of all there is Miss Margaret Burne-Jones (now Mrs. Mackail), who more, perhaps, than any influenced the painter's type of womanhood, at least in all his later works. We greet her in many canvases, notably in "The Mirror of Venus." At the time when "The Golden Stairs" was painted Mrs. Mackail was but sixteen, the age at which our photograph shows her. Lady Burne-Jones, moreover, sat for one or more of the figures. The young woman playing the violin is Miss May Morris, daughter of

Mrs. Duckworth. Miss Peacock.

MISS BURNE-JONES.
From a Photo. by F. Hollyer.

MISS PEACOCK.
From a Photo. by Mrs. Cameron.

PORTRAITS OF LADIES WHO POSED AS MODELS.

Miss Burne-Jones. Miss Morris.

"THE GOLDEN STAIRS." By SIR E. BURNE-JONES

(By permission of F. Hollyer, 9, Pembroke Square, Kensington.)

the late William Morris. Years before Burne-Jones had immortalized Mrs. Duckworth as the Mary in his "The Annunciation," and out of the many sketches of this lady he introduced her later on into other paintings besides "The Golden Stairs." A favourite model of Burne-Jones was the late Mrs. Keene, who sat not only for many of his female figures, but to many other painters as well during more than twenty years. Her daughter, also a professional model, likewise appears in more than one of his canvases. Among other sitters for "The Golden Stairs" we have not already mentioned were Mrs. Gellibrand and Miss O'Neill.

MAJOR-GEN. LEMPRIÈRE.
From a Photo. by Carl Vandyk, 125, Gloucester Road.

Speaking of favourite models inevitably calls to mind the celebrated Miss Siddal, who afterwards became Mrs. D. G. Rossetti, and who sat not only to Rossetti, but to Millais, Burne-Jones, and Holman Hunt. She is the original of the "Ophelia" in the Tate collection.

A noted professional model forty years ago was Miss Ryan, whose gentle beauty of face and figure commended her to many of the most eminent painters of the time. It would not be a difficult task to enumerate many of the canvases in which she appeared, but we must be content here to cite but two, "The Huguenot" and "The Proscribed Royalist," both by Sir John Millais. In the latter picture the man hiding in the tree was painted from Mr. Arthur Hughes, the only surviving member, with Mr. Holman Hunt, of the pre-Raphaelite painters of the early "fifties." In "The Huguenot," with Miss Ryan appears a young Army captain of Jersey and Huguenot descent, Arthur Lemprière, now a major-general and still living at a ripe old age in Camberley. No photograph exists

MISS RYAN.
From a Photo. by Grant, Croydon.

"THE HUGUENOT." By SIR J. E. MILLAIS.
(By permission of H. Graves & Co., 6, Pall Mall.)
WITH PORTRAITS OF THE MODELS.

of himself at the time the picture was painted (1852), but Major-General Lemprière courteously sends us the earliest one extant.

While we are on the subject of Millais's models it may be interesting to note that Lady Millais's sisters, the Misses Gray (afterwards Mrs. Caird and Mrs. Stibbard), as well as her own children, often sat to the great painter and figure in numerous canvases. "Autumn Leaves," for instance, contains the portraits of Sir John's sisters-in-law, as do "Apple Blossoms" and "Pot-Pourri." "Yes or No?" is a likeness of Mrs. Stibbard. In what many think Millais's finest picture, "Sir Isenbras at the Ford," the boy who sits behind on the knight's horse is Millais's son; his little sister is Mrs. Stibbard. But there are dozens of such pictures containing portraits of the painter's family, especially of his children and grandchildren.

From a Photo. *by Elliott & Fry.*

MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON, WHO POSED FOR THE FIGURE OF LOVE IN "DANTE'S DREAM."

The original of the figure of Love in Rossetti's "Dante's Dream" was none other than Mr. Forbes-Robertson, the actor, whose father was on terms of intimacy with the poet-painter. In this picture we may note also the features of Mrs. William Morris duplicated, as one might say, in two of the female figures, while the Beatrice, upon whose cheek Love is bestowing a kiss, is the Miss Peacock whose portrait appears on an earlier page of this article. Rossetti always idealized—sometimes sufficiently so to be exempt from the charge of copying from Nature at all—producing his heroes and heroines out of his "inner consciousness," as it were, but in Miss Peacock and Mr. Forbes-Robertson the likenesses are singularly faithful.

It was this Miss Peacock to whom has been attributed the distinction of giving to Rossetti the idea of the "Rossetti neck," while in the same painter's "Mary Magdalene at the Door of Simon" the head of Christ is painted from Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and is generally considered an excellent portrait. Moreover, the poet Swinburne is the man standing in the foreground, Mrs. Duckworth, whose portrait appears on page 307, being the Mary Magdalene.

"DANTE'S DREAM." By D. G. ROSSETTI.

(By permission of F. Hollyer, 9, Pembroke Square, Kensington.)

Many of us who are passing familiar with the lineaments of the author of "Atalanta in Calydon" to-day forget what a metamorphosis forty summers have wrought in that once slender face and amongst those hyacinthine locks, and only recall it when we see such a portrait as this or that other, and perhaps more authentic, likeness labelled "Algernon Charles Swinburne, Esq.," painted by his friend Rossetti. Mere photographs, it is to be feared, can never quite reproduce this long-lost aspect. The poet's chin is certainly "idealized" out of recognition. It may be worth mentioning that the fawn in the foreground, once a denizen of Windsor Great Forest, had also sat to other painters and came to sit for many others, figuring also in one of the sketches of Sir Edwin Landseer.

MR. ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry

SIR E. BURNE-JONES.
From a Photo. by F. Hollyer.

Few persons who have long looked upon and admired

"MARY MAGDALENE AT THE DOOR OF SIMON." By D. G. ROSSETTI.
(By permission of W. M. Rossetti, Esq.)
WITH PORTRAITS OF TWO OF THE MODELS.

Millais's "The Black Brunswicker" have any idea that they are gazing upon a portrait of Charles Dickens's daughter Kate, who is also known to fame, on her own account, as the painter, Mrs. C. E. Perugini. But, as we have already shown, Millais was fond of the fancy or subject-portrait, which, in his later years, at least, became very little idealized, differing in this respect from many of his fellow-painters, such as Rossetti and Burne-Jones. It is well known that Holman Hunt painted "The Light of the World" from his own features and person in the looking-glass, but he succeeded in idealizing it out of all recognition. The author of "The Golden Stairs," and such painters as Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, R.A., also keep true to their own type of manhood and womanhood, however much they may be influenced by the model of the moment.

But the painter of "The Black Brunswicker," on the other hand, as we have had frequent occasion to note, adhered strongly to the personality of his sitter. It is said that it was while Miss Dickens was giving sittings to Millais that she first met her future husband in Millais's studio; and it was also about this period that her father, the great novelist, was himself sitting to the Frenchman, Ary Scheffer, for his portrait. The painful lack of resemblance to the author at his best gave much concern to his family. "It doesn't look like me," declared Dickens, laughingly, "but the worst of it is, I feel I am growing to look more like *it* every day!" Many critics have taken exception to the extraordinarily large head, compared with the face, of the "Brunswicker," but we are assured by one who was well acquainted with the model that he was peculiar in this respect, the peculiarity being accentuated by the manner of wearing the hair which was *à la mode* in the early "sixties."

"THE BLACK BRUNSWICKER." By SIR J. E. MILLAIS.
(By permission of W. A. Mansell & Co.)

MISS KATE DICKENS (MRS. PERUGINI), WHO POSED FOR THE FEMALE FIGURE IN "THE BLACK BRUNSWICKER."

It is often a curious study to observe the phases of any given model under the brush of half-a-dozen eminent painters. Each picture presents a fresh aspect of countenance and expression. Sometimes it happens, however, that a model sits to a single painter, recurring again

and again in his canvases with such striking fidelity to life as to be instantly recognisable even by passing acquaintances. Such a model was Miss Dorothy Dene and her sister, Miss Hetty Dene, in most of the later pictures of Lord Leighton. As each new Academy exhibition came around there was a general curiosity to see in what new pose and attire the Dene sisters would be delineated. It is needless to enumerate them all, but there is one Leighton painting, accessible to all

SIG. ANGELO COLAROSSI, WHO POSED FOR THE ANCIENT BRITON BELOW. [*Photo. From a*]

in the Royal Exchange, for which not only the Dene sisters sat (they are the two figures on the left), but which also brings in a male model, Angelo Colarossi, who may be seen in many other famous pictures, including Millais's "Boyhood of Raleigh." The painting we refer to is called "Commerce Between the Ancient Britons and the Phœnicians," and is an excellent example of Lord Leighton's style. Speaking of "The Boyhood

MISS DOROTHY DENE.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

MISS HETTY DENE.
From a Photo. by Ellis & Walery.
MODELS OF THE TWO WOMEN AT THE LEFT OF THE ADJOINING PICTURE.

PORTION OF THE PICTURE, "COMMERCE BETWEEN THE ANCIENT BRITONS AND THE PHŒNICIANS."
BY LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

of Raleigh," which hangs in the Tate Gallery, we may mention, in passing, that the two lads to whom the foreign mariner, otherwise Colarossi, is telling tales of the

From a Photo. by *Window & Grove.*

LADY ALMA-TADEMA, WHO POSED FOR THE ELDER WOMAN IN "THE GREETING."

sea are the painter's own sons, George and Everett Millais.

It used to be an old practice, almost amounting to a convention, amongst the portrait-painters of a past age to introduce their sitters in the guise of ancient heroes and heroines, saints, and even of divinity itself. A group ostensibly purporting to be "A Roman Warrior Taking Leave of His Family" might well have carried as an alternative title, "Joseph Brown, Esq., Mrs. Brown, Master and the Misses Brown." Rubens and Van Dyck, for example, limned portraits of worthy burghers as Jewish worshippers (as in "Aux Donateurs"), Roman and Sabine princes, and mythological divinities.

That portrayer of ancient Rome, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, does not often introduce actual portraits into his canvases, which makes one of his works, at least, of extraordinary interest. For in this picture, to which Sir Lawrence has given the title "The Departure" (which is also known as "The Greeting"), we find represented a unique family group. The lady who is imprinting a kiss is Lady Alma-Tadema. The child who is receiving the salute is Miss Alma-Tadema, while in the features of the adjacent marble bust may readily be traced those of the painter himself.

It is by no means uncommon for painters to introduce their own portraits into their canvases—the great Turner himself did it upon occasion—but we doubt if there are many instances where the artist has converted himself into a marble bust for the purposes of his composition.

This picture was painted for the well-known German novelist, Georg Ebers. On its exhibition there were many who failed to see the point of the joke, one critic gravely remarking that "if the bust were that of Marcus Aurelius, as was apparently the case, although the likeness was far from convincing, it was a proof of the painter's profound study of Roman manners, because Cornelius Nepos distinctly avers that, so great was the Emperor's popularity, casts of Apollo and Mars were frequently displaced in Roman houses for bronze and marble presentments of the Emperor!"

"THE GREETING." By SIR L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.
(By permission of Franz Hanfstaengl.)

"MERCY: ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY." By SIR J. E. MILLAIS.
(By permission of W. A. Mansell & Co.)

We have not space for many more examples, but we must not omit one other Millais in the national collection — "Mercy: St. Bartholomew's Day." The nun in this picture is the present well-known Marchioness of Granby.

It is natural that, in the case of his pictures of children, there should be many claimants for the honour of having sat to Millais. One picture, "Cherry Ripe," has given rise to considerable dispute in this way. We have received a letter from a reader of THE STRAND in Yorkshire,

LADY GRANBY, WHO SAT FOR THE FIGURE OF THE NUN IN THE ABOVE PICTURE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

stating that in a Mrs. Fell (*née* Pepper) he has found the original of "Cherry Ripe," and enclosing an excellent photograph of the lady. Then a professional model, Miss Blanche Barette, also puts in a claim. But there seems no doubt whatever that the little lady is really Miss Edie Ramage, now Mme. Ossorio, and niece of the late Mr. Thomas, proprietor of the *Graphic*. But there has never been any question as to who is the original of three almost equally famous pictures, "Cinderella," "Sweetest

Eyes Ever Seen," and "Caller Herrin'," for the likeness is too striking to admit of doubt. This was Miss Beatrice Buckstone, daughter of the celebrated comedian, and now Mrs. Warren, to whom we are indebted for the accompanying photograph.

"Caller Herrin'" is indeed one of the finest examples of Millais's brush. In this picture he seemed to revert to his old pre-Raphaelite handling, and he himself declared that not a little of his inspiration and enthusiasm was due to this youthful sitter. He used to say her beautiful eyes fascinated him, and when the time for the last sitting for each picture came he was wont to say, with that sweet smile of his, "And now, remember, Miss Trissy, you are to sit to me again—and again—and again! I believe you'll make my fortune yet!" This was Sir John's joke, but there are many painters who really owe their success in art to the happy discovery of a charming model. The names of many such will come readily to the minds of our readers.

MISS BEATRICE BUCKSTONE, THE MODEL FOR "CALLER HERRIN'."
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

One more picture and its model and we must conclude. A few pages back we referred to a famous model to many painters, including Burne-Jones — Mrs. Keene. We see her in Mr. Orchardson's "Flotsam and Jetsam," and

"CALLER HERRIN'." By SIR J. E. MILLAIS.
(By permission of the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street.)

we see her again also in the painting entitled "A Hundred Years Ago," where the likeness is even more vivid.

Mrs. Keene had a considerable personality, which she has in great measure transmitted to her daughter, Miss Bessie Keene, who likewise figures in many of the subject-paintings which we have seen recently on the walls of Burlington House. A good model is a rarity; when she happens to be a member of the painter's own family he may be accounted lucky indeed. The story is related of one great artist, who is still amongst us, that when a fellow-Academician said to him, "Where do you get hold of your pretty girls nowadays? Twenty years ago you painted your wife in every picture, but you can't go on." "Why not?" was the reply. "Well, my dear fellow, isn't she rather — ahem——" "Rather old? Not to *me!*"

MRS. KEENE, THE MODEL FOR THE PICTURE BELOW.
From a Photo. by Mrs. Cameron.

A propos of Mr. Orchardson, many admirers of this painter may be interested to know that in his diploma picture at Burlington House, "The North Foreland," the young damsel is Miss Orchardson.

There are many more examples of pictures by famous modern artists in which it would be quite possible for us to trace the originals; and some of those who visit the next Academy exhibition will take perhaps greater pleasure in going behind the scenes of Picture-land and detecting the likenesses of their friends and acquaintances rather than the intrinsic merits of the masterpieces which may adorn the walls.

"A HUNDRED YEARS AGO." By W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

"PLAIN H'EVELYN."

By Winifred Graham.

I.

MRS. INGREY was called the "New Woman poet"—she cleverly created around her a subtle air of enchantment.

Nothing commonplace entered her life-scheme; she had been born a poet, and would live and die a poet, in a delicious dream-world of her own fine imagination.

It was no small matter to be a genius, even with the assistance of a rustic cottage furnished by Liberty, a garden "all a-growing and a-blowing," and a new book of poems in the Press.

She guarded her soul rigorously from all that was sordid and unlovely, thanking Heaven that her child was beautiful, a little girl fresh and sparkling as a dewdrop at dawn.

"Iris is your living poem!" an enthusiastic admirer once exclaimed.

The idea pleased the mother well—involuntarily she sought to mould the child into a reflection of herself, teaching her "Art" as a religion, and holding up mediocrity as a sin.

It was summer, the garden blazed with flowers, and to the buzzing of insects, the singing of birds, the scent of roses, Mrs. Ingrey painted word-pictures of forcible originality. She had something fresh and unsaid to say of all these things; a single phrase could become a miracle of descriptive power, an expression of temperament, passionately emotional, almost startlingly alive.

"Mother! Oh, mother!"

A childish voice broke upon her muse, and Iris stood before her on the sunny path, a small, tremulously sensitive strip of humanity.

Mrs. Ingrey drew the child to her, laying a cool hand on the flushed cheek.

"Why are you so excited, Iris?" she asked.

"There—there's a new baby!" gasped the little girl, pointing with eager fingers as it seemed to a pansy border.

Mrs. Ingrey looked round startled.

"Where?" she queried.

"In Roders' cottage. I've seen it, mother; such a very, very small baby, but quite alive! Mrs. Roder is keeping it with her in bed."

Mrs. Ingrey shuddered slightly.

"A baby in that dirty little hovel!" she exclaimed. "How sad! I suppose the window was shut; they never let in a breath of air."

"It was very hot," Iris acknowledged, "but they were not at all sad. Perhaps a person is quite as happy with the window shut when there is something very special to think about. Mrs. Roder had a friend with her, and Mr. Roder was there too, but he was just going out to work. I asked him what he would name the baby, and he said 'plain h'Evelyn.'

The baby *was* plain, mother, but it might get better looking! Don't you think you could ask him to call it 'pretty Evelyn' instead?"

"You silly child!" laughed Mrs. Ingrey; "he only meant they were not giving the creature any other names. Poor 'plain h'Evelyn'! She won't have much chance of becoming beautiful in that squalid place. I really can't call and congratulate them, the atmosphere makes me ill."

Mrs. Ingrey glanced contemptuously at the wretched little labourer's cottage, divided only by a narrow strip of road from her own glorified dwelling. She saw only the dirt and ugliness, but those mystical childish eyes had looked farther.

The wonder of life kindled that flush of excitement on the cheeks of the little girl, whose quivering lips had touched "plain h'Evelyn's" brow. The poetry of a new-born soul, which the child-soul could appreciate without knowing why, escaped the full-grown poetess. Mrs. Ingrey's thoughts were busy with a far weightier matter.

"I am expecting a gentleman this afternoon," she told Iris. "He is coming to interview me. He represents a very important paper, so I want everything to look as charming as possible. I have desired Elizabeth to dress you in your quaint long white silk frock, the one that was copied from an old picture. After he has been here a little while you might stray in through the veranda window, leading Opal by a blue ribbon. He is being washed this morning for the occasion, so will be beautifully fluffy. Opal is always a success with interviewers, otherwise he is a horrid little dog! I want you to make an impression, as that recent photograph in which we are taken together is the only good one of me—unpublished. I shall offer it to Mr. Fawcett, and then you will be mentioned in the paper—the same as Opal."

Iris hardly listened. Her ears heard, but her mind had travelled back to that interesting bedside in the labourer's home, where a little living jewel, the bud of a wayside flower, blossomed faintly in a vitiated atmosphere. Iris instinctively understood what it meant to those simple people, the birth of their first child. She had seen the stolid pride on the face of the grimy man, had caught the touch of divinity in the eyes of the newly-made mother, that maternal radiance which all the poetry in the universe could never aptly express.

"Elizabeth will curl your hair," continued Mrs. Ingrey, glancing with pride at the sunny locks. "I want you to be dressed in good time. Wear your little white shoes, oh! and the white chiffon hat."

Iris nodded assent.

"What are you writing?" she asked, nestling near her mother and glancing over a pencilled page.

"A poem on the beauty of rain, darling. It is one of Nature's most poetical moods, when through the summer day we are suddenly surprised by a weeping web of silver rain. The tumbled green of the wet trees welcomes these soft grey tears, then all in a moment the sun will break out again—perhaps in a flame like flush, perhaps in quivering amber—and the crystal drops are aglow with unexpected kisses."

"You once wrote some verses called 'The Birth of the Rose,'" said Iris. "Oh! and you read me a piece about—about 'The Birth of the Opal,' by somebody else. Couldn't you write just a very little one on 'The Birth of Plain h'Evelyn'?"

Mrs. Ingrey laughed aloud.

"No, I am afraid she would not inspire me!"

Iris sighed as she wandered among the flowers, vaguely astonished that mother did not want to see the odd small thing over the way, and a little sorry there was not to be a poem on the arrival in this bright world of "plain h'Evelyn."

II.

IRIS had been adorned in the bravery of her white picture costume. It seemed rather silly that, because a child in a painting wore tiresome long skirts to her ankles, real live children should have to follow suit. The large, floppy chiffon hat felt cool and shady; she liked the soft round bunch of pale blue silk that sat in the frills with such comfortable composure.

Opal, a rather peevish white Pomeranian, had just been released from durance vile, and was entrusted to the care of Iris, who held him fast by his blue ribbon chain.

He certainly looked exceedingly lovely, with his snow-white coat glossy from recent combing and washing, a monstrous bow fastened to his collar matching the *chou* in Iris's hat, and a tinkling silver bell.

Iris gazed at him with genuinely admiring eyes.

"Mother would say you pay for dressing," she told him, as she stroked his silky hair, "which means you look very much better when you are smartened up!"

She tinkled his bell gleefully, and Opal in return tried to lick her face, one of his

little practices to which Mrs. Ingrey particularly objected.

"We are to stay here quietly in the garden till Mr. Fawcett arrives," Iris continued, speaking as if the dog understood. "Mother is in the drawing-room playing the piano."

She wandered to the quaint gateway arched with roses that led to the white road. Opal stood on his hind legs with his paws on the gate, and commenced panting. He always panted if he thought there was a possibility of escaping into the road.

Iris's blue eyes travelled to the humble cottage. She could see the windows were still closed, and a thread of feathery blue smoke crept from the chimney heavenward.

"I wonder," she whispered, "if 'plain h'Evelyn' would like very much to see you, Opal—with your beautiful bell and ribbons? I know Mrs. Roder loves dogs, because she did not mind when you chivvied her cat one day and drank the poor thing's milk. She called you a 'pretty dear,' and said she hoped we would call again."

Opal seemed begging to pay his early respects to the new arrival at Roders' cottage, for he pressed his paws to the bars of the gate and barked violently.

"We'll just slip over for a few minutes," murmured Iris. "I think it will please 'plain h'Evelyn.' I have seen very small babies in perambulators playing with dogs, and perhaps she will have grown a little by now. She was half asleep this morning."

The white dog and the white child scampered across the road. Iris knocked at the door, with a cheerful "May I come in?"

The friend who had been with Mrs. Roder that same morning opened to the summons. She was a pale-faced woman, and now her eyes were red with weeping.

"Is anything the matter?" asked the childish voice, anxiously.

"'EVERYTHING'S THE MATTER!' CAME IN REPLY."

"Everything's the matter!" came in reply. "The h'infant is took dreadful ill with convulsions, and the poor mother's nearly out of her mind! I've no one to send to fetch the doctor; Roder's at work and knows nothing! I dursn't go; the place can't be left. I'm just at my wit's end to think how we are to get at Dr. Cross!"

For a moment Iris felt staggered. She was conscious of a great thumping at her heart. She had returned to the cottage in such a glad holiday spirit, now she forgot Opal and his decorations, remembering only that Evelyn—"plain h'Evelyn"—was trembling on the brink of the grave.

Iris felt suddenly old—for responsibility seemed to have fallen with a great weight upon her youthful shoulders. She must, of course, help—must do what she could in this unexpected emergency.

Very pretty and troubled she looked as she paused to consider in the sunlit doorway.

"I know," she said, with a reassuring squeeze of her little hand on the pale-faced woman's skinny arm. "I'll go and fetch Dr. Cross, and—and—I'll run all the way. Tell Mrs. Roder not to worry, he will be here very soon."

"Bless your soul!" gasped the woman; "a little lady like you can't go all that way alone, and in them fine clothes! It's two miles or more. Ain't you frightened?"

Iris did not wait to answer the question. She thought of herself only as a messenger whose speed might save "plain h'Evelyn's" life. She vanished down the road, running as fast as those little feet in the soft, white shoes could carry her, Opal bounding and barking at her heels.

She had in her haste dropped the blue ribbon by which she previously led him, and

it swept the dust, which rose in a grey cloud round the breathless runners.

She did not notice as she pressed onwards that over the sunny afternoon a dark thundercloud gathered, merely fancying the day seemed darker since the bad news. There was something maternal in the sudden terror that entered the child's heart when she heard those words, "Everything's the matter!" To the simple cottagers over the way "plain h'Evelyn" was everything, a light and a joy in their humdrum world, not a being to be ridiculed even by the dainty and refined, but a beautiful new-born soul, demanding reverence and love.

Presently Iris slackened her pace, for rolling nearer till it broke almost overhead, thundered a great clap of Heaven's artillery. She only paused a moment to put up her little hands to her ears and murmur soothing words to Opal, conscious of his terror with an almost painful sensitiveness. She noted the woful drooping of his tail, the fear in those expressive dog eyes.

"We mustn't mind the thunder or the rain," she said, as the heavy drops commenced to fall. "If we sheltered 'plain h'Evelyn' might die; then, Opal, you and I would have killed her!"

A blinding storm lashed the country, the very earth seemed trembling under its boisterous visitation, but the unsheltered child in her drenched white frock heeded neither the hailstones nor lightning flash. The glory of a mission kept her company upon that pilgrimage against fierce elements. All things temporal, the discomfort of dripping garments which clung to the small figure, the fatigue of tired feet in sopping shoes, faded under a sense of warm pity and rich human love. Yet the way was cruelly long, and sometimes the eager feet would flag from very faintness, only to meet with hot abuse from the willing spirit guiding them.

"This will never do; you are not running fast enough," she would say to herself, severely. "Why, the village isn't in sight yet; you must be a slow-coach, Iris!"

But at last the welcome vision of distant houses broke through the gloom of the darkened day, looking weird beneath the orange of a still threatening sky.

It was a pitiable little spectacle which presented itself on Dr. Cross's doorstep—a child, who had once been white, sadly forlorn in soiled, unlovely garments. The big chiffon hat, having utterly collapsed under the violence of the storm, hung about her face in the grim tragedy of early destruction. Opal, no longer a soft, fluffy object of admiration, covered the steps with marks of muddy paws. His white coat suffered with Iris's picture costume; both child and dog had sacrificed beauty in the cause of humanity, without a thought or regret for the vanities of the world.

Dr. Cross's trap was at the door. He answered little Miss Ingrey's summons himself.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed. "What on earth are you doing out of doors on such a day, and wet to the skin, too?"

In quick, anxious accents Iris told her story. She did not ask if Dr. Cross would come; she just dragged him to the carriage with a pair of eager hands.

"But, my dear," he protested, "I have a patient I must see first in another direction. You may tell Mrs. Roder I will lose no time in calling on my return."

"SHE JUST DRAGGED HIM TO THE CARRIAGE WITH A PAIR OF EAGER HANDS."

Tears started to the wide, blue, childish eyes, raised to his in pleading indignation.

"Will your other patient die?" she asked.

"I hope not. It's old Mr. Marcus, at the Hall."

"He's lived a long time," added Iris, pensively, "and poor 'plain h'Evelyn' (that's what Roder calls her) has only just begun to live! She is much, much more important than Mr. Marcus. Oh, dear, darling Dr. Cross, please go first to the cottage; they are so frightened and lonely there."

She clung to him in a paroxysm of entreaty, and her intensity had its effect on the supine man.

"Very well, have it your own way," he said, good-naturedly. "I will drive you back at the same time. Wrap yourself round in the rug."

"Thank you very much," answered the child, taking Opal in her arms and lifting him into the doctor's trap. They were both so wet and mud-besmeared that it made little difference to the picture frock whether Opal nestled on her knee or lay at her feet with his nose on the tiny sandalled shoes.

As they drove quickly along the road which had seemed so interminable, Iris discussed "convulsions" with the doctor in her wise little way, asking him to make "plain h'Evelyn" his special care, because the Roders had never had a baby before.

He listened to the child's conversation with something of amusement in his eyes, yet at the same time the prosaic parish doctor felt conscious of a lump in his throat. The human kindness of this little creature came like a ray of sunlight in his day of toil. Her large-hearted sympathy touched some chord in his nature and made music—soft, spiritual, unearthly—which men of business seldom hear.

"Don't worry," he said, as he put her down at the gate of Mrs. Ingrey's glorified cottage. "I will do all I can."

Iris's quick look of gratitude thanked him more eloquently than words.

"Come, Opal," she cried, running up the garden path, "I am afraid we shall be a little late for Mr. Fawcett. This way, Opal; mother said we were to come in by the veranda. She won't mind us being wet, because she loves the rain. She was writing a poem about it this morning."

"Half the charm of summer lies in these swift and beautiful showers," Mrs. Ingrey was saying, when a small shadow fell across the rose-tinted curtains.

She looked up startled. There before her stood Iris and the jubilantly dirty Opal, the latter bounding up to Mr. Fawcett with mud-besmeared paws, the former shaking back her limp, damp hair, which, from contact with the storm, hung like rats' tails about her harassed little face.

A look of horror mingling with anger in her mother's eyes struck Iris like a blow. All in a moment she realized she had wounded her dear one at home. She never quite remembered what was said. She knew Mrs. Ingrey hustled her and Opal out of the room with some shocked exclamations, and closed the door on them with such decided disapproval that it was impossible to explain about the doctor and "plain h'Evelyn."

Twilight gathered, but still no sign from her mother, and Iris stayed sorrowfully in the nursery, busy with her own troubled thoughts.

"What is happening downstairs?" she asked, when a young nursemaid, Anna, came to put her to bed.

"Mr. Ingrey returned from London before Mr. Fawcett had left," she replied, "and now he's been asked to stay for an early dinner, and the carriage is ordered to take him back at nine. They are dining in the veranda, as it has come out so fine again."

Anna was brushing the child's hair, which glistened like gold now in the fading light.

"Did you remember to go to the Roders' for me?" asked Iris.

"Yes, miss. The baby is much better—all owing to Dr. Cross going there so quickly. If it hadn't been for him arriving just when he did, they say it would have died in another convulsion. Now he thinks the worst is over. Mrs. Roder was wonderfully cheerful."

Iris heaved a sigh of relief.

"The worst of it is," she added, "I've disappointed mother, but, oh! I am so glad 'plain h'Evelyn' will live!"

Iris went to the open window and leant out.

"Anna," she said, "don't those white lilies smell nice! Some are taller than me. I picked a large bunch this morning for the nursery; mother says I must always have flowers there, because they keep little girls good."

The lily border sent up its odours with delicious luxuriousness from below.

"Come, Miss Iris, it's time you were in bed."

The unpoetical Anna tucked her up and hurried away, laughing at the idea of flowers having any effect on the moral character.

Iris waited till the heavy footfalls died away, then she sprang out of bed, and shook free the hair Anna had fastened in a neat plait.

A sudden idea had come to the child's mind when the scent of the lilies stole through her window.

Swiftly she took from the high green vase on the nursery table all those fair lilies gathered earlier in the day—stealing barefooted down the winding staircase in her white frilled nightgown.

She could hear voices on the veranda—to her intense delight she caught the sound of Mrs. Ingrey's musical laugh. With noiseless steps she strayed like a moonbeam through the long French window, and, pausing, looked straight at Mr. Fawcett, who was seated beside her mother.

"THE STRANGER GAZED ADMIRINGLY AT THE BEAUTIFUL CHILD."

"I thought you might like some flowers to take back to London," she said, with her pretty smile, extending the bouquet of Madonna lilies to the stranger across the *al fresco* dining-table.

A look of pride and pleasure at the graceful action leapt to Mrs. Ingrey's eyes; the stranger gazed admiringly at the beautiful child.

"This will make a pretty little incident to tell my readers," he said, as he thanked and kissed Iris. "The maiden of the lilies—I shall not forget!"

When late at night Mrs. Ingrey stole upstairs to kiss her child, she found Iris still awake, waiting to tell her the story of the afternoon.

As she listened to the simple, childish explanation, her eyes filled with tears.

"You were right, little one," she whispered. "Do you know you have taught me a lesson? I was thinking only of self, of the shows and shams of life, while you had the real matters at heart. The least important soul is of greater moment than all the poems in the world. You found a poem I missed! 'Plain h'Evelyn,' with her mysterious future destiny, may have some day to thank you, Iris, for the strange joy and sorrow of human life. I will go and see her to-morrow—we will go together, you and I!"

Iris smiled as she nestled down among her pillows.

"That *will* be nice!" she murmured, sleepily, as night's heavy lids closed her tired eyes.

Off the Track in London.

By George R. Sims.

V.—ROUND HACKNEY WICK.

WE have driven across London from the great green park of the north-west, through the clamour and clatter of the crowded city at its busiest hour. We have been comforted after the miles of din and dust by the peace and beauty of Victoria Park, and thence by a zigzag route not to be recommended to the "stranger in these parts" we have arrived at Hackney Wick.

In the Wick are great factories employing thousands of women workers, and in the Wick there is an area of poverty that sends scores of barefooted children to the Board school and supplies Hackney Marshes with its "boy brigands."

When you stand on the Marshes and look out over the scene, a curious blend of greenery and grimness, of countryside and cinder heap, the first things that will attract your attention are the quaint and picturesque houses that seem here and there to emphasize the "lonesomeness" of the land.

Yonder is a farmhouse; far away at the end of a rough, muddy road is a tavern, and near it an improvised toll-gate standing on "No Man's Land," and run by the man who made the roadway possible because three parishes repudiated the property. It is on this spot that dwelt in the days of old the famous, or rather infamous, Dick Turpin, and many a small boy sleeping out o' nights in a cave burrowed in the great dust-shoot which makes a range of small black hills has doubtless mused on the deeds of the immortal local villain and wondered if a pony or a cart-horse from the neighbouring "farm" might be available to do duty as Black Bess in a moonlight gallop.

Farther afield is a pretty white house with trees round it, which is pointed out as the home of Izaak Walton, and in the distance is the green fringe of Epping Forest.

Here Middlesex ends and Essex begins, and a crowded poverty area is the dingy hem upon the green garment of the country.

That he is off the beaten track the Londoner realizes directly he enters the old farmyard, now used as stabling by a firm of contractors at work on the Marsh, and finds fowls and ducks running about, and sees mushrooms fresh gathered near at hand, laid out upon the window-sill of the farmhouse.

And a stone's throw away is the vast rubbish

"THE BRIGANDS' LAIR."

heap, until quite lately the camping-ground of the "wild boys of London."

They did no great harm, these "boy brigands." They were practically homeless, and here they assembled, poor little friendless, famishing vagabonds.

There was great astonishment when a year or two ago the capture of a band was reported in the daily Press. They were found in their cave, sitting round a fire and surrounded by empty sardine boxes and lobster cans. Some of them had lived there for weeks, others had recently joined the gang. All were ragged and penniless, and had family histories of the "vivid" or pathetic order.

My colleague has sketched "the brigands' lair" in which the homeless boys had their little romance, and the boys depicted therein are drawn from life in their habit as they are to the present moment.

There are scores of these boys still about the Wick, but, though they haunt the Marshes in the daytime and gather in little groups about their beloved dust-shoot, the vigilance of the authorities prevents them making it a home by night.

"A BROAD STREAM OF HUMANITY POURS OUT."

And soon the rubbish heap itself will have lost its glories. The County Council is at work levelling and improving the Marsh. It will be laid out and modernized and made as prim and respectable as Hackney Downs, on which are iron railings and gravel paths, and notice-boards with all the rules and regulations in which the heart of the County Council delights.

The brigands themselves—though they still linger on, tattered and unkempt, and go daily to the Board school in a makeshift for clothing which would have rejoiced George Cruikshank—are doomed.

The State is stepping in and taking charge of the children of neglectful or vicious parents, and the children of the State come from the workhouse homes in neat little suits, white collars, and trim boots, and look like little gentlemen and ladies who have been sent by mistake to the Board school.

We have looked upon a scene of idleness and squalid romance on the Wick; let us turn to one of industry and happy reality.

The bell of the great sweet factory of "Clarnicos" rings out. It is one o'clock. A moment ago the street leading to the factory was deserted. Suddenly a broad stream of humanity pours out and fills it. There are two thousand hands employed by the firm. The majority of them are women and girls. The few male workers form but a narrow rivulet to one side of the street; the bright-bloused girls make a stream of colour on the other.

Neatly dressed and pleasant-looking are the girls, and many of them are pretty. Their light blouses and white aprons give the blazing street a note of summer coolness. Some of them have hats, but a large number who are going to their own dining-hall opposite the works are bare-headed. If they were darker and had a flower in their hair I should fancy that I was once again watching the cigarette girls troop out from the great tobacco factory of Seville.

But most of the girls are fair, and their hair is arranged after the latest London method, though one or two are still in "pins," evidently reserving the glory of the coiffure for the hours of evening leisure in the family

circle, or for the pleasant ramble in the greener Hackney after tea. The dominant note of the crowd of workers is an air of comfort and well-to-doness, and this is probably accounted for by the fact that this well-known firm gives to all its workers a share of the profits in the shape of a bonus.

Clarnicos have their own fire brigade, their own band, and their own choral society. Every girl who has been five years with the firm gets a dowry of five pounds when she marries, and this year the *employés* took eleven and a half weeks' wages by way of bonus. It is no wonder that the stream of working humanity pouring out into the sunshine for the midday meal is a smiling one.

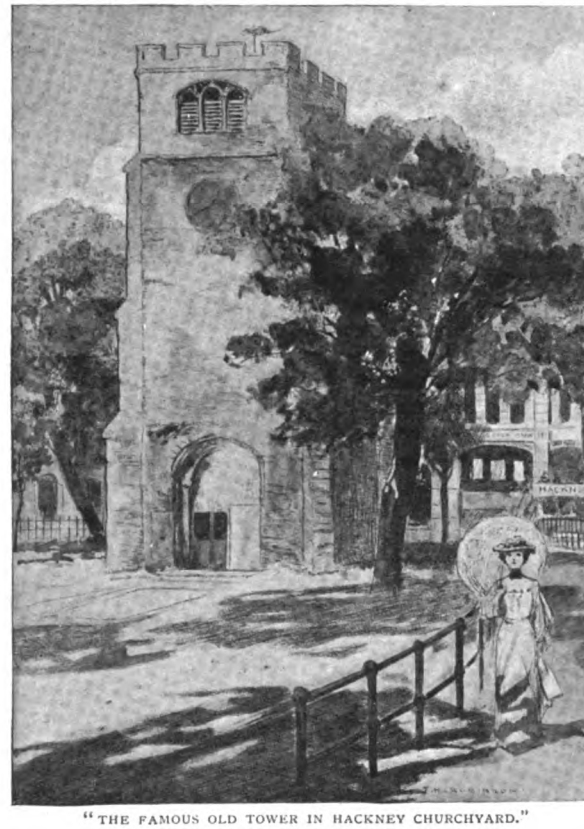
Statistics tell us that Hackney is the one district of London in which the unmarried women exceed in number the unmarried men. This is due to the fact that the women wage-earners are in a great majority.

When later on we take a stroll on Sunday evening in Mare Street we shall see plenty of evidence that the girl workers in Hackney are far in excess of the men workers.

Mare Street itself is not "off the track," but lying around it are spots of old-world romance that are rarely visited by non-residents. The street itself is dominated by the famous old tower in Hackney Churchyard—a grey relic of the past that seems as out of place among the gay shops, the passing tramcars, and the lively bustle of modern Hackney as Noah's Ark would be among the ironclads during a grand naval review at Spithead.

I don't think the ordinary Hackney man notices the tower or gives it much thought as he hurries by. He has grown so accustomed to it that it fails to set him pondering.

Sir Walter Besant, when he was writing his delightful books on London, came upon the tower suddenly, and it held him spell-bound. Few Londoners know anything about it. Americans who scour Europe for antiquities and grey ruins are never taken to Hackney to see one of the most remarkable relics of the past in the capital of the British Empire.



"THE FAMOUS OLD TOWER IN HACKNEY CHURCHYARD."

The manor of Hackney belonged for nearly two hundred years to the Knights Templars and passed to the Knights Hospitallers. Beneath this old grey tower lie the bones of both Templars and Hospitallers. There they rest, their glory past, their deeds forgotten, their names unknown, and the trains thunder past over the railway bridge that spans the street. The dust of the Templars—whose Order was founded by King John of Jerusalem in the twelfth century—may be shaken by the train that dashes past the old tower, bearing the alien Jews of the London Ghetto to the conquest and occupation of the outlying districts.

You pass through the churchyard, green and leafy and vast, and you come to quiet, eighteenth-century Sutton Place, or you take your way farther and find yourself in High Street, Homerton, with wonderful old houses, many of them the lordly mansions of the past. The old manor house still stands. It is now the property of the London School Board, and within its ancient walls the children of the poor who cannot compete

with their more intelligent companions are "specially instructed."

Hereabouts you seem not only "off the track," but at times "out of the century," and you feel that you are trespassing upon the ground of the antiquarian in your search for features of the London life of to-day.

You are wandering into old-world Hackney, and disturbing the shades of Jane Shore, of Darnley, and of Sir Walter Raleigh. The houses, even as they stand now, have "early eighteenth century" writ large upon them, and as we look at them we are living again in a long-forgotten day when, according to an old Guide to London published in 1761, Hackney was "a village in Middlesex on the north-east side of London, inhabited by such numbers of merchants and wealthy persons that it is said there are near an hundred gentlemen's coaches kept."

The gentry and the coaches have departed from at least this portion of Hackney, and the poor of our crowded London have streamed into the old quarters of the rich. The old mansion is now let out in floors, and in some cases in single rooms; the little general dealer displays his goods in the windows of a house that was the abode of a merchant prince, and in the garden that once boasted a carriage drive to the front door you may see unpicturesque heaps of old iron, the lumber of the cart and van builder, or the grimy paraphernalia of a blacksmith's yard.

It is in Homerton and the Wick that most of the poverty of Hackney is to be found. Here there are large numbers of industrious, decent people living practically on the verge of starvation. In good times they can keep on the right side. But when the bad times come and work is slack they are over the border-line directly.

In the great Board school in Windsor Road, in the heart of the Wick, I found some of the children shoeless and in rags. Every effort is made to find boots for all, but the demand is always in excess of the supply. But barefooted and ragged among the better dressed and better fed, recalling to one's mind the mud-cabin scholars of the old hedgerow schoolmasters of Ireland, these lads make a good fight of it. They strive hard to get their names on some of the rolls of honour exhibited in the drill-hall to encourage the spirit of emulation. They are not the children of criminal or vicious parents, but of unfortunate ones. Their standard of comfort is low. In their dinner-hour they forget about being hungry or dine on fresh air in Victoria Park or on the Marsh, and they look forward contentedly to Sunday as the day on which they have "pieces" for dinner.

Mr. Swift, the head master of Windsor Road School, kindly allowed me to interview a number of the boys whose appearance proclaimed them members of the poorest class in the Wick, and, though none of them got meat of any kind on the week-day, all, without exception, had "pieces" on Sunday. But, in spite of the fact that six days out of the seven are *jours maigres*, these lads are as keenly interested in the prowess of the school cricket elevens and football teams as any of their more fortunate class-mates.

In the dinner-hour we met two of them, barefooted and ragged, making their way to the Marsh. One of them had a battered wooden ball that he had probably found on the dust-shoot, and the other had a piece of splintered wood torn from an old packing-case. They were going to spend their dinner-time in a performance which at Lord's is called "practising at the nets."

The poverty of a portion of the Wick is a poverty by itself. There is a class living on the edge of the Marsh that seems to have been unloaded there like the dust and the cinders. It has been pushed out from the centre to the edge, and has stopped there because beyond is only a waste space.

As slum after slum is swallowed up by the building of factories or by local improvements the people are thrust out towards the Marsh, on which is the dust-shoot, and beyond which is "No Man's Land." The slums behind Mare Street are feeling the push of local improvements. Mare Street itself, that long and wonderful thoroughfare, is being Hausmannized. One side of it is already half down, and the bricks and mortar rattle in ceaseless showers on the protecting boarding as the house-breakers ply the pickaxe merrily. Mare Street was the old village street of Hackney, and is therefore winding, narrow, straggling, and ungainly. Only a single line of trams can run through it. Now it is to be widened, and the widening is to be carried out through its entire length, giving North-East London a broad outlet into the country *viâ* Mare Street, Clapton Road, and the Lea Bridge Road.

The idea is excellent, but there must be a large amount of further dishousing in the poor property lying immediately behind the line of improvement, and the dishoused will presumably have to crowd into another area.

Mare Street is famous for its "Monkeys' Parade." On Sunday evening it is packed

from end to end with promenaders. It is the predominance of the boy and girl element that has given it a reputation for the "monkey" business.

It is only the stranger who finds himself "off the track" on Sunday evenings in Hackney if he seeks to study the distinguishing note of the district. The principal resorts are naturally, to the masses of Hackney themselves, the beaten track.

On Hackney Downs the promenaders are eminently respectable and subdued. The middle-aged husband and wife walk leisurely along the railed-off paths, or sit silently side by side on the rustic seats. Young married couples take the air, and if there is a baby of the party it is generally the husband who wheels the perambulator. You may linger on the Downs on a summer Sunday evening till night falls and you will not hear a laugh or a loud voice. Most of the staid strollers in their Sunday clothes who pass you do not even smile. They seem to be taking the air on their evening of rest more as a duty than as a pleasure. Here and there you come upon sweethearts strolling slowly between the iron rails. You know that they are sweethearts because they are holding hands in the orthodox sweetheart manner. They are happy, but of their happiness they give no outward sign. They have yielded to the local influence, and walk in a subdued manner as one walks through a churchyard recently turned into a garden with seats. The patient grey faces of middle age I can understand in a district where life is strenuous and domestic responsibility gravely appreciated. But I cannot account for the stolid faces of the younger people. Probably the railed-in paths and the notice-boards setting forth the rules and regulations have something to do with the reserve. I have noticed the same effect produced by the surroundings of a museum even on a Bank Holiday.

The promenaders on the Downs are all neatly dressed; many of the young men wear frock-coats and high hats. Among these are the young husbands who are wheeling the perambulators. The young wives who pass us have recognised the beginning of summer with a flower-laden hat and a new blouse. But they wear their finery pensively. We do not linger long upon the Downs because the artistic instincts of my colleague are nowhere appealed to. He is disappointed. He had pictured a little range of green hills, a

"SUNDAY EVENING IN MARE STREET."

miniature Beachy Head without the sea. And he is disappointed with the Hackney Downers. "How," he exclaims, as he closes his sketch-book, "can these young women make themselves such pretty new blouses and wear them without a smile? Let us go to Mare Street."

We have heard so much of the famous Monkeys' Parade that we expect to see a bustling crowd directly we enter the thoroughfare.

There are plenty of people on the pavement and in the roadway. Here and there are groups of typical London lads, cane, cap, and cigarette, and we exclaim simultaneously, "The Monkeys!"

But having seen a Sunday evening in Mare Street through, I must in common justice place the Mare Street monkeys at once upon a pedestal in "The Realms of Radiant Rehabilitation." Whatever they have been in the past they have no apish tricks now. Of tumult or disorder, even at the hour when the crowd was greatest, there was no sign. I expected scratchbacks and playful punchings and an exchange of sallies between the sexes. There was nothing of the sort.

And yet the scene was remarkable, and in one sense I should think unique. There were considerably more young women than young men, and the majority of the young women promenaded in twos, occasionally in threes. The youths, who were in a decided minority, promenaded also in twos and threes when they did promenade, but they seemed to prefer standing about in groups.

The remarkable feature of the promenade was the costume of the young ladies. They were dressed in "pairs" like sisters, yet in many instances there was not the slightest family resemblance, and as a matter of fact a number of the "pairs" were merely friends. The costumes were as gay and gorgeous as the costumes that grace the Heath of Hampstead on a Whit-Monday. The favourite colours were petunia, violet, green, and sky-blue. Two young ladies, one dark and one fair, had adorned themselves in light green blouses, red hats and blue skirts, and waistbands of bright yellow. Another pair had selected costumes of aggressively bright blue and wore with them heliotrope hats. When the scene was at its busiest Mare Street was absolutely prismatic. But the blues and greens, violets and yellows, were not in merging lines; they broke up and intermixed in a kaleidoscope arrangement of coloured bits that was at times absolutely dazzling to unaccustomed eyes.

Occasionally a weird effect was added to the daring schemes of colour by a looping-up of the skirt with the old-fashioned dress-suspender which fastens round the waist and catches the dress up in bunches by means of clasps.

The costumes were evidently carefully thought out, for in the case of "pairs" the details were the same to the last shred of chiffon. As soon as the novelty of seeing a crowd of young women in pairs similarly attired had worn off, the feature of the crowd that "leapt to the eyes" was the complete absence of gloves and umbrellas.

I have said that the youths were here in a minority, and that they behaved remarkably well in the presence of this overwhelming army of brightly-arrayed damsels. The excess of the fair sex in Mare Street on Sunday evening is due to the fact to which I have referred earlier in this article. The number of unmarried women in Hackney is far greater than the number of unmarried men. The preponderance is in the poorer parts and in the districts surrounding factories where female labour is employed almost exclusively, as in the jam and confectionery trades, laundries, dyeing and cleaning work, matchbox-making, and certain branches of the bootmaking and tailoring trades. There are a large number of industries in Hackney employing only women; there are few in which men only are employed. There is, therefore, a steady exodus of the young men to districts where the industries employing male labour are situated.

The net result of this condition of affairs is that unmarried women are constantly attracted to Hackney and unmarried men are constantly compelled to leave it. This accounts for the magnificent display of feminine finery in Mare Street on Sunday evening, and for the fact that the Jills promenade together. Most of the Jacks are considerably their juniors—mere lads who have not yet come to the age when they must flit in search of work and the making of a home of their own.

To describe the Mare Street Sunday evening scene as a "Monkeys' Parade" is a libel on the youth of Hackney. It is bright and dazzling to the eye, it is light-hearted, and a strong contrast to the restraint of the Downs, but it is nothing more than a local equivalent for, let us say, "Church Parade in Hyde Park." The girls turn out in their best frocks to be seen and to see.

Opposite to the Hackney Empire in Mare Street is a space cleared for improvements.

You take a sharp turn by the side of this, and without losing sight of the crowded thoroughfare you are in a country village.

Fox's Cottages in Morning Lane seem to be in the heart of rural England, ten miles from a railway station.

They lie well back in little gardens filled with old-fashioned country flowers. In one garden there is a beehive, in another the remains of a well.

The smoke of the low chimneys ascends from thatched roofs. The cottagers sit in the porches, embowered in trailing ivy-leaves. The background is as rural as the heart of a poet hermit could desire. A little forest of green trees shuts away the world beyond.

In one of the country gardens two gaily-dressed young coster girls are sitting and chatting with the cottager and his wife. They sit among the flowers and look for all the world like young London lasses who have come to the village to astonish the country folks with their town finery. When they rise and bid the old folks good-bye, and coming through the little wicket stand for a moment at the wooden palings to say "Toodle-oo" in the cheeriest of Cockney accents, we are at first astonished. For a moment my colleague and I had imagined that we were in a rural hamlet and in the heart of green England.

Yet not a minute's walk away lies Mare Street, and from the cottage gardens you can see the lights of the "Empire."

These cottages are a remnant of rural Hackney. In the days gone by opposite to them were acres of watercress beds. The building of the railway swept the watercress beds away, but the little one-story cottages, with their thatched roofs and country gardens, remain in the heart of the busiest part of the modern town.

It was through these beds that the old Wick stream meandered and gave its name to the district round which we have been wandering to-day.

"TOWN FINERY."

Some Reminiscences of Antoinette Sterling.

By Malcolm Sterling MacKinlay, M.A. Oxon.

II.

MY mother always remained a staunch American to the backbone, in spite of the fact that from the time of her *début* over here in 1873 her home was in England for the remainder of her life. What is more, during all these thirty years her native land was revisited but twice, in 1876 and 1895, and then only for a few months.

To Antoinette Sterling everyone and everything American were perfection. If a beggar, who had been helped by her over and over again, should be discovered eventually to be an absolute fraud (and this was not an altogether unusual occurrence), "It wouldn't have been so in America," she would declare. If anything went wrong during a concert tour, "Ah," my mother would say, "they don't make mistakes like that in the country where *I* come from."

MME. ANTOINETTE STERLING.
From a Photo. by Ellis & Walery.

This high ideal of America was upheld as strongly after the many years' absence as when my mother had first left her beloved country to come over to Europe. Certain American phrases always remained in her vocabulary: rhubarb to her was "pie-plant"; jam was "preserve"; and she never referred to "sweets," but would remark, "Say, let's send and get some *candy*"; while meat was never "underdone," but "*rare*." Should anyone say something slighting about America in her presence, my mother would at once stoutly take up the cudgels in its defence.

When "Miss" Sterling first landed in England, it was with a *dislike* of everything English, almost as strong as her intense *love* of everything American. So much was this the case that my mother said during the first months she used to feel very much inclined to hiss our "illiterate National Anthem," as W. S. Gilbert has styled it, when it was played. This feeling was only natural at the time, for throughout childhood a grandmother, who positively hated the English, used to fill her head with stories of the *Mayflower*, the Pilgrim Fathers, and the great War of Independence. This grandmother would depict in glowing colours the brutality of the English, not only in fighting themselves against those who had just come over from England, but in even hiring mercenary troops to help them. Moreover, the fact was always deeply impressed upon my mother that her family were descended in direct line from William Bradford, who was the first Governor of the Colony, and brother of John Bradford, whom the same "brutal English" had martyred.

These Anglophobe feelings, inspired by her grandmother, were by no means diminished by the talks which, as a girl, my mother used to have with the cobbler of the village. This old fellow was an Irish refugee, and used to delight in telling her still more stories against the English. The tale of how the shipload of tea was sent to Boston for the inhabitants to drink, and how they retaliated by emptying it into the harbour, was one which was deeply and vividly impressed upon her mind, with the result that my mother never would touch tea on any account throughout her life. Her

intimate friends were aware of this fact, and, when expecting her to come over and "spend the afternoon" at their house—my mother could never bring herself to make any fashionable afternoon "calls" of fifteen to twenty minutes—some cocoa was always brought up for her to drink at tea-time. With those who did not know of this aversion the cup of tea, when offered, would be refused, and a request made for a cup of hot water instead.

It was, therefore, somewhat of a coincidence, on the occasion of "Miss" Antoinette Sterling's first appearance before the Royal Family, that the present given to her by Queen Victoria, as a memento of the occasion, should have taken the form of a tea-set. My mother used laughingly to say that she felt quite angry about it, and had a good mind to return such a present, as being a distinct attempt on the part of the English Government to undermine her Republican principles, by getting her in this way to take "tea," and so acknowledge an ultimate defeat of the "Boston Tea-Party."

Coming to England, then, with this love of everything American and dislike of everything English, it was, perhaps, strange that my mother should have remained in England for over twenty years without going back even to see her beloved America. Yet with her, as with so many other Americans, such was the case. What was more, my mother very soon grew to love England as much as she had previously hated it, and came to look on it as her home. Though still retaining her love of Americans and their "darned independence," and stoutly refusing even to consider such a thing as any question of becoming a naturalized British subject, my mother grew to appreciate more and more the bulldog, sterling qualities of the English disposition.

One thing, however, she never could fall in with, and that was the idea of people travelling in the same railway carriage without speaking to one another. Never did my mother go on even a short railway journey without holding an animated conversation with some of her travelling companions. If the journey lasted above an hour, the *tête-à-tête* usually resulted in my mother being made the confidant of all the troubles and inmost secrets of their lives — such matters as they would have hesitated to breathe a word about even to their nearest friends or relations. Sometimes very terrible were the life-tragedies confided to her sympathetic ear.

There was something in Antoinette Sterling's own frank, open disposition which seemed to make all who met her begin to pour out, after a very few minutes' conversation, the sorrows of their heart. After half an hour's talk they felt as if they had known her all their lives. With her own love of truth my mother could never understand others taking refuge in falsehood. When anyone came to her for help and told her a story of their woes, they would be assumed to be speaking the truth until proved to be doing otherwise. This led naturally to much imposition, but "to give at once is to give twice," and who can tell how many true cases of suffering and despair may not have been relieved by this implicit belief in their honesty? By starting with the assumption that anyone's story is a pack of lies, and forthwith investigating the truth of each portion of it before giving any help, how often may it be that the help eventually comes too late? That was the point of view, at any rate, which my mother took up when such cases were brought to her notice.

My mother never quite realized how attached to England she had become during these years, until in 1895 she recrossed the "herring-pond" and spent some six months in the United States among relatives and former friends in New York, Boston, and Chicago. Her feelings were that it was very pleasant to be over there again, but it was only a visit, which must terminate after a few extra months, more or less, as they would be wanting her back "at home."

When out there upon this visit my mother felt that somehow she had got out of touch with her surroundings; and on coming back to England said that she would never like to live anywhere but in London. This feeling my mother expressed very aptly in a little speech which she made at one of the Fourth of July banquets held at the Hotel Cecil by the American Society in London. My mother had gone with some friends to look on from the gallery and hear the speeches.

"My friends had promised," my mother wrote in describing the incident, "that I should not be asked to sing. However, the American Ambassador, who was in the chair, sent up, when the speeches had been going on some little time, to ask whether 'A. S.' would not sing." "A. S.," I might explain, was my mother's favourite way of referring to any purely professional incident to do with her singing as Antoinette Sterling, apart from her private life as Mrs. MacKinlay.

"'A. S.' had come quite unprepared, had dined but a short time before, and had been

sitting an hour in that dreadful atmosphere of food, and drink, and smoke, in which it might have been known that no one could sing properly. However, 'A. S.' could not well refuse, and got up, without words, music, accompaniment, or pitch, to sing 'Here's to the Year that's Awa.' 'A. S.' pitched it too high and had to recommence, and then, stopping abruptly at the end of the third line, said: 'My brothers, I have worshipped America for twenty years, I have lived in England for twenty years. America is my mother, and England is my grandmother; but I have lived so long with my grandmother that I cannot understand my mother's sons—and I'm in too bad voice to sing.'"

In England the people knew her wherever she went, and, what is more, they seemed to have a certain *personal* interest and feeling of friendship for her as the woman, quite apart from any fame as the singer.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

The first concert tour on which my mother ever went was with Theodore Thomas and his orchestra through the United States. "Miss" Sterling had but recently come over from America with some letters of introduction to a great many famous people in London. Among others was Sir Julius Benedict, with whom she became very friendly, though he was somewhat annoyed at her "independent" spirit, which was something quite new to him. Sir Julius asked whether she would be willing to make her *début* at one of his concerts at Covent Garden. Miss Sterling at once said she would do so; but before Benedict knew where he was he found the young American contralto had gone off like a flash on this tour with Theodore Thomas.

On her return my mother went to see Benedict, but found him very angry that she had flitted off like a will-o'-the-wisp, and wanted to know whether, if he *did* engage her, she would by any chance be in England on the night of the concert. However, the date was fixed, November 5th, and this time the independent Miss Sterling *was* in England. After her *début* the first tour made in England by her was with Edward Lloyd, under the management of Vert, and after that my mother used to go touring through Great Britain regularly every spring and autumn.

Upon these tours my mother went through many strange experiences, humorous and otherwise. An amusing one my mother would recount, which took place at Dundee.

"At the hotel I heard there was to be a meeting of the Bakers' Guild in their banqueting-room during the evening. I supposed it to be some small meeting of the local tradesmen and their friends, so on entering the hall of the hotel about ten o'clock, after the conclusion of the concert, I said I would go up and sing to them. When I got inside the door I found that there were screens up all across that end of the room, and that waiters and servants belonging to the hotel were standing there to hear what was going on. The last speech of the evening was being made, I was told. It was a long one, but very witty, and no one could guess whatever the toast could be which the speaker was preparing. For fear they might break up before I could begin I stood ready to step before the screen immediately the speech should come to an end, and decided in my mind to sing 'A Wee Wifie.' The toast was led up to, and all were waiting for the answer as to what this wonderful something, or somebody, might be which had been so praised. Just as the speaker came to the final word, and at the very instant he was saying 'Woman,' the screen was drawn away and there stood 'A. S.,' who commenced singing 'A Wee Wifie,' without having heard what the toast was. They all applauded and laughed immoderately, and insisted on some more Scotch, so I gave them:—

Up in the mornin's na for me,
Up in the mornin' airly.
I'd rather gae supperless tae my bed
Than rise in the mornin' airly.

They were all surprised at the aptness of the song, but I was more surprised than they, for I had, of course, expected to see a lot of poor bakers when the screen was taken away. Instead of that, I saw all the swells of the town gathered together."

Many were the amusing experiences which my mother had with accompanists at different times. Poor Sydney Naylor, who came to so sad an end after having been the premier accompanist of his day, was in particular sympathy with her singing. My mother used to say that when he played the accompaniments he would often put in little artistic effects and changes which would suggest some entirely new reading of the words of the song. His playing seemed to act as a certain inspiration on the occasion.

MR. SYDNEY NAYLOR.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

At other times he would put little humorous interpolations in the accompaniments, which were so unexpected and funny as to send the singers into fits of laughter. On one occasion, when my mother was singing in an Italian quartette, Sydney Naylor kept bringing into the accompaniment little phrases from "Pop Goes the Weasel" and other ridiculously inappropriate songs, with the result that the artists could hardly get through the quartette, they were becoming so convulsed with laughter. Another time when on tour Signor Foli and the tenor of the party went on to sing the well-known duet, "Love and War." When the tenor sang of love, Naylor began to pound out a thunderous accompaniment, as if descriptive of a tremendous cannonade. Then Foli commenced singing of war, and in response to his cries of "raging battle" and "cannons rattle," Naylor gave an absurd little pastoral accompaniment up in the treble. As they went on the accompaniment got more and more ridiculous, until at last Foli had to abandon the fight and walk off the platform roaring with laughter in the middle of the duet.

My mother had an amusing experience with Pitman, another accompanist, who was well known about the same time.

"It was at one of Gatty's concerts at which Pitman was accompanying that I had an intentional joke at his expense. I was singing, as an encore, a Scotch song, in which, as Pitman knew, I usually gave five or six verses. After the first verse there was great applause. After the second verse I thought that I had given enough for the present, so, while the applause was going on, I made my bow and left the platform. Pitman was an old man at this time, otherwise what followed would never have happened. As it was, he never noticed I had gone, and the orchestra, seeing and enjoying the situation immensely, would none of them tell him. The applause suddenly ended, for the audience also saw what was going on. Poor Pitman, still thinking that 'A. S.' was there, began the next verse and played the first few bars. No voice! Played them over again, still no voice! Greatly surprised, at last he turned around on the piano-stool and saw no Miss Sterling, but discovered instead the orchestra in fits of laughter; and finally he was forced to beat a hasty and confused retreat amid the applause of the gallery."

My mother was always particularly fond of singing to audiences composed of public school boys, or of undergraduates at the 'Varsity, and had some special story to tell of almost each different one.

When my mother went up to sing at Oxford for the first time, it was with considerable misgivings, as she had been told beforehand that the audiences of undergraduates were always on the look-out for a chance to "rag" people. There was a hum of expectation as Miss Antoinette Sterling, the new American contralto, who had been making such a sensation in London, was being escorted through the centre of the audience to the narrow passage which had been curtained off at the back of the stage for the use of the artists. In those days the present town-hall with its magnificent concert-room was not built, but the concerts were given in the biggest room of the Examination Schools. A

temporary platform, with a small retiring-room behind it, would be prepared when entertainments were given there. This retiring-room was a passage barely five feet wide, and was interrupted in the centre by the massive seat on which the examiners would be perched when "schools" were on. Over the steps leading up to this seat the artists had to climb when they wanted to get along the passage to the other end of the platform. Thus a concert given at the schools was not altogether an unmixed pleasure for the artists taking part, and, like that of the policeman, their "lot was not a happy one."

When Miss Sterling went out on to the platform and received a great deal of applause after her first song, she thought the undergraduate audience were "ragging" her, and so began to feel quite confused. The audience saw this and were delighted with it, and clapped more vigorously than ever. Her next appearance on the platform was greeted with such an ovation that Miss Sterling nearly ran off again, so perfectly convinced did she feel that, whatever the demonstration might have meant after her *first* song, *this* time there could certainly be no doubt whatever that they were "ragging" her. It was not until the concert was over that my mother could be persuaded that the audience had not been "getting at her" all through the evening. After having made such a marvellous success, and establishing a position in the foremost rank among London favourite artists in practically one evening, it would have been more than pardonable for anyone to have put on an air of superiority. It was, however, this absolute lack of anything like "side," even at the very zenith of her career, which was perhaps one of my mother's greatest charms, winning for her almost a unique position, in a way, in the hearts of her audiences.

When my mother was on that ill-fated Australian tour of 1892, which was brought to an abrupt finish by the sudden and unexpected death of my father—a blow from which my mother never recovered throughout the ten years which she survived him—quite a number of 'Varsity men came to see her in all parts of the continent, to tell her how touched they had been by hearing her sing during their undergraduate days at college.

The artists' room of curtains and temporary concert platform at Oxford were bad enough. But they were a considerable improvement on the accommodation at the sister University, when my mother sang there for the first time. It was on the occasion of a local charity concert at Cambridge. When my mother arrived she found in place of an artists' room a little corner of the hall partitioned off by means of a couple of very rickety screens. As to the platform—well, the most noticeable thing about the platform was, to use an Irishism, that there wasn't any. In point of fact, for the first and only time in her life, Antoinette Sterling sang standing on a table.

The following are my mother's reminiscences of her singing at some of the public schools:—

"When I went down to visit the head master of Winchester I was asked to sing, and so gave them 'Up in the Mornin' Airly.' I remember the stately dignity of the sixth form boys, to whom I could not resist the temptation of giving a little side-glance, and most delightful was it to see the wave of agreement rippling along in unanimous approval of these sentiments, so well expressed in the canny Scot's broad dialect. The masters were, I believe, lost in thinking how refreshing it might be to forget the six hundred boys and join 'A. S.' in the chorus. But all of a sudden they seemed to awaken to the side-play which was going on before them, for as I caught the boys' eyes again the smiles broadened nearly into a laugh. The masters seemed to be a wee bit suspicious of some joke being played upon somebody by somebody—when, and how, and where they knew not—and the song ended amid peals of laughter.

"When I was visiting Dr. Percival, at that time the head master of Rugby, I attended the school concert. I was sitting in the front row of seats, and at the end of the programme the audience began calling out for me to sing. So I just turned round in my seat and gave them the same song, 'Up in the Mornin'.' The delight and excitement of the boys over the sentiment, 'Up in the mornin's na for me,' was delightful, thus proving that, whatever may be said upon the subject by the wise men of the East or of the West, or any other part of the compass, all boys from every part of the globe seem to be unanimous upon *this* point.

"When my two sons were at Eton I went down to the school concert there. Suddenly, in the interval between the two parts of the programme, a terrific applause began for me to do *my* share and sing. I was quite taken by surprise, and had not the words of my songs with me. I always feel lost without my 'little book,' for words seem to flutter away like startled birds, while the music, like the sea, goes on for ever and becomes a part

of one, so that nothing could eliminate that part of the song. Thus it was that I missed the honour and pleasure for the time being, but, to make up for it, I came down again to sing at one of the divine organ recitals which Dr. Harford Loyd gives on Sunday evenings in the Eton Chapel.

"In my gallery of memory is a picture of the chapel filled with boys, and masters, and Eton folk in the half-twilight. Dr. Loyd, playing divinely at my side, high up in the organ loft; the chords, deep, soft, rise and fall in the 'Crossing of the Bar'; and beneath me the long aisle stretching up to the altar and the large stained-glass windows —all dim darkness, save for the few clustering candles that glimmered here and there among the pews. The hush, the speaking silence, and many a heart thinking of the beloved master, the Rev. E. Hale, who had a few days before passed 'Beyond the smiling and the weeping.'

"After this recital I went up with Dr. Loyd into Windsor to hear one of Sir Walter Parratt's beautiful recitals in St. George's Chapel. Oh, the wonderful symphony, in the calm, mysterious moonlight at Windsor Castle, where many Kings and Queens had sat —with thoughts unknown! The stillness brooding over the listeners, the organ invisible, like the spirit of Music, spreading out its wings to cheer, to console, to lift up the hearts of men. Sir Walter Parratt at the organ—the moonlight—the lonely chapel in grey outlines, like a grey cloak covering it over — the moonlit windows — the living silence—the few beating hearts with bated breath—the organist not to be seen in the shadow—a small, glimmering light to see or guess at the stops—a hushed blessing over all, whispered words—and—the dream is over, but never to be forgotten. Then back through the quaint old street, beneath the Castle walls, and over the bridge, which reaps so rich a harvest with its toll exacted from the long-suffering Etonians, and we are in the college bounds once more."

A particular tie, which my mother always had with Eton, was Joseph Barnby, who was Precentor of Music and organist there for many years, until he finally became Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, Dr. Harford Loyd coming from Oxford to take his place in the Eton Chapel. Sir Joseph had been one of my mother's very earliest friends in England. When my mother and father were first married they went to live in St. George's Square with Mrs. Barnby, who was sister-in-law to Sir Joseph, or Joe Barnby, as he then was. Consequently they used to see a good deal of him, and so became very intimate and devoted friends. Sir Joseph was a constant visitor, and with him about there was nothing but laughter and jollity. He was full of fun, and liked by all who met him, while as for his choir at the Albert Hall, they simply worshipped him.

SIR WALTER PARRATT.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

A very typical letter was one which he sent my father, in response to a request for him to hear a new singer:—

"DEAR MACKINLAY,—I will certainly see the young lady. But she seems to me to come from the wrong place for roaratorio! Paris ain't the shop for Handel and Co. Nevertheless, we will see the girl."

Sir Joseph would often help my mother in getting up her oratorio work for engagements with the various orchestral societies all over the country. My mother, however, although doing a great deal of important oratorio work, including the Worcester, Norwich, and other festivals, as well as creating the contralto *rôle* in Macfarren's "St. John the Baptist," never cared for oratorios, and soon gave up doing that style of work. My mother also, after the first two or three years, gave up all the German and Italian songs which she had been singing so much. These were, however, abandoned for a different reason to the oratorios. The fact was that the public grew so devoted to the ballads and Scotch songs which my mother began singing that they would have nothing else from her.

My mother once had a little difference of opinion with John Boosey, who founded the well-known firm of music publishers bearing that name. My father brought them a new ballad, "Don't be Sorrowful, Darling," which

Mme. Sterling proposed to bring out at one of the London Ballad Concerts. When John Boosey came to read over the song he was horrified to find the words:—

> But God is God, my darling,
> Of the night as well as the day.

John Boosey said it was all very well to sing such words at a sacred concert, but at one of his ballad concerts—why, it was an unheard-of thing, it was absolutely impossible. My father did not want to have any bother, and so talked the matter over with Boosey, and came to the conclusion with him that, as it would not do to shock the susceptibilities of the British ballad concert public by mentioning the word "God" in their presence, they had better alter the words. Consequently my father returned with the suggestion that instead of singing "God is God, my darling," they should effect a compromise by substituting, "There is a Power, my darling." My mother was up in arms at once. "Why shouldn't she say 'God is God, my darling, of the night as well as the day'? Wasn't it true that He was?" "Yes, certainly!" "Very well, then, why shouldn't she say so?" "The public wouldn't like it at a ballad concert." "Why?" "They had never had such a thing." "Then how could Mr. Boosey tell that they wouldn't like it?" "Well, he would rather not have the experiment tried." The question was decided by my mother saying, "Well, I'm going to sing those words, whatever you all say." My mother *did* sing the words, and the public did *not* resent them.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.
From a Photo. by Arthur Marx, Frankfort.

But though my mother was obliged after a short time to abandon all her German Lieder and devote herself entirely to ballad-singing, it was not without great regrets that she did so. While studying in Germany with Mme. Marchesi and Mme. Viardot my mother had grown devoted to German music. In fact, on her return to America after the long time spent in Germany, my mother annoyed and disappointed everyone intensely by persisting in singing groups of German Lieder. As my mother once wrote: "The utter craze for German music which I had effaced everything else from my mind. I was the first one to introduce to the American public Schumann's 'Dichterliebe,' Schubert's 'Doppelgänger,' and 'Tod und das Mädchen,' as well as Bach's Cradle Song, and the various Lieder of Liszt, Rubinstein, and Mendelssohn, and I also sang in Boston at the first performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony." But with her love of German Lieder my mother was some twenty-five years too early; and in pursuing it met with as much abuse from the critics of that time as she would have received praise had her birth, education, and *début* taken place twenty years later.

Here is a short extract from an American criticism of 1872 showing the different spirit in which German songs were received at that time.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling was educated musically in Germany, and there acquired a taste for German songs, especially of a dramatic character, which she sought to make popular with the American public. We suppose we must admit that the taste of a mixed audience is not up to the class of songs. Those which Miss Sterling particularly favoured were very short, and it took three to make a unit, not to say a unique, performance. So they stood 'A,' 'B,' 'C' on the programme. As the audience did not understand German, there was always an uncertainty as to when 'A' ended and 'B' began, and usually it was not until 'C' closed with her bow that her hearers took in the situation, and applauded her really heroic devotion to high art."

The following may prove of interest, as being the programme which was given by her nearly thirty years ago. It was on the occasion of a recital which took place on December 20th, 1876, her groups of songs being interspersed with orchestral pieces:—

RECIT. "Then cometh Jesus from Galilee" }
ARIA "In the beginning was the Word" } Macfarren.
(From the New Oratorio, "St. John the Baptist.")

LIEDER	(*a*) "Wonne der Wehmuth"	Beethoven.
	(*b*) "Der Wachtelschlag" ...	Schubert.
	(*c*) "Wenn ich früh in den Garten geh'" ...	Schumann.
	(*d*) "Sei still"	Raff.
	(*e*) "Neue Liebe"	Mendelssohn.
	(*f*) "Es muss ein Wunderbares sein"	Liszt.
	(*g*) "Gelb rollt mir zu Füssen"	Rubinstein.
SONG	"When the tide comes in"...	Barnby.
	(Expressly composed for Mme. Sterling.)	
SCOTCH SONG	... "Caller Herrin'."	

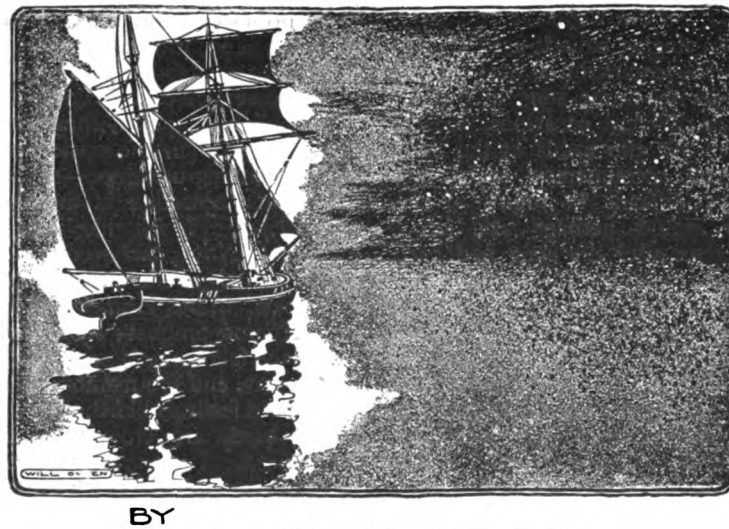
My mother in singing ballads used to rely a great deal on the inspiration of the moment, and would render the same song in quite a different way on different occasions, according to how she felt the words at the time. For this reason accompanists found her sometimes very difficult to follow at the piano. They would perhaps ask for a rehearsal, and then, after the song had been gone through one way, they would afterwards at the concert find it taken with quite a different tempo at various points. Above all things in ballad singing, my mother placed the words first in importance. If the music and the words were at variance in a song, there was never any hesitation as to what was to be done. Should the phrasing of the music interfere with the *true* expression of the poem, the music must give way to the words. Moreover, when the introduction to the song was over, my mother was very much against more than a bar or two of piano coming into the song except when absolutely accompanying the voice. Her feeling was that it took away the thought and interest from the words of the song. This tendency increased more and more, and latterly the actual accompaniments to all her songs would be made as little and as light as possible, particularly in Scotch songs, while the verses would practically go straight on without a break, the symphonies between the verses being cut out altogether.

There is a story that when a new accompanist was rehearsing a Scotch song with my mother the poor man was soon quite at sea, trying to keep up with her. Failing at this, he soon lost his temper and exclaimed, "Do you wish me to play this song the way it is written or the way that you sing it?" All the reply he was vouchsafed was, "Do you know who taught me to sing that song? God! Play it as I sing it."

My mother was always for more Heart and less Art. "Many singers," she wrote, "are so preoccupied all the time with their manner of singing that at last they have nothing left but manner, with neither mind nor soul behind it. Why, singing is nothing but using the breath properly. Let them learn to breathe and think; educating their minds and their hearts, instead of incessantly tantalizing their vocal chords. The singing will come easily enough then. I think there will be a reaction from the modern preoccupation and technique, a return to simpler, more primitive conditions. I like more and more to sing without accompaniment. I feel a greater freedom and amplitude, a completer possession of my own voice. A number of times I have passed thus into improvisation, the words and the music coming together and demanding utterance—the most wonderful, ecstatic sensation in the whole range of musical art. I felt like one possessed—inspired! Now, *that* seems to me the real thing. That was the method of the old bards and poets. Thus Homer chanted his Epics. The Hebrew prophets sang thus, and even to-day the folk-songs of great nations are born in this way, and the memory of it survives in certain old festivals like the Welsh Eisteddfod, where bards are crowned and songs still improvised. I was greatly impressed by one of these Eisteddfods which I attended. I felt mightily honoured when they proclaimed me a bard, with the title of 'Pencerrd Eos Alban' (the 'Nightingale of England'), after two old, white-haired bards had taken me up in state through the crowd! I heard beautiful voices there, and incredible things were done, two bards improvising together, for example—one chanting the words and the other giving them a fine accompaniment. The larger world some day will demand again this sort of music, and great souls will return to the freedom of it.'

I feel that these few reminiscences (a fuller and more detailed memoir will be brought out in book-form at a later date) of one who was always the truest of friends and the kindest and best of mothers, cannot be concluded better than by two short sentences. One, which was sent by a stranger in Australia after hearing my mother sing, is an anagram obtained from the letters of the three words Madame Antoinette Sterling, namely, "List t'me, a great amen intoned." The other is a description of my mother by one who had heard, known, and admired her, both in her public and private life. The four words seem to sum up my mother's whole life, both as a woman and as a singer—"Grandly simple! Simply grand!"

DIALSTONE LANE



BY

W. W. JACOBS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MONTH by month the *Fair Emily* crept down south. The Great Bear and other constellations gave way to the stars of the southern skies, and Mr. Chalk tried hard not to feel disappointed with the arrangement of those in the Southern Cross. Pressed by the triumphant Brisket, to whom he voiced his views, he had to admit that it was at least as much like a cross as the other was a bear.

As they got farther south he had doffed his jersey and sea boots in favour of a drill suit and bare feet. In this costume, surmounted by a Panama hat, he was the only thing aboard that afforded the slightest amusement to Mr. Stobell, whose temper was suffering severely under a long spell of monotonous idleness, and whose remarks concerning the sea and everything in connection with it were so strangely out of keeping with the idea of a pleasure cruise that Mr. Tredgold lectured him severely on his indiscretion.

"Stobell is no more doing this for pleasure than I am," said Captain Brisket to Mr. Duckett. "It's something big that's brought him all this way, you mark my words."

The mate nodded acquiescence. "What about Mr. Chalk?" he said, in a low voice. "Can't you get it out of him?"

"Shuts up like an oyster directly I get anywhere near it," replied the captain; "sticks to it that it is a yachting trip and that Tredgold is studying the formations of islands. Says he has got a list of them he is going to visit."

"Mr. Tredgold was talking the same way to me," said the mate. "He says he's going to write a book about them when he goes back. He asked me what I thought 'ud be a good title."

"I know what would be a good title for *him*," growled Brisket, as Mr. Stobell came on deck and gazed despondently over the side. "We're getting towards the end of our journey, sir."

"*End?*" said Mr. Stobell. "*End?* I don't believe there is an end. I believe you've lost your way and we shall go sailing on and on for ever."

He walked aft and, placing himself in a

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deck-chair, gazed listlessly at the stolid figure of the helmsman. The heat was intense, and both Tredgold and Chalk had declined to proceed with a conversation limited almost entirely on his side to personal abuse. He tried the helmsman, and made that unfortunate thirsty for a week by discussing the rival merits of bitter ale in a pewter and stout in a china mug. The helmsman, a man of liberal ideas, said, with some emotion, that he could drink either of them out of a flower-pot.

Mr. Chalk became strangely restless as they neared their goal. He had come thousands of miles and had seen nothing fresh with the exception of a few flying-fish, an albatross, and a whale blowing in the distance. Pacing the deck late one night with Captain Brisket he expressed mild yearnings for a little excitement.

"You want adventure," said the captain, shaking his head at him. "I know you. Ah, what a sailorman you'd ha' made. With a crew o' six like yourself I'd take this little craft anywhere. The way you pick up seamanship is astonishing. Peter Duckett swears you must ha' been at sea as a boy, and all I can do I can't persuade him otherwise."

"I always had a feeling that I should like it," said Mr. Chalk, modestly.

"Like it!" repeated the captain. "O' course you do; you've got the salt in your blood, but this peaceful cruising is beginning to tell on you. There's a touch o' wildness in you, sir, that's always struggling to come to the front. Peter Duckett was saying the same thing only the other day. He's very uneasy about it."

"Uneasy?" repeated Mr. Chalk.

"Aye," said the captain, drawing a deep breath. "And if I tell you that I am too, it wouldn't be outside the truth."

"But why?" inquired Mr. Chalk, after they had paced once up and down the deck in silence.

"It's the mystery we don't like," said Brisket, at last. "How are we to know what desperate venture you are going to let us in for? Follow you faithful we will, but we don't like going in the dark; it ain't quite fair to us."

"There's not the slightest danger in the world," said Mr. Chalk, with impressive earnestness.

"But there's a mystery; you can't deny that," said the captain.

Mr. Chalk cleared his throat. "It's a secret," he said, slowly.

"From me?" inquired the captain, in reproachful accents.

"It isn't my secret," said Mr. Chalk. "So far as I'm concerned I'd tell you with pleasure."

The captain slowly withdrew his arm from Mr. Chalk's, and moving to the side leaned over it with his shoulders hunched. Somewhat moved by this display of feeling, Mr. Chalk for some time hesitated to disturb him, and when at last he did steal up and lay a friendly hand on the captain's shoulder it was gently shaken off.

"Secrets!" said Brisket, in a hollow voice. "From me! I ain't to be trusted?"

"It isn't my doing," said Mr. Chalk.

"Well, well, it don't matter, sir," said the captain. "Bill Brisket must put up with it. It's the first time in his life he's been suspected, and it's doubly hard coming from you. You've hurt me, sir, and there's no other man living could do that."

Mr. Chalk stood by in sorrowful perplexity.

"And I put my life in your hands," continued the captain, with a low, hard laugh. "You're the only man in the world that knows who killed Smiling Peter in San Francisco, and *I* told you. Well, well!"

"But you did it in self-defence," said the other, eagerly.

"What does that matter?" said the captain, turning and walking forward, followed by the anxious Mr. Chalk. "I've got no proof of it. Open your mouth—once—and I swing for it. That's the extent of my trust in *you*."

Mr. Chalk, much affected, swore a few sailorly oaths as to what he wished might happen to him if he ever betrayed the other's confidence.

"Yes," said the captain, wearily, "that's all very well; but you can't trust me in a smaller matter, however much *I* swear to keep it secret. And it's weighing on me in another way: I believe the crew have got an inkling of something, and here am I, master of the ship, responsible for all your lives, kept in ignorance."

"The crew!" ejaculated the startled Mr. Chalk.

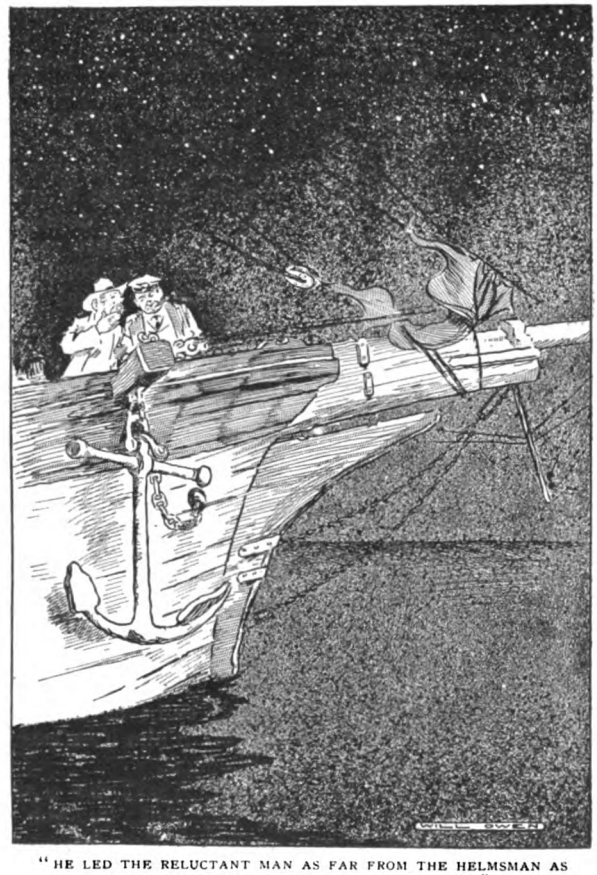
Captain Brisket hesitated and lowered his voice. "The other night I came on deck for a look round and saw one of them peeping down through your skylight," he said, slowly. "I sent him below, and after he'd gone I looked down and saw you and Mr. Tredgold and Stobell all bending over a paper."

Mr. Chalk, deep in thought, paced up and down in silence.

"*That's* a secret," said Brisket. "I don't want them to think that I was spying. I told you because you understand. A shipmaster has to keep his eyes open, for everybody's sake."

"It's your duty," said Mr. Chalk, firmly.

Captain Brisket, with a little display of emotion, thanked him, and, leaning against the side, drew his attention to the beauty of the stars and sea. Impelled by the occasion and the charm of the night he waxed sentimental, and with a strange mixture of bluffness and shyness spoke of his aged mother, of the loneliness of a seafarer's life, and the inestimable boon of real friendship. He bared his inmost soul to his sympathetic listener, and then, affecting to think from a remark of Mr. Chalk's that he was going to relate the secret of the voyage, declined to hear it on the ground that he was only a rough sailorman and not to be trusted. Mr. Chalk, contesting this hotly, convinced him at last that he was in error, and then found that, bewildered by the argument, the captain had consented to be informed of a secret which he had not intended to impart.



"HE LED THE RELUCTANT MAN AS FAR FROM THE HELMSMAN AS POSSIBLE AND WHISPERED THE INFORMATION."

"But, mind," said Brisket, holding up a warning finger, "I'm not going to tell Peter Duckett. There's no need for him to know."

Mr. Chalk said "Certainly not," and, seeing no way for escape, led the reluctant man as far from the helmsman as possible and whispered the information. By the time they parted for the night Captain Brisket knew as much as the members of the expedition themselves, and, with a rare thoughtfulness, quieted Mr. Chalk's conscience by telling him that he had practically guessed the whole affair from the beginning.

He listened with great interest a few days later when Mr. Tredgold, after considering audibly which island he should visit first, gave him the position of Bowers's Island and began to discuss coral reefs and volcanic action. They were now well in among the islands. Two they passed at a distance, and went so close to a third—a mere reef with a few palms upon it — that Mr. Chalk, after a lengthy inspection through his binoculars, was able to declare it uninhabited.

A fourth came into sight a couple of days later: a small grey bank on the starboard bow. Captain Brisket, who had been regarding it for some time with great care, closed his glass with a bang and stepped up to Mr. Tredgold.

"There she is, sir," he said, in satisfied tones.

Mr. Tredgold, who was drinking tea, put down his cup, and rose with an appearance of mild interest. Mr. Stobell followed suit, and both gazed in strong indignation at the undisguised excitement of Mr. Chalk as he raced up the rigging for a better view. Tredgold with the captain's glass, and Stobell with an old pair of field-glasses in which he had great faith, gazed from the deck. Tredgold was the first to speak.

"Are you sure this is the one, Brisket?" he inquired, carelessly.

"Certainly, sir," said the captain, in some surprise. "At least, it's the one you told me to steer for."

"Don't look much like the map," said Stobell, in a low aside. "Where's the mountain?"

Tredgold looked again. "I fancy it's a bit higher towards the middle," he said, after a prolonged inspection; "and, besides, it's 'mount,' not 'mountain.'"

Captain Brisket, who had with great delicacy drawn a little apart in recognition of their whispers, stepped towards them again.

"I don't know that I've ever seen this particular island before," he said, frankly; "likely not; but it's the one you told me to find. There's over a couple of hundred of them, large and small, knocking about. If you think you've made a mistake we might try some of the others."

"No," said Tredgold, after a pause and a prolonged inspection; "this must be right."

Mr. Chalk came down from aloft, his eyes shining with pure joy, and joined them.

"How long before we're alongside?" he inquired.

"Two hours," replied the captain; "perhaps three," he added, considering.

Mr. Chalk glanced aloft and, after a knowing question or two as to the wind, began in a low voice to converse with his friends. Mr. Tredgold's misgivings as to the identity of the island he dismissed at once as baseless. The mount satisfied *him*, and when, as they approached nearer, discrepancies in shape between the island and the map were pointed out to him he easily explained them by speaking of the difficulties of cartography to an amateur.

"There's our point," he said, indicating it with a forefinger, which the incensed Stobell at once struck down. "We couldn't have managed it better so far as time is concerned. We'll sleep ashore to-night in the tent and start the search at daybreak."

Captain Brisket approached the island cautiously. To the eyes of the voyagers it seemed to change shape as they neared it, until finally, the *Fair Emily* anchoring off the reef which guarded it, it revealed itself as a small island about three-quarters of a mile long and two or three hundred yards wide. A beach of coral sand shelved steeply to the sea, and a background of cocoa-nut trees and other vegetation completed a picture on which Mr. Chalk gazed with the rapture of a devotee at a shrine.

He went below as the anchor ran out, and after a short absence reappeared on deck bedizened with weapons. A small tent, with blankets and provisions, and a long deal box containing a couple of spades and a pick, were put into one of the boats, and the three friends, after giving minute instructions to the captain, followed. Mr. Duckett took the helm, and after a short pull along the edge of the reef discovered an opening which gave access to the smooth water inside.

"A pretty spot, gentlemen," he said, scanning the island closely. "I don't think that there is anybody on it."

"We'll go over it first and make sure," said Stobell, as the boat's nose ran into the beach. "Come along Chalk."

He sprang out and, taking one of the guns,

"MR. DUCKETT TOOK THE HELM."

led the way along the beach, followed by Mr. Chalk. The men looked after them longingly, and then, in obedience to the mate, took the stores out of the boat and pitched the tent. By the time Chalk and Stobell returned they were seated in the boat and ready to depart.

A feeling of loneliness came over Mr. Chalk as he watched the receding boat. The schooner, riding at anchor half a mile outside the reef, had taken in her sails and presented a singularly naked and desolate appearance. He wondered how long it would take the devoted Brisket to send assistance in case of need, and blamed himself severely for not having brought some rockets for signalling purposes. Long before night came the prospect of sleeping ashore had lost all its charm.

"One of us ought to keep watch," he said, as Stobell, after a heavy supper followed by a satisfying pipe, rolled himself in a blanket and composed himself for slumber.

Mr. Stobell grunted, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. Mr. Tredgold, first blowing out the candle, followed suit, while Mr. Chalk, a prey to vague fears, sat up nursing a huge revolver.

The novelty of the position, the melancholy beat of the surge on the farther beach, and faint, uncertain noises all around kept him awake. He fancied that he heard stealthy footsteps on the beach, and low, guttural voices calling among the palms. Twice he aroused his friends and twice they sat up and reviled him.

"If you put your bony finger into my ribs again," growled Mr. Stobell, tenderly rubbing the afflicted part, "you and me won't talk alike. Like a bar of iron it was."

"I thought I heard something," said Mr. Chalk. "I should have fired, only I was afraid of scaring you."

"Fired?" repeated Mr. Stobell, thoughtfully. "Fired? Was it the barrel of that infernal pistol you shoved into my ribs just now?"

"I just touched you with it," admitted the other. "I'm sorry if I hurt you."

Mr. Stobell, feeling in his pocket, struck a match and held it up. "Full cock," he said, in a broken voice; "and he stirred me up with it. And then he talks of savages!"

He struck another match and lit the candle, and then, before Mr. Chalk could guess his intentions, pressed him backwards and took the pistol away. He raised the canvas and threw it out into the night, and then, remembering the guns, threw them after it. This done he blew out the candle, and in two minutes was fast asleep again.

An hour passed and Mr. Chalk, despite his fears, began to nod. Half asleep, he lay down and drew his blanket round him, and then he sat up suddenly wide awake as an unmistakable footstep sounded outside.

For a few seconds he sat unable to move; then he stretched out his hand and began to shake Stobell. He could have sworn that hands were fumbling at the tent.

"Eh?" said Stobell, sleepily.

Chalk shook him again. Stobell sat up angrily, but before he could speak a wild yell rent the air, the tent collapsed suddenly, and they struggled half suffocated in the folds of the canvas.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. STOBELL was the first to emerge, and, seizing the canvas, dragged it free of the writhing bodies of his companions. Mr. Chalk gained his feet and, catching sight of some dim figures standing a few yards away on the beach, gave a frantic shout and plunged into the interior, followed by the others. A shower of pieces of coral whizzing by their heads and another terrible yell accelerated their flight.

Mr. Chalk gained the farther beach unmolested and, half crazy with fear, ran along blindly. Footsteps, which he hoped were those of his friends, pounded away behind him, and presently Stobell, panting heavily, called to him to stop. Mr. Chalk, looking over his shoulder, slackened his pace and allowed him to overtake him.

"Wait — for — Tredgold," said Stobell, breathlessly, as he laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

Mr. Chalk struggled to free himself. "Where is he?" he gasped.

Stobell, still holding him, stood trying to regain his breath. "They—they must—have got him," he said, at last. "Have you got any of your pistols on you?"

"You threw them all away," quavered Mr. Chalk. "I've only got a knife."

He fumbled with trembling fingers at his belt; Stobell brushing his hand aside drew a sailor's knife from its sheath, and started to run back in the direction of the tent. Mr. Chalk, after a moment's hesitation, followed a little way behind.

"Look out!" he screamed, and stopped suddenly, as a figure burst out of the trees on to the beach a score of yards ahead. Stobell, with a hoarse cry, raised his hand and dashed at it.

"Stobell!" cried a voice.

"It's Tredgold," cried Stobell. He waited for him to reach them, and then, turning, all three ran stumbling along the beach.

They ran in silence until they reached the other end of the island. So far there were no signs of pursuit, and Stobell, breathing hard from his unwonted exercise, collected a few lumps of coral and piled them on the beach.

"They had me over—twice," said Tredgold, jerkily; "they tore the clothes from my back. How I got away I don't know. I fought—kicked—then suddenly I broke loose and ran."

He threw himself on the beach and drew his breath in long, sobbing gasps. Stobell, going a few paces forward, peered into the darkness and listened intently.

"I suppose they're waiting for daylight," he said, at last.

He sat down on the beach and, after making a few disparaging remarks about coral as a weapon, lapsed into silence.

To Mr. Chalk it seemed as though the night would never end. A dozen times he sprang to his feet and gazed fearfully into the darkness, and a dozen times at least he reminded the silent Stobell of the folly of throwing other people's guns away. Day broke at last and showed him Tredgold in a tattered shirt and a pair of trousers, and Stobell sitting close by sound asleep.

"We must try and signal to the ship," he said, in a hoarse whisper. "It's our only chance."

Tredgold nodded assent and shook Stobell quietly. The silence was oppressive. They rose and peered out to sea, and a loud exclamation broke from all three. *The "Fair Emily" had disappeared.*

"THE 'FAIR EMILY' HAD DISAPPEARED."

Stobell rubbed his eyes and swore softly; Tredgold and Chalk stood gazing in blank dismay at the unbroken expanse of shining sea.

"The savages must have surprised them," said the latter, in trembling tones. "That's why they left us alone."

"Or else they heard the noise ashore and put to sea," said Tredgold.

They stood gazing at each other in consternation. Then Stobell, who had been looking about him, gave vent to an astonished grunt and pointed to a boat drawn up on the beach nearly abreast of where their tent had been.

"Some of the crew have escaped ashore," said Mr. Chalk.

Striking inland, so as to get the shelter of the trees, they made their way cautiously towards the boat. Colour was lent to Mr. Chalk's surmise by the fact that it was fairly well laden with stores. As they got near they saw a couple of small casks which he thought contained water, an untidy pile of tinned provisions, and two or three bags of biscuit. The closest search failed to reveal any signs of men, and plucking up courage they walked boldly down to the boat and stood gazing stupidly at its contents.

The firearms which Stobell had pitched out of the tent the night before lay in the bottom, together with boxes of cartridges from the cabin, a couple of axes, and a pile of clothing, from the top of which Mr. Tredgold, with a sharp exclamation, snatched a somewhat torn coat and waistcoat. From the former he drew out a bulky pocket-book, and, opening it with trembling fingers, hastily inspected the contents.

"The map has gone!" he shouted.

The others stared at him.

"Brisket has gone off with the ship," he continued, with desperate calmness. "It was the crew of our own schooner that frightened us off last night."

Mr. Stobell, still staring in a stony fashion, nodded slowly; Mr. Chalk after an effort found his voice.

"They've gone off with the treasure," he said, slowly.

"Also," continued Tredgold, "this is not Bowers's Island. I can see it all now. They've only taken the map, and now they're off to the real island to get the treasure. It's as clear as daylight."

"Broad daylight," said Stobell, huskily. "But how did they know?"

"Somebody has been talking," said Tredgold, in a hard voice. "Somebody has been confiding in that honest, open-hearted sailor, Captain Brisket."

He turned as he spoke and gazed fixedly at the open-mouthed Chalk. In a slower fashion, but with no less venom, Mr. Stobell also bent his regards upon that amiable but erring man.

Mr. Chalk returned their gaze with something like defiance. Half an hour before he had expected to have been killed and eaten. He had passed a night of horror, expecting death every minute. Now he exulted in the blue sky, the line of white breakers crashing on the reef, and the sea sparkling in the sunshine; and he had not spent twenty-five years with Mrs. Chalk without acquiring some skill in the noble art of self-defence.

"Ah, Brisket was trying to pump me a week ago," he said, confidentially. "I see it all now."

The others glared at him luridly.

"He said that he had seen us through the skylight studying a paper," continued Mr. Chalk, shaking his head. "I thought at the time you were rather rash, Tredgold."

Mr. Tredgold choked and, meeting the fault-finding eye of Mr. Stobell, began to protest.

"The thing Brisket couldn't understand," said Chalk, gaining confidence as he proceeded, "was Stobell's behaviour. He said that he couldn't believe that a man who grumbled at the sea so much as he did could be sailing for pleasure."

Mr. Stobell glowered fiercely. "Why didn't you tell us before?" he demanded.

"I didn't attach any importance to it," said Mr. Chalk, truthfully. "I thought that it was just curiosity on Brisket's part. It surprised me that he had been observing you and Tredgold so closely; that was all."

"Pity you didn't tell us," exclaimed Tredgold, harshly. "We might have been prepared, then."

"You ought to have told us at once," said Stobell.

Mr. Chalk agreed. "I ought to have done so, perhaps," he said, slowly; "only I was afraid of hurting your feelings. As it is, we must make the best of it. It is no good grumbling at each other. If I had had the map instead of Tredgold, perhaps this wouldn't have happened."

"It was a crazy idea to keep it in your coat pocket," said Stobell, scowling at Tredgold. "No doubt Brisket saw you put it back there the other night, guessed what it was, and laid his plans according."

"If it hadn't been for your grumbling it wouldn't have happened," retorted Tredgold, hotly. "That's what roused his suspicions in the first instance."

Mr. Chalk interposed. "It is no good you two quarrelling about it," he said, with kindly severity. "The mischief is done. Bear a hand with these stores, and then help me to fix the tent up again."

The others hesitated, and then without a word Mr. Stobell worked one of the casks out of the boat and began to roll it up the beach. The tent still lay where it had fallen, but the case of spades had disappeared. They raised the tent again and carried in the stores, after which Mr. Chalk, with the air of an old campaigner, made a small fire and prepared breakfast.

Day by day they scanned the sea for any signs of a sail, but in vain. Cocoa-nuts and a few birds shot by Mr. Stobell—who had been an expert at pigeon-shooting in his youth—together with a species of fish which Mr. Chalk pronounced to be edible a few hours after the others had partaken of it, furnished them with a welcome change of diet. In the smooth water inside the reef they pulled about in the boat, and, becoming bolder and more expert in the management of it, sometimes ventured outside. Mr. Stobell pronounced the life to be more monotonous than that on board ship, and once, in a moment of severe depression, indu ed by five days' heavy rain, spoke affectionat ly of Mrs. Stobell. To Mr. Chalk's reminder that the rain had enabled them to replenish their water supply he made but a churlish rejoinder.

He passed his time in devising plans for the capture and punishment of Captain Brisket, and caused a serious misunderstanding by expressing his regret that that unscrupulous mariner had not rendered himself liable to the extreme penalty of the law by knocking Mr. Chalk on the head on the night of the attack. His belated explanation that he wished Mr. Chalk no harm was pronounced by that gentleman to be childish.

"MR. CHALK, WITH THE AIR OF AN OLD CAMPAIGNER, MADE A SMALL FIRE AND PREPARED BREAKFAST."

"We can do nothing to Brisket even if we escape from this place," said Tredgold, peremptorily.

"Do nothing?" roared Stobell. "Why not?"

"In the first place we sha'n't find him," said Tredgold. "After they have got the treasure they will get rid of the ship and disperse all over the world."

Mr. Stobell, with heavy sarcasm, said that once, many years before, he had heard of people called detectives.

"In the second place," continued Tredgold, "we can't explain. It wasn't our map, and, strictly speaking, we had no business with it. Even if we caught Brisket, we should have no legal claim to the treasure. And if you want to blurt out to all Binchester how we were tricked and frightened out of our lives by imitation savages, I don't."

"He stole our ship," growled Stobell, after a long pause. "We could have him for that."

"Mutiny on the high seas," added Chalk, with an important air.

"The whole story would have to come out," said Tredgold, sharply. "Verdict: served them right. Once we had got the treasure we could have given Captain Bowers his share, or more than his share, and it would have been all right. As it is, nobody must know that we went for it."

Mr. Stobell, unable to trust himself with speech, stumped fiercely up and down the beach.

"But it will all have to come out if we are rescued," objected Mr. Chalk.

"We can tell what story we like," said Tredgold. "We can say that the schooner went to pieces on a reef in the night; we got separated from the other boat and made our way here. We have got plenty of time to concoct a story, and there is nobody to contradict it."

Mr. Stobell brought up in front of him and frowned thoughtfully. "I suppose you're right," he said, slowly; "but if we ever get off this chicken-perch, and I run across him, let him look out, that's all."

To pass the time they built themselves a hut on the beach in a situation where it would stand the best chance of being seen by any chance vessel. At one corner stood a mast fashioned from a tree, and a flag, composed for the most part of shirts which Mr. Chalk thought his friends had done with, fluttered bravely in the breeze. It was designed to attract attention, and, so far as the bereaved Mr. Stobell was concerned, it certainly succeeded.

CHAPTER XX.

NEARLY a year had elapsed since the sailing of the *Fair Emily*, and Binchester, which had thrilled to the tale of the treasure as revealed by Mr. William Russell, was still awaiting news of her fate. Cablegrams to Sydney only elicited the information that she had not been heard of, and the opinion became general that she had added but one more to the many mysteries of the sea.

Captain Bowers, familiar with many cases of ships long overdue which had reached home in safety, still hoped, but it was clear from the way in which Mrs. Chalk spoke of her husband and the saint-like qualities she attributed to him that she never expected to see him again. Mr. Stobell also appeared to his wife through tear-dimmed eyes as a person of great gentleness and infinite self-sacrifice.

"All the years we were married," she said one afternoon to Mrs. Chalk, who had been listening with growing impatience to an account of Mr. Stobell which that gentleman would have been the first to disclaim, "I never gave him a cross word. Nothing was too good for me; I only had to ask to have."

Mrs. Chalk couldn't help herself. "Why didn't you ask, then?" she inquired.

Mrs. Stobell started and eyed her indignantly. "So long as I had him I didn't want anything else," she said, stiffly. *We* were all in all to each other; he couldn't bear me out of his sight. I remember once, when I had gone to see my poor mother, he sent me three telegrams in thirty-five minutes telling me to come home."

"Thomas was so unselfish," murmured Mrs. Chalk. "I once stayed with my mother for six weeks and he never said a word."

An odd expression, transient but unmistakable, flitted across the face of the listener.

"It nearly broke his heart, though, poor dear," said Mrs. Chalk, glaring at her. "He said he had never had such a time in his life."

"I don't expect he had," said Mrs. Stobell, screwing up her small features.

Mrs. Chalk drew herself up in her chair. "What do you mean by that?" she demanded.

"I mean what he meant," replied Mrs. Stobell, with a little air of surprise.

Mrs. Chalk bit her lip, and her friend, turning her head, gazed long and mournfully at a large photograph of Mr. Stobell painted in oils, which stared stiffly down on them from the wall.

"He never caused me a moment's uneasiness," she said, tenderly. "I could trust him anywhere."

Mrs. Chalk gazed thoughtfully at the portrait. It was not a good likeness, but it was more like Mr. Stobell than anybody else in Binchester; a fact which had been of some use in allaying certain unworthy suspicions of Mr. Stobell the first time he saw it.

"Yes," said Mrs. Chalk, significantly, "I should think you could."

Mrs. Stobell, about to reply, caught the

staring eye of the photograph, and, shaking her head sorrowfully, took out her handkerchief and wiped her eyes. Mrs. Chalk softened.

"They both had their faults," she said, gently, "but they were great friends. I dare say that it was a comfort to them to be together at the last."

"HER FRIEND GAZED LONG AND MOURNFULLY AT A LARGE PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. STOBELL."

Captain Bowers himself began to lose hope at last, and went about in so moody a fashion that a shadow seemed to have fallen upon the cottage. By tacit consent the treasure had long been a forbidden subject, and even when the news of Selina's promissory note reached Dialstone Lane he had refused to discuss it. It had nothing to do with him, he said, and he washed his hands of it—a conclusion highly satisfactory to Miss Vickers, who had feared that she would have had to have dropped for a time her visits to Mr. Tasker.

A slight change in the household occurring at this time helped to divert the captain's thoughts. Mr. Tasker while chopping wood happened to chop his knee by mistake, and, as he did everything with great thoroughness, injured himself so badly that he had to be removed to his home. He was taken away at ten in the morning, and at a quarter-past eleven Selina Vickers, in a large apron and her sleeves rolled up over her elbows, was blacking the kitchen stove and throwing occasional replies to the objecting captain over her shoulder.

"I promised Joseph," she said, sharply, "and I don't break my promises for nobody. He was worrying about what you'd do all alone, and I told him I'd come."

Captain Bowers looked at her helplessly.

"I can manage very well by myself," he said, at last.

"Chop *your* leg off, I s'pose?" retorted Miss Vickers, good-temperedly. "Oh, you men!"

"And I'm not at home much while Miss Drewitt is away," added the captain.

"All the better," said Miss Vickers, breathing noisily on the stove and polishing with renewed vigour. "You won't be in my way."

The captain pulled himself together.

"You can finish what you're doing," he said, mildly, "and then——"

"Yes, I know what to do," interrupted Miss Vickers. "You leave it to me. Go in and sit down and make yourself comfortable. You ought not to be in the kitchen at all by rights. Not that I mind what people say—I should have enough to do if I did—but still——"

The captain fled in disorder and at first had serious thoughts of wiring for Miss Drewitt, who was spending a few days with friends in town. Thinking better of this, he walked down to a servants' registry office, and, after being shut up for a quarter of an hour in a small room with a middle-aged lady of Irish extraction, who was sent in to be catechized, resolved to let matters remain as they were.

Miss Vickers swept and dusted, cooked and scrubbed, undisturbed, and so peaceable was his demeanour when he returned from a walk one morning, and found the front room being "turned out," that she departed from her usual custom and explained the necessities of the case at some length.

"I dare say it'll be the better for it," said the captain.

"O' course it will," retorted Selina. "You don't think I'd do it for pleasure, do you? I thought you'd sit out in the garden, and of course it must come on to rain."

The captain said it didn't matter.

"Joseph," said Miss Vickers, as she squeezed a wet cloth into her pail—"Joseph's got a nice leg. It's healing very slow."

The captain, halting by the kitchen door, said he was sorry to hear it.

"Though there's worse things than bad legs," continued Miss Vickers, soaping her scrubbing-brush mechanically; "being lost at sea, for instance."

Captain Bowers made no reply. Adopting the idea that all roads lead to Rome, Miss Vickers had, during her stay at Dialstone Lane, made many attempts to introduce the subject of the treasure-seekers.

"I suppose those gentlemen *are* drowned?" she said, bending down and scrubbing noisily.

The captain, taking advantage of her back being turned towards him, eyed her severely. The hardihood of the girl was appalling. His gaze wandered from her to the bureau, and, as his eye fell on the key sticking up in the lid, the idea of reading her a much-needed lesson presented itself. He stepped over the pail towards the bureau and, catching the girl's eye as she looked up, turned the key noisily in the lock and placed it ostentatiously in his pocket. A sudden vivid change in Selina's complexion satisfied him that his manœuvre had been appreciated.

"Are you afraid I shall steal anything?" she demanded, hotly, as he regained the kitchen.

The captain quailed. "No," he said, hastily. "Somebody once took a paper of mine out of there, though," he added. "So I keep it locked up now."

Miss Vickers dropped the brush in the pail, and, rising slowly to her feet, stood wiping her hands on her coarse apron. Her

"MISS VICKERS STOOD WIPING HER HANDS ON HER COARSE APRON."

face was red and white in patches, and the captain, regarding her with growing uneasiness, began to take in sail.

"At least, I thought they did," he muttered.

Selina paid no heed. "Get out o' my kitchen," she said, in a husky voice, as she brushed past him.

The captain obeyed hastily, and, stepping inside the dismantled room, stood for some time gazing out of window at the rain. Then he filled his pipe and, removing a small chair which was sitting upside down in a large one, took its place and stared disconsolately at the patch of wet floor and the general disorder.

At the end of an hour he took a furtive peep into the kitchen. Selina Vickers was sitting with her back towards him, brooding over the stove. It seemed clear to him that she was ashamed to meet his eye, and, glad to see such signs of grace in her, he resolved to spare her further confusion by going upstairs. He went up noisily and closed his door with a bang, but although he opened it afterwards and stood listening acutely he heard no sound from below.

By the end of the second hour his uneasiness had increased to consternation. The house was as silent as a tomb, the sitting-room was still in a state of chaos, and a healthy appetite would persist in putting ominous and inconvenient questions as to dinner. Whistling a cheerful air he went downstairs again and put his head in at the kitchen. Selina sat in the same attitude, and when he coughed made no response.

"What about dinner?" he said, at last, in a voice which strove to be unconcerned.

"Go away," said Selina, thickly. "I don't want no dinner."

The captain started. "But I do," he said, feelingly.

"You'd better get it yourself, then," replied Miss Vickers, without turning her head. "I might steal a potato or something."

"Don't talk nonsense," said the other, nervously.

"I'm not a thief," continued Miss Vickers. "I work as hard as anybody in Binchester, and nobody can ever say that I took the value of a farthing from them. If I'm poor I'm honest."

"Everybody knows that," said the captain, with fervour.

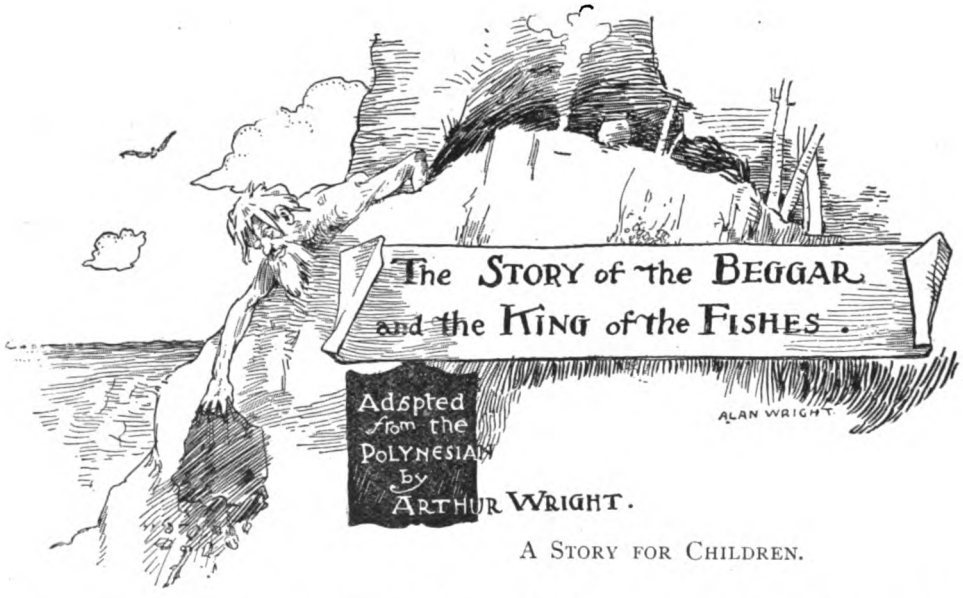
"You said you didn't want the paper," said Selina, turning at last and regarding him fiercely. "I heard you with my own ears, else I wouldn't have taken it. And if they had come back you'd have had your share. You didn't want the treasure yourself and you didn't want other people to have it. And it wasn't yours, because I heard you say so."

"Very well, say no more about it," said the captain. "If anybody asks you can say that I knew you had it Now go and put that back in the bureau."

He tossed the key on to the table, and Miss Vickers, after a moment's hesitation, turned with a gratified smile and took it up. The next hour he spent in his bedroom, the rapid evolutions of Miss Vickers as she passed from the saucepans to the sitting-room and from the sitting-room back to the saucepans requiring plenty of sea room.

A week later she was one of the happiest people in Binchester. Edward Tredgold had received a cable from Auckland: "*All safe; coming home*," and she shared with Mrs. Chalk and Mrs. Stobell in the hearty congratulations of a large circle of friends. Her satisfaction was only marred by the feverish condition of Mr. Tasker immediately on receipt of the news.

(To be concluded.)



A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

ONCE upon a time, in a far-off island of the Pacific, there lived a poor beggar in a cave in a large rock by the sea-shore.

This beggar, whose wealthier neighbours filled his sack daily with the waste of their own tables, was accustomed to throw the remains left over from his meal into the sea. The fishes of that neighbourhood soon became aware of his daily practice and, flocking to the spot, waxed fat upon what the old man threw away.

Now it happened that the King of the Fishes of those parts was making a Royal progress through his kingdom, and, coming to the beggar's rock, he could not fail to observe how happy and thriving his subjects appeared compared with some of the districts he had passed through. Seeing no visible cause for this state of things, he bade his Prime Minister inquire of the head-fish how it was that on such a bleak and barren coast they thrived so well.

"Ah, my lord," exclaimed the head-fish, when asked by the Prime Minister, "we should indeed be the most miserable of fishes were it not for the charity of one of those noble beings who live upon the shore, who every day casts into the sea from yonder rock all manner of delicacies left over from his own repast. Your lordship may judge for yourself the truth of my statement, for our benefactor is even now approaching the rock to take his breakfast."

The Prime Minister swam in rather closer, followed by the head-fish and a jostling crowd of fishes of all degrees and sizes.

The old beggar, having climbed the rock, sat down in a sunny corner near the mouth of his cave to eat his meal; nor did he notice anything unusual in the waters at his feet. Having finished his breakfast he emptied, as usual, the remaining contents of his sack into the sea, and retired into his cave to sleep.

Then began such a scramble among the fishes as would have made his sides ache with laughter could he but have seen it. Big fish jostled little fish, and little fish replied by rushing in under the big ones' noses and carrying off tit-bits before their larger brethren could turn round, so fat and lazy had they become. Even the Prime Minister forgot the dignity of his position and rushed into the fray with the rest, laying about him lustily to secure this or that choice morsel.

Not till every scrap was disposed of did he hurry off to acquaint the King with what had occurred, and was still licking his lips when he swam into the Royal presence. The King

was so much interested in the account of the feast that he declared his intention of being present with his courtiers on the next occasion. The following day, therefore, he witnessed the scramble with much amusement, and having tasted some of the delicacies, which by his Royal command were brought to him, he expressed his desire to reward this generous benefactor of his subjects.

On taking his bath the next morning, according to his custom, the old beggar was much surprised when several large fishes approached him, amongst whom was the Prime Minister, who thus addressed him:—

"THE OLD BEGGAR WAS MUCH SURPRISED WHEN SEVERAL LARGE FISHES APPROACHED HIM."

"Oh, most noble benefactor, I am commanded by His Majesty the King of the Fishes, to whose ears the tale of your generosity has been carried, to convey you to his Royal presence, that he may bestow upon you some fitting reward. Wherefore may it please your most honourable person to accompany your most humble servant."

The poor beggar was at first in a great fright, and would have turned and fled to his cave, but seeing himself surrounded by a number of large fishes, a portion of the King's Royal bodyguard, all armed with long, sharp spines, he thought it wisest to yield to the King's wishes, and followed the Prime Minister with the best possible grace. That worthy fish was most attentive and polite, singing the praises of his Sovereign in true Ministerial style.

"Be advised by me," said this crafty courtier, who was also Keeper of the Privy Purse, and as such objected to anyone having any pickings but himself. "Remember, above all things, on no account to accept any presents from my Royal master. He will desire to load you with gold and precious stones, but refuse them; they are the treasures of dead men, gathered from the sea-god's spoils, and must sooner or later bring nothing but disaster upon the mortal who owns them."

The old beggar seemed so cast down at the thought of having to give up all hope of reward that the old fish began to feel sorry for him. Swimming closer to his side he whispered into the beggar's ear, "If the King presses you to take a gift, say you will accept nothing, but ask to be allowed to kiss his tongue. He will be furious at first, but remain calm, and in no way show any fear, and he is bound to grant the request. You may yet gather riches greater than any man before you."

They were now approaching the Royal presence. The King was surrounded by his bodyguard and courtiers, and the throng presented a remarkable and brilliant spectacle. The Prime Minister, having made his bow, presented the old beggar to the King, referring to the generous work which he had carried on among the poor fishes of that coast.

The monarch, having listened to his Minister's speech, desired the beggar to step forward, and commanded one of his courtiers to place a chain of fine gold round his neck, and to present him with a bag of gold pieces and another of precious stones. The poor

"THE BEGGAR, APPROACHING THE KING, KISSED HIS TONGUE."

beggar's eyes sparkled with joy and greed, but a sly slap from the tail of the Prime Minister recalled the advice given to him, and reluctantly he declined the King's proffered gift. His Majesty appeared much surprised and pressed him to accept some reward for his benevolence.

"Let me, then," cried the beggar, "kiss your Majesty's tongue, for that is the only reward I will accept."

If the sea had suddenly become dry land it could not have caused greater astonishment among the fishes than did this request. A confused murmur of voices ran round the ring of courtiers, while the bodyguard clashed their prickly spines. As for the King, he seemed dumb with amazement at the beggar's boldness.

"Seize him!" he roared at length, in a voice of rage which echoed through the coral groves of the palace.

A number of the Royal bodyguard instantly closed round the beggar, who thought that his last hour had certainly come. But remembering the advice of the Prime Minister, who was engaged in earnest conversation with his august master, he pretended a calmness he was far from feeling, and in a loud voice again repeated his request.

"Hear me, O Son of Earth," replied the King, at length; "your ways are not as our ways or your thoughts our thoughts, and perchance, as the Prime Minister has pointed out to us, you have not meant to offend; approach, therefore, and kiss our Royal tongue."

The bodyguard opened their ranks and the beggar, approaching the King, kissed his tongue. As he did so there was a roar as of a violent hurricane, the beggar felt himself lifted up upon a mighty column of water, spun violently round twice or thrice, carried forward at a furious pace, and then lost consciousness.

When he came to himself he was lying at the mouth of his cave in the great rock; the rising sun was flooding the sky and throwing a long path of gold across the gently-heaving ocean. The old beggar sat up, blinking like an owl, and wondering whether it was not all an evil dream. Had

"'WHAT A FOOLISH OLD MAN,' REPLIED THE PARROT WIFE."

he really seen the King of the Fishes and kissed his tongue?

At that moment two green parrots flew into a palm tree close by the rock.

"Look, my dear," said one of them to the other; "that silly old beggar sits all day in his rags on that barren rock when he might be living at his ease in a palace, with slaves to do his bidding."

"What a foolish old man!" replied the parrot wife. "Why, then, does he live in that miserable hole?"

"Ah, my dear, that is a secret," said her husband, drawing himself up with a dignified air.

The old beggar had started on hearing the birds talk. He had seen green parrots before many times, but never had he heard any talk as these two did. Was this new knowledge the result of kissing the Fish King's tongue? And what did they mean about living in a palace? He listened eagerly for more.

"Tell me the secret," replied the young parrot wife, coaxingly, snuggling up beside her lord and master and caressing him with her little hooked beak. "You know I love secrets."

Her husband chuckled to himself at this admission. "Like all the fair sex," he said. "Well, my dear, you must know that at the foot of the big rock lies a great treasure of gold pieces and cups and ornaments of precious stones. I remember seeing it buried; it was many years ago. It did not do the owner much good," he continued; "he was drowned close by soon afterwards."

The old beggar did not wait to hear more; he was scrambling down the rock as fast as he could go. It was low water, and a little cove was exposed close to the foot of the rock. It must be here that the treasure was concealed. He shovelled away with a piece of wreckage which he picked up on the beach. The sun beat down upon him, and the tide was slowly creeping up behind. Every now and again a big wave would come rolling in and run up the beach hissing and foaming, as if anxious to reach him and drag him away. But he took no notice. The hole was pretty deep now, and—ah! at last a large leather trunk was exposed. It was sodden and rotten from the action of the water, and the lid soon yielded to his efforts to open it. What a sight met his gaze! He laughed and shouted as he dipped his hands in the sparkling gems and let them run through his fingers like water.

"Mine, mine, all mine!" he cried.

And that was how the old beggar made his fortune.

"'MINE, MINE, ALL MINE!' HE CRIED."

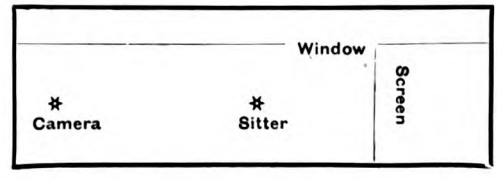
Silhouette Photography.

By G. E. Moysey.

EVERY amateur photographer is seized sooner or later with a desire to record the features of his friends and acquaintances: a proceeding which in many cases leads to undesirable recrimination, and sometimes to lifelong alienation. We all know the history of the man who lost every friend he possessed within six months of buying a camera; and some of us are, alas! personally acquainted with the individual who, having portrayed us sorely against our will and better judgment, has the audacity to declare the result a striking likeness. To be asked to believe that hard black lines represent our wrinkles, that an attitude of slight intoxication faithfully reproduces our habitual position when standing, or that the curved spine and vacant eyes we see in the photograph are giving us the inestimable boon of seeing ourselves as others see us: these things are too much, even for the mildest-tempered man; whilst as for the feelings of the feminine victims!

So universal is the suffering thus wantonly inflicted, and so small a chance do any of us stand of escaping the common fate, that the introduction of silhouette photography may possibly, in the words of a well-known advertisement, come as a boon and a blessing to men. For silhouette photography refuses to submit to the vagaries of the amateur artist; it demands and enforces the observance of certain rules and precautions, and, whilst giving a faithful likeness, entirely does away with the manifold pitfalls into which the novice usually tumbles pell-mell. The actual photography is easy enough, but the whole art lies in the previous arrangement of the chair, screen, light, and one or two other little matters, for on these things depends the success or otherwise of the negatives.

The first point is to find the right room in which to arrange the necessary paraphernalia: a room possessing a large and well-lighted window. That is to say, this window must have a good and open look-out, unshadowed by foliage or neighbouring walls, so that the maximum amount of light may enter. Sunshine is not desirable; far better a bright day with the sun (temporarily, at least) behind a cloud. The position of the window with regard to the rest of the wall is shown in the accompanying diagram:—



If this window, which must be the only one in the room, does not possess thick curtains already a railway rug must be hung up on the side nearest S—the sitter—the other side being left bare. If, however, there are curtains the rug will not be necessary; but, on the other hand, the curtain nearest the screen is best removed, the object being to admit as much light as possible directly on to the screen and to shield the sitter. The screen, a most important adjunct, can be made of any plain white material, such as calico; and is stretched over a clothes-horse, to which it is firmly tacked, so as to present an unwrinkled surface. This screen is placed on the opposite side of the window to which the sitter will take up his pose, and set nearly at right angles to it; on this unbroken surface of white the light pours through the window wide open at the top, and makes a brilliant background to the sitter, who, sitting in twilight on the other side and shielded by the curtain or rug from the direct rays, stands out in dark relief against the snowiness beyond. At the critical moment, moreover, this brilliancy may be still further increased by burning a piece of magnesium

A PHOTO-SILHOUETTE OF A LADY.

wire behind the subject, so as to throw an extra amount of light on to the screen.

The chair for the sitter is placed with its back to the screen, but the sitter takes up his position sideways, so as to present the profile to the camera. The silhouette taken should be as large as permitted by the make of camera employed; for a tiny silhouette, although amusing as a curiosity, does not give nearly so lifelike an effect as one of a larger size. The exposure need not be very accurately timed, but, supposing the light to be good, it should, with a medium stop, be about three seconds. It must not be too long; this is a fatal fault, as the features would show and destroy the resemblance to silhouettes. But where the right exposure has been given it is impossible to tell the photographed silhouette apart from the original style of illustration—the dear old black-paper absurdity of our youth. Not a scrap of feature, except those outlined against the dead white background, not the vestige of detail anywhere serves to show how the silhouette was taken; it is a black presentment and nothing more.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF PHOTO-SILHOUETTING.

To secure the essential dead black and white points, it is advisable to attach an oval mask to the negative and use "Dekko Matt" paper, a rapid and easy process.

A few words on the subject of posing the sitter—for it is here that most mistakes are made by those who are trying silhouette photography for the first time.

To begin with, try if possible to secure the outline of the eyelashes and eyebrow; these are most effective and also greatly soften the sharpness of the line. Again, take special care that the subject sits up well. He cannot sit too erect, nor can he really overdo the lengthening of his neck. These trifles are not noticeable in real life, and in ordinary photography there is always so much detail that the attention is carried away from these blemishes; but in the silhouettes of course outline is everything, and therefore even an ordinary pose will sometimes come out looking like a double chin or rounded shoulders. In a man's silhouette take notice that the line of the white collar is clearly portrayed, and where pointed collars are worn see that these points both appear in the picture. Unless a man has plenty of hair on the top of his head he is best taken in a hat; for the outline of a bald head is so very hard.

So much for the masculine sitters; now a word or two of advice to those ladies who are willing to offer themselves as victims to the photographer's art. See that the hair is moderately neat and that the little locks at the nape of the neck are carefully hidden away; for the latter are not pretty in a silhouette, and the writer has seen a head of hair come out looking like an infuriated haystack, although in real life it was quite becoming. Wear a hat if you are at all doubtful about the effect your locks are likely to produce. And above all things make certain that your blouse has not a wide, deep collar! Nothing is more apt to give a bunched appearance than shoulders covered with one of the fashionable deep collars or capes; it spoils the line of the back completely. Finally, wear something of lace round the neck—something close-fitting, *bien entendu*—for the broken edge of the lace is distinctly flattering to the silhouette, and, in consequence, to your vanity later on when you survey the finished portrait. In conclusion, do your best for the photographer; and then perhaps you will entertain more kindly thoughts of him when in after years you accidentally come across "that funny old silhouette photograph of me, my dear!"

A GENTLEMAN IN PHOTO-SILHOUETTE.

Curiosities.

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[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

NOT SO GOODY AS HE LOOKS.

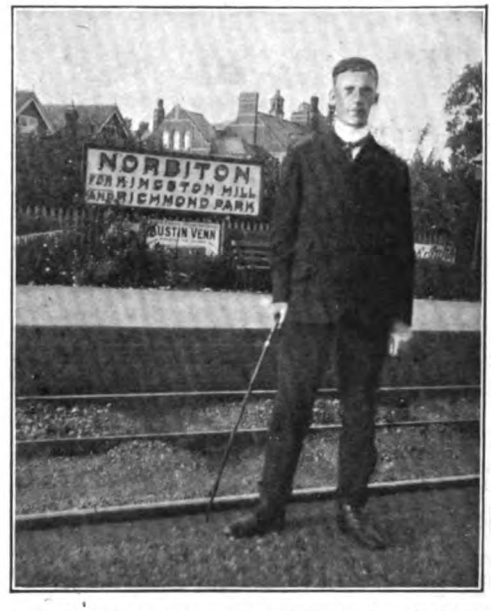
"I send you a photograph of my dog. It shows how a dog can be taught to do almost anything. He is really very ferocious, but looks far from being that in the photograph."—Mr. G. Hoare, Thorndene, 105, Mount View Road, Stroud Green, N.

DOWN A CHUTE—BACKWARDS.

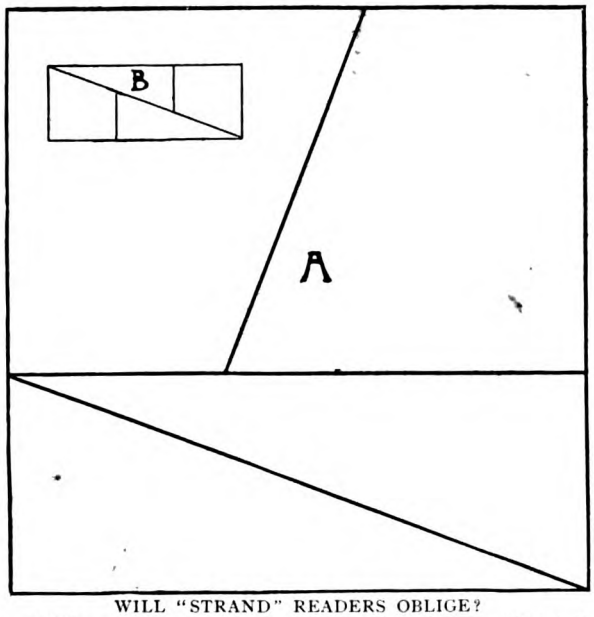
"This photograph is taken from the top of a water-chute at a private bathing-place in Buckinghamshire. The victim of the contrivance is seen leaving the end of it in a backward sitting position. The apparatus is different from other water-chutes, in that it has a small tram or trolley running upon wheels which stops at the end of the incline, shooting off its occupant into the water. An expression of mingled pain and astonishment may be observed upon the face of the traveller."—Mr. Kingsmill Delap, 29, York Mansions, Battersea Park, S.W.

NOT ON THE METALS!

"I send you a remarkable photograph, or rather optical illusion. I am not standing on the metals at all, but am really on the platform of the station, like

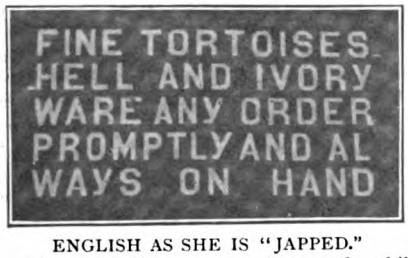


any other passengers waiting for a train. A friend 'took' me with the curious result shown."—Mr. R. F. Stratton, Vermont, 55, Barrowgate Road, Chiswick.



WILL "STRAND" READERS OBLIGE?

"Take a piece of paper, eight inches square, and cut it according to lines on enclosed drawing A, and arrange as drawing B. The square contains sixty-four square inches, the parallelogram sixty-five square inches. Where does the extra square inch come from? I saw this in an American paper-maker advertisement some time ago and have often puzzled over it. Perhaps some of your readers can solve the mystery?"—Mr. A. Wilson Shaw, 296, Renfrew Street, Charing Cross, Glasgow.



ENGLISH AS SHE IS "JAPPED."

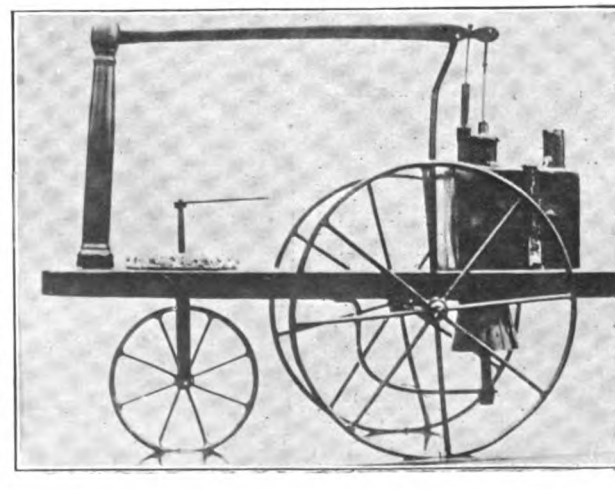
"I took this amusing photograph while in Nagasaki last January. It was a sign over a tortoiseshell and ivory shop, and I thought the way in which 'tortoise-shell' had been divided was a very good example of English as she is Japped."—Miss M. Southern, Crescent House, Brooklands, Manchester.

THE FIRST MOTOR-CAR.

The accompanying is a photograph of the first locomotive of any kind made and run in England. It was built by William Murdock, the well-known assistant to James Watt, some time between the years 1781 and 1784. The little engine is only fourteen inches high and nineteen inches long, and is driven by a simple expansion vibrating cylinder and a beam. In his "Men of Invention and Industry," Dr. Smiles tells the following story about a trial spin of this first of all motor-cars: "One night," he says, "after returning from his duties at the mine at Redruth, Murdock went over with his model locomotive to the avenue leading to the church, about a mile from the town. Having lit the lamp the water soon boiled, and off started the engine, with the inventor after it. Shortly after he heard distant shouts of terror. It was too dark to perceive objects, but he found, on following up the machine, that the cries had proceeded from the worthy vicar, who, while going along the walk, had met the hissing and fiery little monster, which he declared he took to be the Evil One *in propriâ personâ*." There is a full-sized model of this little engine in the galleries of the Victoria and Albert Museum, but the original is the property of Messrs. Tangye, Limited, by whose kindness we are able to reproduce the photograph.

A SEED-POD—WITH ANCHORS.

"This is not an animal, but a seed-pod, brought by a sailor, from a forest tree in Patagonia. It is another wonderful evidence of the provision of Nature. The pod falls into the light and loamy soil, and the horn-like hooks fasten themselves into the earth, while the pod ripens and opens, emptying the contents into the soil."—Mr. Frank Dedicoat, 64, Moseley Street, Birmingham.

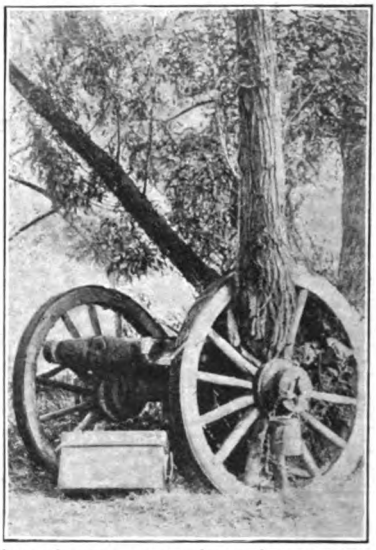


A WRESTLER ON A MONUMENT.

"This unique and curious monument is to be found in the chancel of the village church at Bunny, Nottinghamshire. It perpetuates the memory of a once famous wrestler, Sir Thomas Parkyns, Baronet, of Bunny Hall, who died in 1741. A man of many parts, a scholar, and an ardent sportsman, wrestling was his favourite hobby, and he kept a band of wrestlers at Bunny Hall for his own amusement and to train others for the ring. He was the author of a book on wrestling published in 1714—probably the first of its kind—entitled 'Inn-Play, or the Cornish-Hugg Wrestler,' a sporting work now exceedingly rare. The larger figure in the picture shows the baronet in a wrestling attitude. The two smaller figures, a Latin inscription on the monument explains, represents the sporting baronet overthrown in a bout with Time."—Mr. H. Cope, care of Mrs. Harrison, 3, John Street, Newarke, Leicester.

WAR AND PEACE.

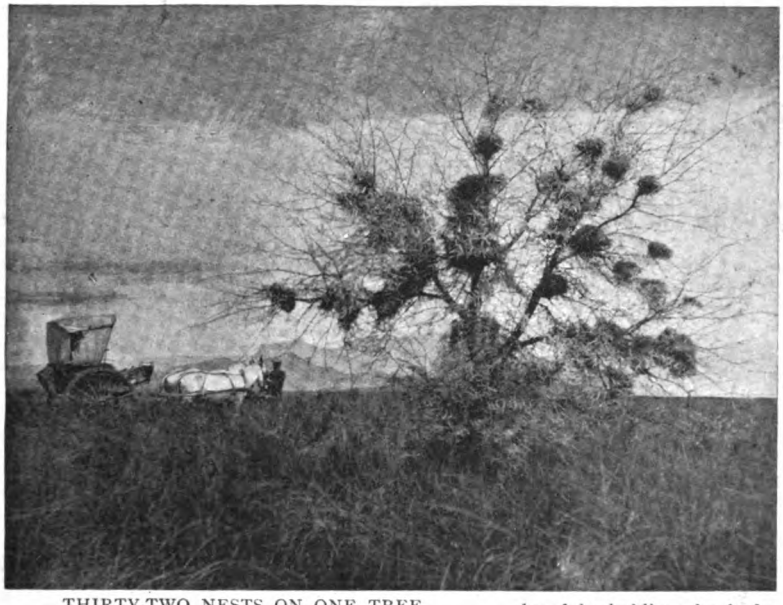
"The tree shown in the photograph stands on a small island near the mouth of the Delaware River, called Pea Patch Island, which was used by the North during the Civil War for the purpose of keeping captured Confederate soldiers and war material. At that time the caisson carriage (some claim it to be a gun-carriage, which, however, is not so), the remains of which are also shown, must have experienced a similar fate and was in course of time, while on the island, no doubt lost sight of. As years passed by an elm tree commenced growing through one of its wheels, forcing some of the spokes out of place as it gained in size. Since this photograph was taken the tree has made constant progress as regards



circumference, so much so that two more spokes and the hub have been affected. As this landmark is soon to disappear on account of improvements to be made by the Government, hundreds of old ex-Confederates who were held prisoners here during the sixties are coming in the autumn to see the relic before it vanishes for good. The photograph was taken by Private Thomas H. Eads, of the Coast Artillery, Fort Du Pont, Del."—Corporal Walter L. Benn, 112th Co., C.A.

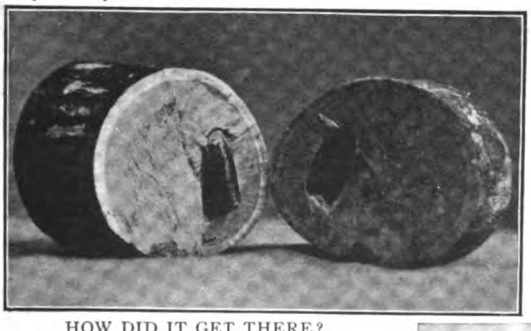
BOAT OR ISLAND?

"What at first sight appears to be a boat floating on the lake, as seen in the photograph, is really nothing of the sort. It is in reality a small island, as close inspection will reveal. At dusk recently, when I first saw it, in common with others I took it to be a boat, and, needless to add, was completely deceived."—Mr. Geo. Brand, 45, Calverley Road, Tunbridge Wells.



THIRTY-TWO NESTS ON ONE TREE.

"The tree shown in my photograph is situated on the veldt near Middelburg, Cape Colony. It is the only one for miles around, and therefore thirty-two birds have chosen this tree as a safe spot to build their nests and bring up their young. The sight is as pretty as it is unique."—Mr. Walter H. Brooke, Beryn Edwyn, Flint, North Wales.



HOW DID IT GET THERE?

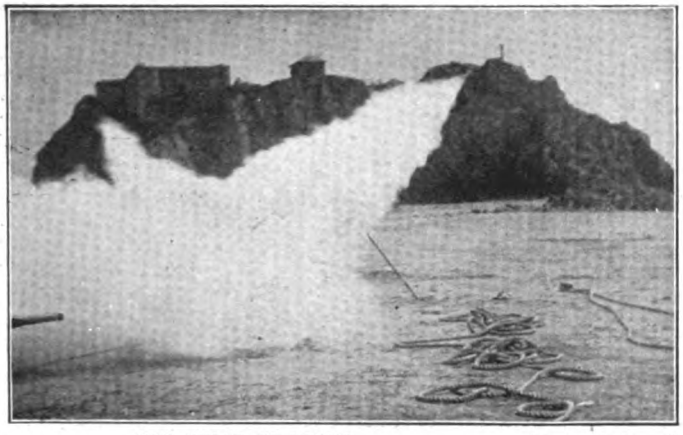
"While I was lately engaged in attending to the cutting of a large number of elephant tusks in preparation for export to the London market, the ivory sawyer suddenly struck some hard substance in a tusk about four feet long. As the saw grated we turned the tusk round a bit and sawed into it again till the saw again grated. The operation of turning the tusk round and round and sawing into it at last parted the tusk in two, and to the great astonishment of those present what should we find to have been the cause of the obstruction but a brass-coated bullet safely and securely embedded in the centre of the tusk, as may be easily seen on reference to the photo., where the two inside sections are shown. Now the question is this: How did that bullet get into the solid part of the tusk, as there are no external or internal marks to show its inward passage? Of course, it has to be taken for granted that the bullet was fired from a rifle at the elephant. The photograph is by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd." — A Bombay Correspondent.

A SPIRALLY-FRACTURED TEST-TUBE.

"This curious and regular crack was produced by holding the body of the test-tube in one hand and pulling its mouth with the other, as if to pull it apart. The result is doubtless due to some peculiar strain in the glass of that particular test-tube."—Mr. E. A. Maskelyne, The Egyptian Hall, London, W.

A ROOF-CLIMBING SHEEP.

"I took this picture a few weeks ago in Carnarvonshire, and it shows a very novel form of pasturage. The cottage is a thatched one, with an abundance of green grass growing on the ridge. The lamb evidently fancied the appearance of it, for it scrambled up to the top and after demolishing the grass enjoyed the view for some time. The Welsh mountain sheep are inveterate climbers and are invariably hobbled to prevent straying. This lamb, notwithstanding its fetters, surmounted all difficulties."—Mr. G. E. Snoxell, 16, Merton Grove, Bootle, Lancashire



NOT WHAT IT SEEMS.

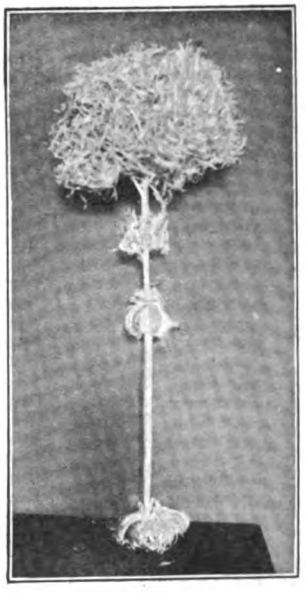
"This is not the photograph of a big gun being fired from the rock, but is in reality a rocket photographed in full flight. It was taken during life-saving practice at Tenby."—Mr. Norman A. Keene, St. Julian's Avenue, Newport, Mon.

SNAP-SHOTTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"In this picture a Filipino is shown holding an American photographer up in a church-window while he took views of the inauguration of Judge Topt at Manila, July 4th, 1901."—Miss Minna Irving, Tarrytown, New York.

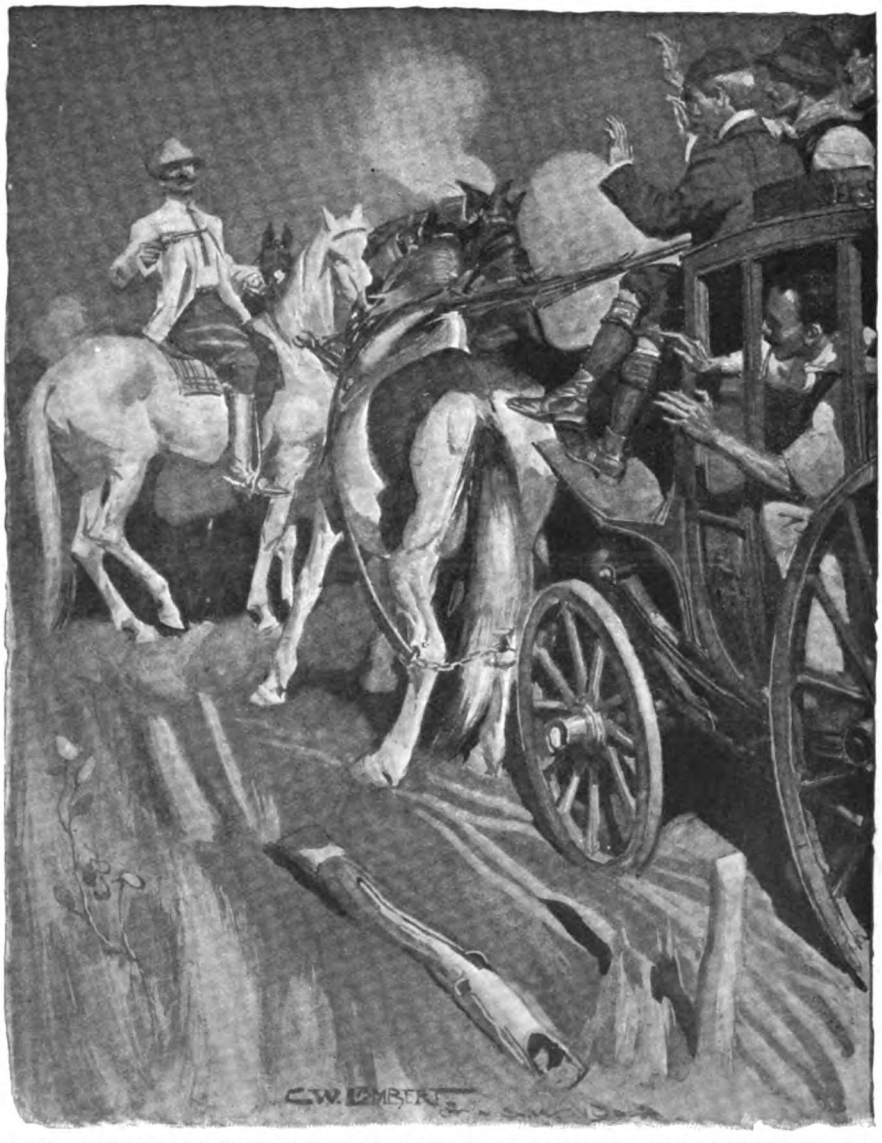
A PECULIAR BROOM.

"My photograph was taken during a recent visit to Italy. It is a kind of broom which is used by the priests in Rome during the ceremony of cleansing the altars with a mixture of blessed wine and water after High Mass on Holy Thursday. Amongst the Catholic laity it is a most coveted, though somewhat rare, possession. The construction is very ingenious, being entirely formed out of a single piece of white wood, which is simply whittled away with a very sharp knife till the necessary shape has been attained."—Miss Audrey Anderson, 45, Norton Road, Hove, Brighton.



INDUSTRIOUS JACKDAWS.

"This photograph depicts four days' depos't of sticks by jackdaws. For several days they had supplied the kindling wood for the house, dropping it from the nest they were building up the chimney. Thinking it was a curiosity I allowed it to collect till the nest was completed."—Mr. M. H. Richmond, Kingsland Bank, Shrewsbury.



"MR. KENTISH WATCHED THE LITTLE OPERATION OF 'STICKING UP' WITHOUT A WORD."

(*See page* 363.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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STINGAREE STORIES.

By E. W. Hornung.

II.—A BUSHRANGER AT BAY.

THE HON. GUY KENTISH was trotting the globe—an exercise foreign to his habit—when he went on to Australia for a reason racy of his blood. He wished to witness a certain game of cricket between the full strength of Australia and an English team which included one or two young men of his acquaintance. It was no part of his original scheme to see anything of the country; one of the Australian cricketers put that idea into his head; and it was under inward protest that Mr. Kentish found himself smoking his chronic cigar on the Glenranald and Clear Corner coach one scorching morning in the month of February. He thought he had never seen such a howling desert in his life; and it is to be feared that in his heart he applied the same epithet to his two fellow-passengers. The one outside was chatting horribly with the driver; the other had tried to chaff the Hon. Guy, and had repaired in some disorder to the company of the mail-bags inside. Kentish wondered whether these were the sort of creatures he might expect to meet upon the station to which he had reluctantly accepted an officious introduction. He wished himself out of the absurd little two-horse coach, out of an expedition whose absurdity was on a larger scale, and back again on the shady side of the two or three streets where he lived his normal life. The fare at wayside inns made the thought of his club a positive pain; and these pangs were at their sharpest when Stingaree cantered out of the scrub with his long revolver, a blessed bolt from the blue.

Mr. Kentish watched the little operation of "sticking up" without a word, but with revived interest in life. He noted the pusillanimous pallor of the driver and his friend, and felt personally indebted to the desperado who had put a stop to their unpleasant conversation. The inside passenger made a yet more obsequious surrender. Not that the trio were set any better example by their noble ally, who began by smiling at the whole affair, and was content to the last in taking an observant interest in the bush-ranger's methods. These were simple and in a sense humane; there was no personal robbery at all. The mail-bags were sufficient for Stingaree, who on this occasion worked alone, but led a pack-horse, to which the driver and the inside passenger were compelled to strap the long canvas bags, under his eye-glass and his long revolver. Few words were spoken from first to last; the Hon. Guy never put in his at all; but he watched the outlaw like a lynx, without betraying an undue attention, and when all was over he gave a sigh.

"So that's Stingaree!" he said, more to himself than to his comrades in humiliation; but the bushranger had cantered back into the scrub, and his name opened the floodgates of a profanity which made Kentish wince, for all his knowledge of the world.

"Do you never swear at him till he has gone?" he asked when he had a chance. The driver leant across the legs of his friend.

"Not unless we want a bullet through our skulls," he answered, in boorish derision; and the man between them laughed harshly.

"I thought he had never been known to shoot?"

"That's just it, mister. We don't want him to begin on us."

"Why didn't *you* give him a bit of *your* mind?" the man in the middle inquired of Kentish. "I never heard you open your gills!"

"And we expected to see some pluck from the old country," added the driver, wreaking vengeance with his lash.

Mr. Kentish produced his cigar-case with an insensitive smile, and, after a moment's

deliberation, handed it for the first time to his uncouth companions. "Do you want those mail-bags back?" he asked, quite casually, when the three cigars were in blast.

"Want them? Of course I want them; but want must be my boss," said the driver, gloomily.

"I'm not so sure," said Kentish. "When does the next coach pass this way?"

"Midnight, and I drive it. I turn back when I get to Clear Corner, you see."

"Then look out for me about this spot. I'm going to ask you to put me down."

"Put you down?"

"If you don't mind pulling up. I'm not going any farther just at present; but I'll go back with you to Glenranald instead, if you'll keep a look-out for me to-night."

Instinctively the driver put his foot upon the brake, for the request had been made with that quiet authority which this silent passenger had suddenly assumed; and yet it seemed to them such a mad demand that his companions looked at Kentish as they had not looked before. His face bore a close inspection; it was one of those which burn red, and in the redness twinkled hazel eyes that toned agreeably with a fair beard and fairer moustache. The former he had grown upon his travels; but the trail of the West-end tailor, whose shooting-jacket is as distinctive as his frock-coat, was upon Guy Kentish from head to heel. As they watched him he took an open envelope from his pocket, scribbled a few words on a card, put that in, and stuck down the flap.

"Here," said he, "is my letter of introduction to the good people at the Mazeppa Station higher up. If I don't turn up to-night, see that they get it, even if it costs you a bit of this."

And, putting a sovereign in a startled palm, he jumped down with a laugh.

"But what are you going to do, sir?" cried the driver, in alarm.

"Recover your mail-bags if I can."

"What? After you've just been stuck up——"

"Exactly. I hope to stick up Stingaree!"

"Then you were armed all the time?"

Mr. Kentish smiled as he shook his head.

"That's my affair, I fancy; but even so I am not fool enough to tackle such a fellow with his own weapons. You leave it to me, and don't be anxious. But I must be off if I'm to stalk him before he goes through the letters. No, I know what I'm doing, and I shall do better alone. Till to-night, then!"

And he was in the scrub ere they decided to take him at his madcap word, and let his blood be on the chuckle-head of the new-chummiest new-chum that ever came out after the rain! Was it pluck or all pretence? It was rather plucky even to pretend in such proximity to the terrible Stingaree; on the whole, the coaching trio were disposed to concede a certain amount of unequivocal courage; and the driver, with Kentish's sovereign in his pocket, went so far as to declare that duty alone nailed him to the box.

Meantime the Hon. Guy had skirted the road until he came to double horse-tracks striking back into the bush; these he followed with the wary stealth of one who had spent his autumns, at least, in the right place. They led him through belts of scrub in which he trod like a cat, without disturbing an avoidable branch, and over treeless spaces that he crossed at a run, bent double; but always, as he followed the

"HE CAME TO DOUBLE HORSE-TRACKS STRIKING BACK INTO THE BUSH."

trail, his shadow fell at one consistent angle, showing how the bushranger rode through his natural element as the crow might have flown overhead.

At last Kentish found himself in a sandy gully bristling with pine trees, through which the sunlight dripped like melted gold; and in the fine warp and woof of high light and sharp shadow the bushranger's horses stood swishing the flies with their long tails. The bushranger himself was nowhere to be seen. But at last Kentish descried a white-and-brown litter on either side of the thickest trunk in sight, from whose farther side floated intermittent puffs of thin blue smoke. Kentish looked and looked again before advancing. But the tall pine threw such a shadow as should easily swallow his own. And in another minute he was peeping round the bole.

The litter on either side was, of course, the shower of miscellaneous postal matter from the mail-bags; and in its midst sat Stingaree against the tree, enjoying his pipe and a copy of *Punch*, of which the wrapper lay upon his knees. Kentish peered for torn envelopes and gaping packets; there were no more. The bushranger had evidently started with *Punch*, and was still curiously absorbed in its contents. The notorious eye-glass dangled against that kindred vanity, the spotless white jacket which he affected in summer-time; the brown, attentive face, even as Kentish saw it in less than profile, was thus purged of the sinister aspect which such an appendage can impart to the most innocent; and a somewhat passive amusement was its unmistakable note. Nevertheless, the long revolver which had o ce more done its nefarious work still lay ready to his hand; indeed, the Hon. Guy could have stooped and whipped it up, had he been so minded.

He was absorbed, however, in the absorption of Stingaree; and as he peered audaciously over the other's shoulder he put himself in the outlaw's place. An old friend would have lurked in every cut, a friend whom it might well be a painful pleasure to meet again. There were the oval face and the short upper lip of one imperishable type; on the next page one of Punch's Fancy Portraits, with lines underneath which set Stingaree incongruously humming a stave from "H.M.S. Pinafore." Mr. Kentish smiled without surprise. The common folk in the omnibus opposite were the common folk of an inveterate master; there was matter for a homesick sigh in his hint of streaming streets—and Kentish thought he heard one as he held his breath. The page after that detained the reader some minutes. The illustrations proclaimed it an article on the new Savoy opera, and Stingaree confirmed the impression by humming more "Pinafore" when he came to the end. Kentish left him at it, and, creeping away as silently as he had come, described a circle and came noisily on the bushranger from the front. The result was that Stingaree was not startled into firing, but stopped the intruder at due distance with his revolver levelled across the open copy of *Punch*.

"I heard you singing 'Pinafore,'" cried Kentish, cheerily. "And I find you reading *Punch!*"

"How dare you find me?" demanded the bushranger, black with passion.

"I thought you wouldn't mind. I am perfectly innocuous—look!"

And, divesting himself of his shooting-coat, he tossed it across for the other's inspection; he wore neither waistcoat nor hip-pocket, and his innocence of arms was manifest when he had turned round slowly where he stood.

"Now may I not come a little nearer?" asked the Hon. Guy.

"No; keep your distance, and tell me why you have come so far. The truth, mind, or you'll be shot!"

"Very well," said Kentish. "They were dreadful people on the coach——"

"Are they waiting for you?" thundered Stingaree.

"No, they've gone on; and they think me mad."

"So you are!"

"We shall see; meanwhile I prefer your company to theirs, and mean to enjoy it up to the moment of my murder."

For an instant Stingaree seemed on the brink of a smile; then his dark face hardened, and he tapped the long barrel in rest between his knees.

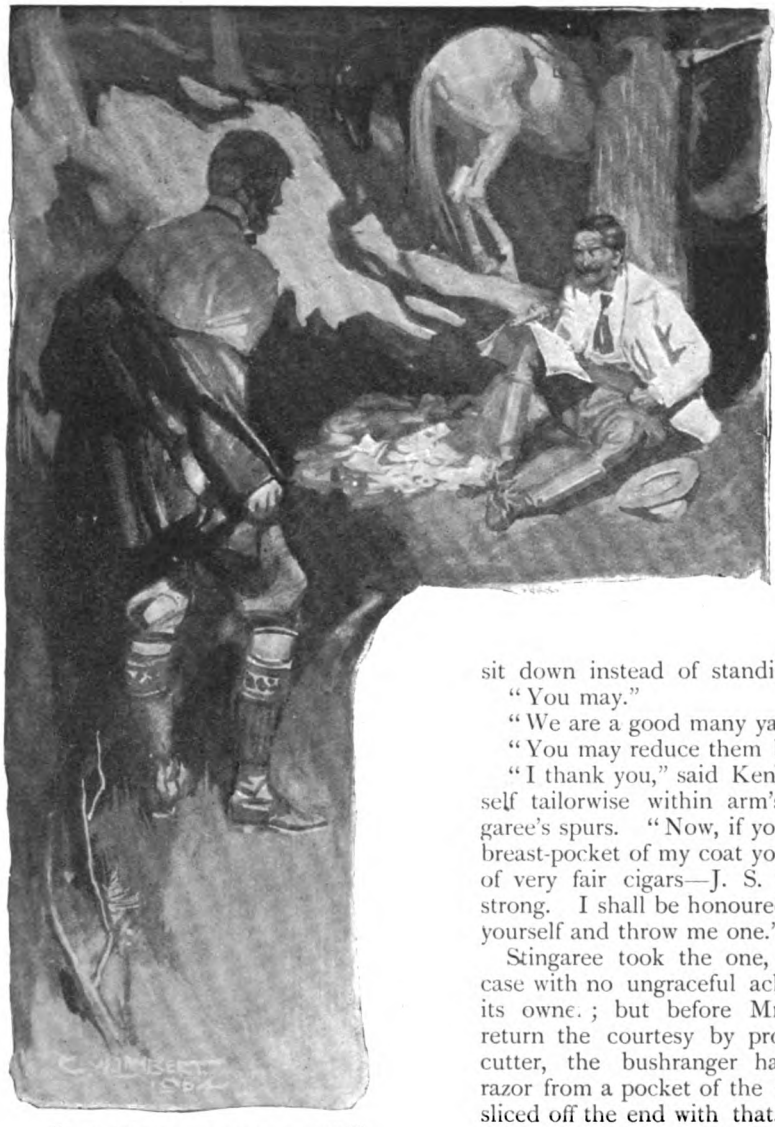
"You may call it murder if you like," said he. "That will not prevent me from shooting you dead unless you speak the truth. You have come for something; what is it?"

"I've told you already. I was bored and disgusted. That is the truth."

"But not the whole truth," cried Stingaree. "You had some other reason."

Kentish looked down without speaking. He heard the revolver cocked.

"Come, let us have it, or I'll shoot you like the spy I believe you to be!"



"I AM PERFECTLY INNOCUOUS—LOOK!"

"You may shoot me for telling you," said Kentish, with a quiet laugh and shrug.

"No, I shall not, unless it turns out that you're ground-bait for the police."

"That I am not," said Kentish, growing serious in his turn. "But, since you insist, I have come to persuade you to give up every one of these letters which you have no right on earth to touch!"

Their eyes met. Stingaree's were the wider open, and in an instant the less stern. He dropped his revolver, with a laugh, into its old place at his side.

"Mad or sane," said he, "I shall be under the unpleasant necessity of leaving you rather securely tied to one of these trees."

"I don't believe you will," returned Kentish, without losing a shade of his rich colouring. "But in any case I suppose we may have a chat first? I give you my word that you are safe from further intrusion to the level best of my knowledge and belief. May I sit down instead of standing?"

"You may."

"We are a good many yards apart."

"You may reduce them by half. There."

"I thank you," said Kentish, seating himself tailorwise within arm's length of Stingaree's spurs. "Now, if you will feel in the breast-pocket of my coat you will find a case of very fair cigars—J. S. Murias—not too strong. I shall be honoured if you will help yourself and throw me one."

Stingaree took the one, and handed the case with no ungraceful acknowledgment to its owner; but before Mr. Kentish could return the courtesy by proffering his cigar-cutter, the bushranger had produced his razor from a pocket of the white jacket, and sliced off the end with that.

"So you shave every day in the wilds," remarked the other, handing his match-box instead. "And I gave it up on my voyage!"

"I alter myself from time to time," said Stingaree, as he struck a light.

"It must be a wonderful life!"

But Stingaree lit up without a word, and Kentish had the wit to do the same. They smoked in silence for some minutes. A grey ash had grown on each cigar before Kentish demanded an opinion of the brand.

"To tell you the truth," said Stingaree, "I have smoked strong trash so many years that I can scarcely taste it!"

And he peered rather pathetically through his glass.

"Didn't the same apply to *Punch?*"

"No; I have always read the papers when I could," said Stingaree, and suddenly he was smiling. "That's one reason why I make a speciality of sticking up the mail," he explained.

Mr. Kentish was not to be drawn into a second deliverance on the bushranging career. "Is it a good number?" he asked, nodding towards the copy of *Punch.*

The bushranger picked it up.

"Good enough for me."

"What date?"

"Ninth of December."

"Nearly three months ago. I was in London then," remarked Kentish, in a reflective tone.

"Were you really?" cried Stingaree, under his breath. His voice was as soft as the other's, but there was suppressed interest in his manner. His dark eyes were only less alight than the red cigar that he took from his teeth as he spoke. And he held it like a connoisseur, between finger and thumb, for all his ruined palate.

"I was," repeated Kentish. "I didn't sail till the middle of the month."

"To think you were in town till nearly Christmas!" and Stingaree gazed enviously. "It must seem odd to be here," he added, in some haste.

"It does at the moment."

"I gather from the *Punch* cartoon that the new Law Courts are in use at last?"

"I was at the opening."

"Then you may have seen this opera that I have been reading about?"

Kentish asked what it was, although he knew.

"'Iolanthe.'"

"Rather! I was there the first night."

"The deuce you were!" cried Stingaree; and for the next quarter of an hour this armed scoundrel, the terror of a district as large as England and Wales, talked of nothing else to the man whom he was about to bind to a tree. Was the new opera equal to its predecessors? Which were the best songs? Did *Punch* do it justice, or was there some jealousy in that rival hot-bed of wit and wisdom?

"THEN YOU MAY HAVE SEEN THIS OPERA THAT I HAVE BEEN READING ABOUT?"

Unfortunately, Guy Kentish had no ear for music, but he made a clear report of the plot, could repeat some of the Lord Chancellor's quips, and was in decided disagreement with the captious banter from which he was given more than one extract. And in default of one of the new airs Stingaree rounded off the subject by dropping once more into—

> For he might have been a Pooshian,
> A French, or Turk, or Prooshian,
> Or, perhaps, Italian!
> But in spite of all temptations
> To belong to other nations
> He remains an Englishman!

"I understand that might be said of both of us," remarked Kentish, looking the outlaw boldly in the eyes. "But from all I have heard, I should have thought you were out here before the days of Gilbert and Sullivan."

"So I was," replied Stingaree, without frown or hesitation. "But you may also have heard that I am fond of music—any I can get. My only opportunities, as a rule," the bushranger continued, smiling mischievously at his cigar, "occur on the stations I have occasion to visit from time to time. On one a good lady played and sang 'Pinafore' and 'The Pirates of Penzance' to me from dewy eve to dawn. I'm bound to say I sang some of it at sight myself; and I flatter myself it helped to pass an embarrassing night rather pleasantly for all concerned. We had all hands on the place for our audience, and when I left I was formally presented with both scores; for I had only called for horses, and horses were all I took. Since then I have possessed myself in rather different fashion of a musical-box which plays selections from 'The Pirates.' I only wish we had it with us at this moment."

So affable and even charming was the quiet voice, so evident the appreciation of the last inch of the cigar which had thawed a frozen palate, and so conceivable a further softening, that Guy Kentish made bolder than before. He knew what he meant to do; he knew how he meant to do it. And yet it seemed just possible there might be a gentler way.

"You don't always take things, I believe?" he hazarded.

"You mean after sticking up?"

"Yes."

"Generally, I fear; it's the whole meaning of the act," confessed Stingaree, still the dandy in tone and phrase. "But there have been exceptions."

"Exactly!" quoth Kentish. "And there's going to be another this afternoon!"

Stingaree hurled the stump of his cigar into the scrub, and without a word the villain was born again, with his hard eyes, his harder mouth, his sinister scowl, his crag of a chin.

"So you come back to that!" he cried, harshly. "I thought you had more sense; you will make me tie you up before your time."

"You may do exactly what you like," retorted Kentish, a galling scorn in his unaltered voice. "Only before you do it, you may as well know who I am."

"My good sir, do you suppose I care who you are?" cried Stingaree, with an angry laugh: and his anger is the rarest thing in all his annals.

"I am quite sure you don't," responded Kentish. "But you may as well know my name, even though you never heard it before." And he gave it with a touch of triumph, not for one moment to be confounded with a natural pride.

The bushranger stared him steadily in the eyes; his hand had dropped once more upon the butt of his revolver. "No; I never did hear it before," he said.

"I'm not surprised," replied the other. "I was a new member when you were turned out of the club." Stingaree's hand closed; his eyes were terrible. "And yet," continued Kentish, "the moment I saw you at close quarters in the road I recognised you as——"

"Stingaree!" roared the bushranger, on a rich and vibrant note. "Let any other name pass your lips—even here—and it's the last word that ever will!"

"Very well," said Mr. Kentish, with his unaffected shrug. "But, you see, I know all about you."

"You're the only man who does, in all Australia!" exclaimed the outlaw, hoarsely.

"At present! I sha'n't be the only man long."

"You will," said Stingaree through teeth and moustache; and he leaned over, revolver in hand. "You'll be the only man ever, because, instead of tying you up, I'm going to shoot you."

Kentish threw up his head in sharp contempt.

"What!" said he. "Sitting?"

Stingaree sprang to his feet in a fury. "No; I have a brace!" he cried, catching the pack-horse. "You shall have the other, if it makes you happy; but you'll be a dead man all the same. I can handle these things, and I shall shoot to kill!"

"Then it's all up with you," said Kentish, rising slowly in his turn.

"All up with me! What the deuce do you mean?"

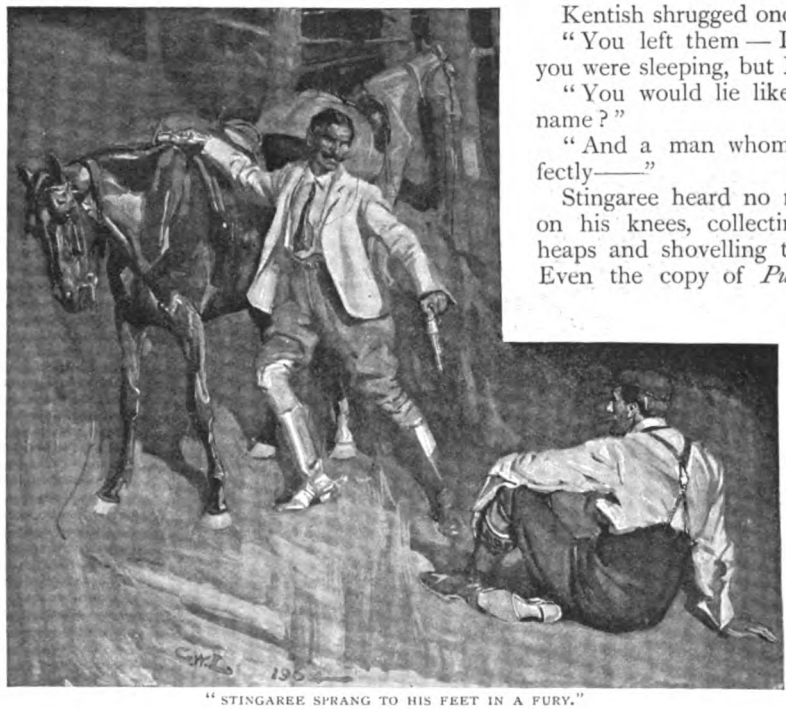
"Unless I am at a certain place by a certain time, with or without these letters that are not yours, another letter will be opened."

Stingaree's stare gradually changed into a smile.

"A little vague," said he, "don't you think?"

"It shall be plainer," was the reply. "The letter I mean was scribbled on the coach before I got down. It will only be opened if I don't return. It contains the name you can't bear to hear!"

There was a pause. The afternoon sun was sinking with southern precipitancy, and Kentish had got his back to it by cool intent.



"STINGAREE SPRANG TO HIS FEET IN A FURY."

He studied the play of suppressed mortification and strenuous philosophy in the swarthy face warmed by the reddening light; and admired the arduous triumph of judgment over instinct, even as a certain admiration dawned through the monocle which insensibly focused his attention.

"And suppose," said Stingaree—"suppose you return empty as you came?" A contemptuous kick sent a pack of letters spinning.

"I should feel under no obligation to keep your secret."

"And you think I would trust you to keep it otherwise?"

"If I gave you my word," said Kentish, "I know you would."

Stingaree made no immediate answer; but he gazed in the sun-flayed face without suspicion.

"You wouldn't give me your word," he said, at last.

"Oh, yes, I would."

"That you would die without letting that name pass your lips?"

"Unless I die delirious—with all my heart. I have as much respect for it as you."

"As much!" echoed the bushranger, in a strange blend of bitterness and obligation. "But how could you explain the bags? How could you have taken them from me?"

Kentish shrugged once more.

"You left them — I found them. Or you were sleeping, but I was unarmed."

"You would lie like that—to save my name?"

"And a man whom I remember perfectly——"

Stingaree heard no more; he was down on his knees, collecting the letters into heaps and shovelling them into the bags. Even the copy of *Punch* and the loose wrapper went in with the rest.

"You can't carry them," said he, when none remained outside. "I will take them for you and dump them on the track."

"I have to pass the time till midnight. I can manage them in two journeys."

But Stingaree insisted, and presently stood ready to mount his horse.

"You give me your word, Kentish?"

"My word of honour."

"It is something to have one to give! I shall not come back this way; we shall have the Clear Corner police on our tracks by moonlight, and the more they have to choose from the better. So I must go. You have given me your word; you wouldn't care to give me——"

But his hand went out a little as he spoke, and Kentish's met it seven-eighths of the way.

"Give this up, man! It's a poor game, when all's said; do give it up!" urged the man of the world with the warmth of a lad. "Come back to England and——"

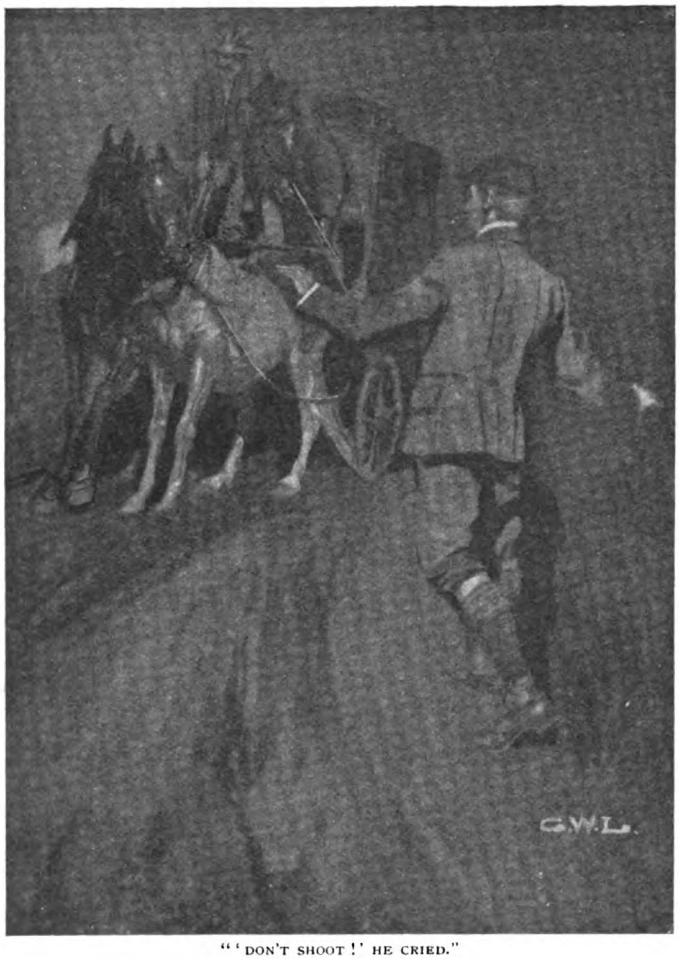
But the hand he now detained was wrenched from his, and, in the pink sunset sifted through the pines, Stingaree vaulted into his saddle with an oath.

"With a price on my skin!" he cried, and galloped from the gully with a bitter laugh.

And in the moonlight sure enough came bobbing horsemen, with fluttering pugarees and short tunics with silver buttons; but they saw nothing of the missing passenger, who had carried the bags some distance down the road, and had found them quite a comfortable couch in a certain box-clump commanding a sufficient view of the road.

But when the little coach came swaying on its leathern springs, its scarlet enamel stained black as ink in the moonshine, he was on the spot to stop it with uplifted arms.

"Don't shoot!" he cried. "I'm the passenger you put down this afternoon." And the driver nearly tumbled from his perch.



"'DON'T SHOOT!' HE CRIED."

"What about my mail-bags?" he recovered himself enough to ask: for it was perfectly plain that the pretentiously intrepid passenger had been skulking all day in the scrub, scared by the terrors of the road.

"They're in that clump," replied Mr. Kentish; "and you can get them yourself, or send someone else for them; for I've carried them far enough."

"That be blowed for a yarn!" cried the driver, forgetting his benefits in the virtuous indignation of the moment.

"I don't wonder at your thinking it one," returned the other, mildly; "for I own I have had a lot of luck."

And he told his first lie like a man.

But when the bags were really back in the coach, piled roof-high on those of the downward mail, then it was worse fun for Guy Kentish outside than even he had anticipated. Question followed question, compliment capped compliment, and a certain unsteady undercurrent of incredulity by no means lessened his embarrassment. Had he but told the truth, he felt he could have borne the praise, and indeed enjoyed it, for he had done far better than anybody was likely to suppose, and already it was irritating to have to keep that circumstance a secret.

But one thing he was able to say from his soul before the coach drew up at the next stage.

"You should have a spell here," the driver had suggested; "and let me pick you up again on my way back. You'd soon lay hands on the bird himself, if you can put salt on his tail as you've done. And no one else can—we want a few more new chums like you."

"I dare say!"

And the new chum's tone bore its own significance.

"You don't mean," cried the driver, "to go and tell me you'll hurry home after this?"

"Only by the first steamer!" said Guy Kentish.

And he kept that word as well.

The Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt.

CHAPTER VII.—HOW SARAH BERNHARDT LEFT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE—HER APPRECIATIONS OF OTHER ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

THE hostilities from which I had been suffering still continued by means of scraps of gossip retailed by one person to another and from one set to another. The French Press took it up and so did the English Press. In spite of my happy disposition and my contempt for ill-natured tales, I began to feel irritated. Injustice has always roused me to revolt, and injustice was certainly having its fling. I could do nothing that was not watched and blamed.

One day I was complaining of this to Madeleine Brohan, whom I loved dearly. That adorable actress took my face in her hands and, looking into my eyes, said: "My poor dear, you can't do anything to prevent it. You are original without trying to be so. You have a dreadful head of hair that is naturally curly and rebellious, your slenderness is exaggerated, Nature has endowed you with a harp in your throat, and all this makes you a creature apart, which is a crime of high treason against all that is commonplace. That is what is the matter with you physically. Now for your moral defects. You cannot hide your thoughts, you cannot stoop, you never accept any compromise, you will not lend yourself to any hypocrisy—and all this is a crime of high treason against society. How can you expect under these conditions not to arouse jealousy, not to wound people's susceptibilities, and not to make them spiteful? If you are discouraged because of these attacks it will be all over with you, for you will have no strength left to withstand them. In that case I advise you to brush your hair, to oil it, and so make it lie sleek.

SARAH BERNHARDT IN 1879.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

"I would advise you," she continued, "to get a little stouter and to let your voice break occasionally. Then you would annoy no one. But if you wish to remain *yourself*, my dear, prepare to mount a pedestal of calumny, scandal, injustice, adulation, flattery, lies, and truths. When you are once upon it, however, do the right thing, and make your pedestal secure by your talent, your work, and your kindness. All the spiteful people who have unintentionally provided the first materials for the edifice will kick it then in hope of destroying it. They will be powerless to do so, however, if you choose to prevent them; and that is just what I hope for you, my dear Sarah, as you have an ambitious thirst for glory. I cannot understand that myself, as I love nothing but rest and retirement."

I looked at her with envy; she was so beautiful with her liquid eyes, her face with its pure, restful lines, and her weary smile. I wondered in an uneasy way if happiness were not rather to be found in this calm tranquillity, in this disdain of the strenuous life. I asked her if this were so, and she told me that the theatre wearied her, and that she had had many disappointments. She shuddered when she spoke of her marriage; and as to her motherhood, that had only caused her sorrow. Her love affairs had left her affections crushed and physically disabled. The light seemed doomed to fade

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from her beautiful eyes as she told me all this in the same calm, half-weary tone.

What had charmed me only a short time before, now chilled me to the heart, for her dislike to movement was caused by the weakness of her eyes and her legs, and her delight in retirement was only the love of that peace which was so necessary to her, wounded as she was by the life she had lived.

The love of life, however, took possession of me more violently than ever. I thanked my dear friend and profited by her advice. I armed myself for the struggle, preferring to die in the midst of the battle rather than to end my life regretting that it had been a failure. I made up my mind not to weep over the base things that were said about me, and to take no heed of any more injustice. I made up my mind, also, to stand on the defensive; and very soon an occasion presented itself.

M. WORMS.

"L'Étrangère" was to be played for the second time at a *matinée*, June 21st, 1879. The day before I had sent word to Mayer that I was not well, and that as I was playing in "Hernani" at night I should be glad if he could change the play announced for the afternoon, if possible. The receipts, however, were more than four hundred pounds, and the committee would not hear of it.

"Oh, well," Got said to Mr. Mayer, "we must give the *rôle* to someone else if Sarah Bernhardt cannot play. There will be Croizette, Madeleine Brohan, Coquelin, Febvre, and myself in the cast, and, hang it all, it seems to me that all of us together will make up for Mademoiselle Bernhardt."

Coquelin was requested to ask Mlle. Marie Lloyd to take my part, as she had played this *rôle* at the Comédie when I was ill. She was afraid to undertake it, however, and refused. It was decided to change the play, and "Tartufe" was given instead of "L'Étrangère." Nearly all the public, however, asked to have their money refunded, and the receipts, which would have been about £500, only amounted to £84.

All the spite and jealousy now broke loose, and the whole company of the Comédie, more particularly the men, with the exception of M. Worms, started a campaign against me. Francisque Sarcey, as drum-major, beat the measure with his terrible pen in his hand. The most foolish, slanderous, and stupid inventions and the most odious lies took their flight like a cloud of wild ducks, and swooped suddenly down upon all the newspapers that were against me. It was said that for a shilling anyone might see me dressed as a man; that I smoked huge cigars leaning on the balcony of my house; that at the various receptions where I gave one-act plays I took my maid with me as a prompter; that I practised fencing in my garden, dressed as a pierrot in white; and that when taking boxing lessons I had broken two teeth of my unfortunate professor.

Some of my friends advised me to take no notice of these vile attacks, assuring me that the public could not possibly believe them. They were mistaken, however, for the public likes to believe bad things about anyone, as these are always more amusing than the good things. I soon had a proof that the English public was beginning to believe what the French papers said. I received a letter from a tailor asking me if I would consent to wear a coat of his make when I appeared in masculine attire, and not only did he offer me this coat for nothing, but he was willing to pay me a hundred pounds if I would wear it. This man was an ill-bred person, but he was sincere. I received several boxes of cigars, and boxing and fencing professors wrote to offer their services gratuitously. All this annoyed me to such a degree that I resolved to put an end to it. An article by Albert Wolff in the Paris *Figaro* caused me to take steps to cut matters short.

This is what I wrote in reply to it in June:—

"Albert Wolff, *Figaro*, Paris.

"And you, too, my dear Monsieur Wolff, believe such insane statements! Who can have been giving you such false information? Yet you are my friend, for in spite of all the infamies you have been told you have

still a little indulgence left. Well, I give you my word of honour that I have never dressed as a man in London. I did not even bring my sculptor's costume with me. I give the most emphatic denial to this misrepresentation. I only went once to the exhibition which I organized, and that was on the opening day, for which I had only sent out a few private invitations, so that no one paid a shilling to see me. It is true that I have accepted some private engagements to act; but you know that I am one of the worst paid members of the Comédie Française. I certainly have the right, therefore, to try to make up the difference. I have ten pictures and eight pieces of sculpture on exhibition. That is quite true, but as I brought them over here to sell I must really show them. As to the respect due to the House of Molière, dear Monsieur Wolff, I lay claim to keeping that in mind more than anyone, for I am absolutely incapable of inventing such calumnies for the sake of slaying one of its standard-bearers. And now, if the stupidities invented about me have annoyed the Parisians, and if they have decided to receive me ungraciously on my return, I do not wish anyone to be guilty of such degrading conduct on my account, so I will send in my resignation to the Comédie Française. If the London public is tired of all this fuss and should be inclined to show me ill-will instead of the indulgence hitherto accorded me, I shall ask the Comédie to allow me to leave England in order to spare our company the annoyance of seeing one of its members hooted and hissed. I am sending you this letter by wire. The consideration I have for public opinion gives me the right to take this extreme course, and I beg you, dear Monsieur Wolff, to accord to my letter the same honour as you did to the calumnies of my enemies.—With very kind regards, yours sincerely, SARAH BERNHARDT."

MOUNET SULLY.

This telegram caused much ink to flow. Whilst treating me as a spoiled child people generally agreed that I was quite right. The Comédie was most amiable. Perrin, the manager, wrote me an affectionate letter, begging me to give up my idea of leaving the company. The women were most friendly. Croizette came to see me, and putting her arms round me said: "Tell me you won't do such a thing, my dear, foolish child? You won't really send in your resignation? In the first place it would not be accepted, I can answer for that."

Mounet Sully talked to me of art and of honour. His whole speech savoured of Protestantism. There are several Protestant pastors in his family, and this influenced him unconsciously. Delaunay, surnamed Father Candour, came solemnly to inform me of the bad impression my telegram had made. He told me that the Comédie Française was a ministry, that there were the minister, the secretary, the sub-chiefs, and the employés, and that each one must conform to the rules and bring in his share either of talent or work, and so on and so on. I saw Coquelin at the theatre in the evening. He came to me with outstretched hands.

"You know I can't compliment you," he said, "on your rash action, but, fortunately, we shall make you change your mind. When one has the good fortune and the honour of belonging to the Comédie Française one must remain there until the end of one's career."

Frédéric Febvre pointed out to me that I ought to stay with the Comédie because it would save money for me, and I was quite incapable of doing that myself.

"Believe me," he said, "when we are with the Comédie we must not leave; it means our bread provided for us later on."

Got, our dean, then approached me.

"Do you know what you are doing in sending in your resignation?" he asked.

"No," I replied.

"Deserting."

"You are mistaken," I answered. "I am not deserting; I am only changing barracks."

Others then came to me, and they all gave me advice tinged by their own personality: Mounet Sully, as a seer or believer; Delaunay, prompted by his bureaucratic soul; Coquelin, as a politician, blaming the idea of

others, but extolling it later on and putting it into practice for his own profit; Febvre, as a lover of respectability; Got, as a selfish old growler, understanding nothing but the orders of the powers that be and advancement as ordained on hierarchical lines. Worms said to me in his melancholy way:—

"Will people be better elsewhere?"

Worms had the most dreamy soul and the most frank, straightforward character of any member of our illustrious company. I liked him immensely.

We were about to return to Paris, and I wanted to forget all these things for a time. I was in a hesitating mood. I postponed taking a definite decision. The stir that had been made about me, the good that had been said in my favour and the bad things written against me, all this combined had created in the artistic world an atmosphere of battle. When on the point of leaving for Paris some of my friends felt very anxious about the reception which I should get there. The public is very much mistaken in imagining that the agitation made about celebrated artists is in reality instigated by the persons concerned, and that they do it purposely. Irritated at seeing the same name constantly appearing on every occasion the public declares that the artist, who is either being slandered or pampered, is an ardent lover of publicity. Alas, and thrice alas! We are victims of the said advertisement. Those who know the joys and miseries of celebrities when they have passed the age of forty know how to defend themselves. They are at the beginning of a series of small worries, thunderbolts hidden under flowers, but they know how to hold in check the monster of advertisement. It is a sort of octopus with innumerable tentacles. It throws out to right and left, in front and behind, its clammy arms, and gathers in, through its thousand little suckers, all the gossip and slander and praise afloat, to spit out again at the public when it is exuding its black gall. But those who are caught in the clutches of celebrity at the age of twenty know nothing. I remember that the first time a reporter came to me I drew myself up straight, and grew as red as a cock's-comb with joy. I was just seventeen years old—I had been acting in a private house, and had taken the part of Richelieu with immense success. This gentleman came to call on me at home, and asked me first one question and then another. I answered and chattered, and was wild with pride and excitement. He took notes, and I kept looking at my mother. It seemed to me that I was getting taller. I had to kiss my mother by way of keeping my composure, and I hid my face on her shoulder to hide my delight. Finally the gentleman rose, shook hands with me, and then took his departure. I skipped about in the room and began to dance round, singing, "*Trois petits pâtés, ma chemise brûle*," when suddenly the door opened and the gentleman, reappearing, said to mamma:—

SARAH BERNHARDT AS SHE APPEARED IN THE FIRST PERFORMANCE SHE GAVE AT A PRIVATE HOUSE.

"Oh, madame, I forgot; this is the receipt for the subscription to the journal. It is a mere nothing—only sixteen francs a year."

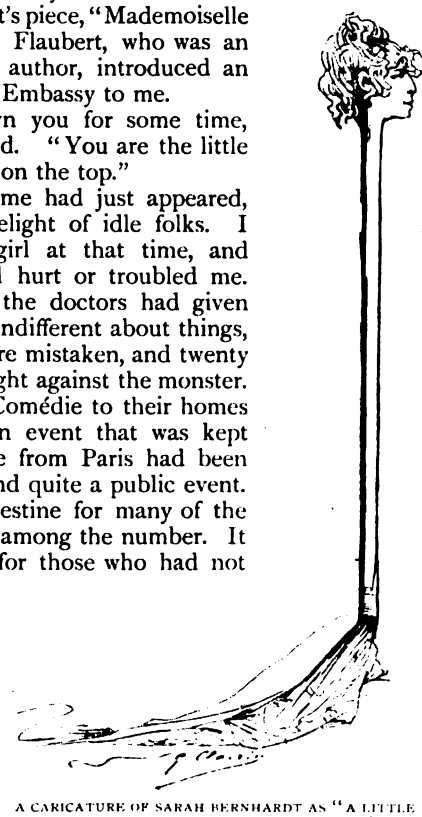
Mamma did not understand at first. As for me, I stood still with my mouth open, unable to digest my "*petits pâtés*." Mamma then paid the sixteen francs, and in her pity for me, as I was crying by that time, she stroked my hair gently. Since then I have been delivered over to the monster, bound hand and foot, and yet I have been, and still am, accused of adoring advertisement. And

to think that my first claims to celebrity were my extraordinary thinness and delicate health! I had scarcely made my *début* when epigrams, puns, jokes, and caricatures concerning me were indulged in by everyone to his heart's content. Was it really for the sake of advertising myself that I was so thin, so small, so weak? And was it for this, too, that I remained in bed six months of the year, laid low by illness? My name became celebrated before I was really so myself. At the first night of Louis Bouilhet's piece, "Mademoiselle Aïssé," at the Odéon, Flaubert, who was an intimate friend of the author, introduced an attaché of the British Embassy to me.

"Oh, I have known you for some time, mademoiselle," he said. "You are the little stick with the sponge on the top."

This caricature of me had just appeared, and had been the delight of idle folks. I was quite a young girl at that time, and nothing of that kind hurt or troubled me. In the first place all the doctors had given me up, so that I was indifferent about things, but all the doctors were mistaken, and twenty years later I had to fight against the monster.

The return of the Comédie to their homes was an event, but an event that was kept quiet. Our departure from Paris had been very lively and gay, and quite a public event. Our return was clandestine for many of the members, and for me among the number. It was a doleful return for those who had not been appreciated, and those who had been failures were furious.



A CARICATURE OF SARAH BERNHARDT AS "A LITTLE STICK WITH A SPONGE AT THE TOP."

I had not been back home an hour when the manager, Perrin, was announced. He began to reproach me gently about the little care I took of my health. He said I caused too much fuss to be made about me.

"But," I exclaimed, "is it my fault if I am too thin? Is it my fault, too, that my hair is too curly and that I don't think just as other people do? Supposing that I took arsenic enough, for a whole month, to make me swell out like a barrel, and supposing I were to shave my head like an Arab and only answer 'yes' to everything you said, people would declare I did it for advertisement."

"But, my dear child," answered Perrin, "there are people who are neither fat nor thin, neither close-shaven nor with shocks of hair, and who answer 'yes' and 'no.'"

I was simply petrified by the justice and reason of this remark, and I understood the "because" of all the "whys" I had been asking myself for some years. There was no happy medium about me; I was "too much" and "too little," and I felt that there was nothing to be done. I owned it to Perrin and told him that he was quite right. He took advantage of my mood to lecture me and to advise me not to put in an appearance at the re-opening ceremony that was to take place at the Comédie. He feared a "cabal" against me; some people were rather excited, rightly or wrongly; "a little of both," he added, in that shrewd and courteous way which was peculiar to him. I listened to him without interrupting, which slightly embarrassed him, for Perrin was an arguer, but not an orator. When he had finished I said:—

"You have told me too many things that excite me, Monsieur Perrin. I love a battle, and I shall appear at the ceremony. You see, I have already been warned about it. Here are three anonymous letters. Read this one; it is the nicest."

He unfolded the letter, which was perfumed with amber, and read as follows:—

"My poor skeleton, you will do well not to show your horrible Jewish nose at the opening ceremony the day after to-morrow. I fear that it would serve as a target for all the potatoes that are now being cooked specially for you in your kind city of Paris. Have some paragraphs put in the papers to the effect that you have been spitting blood, and remain in bed and think over the consequences of excessive advertisement.—A SUBSCRIBER."

Perrin pushed the letter away from him in disgust.

"Here are two more," I said, "but they are so coarse that I will spare you. I shall go to the opening ceremony."

"Good!" replied Perrin. "They are rehearsing to-morrow. Shall you come?"

"I shall come," I answered.

The next day at the rehearsal the artists, men and women, did not care about going on to the stage to make their bow with me. I must say, however, that they all showed, nevertheless, much good grace. I declared that I wished to go on alone, although it was against the rule, but I thought I ought to face the ill-humour and the cabal alone.

The house was crowded when the curtain rose. The ceremony commenced amidst much applause. The public was delighted to see its beloved artists again. They advanced two by two, one on the right and the other on the left, holding the palm and the crown to place on the pedestal of Molière's bust. My turn came and I advanced alone. I felt that I was pale and then livid, but with a will that was determined to conquer. I went forward slowly towards the footlights, but instead of bowing as my comrades had done I stood up erect and gazed with my two eyes into all the eyes turning towards me. I had been warned of the battle and I did not wish to provoke it, but I would not fly from it. I waited a second and I felt the thrill and the emotion that ran through the house, and then, suddenly stirred by an impulse of generous kindliness, the whole audience burst into wild applause and shouts. The public, so beloved and so loving, was intoxicated with joy. That was certainly one of the finest triumphs of my whole career.

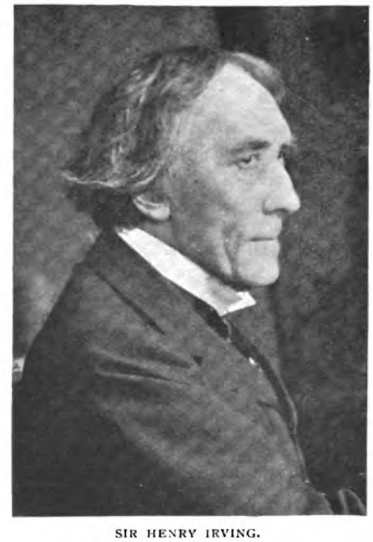
SARAH BERNHARDT AS SHE APPEARED AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE ON HER RETURN FROM LONDON, 1879.

Some of the artists were delighted; especially the women. For there is one thing to remark with regard to our art: the men are more jealous of the women than the women are of one another. I have met with many enemies among male actors and with very few among the women. I think that the dramatic art is essentially feminine. To paint one's face, to hide one's real feelings, to try to please and to endeavour to attract attention, these are all faults for which we blame women, yet for which great indulgence is shown. These same defects seem odious in a man. And yet the actor must endeavour to be as attractive as possible, even if he is obliged to have recourse to paint and to false beard and hair. He may be a Republican, and he must uphold with warmth and conviction Royalist theories. He may be a Conservative, and must maintain Anarchist principles, if such be the good pleasure of the author.

At the Théâtre Français poor Maubant was a most advanced Radical, and his stature and handsome face doomed him to play the parts of kings, emperors, and tyrants. As long as the rehearsals went on, Charlemagne or Cæsar could be heard swearing at tyrants, cursing the conquerors, and calling down the hardest punishments upon them. I thoroughly enjoyed this struggle between the man and the actor. Perhaps this perpetual abstraction from himself gives the actor a more feminine nature. However that may be, it is certain that the actor is jealous of the actress. The courtesy of the well-educated man vanishes before the footlights, and the actor, who in private life would render a service to a woman in any difficulty, will pick a quarrel with her on the stage. He would risk his life to save her from any danger in

the road, on the railway, or on a boat, but when once on the boards he will not do anything to help her out of a difficulty if her memory should fail, or if she should make a false step he would not hesitáte to push her. I am saying a strong thing, perhaps, but not so strong as people may think. I have performed with certain celebrated actors who have played me some bad tricks. On the other hand, there are some actors who are admirable, and who are more men than comedians when on the stage. Pierre Berton, Worms, and Guitry are, and always will be, the most perfect models of friendly and protecting courtesy towards the woman on the stage. I have played in a number of pieces with each of them, and, subject as I am to stage-fright, I have always felt perfect confidence when acting with these three artists. I knew that their intelligence was of a high order, that they had pity on me for my fright, and that they would be prepared for any nervous weaknesses caused by it. Pierre Berton and Worms, both of them very great artists, left the stage in full artistic vigour and vital strength, Pierre Berton to devote himself to literature, and Worms —no one knows why. As to Guitry, much the youngest of the three, he is now the first artist on the French stage as well as a great actor — a very rare thing in a man. The artist is a *creator* — an originator of the traditions which the mere actor, however great, only collects and puts to his own use. It is better in every way to be an artist than an actor only. A great artist may be a very poor actor, and a great actor may be very far from being an artist. I know very few actors in France, or in other countries, with these two qualities combined. Henry Irving is an admirable artist, but in him the artist dominates the actor. Coquelin is an admirable actor, but he is not an artist. Mounet Sully has genius, which he sometimes places at the service of the artist and sometimes at the service of the actor; but, on the other hand, he sometimes gives us exaggerations as artist and as actor, which make lovers of Beauty and Truth gnash their teeth. Bartet is a perfect *comédienne*, with a very delicate artistic sense. Réjane is the most finished of *comédiennes*, and an artist when she wishes. Eleonora Duse is a greater actress than an artist; she walks in paths that have been traced out by others; she does not imitate them — certainly not, for she plants flowers where there were trees, and trees where there were flowers, but she has never, by her art, made a single personage stand out, identified with her name; she has not created a being or a vision which brings her irresistibly to mind. She has put on other people's gloves, but she has put them on inside out. And all this she has done with infinite grace and with careless unconsciousness. She is a great actress, a very great actress, but not a great artist. Novelli is an actor of the old school, which did not trouble much about the artistic side. He is perfect in laughter and tears. Mrs. Patrick Campbell is especially an artist, and her

M. GUITRY.
From a Photo. by Paul Boyer.



SIR HENRY IRVING.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

talent is that of charm and thought; she execrates beaten paths; she desires to create and she creates. Antoine is often betrayed by his own powers, for his voice is heavy and his general appearance rather ordinary. As an actor there is, therefore, often much to be desired, but he is always an artist without equal, and our art owes much to him in its evolution in the direction of truth. Antoine, too, is not jealous of his female rivals.

The days which followed the return of the Comédie to its own home were very trying for me. Our manager wanted to subdue me, and he tortured me with a thousand little pin-pricks, which were much more painful to a nature like mine than so many stabs with a knife. I became irritable, bad-tempered on the slightest provocation, and was, in fact, ill. I had always been gay, but now I was sad. My health, which had always been feeble, was endangered by this state of chaos.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

Perrin gave me the *rôle* of "L'Aventurière" to study. I detested the piece and did not like the part, and I considered the lines of "L'Aventurière" very bad poetry indeed. As I cannot dissimulate well, in a fit of temper I said this straight out to Emile Augier, and he avenged himself in a most discourteous way on the first opportunity that presented itself. This was on the occasion of my definite rupture with the Comédie Française, the day after the first performance of "L'Aventurière," on Saturday, April 17th, 1880. I was not ready to play my part, and the proof of this was a letter I wrote to M. Perrin on April 14th, 1880.

"I regret very much, my dear Monsieur Perrin," I said, "but I have such a sore throat that I cannot speak and am obliged to stay in bed. Will you kindly excuse me? It was at that wretched Trocadéro that I took cold on Sunday. I am very much worried, as I know it will cause you inconvenience. Anyhow, I will be ready for Saturday, whatever happens. A thousand excuses and kind regards.—SARAH BERNHARDT."

I was able to play, as I had recovered from my sore throat, but I had not studied my part during the three days, as I could not speak. I had not been able to try on my costumes either, as I had been in bed all the time. On Friday I went to ask Perrin to put off the performance of "L'Aventurière" until the next week. He replied that it was impossible, that every seat was booked, and that the piece had to be played the following Tuesday for the subscription night. I let myself be persuaded to act, as I had confidence in my star.

"Oh," I said to myself, "I shall get through it all right."

I did not get through it, however, or rather I came through it very badly. My costume was a failure; it did not fit me. I had always been jeered at for my thinness, and in this dress I looked like an English teapot! My voice was still rather hoarse, which very much disconcerted me. I played the first part of the *rôle* very badly, and the second part rather better. At a certain moment during the scene of violence I was standing up, resting my two hands on the table, on which there was a lighted candelabra. There was a cry raised in the house, for my hair was very near to the flame. The following day one of the papers said that, as I felt things were all going wrong, I wanted to set my hair on fire so that the piece should come to an end before I failed completely. That was certainly the very climax of stupidity.

The Press did not praise me, and the Press was quite right. I had played badly, looked ugly, and been in a bad

temper; but I considered that there was, nevertheless, a want of courtesy and indulgence towards me. Auguste Vitu, in the *Figaro* of April 18th, 1880, finished his article with the phrase: "The new Clorinde (the Adventuress) in the last two acts made some gestures with her arms and movements of her body which one regrets to see taken from Virginie of 'L'Assommoir,' and introduced at the Comédie Française."

The only fault which I never have had, which I never could have and never shall have, is vulgarity. That was an injustice and a determination to hurt my feelings. Vitu was no friend of mine, but I understood from this way of attacking me that petty hatreds were lifting up their rattlesnake heads. Under my flowers and my laurels all the little viper world was crawling. I had known what was going on for a long time, and sometimes I had heard the rattling behind the scenes. I wanted to have the enjoyment of hearing them all rattle together, and so I threw my laurels and my flowers to the four winds of heaven. In the most abrupt way I broke the contract which bound me to the Comédie Française, and through that to Paris, and I then rushed off to a new country, feeling the need of another atmosphere, different surroundings, other skies. The viper tribe was then able to score its music and the concert commenced. Ah, it was a fine concert! I have now before me the pile of insanities, calumnies, lies, stupidities, imbecile advice, burlesque portraits, ghastly jokes, and "Farewells" to the *Darling*, the *Idol*, the *Star*, the *Zimm! boum! boum!* etc. All of it is so insane that I am still amazed. Most of these articles I had never read, but my secretary had been told to cut out and paste into little books all that was written about me, good and bad alike. My godfather had commenced this task when I first went to the Conservatoire, and I continued it after his death. Fortunately for me I find some beautiful and kindly pages among these thousands of lines. There are pages written by J. J. Weiss, Emile Zola, Emile de Girardin, Jules Vallès, Jules Lemaître, etc. And poetry, too, poetry that is full of beauty, grace, and justice, signed by Victor Hugo, François Coppée, Richepin, Harancourt, De Bornier, Catulle Mendès, Parodi, Edmond Rostand.

I could not, and would not, be slain by calumnies and lies, but I must confess that the kindly appreciation and praise that I received from people of the highest intellect gave me infinite joy.

SARAH BERNHARDT.
From a Lithograph by M. de la Gandara.

(*To be continued.*)

From a] INSIDE THE GREAT SLANIC SALT-MINE. *[Photo.*

In a Slanic Salt-Mine.

By Herbert Vivian.

I HAVE been to many extraordinary places and seen many marvellous sights, but I have no hesitation in saying that none of them can compare with a salt-mine for mystery, beauty, and interest.

At Rimnik-Sarat the salt is on the surface, and you may see a wonderful white mountain which glistens and sparkles in the sunshine, affording a crystalline delight which for some reason or other is far more convincing than that of eternal snows. There is a purer sparkle and a more dazzling effect, just as a diamond is always more effective than an icicle. Down below in the mines you have quite a different effect again, as I shall presently explain.

There is an inherent picturesqueness about salt, as there is about its sister the snow. I believe that at Droitwich its production is not unattractive. I have seen at Aden the process of evaporation, whereby crystals of salt are extracted from the sea water, crushed in a mill, and piled up into glistening white heaps. That has a charming effect, principally perhaps because of the soothing contrast between the little imitation snow mountains and the everlasting glare of the surrounding sand and sea, sweltering in the tropical sunshine. But for romance and surpassing strangeness I must commend my readers above all to the vasty deeps where the salt is hewn out of the bowels of the earth in Roumania.

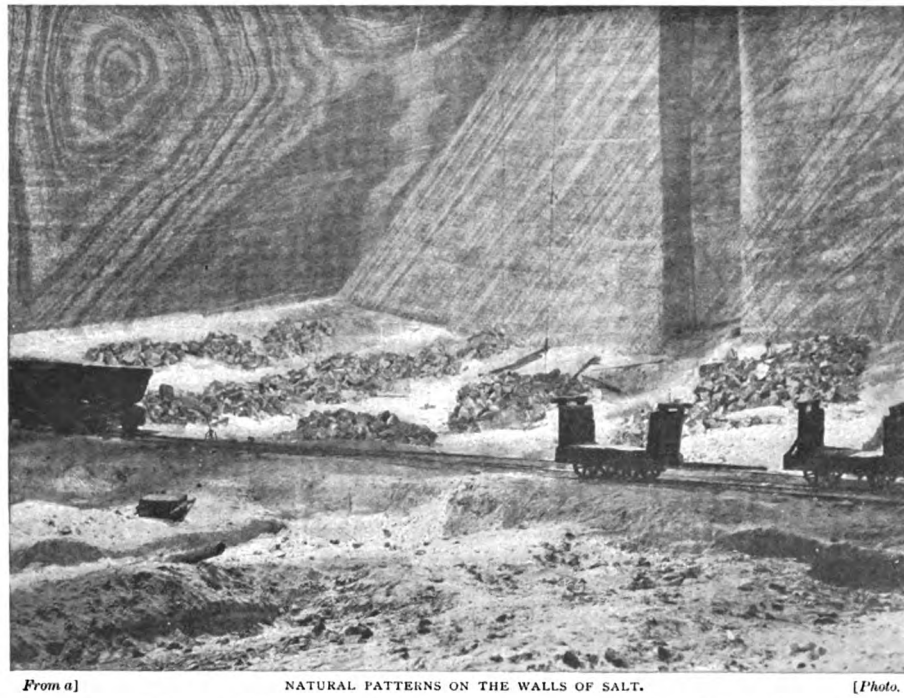
There are four salt-mines in Roumania, two quite close to one another, at Slanic and Doftana. One of the mines at Slanic dates back to the time of the Romans, whose methods were not so scientific as those of their modern successors. They made bottle-shaped excavations quite close to one another, with the result that the wedge of earth between bottles constantly threatened to subside. Indeed, the other day an enormous mass, weighing I am afraid to say how many tons, came down with a crash, and the old mine had to be abandoned. Modern methods avoid any such danger. Instead of burrowing down again into a new mine, you cut horizontal galleries into the rock, huge pillars of salt are left standing to support the earth, and fresh caverns are hollowed out. Thus, without any extra amount of labour, it is

possible to extend the mine almost indefinitely, and the pillars serve to confirm the ecclesiastical effect of the great subterranean basilica.

I saw the old Roman mine from one of the upper galleries, which was reached by strange, almost endless, tunnels, illuminated with gay Chinese lanterns. A little verdure alone was needed to complete the illusion of the gardens of Aladdin. The impressions afforded by the view from this gallery were so unique and so marvellous that I hesitate to attempt to describe them. Some minutes were necessary to grow accustomed to the twilight. A few braziers containing shavings soaked in petroleum were flaring up in a feverish manner, and as I looked over into the darkness of the abyss I was reminded of Doré's version of Dante looking over into the uttermost depths of hell.

What struck me most was the insecurity of my position. There was, of course, no danger whatever, and the ledge on which I stood was fairly broad. But it possessed no parapet, and in order to look down it was necessary to come very near to the brink. What added most to the sense of insecurity was a kind of pier or commencement of a bridge which projected over the abyss. I do not know whether it dated back to the days of the Romans, but at any rate it was almost prehistoric in aspect. I did not need the advice of my companions to discourage any attempt at walking the plank along this road to destruction, but I have seen few places capable of affording more temptation to those with suicidal inclinations.

Suddenly a signal was given and enormous bonfires were cast down from the roof of the mine. Several long seconds elapsed before they fizzled out in the pond of salt water hundreds of feet below. The effect was extraordinary. First the grey walls were illuminated as the huge molten mass blazed past them; then they were overcast with fleeting, ghostly shadows, and at last plunged once more into a darkness which was only emphasized by the flickering lights above.

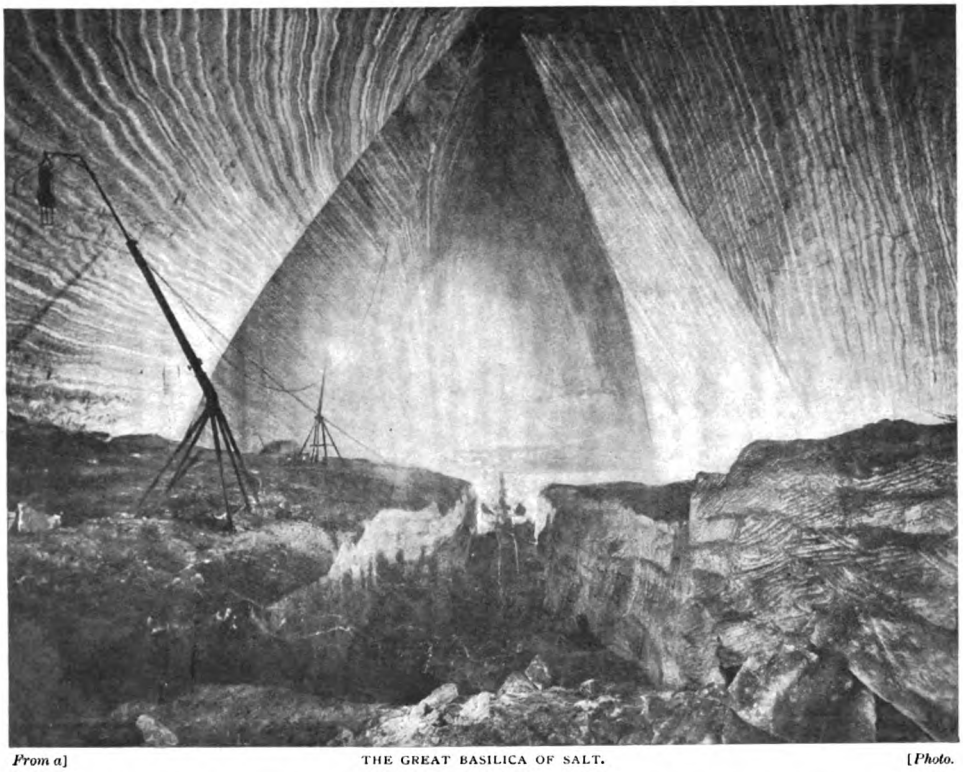


From a] NATURAL PATTERNS ON THE WALLS OF SALT. *[Photo.*

Perhaps the prettiest object in this old mine was a common tub which had been placed some years ago upon the ledge to receive the droppings of salt water. I tasted this water and found it so salt that it almost bit and solidified my tongue. As the drops fell the greater part of them immediately crystallized with incredible rapidity. The original tub was no longer to be seen. It had been covered up entirely with glistening encrustations, which gave it the appearance of a huge snow fountain adorned with the most exquisitely artistic designs. It was

now about six feet high and several feet in thickness, while a piece of string which had been suspended above it had now become a rope of molten pearls.

Returning along the tunnel we passed a little trap-door about two feet square. This was pulled up, and I was privileged to look down into the new mine and behold one of the most remarkable sights to be found in the world. Hundreds of feet below, upon a rugged field of dazzling whiteness, suggestive of the ice-pack in the Arctic regions, herds of men, each apparently as large as a cheese-mite, moved about feverishly like the occupants of an ant-heap. Here and there points of electric light shone like suspended stars.



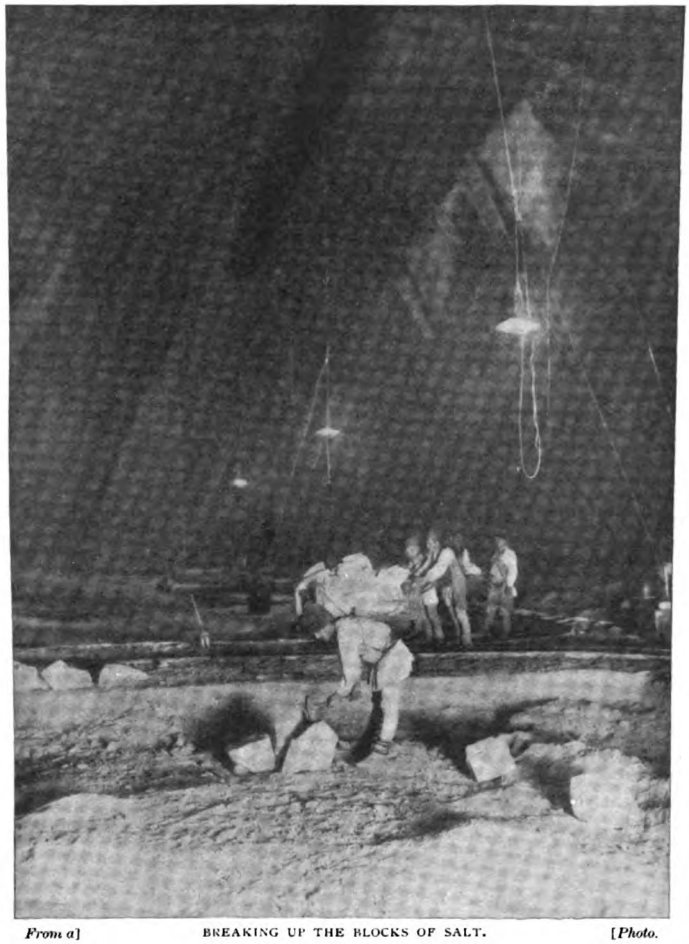
From a] THE GREAT BASILICA OF SALT. *[Photo.*

The general impression was that of a nest of insects viewed through a Brobdingnagian magnifying glass.

A hushed tinkling noise came up from the depths like fairy music. I thought I should never tire of watching the graceful movements of these remote human insects. I almost began to fancy that they must belong to another planet, and such was the extraordinary fascination exercised by this marvellous sight that I found it a painful wrench to tear myself away. I could have remained crouching over this peep-hole for hours, and I felt quite annoyed with the director of the mine when he patiently reminded me that I still had very much to see before the departure of my train.

So we returned along the gallery and entered one of the powerful lifts which are employed to bring up trucks of salt from the bottom of the mine. The director assured me with a smile that I need not have any alarm about the capacity of the lift, as it was constructed to carry over twenty-five hundredweight. Indeed, we crawled down at a snail's pace, and had an opportunity of studying the strange natural frescoes on the walls. They were merely geological formations, of course, but they assumed the shapes here of wild sea-serpents, there of beautiful decorative patterns, and every now and then of impossible heraldic animals. Dodos on dados, I mentally summed them up.

We stepped out on to the floor of a Titanic cathedral, a vast basilica where armies might have knelt in prayer, and where people who knew no other world might easily imagine that this was the universe. Even the great, strong electric globes could only



From a] BREAKING UP THE BLOCKS OF SALT. *[Photo.*

create a dim religious light in this huge edifice. The lofty walls were marked with curly stripes of sparkling grey and white, running up and down like the waves of a tempestuous sea. Along the various naves and aisles rude tramways were laid out upon a kind of embankment of salt. Here trucks were waiting to be fed by the miners, who came up ladders and elementary gangways bearing loads from the salt trenches below.

The atmosphere was utterly unlike any I have ever breathed elsewhere. It was very dry, very pungent, highly exhilarating, like some mineral water turned into a gas. There was a pleasure in quaffing it with deep breaths, but presently as you licked your lips you tasted salt, you smelt salt, you felt yourself impregnated with salt. It was almost possible to understand the sensations of Lot's wife. The prevailing desire was an inordinate craving for the immediate consumption of beverages by the bucketful.

I remarked this to the director, who told me two things. In the first place, the free workers in salt-mines acquire so perpetual a thirst that very few of them can resist the temptation to become habitual topers. During their work teetotalism is enforced, and they are always finding excuses to make their way to the tank of fresh water which is kept near the bottom of the lift. But directly they emerge upon the outer earth they make a stampede to the nearest public-house and spend most of the night, as well as the greater part of their wages, in a continual carouse. The Jew publicans take advantage of this and drive a roaring trade at the mouth of the mine.

The convict workers in the other mine are never allowed alcohol at all except by doctors' orders, so that this temptation is withheld from them. But they are not so much to be pitied as might be imagined by readers of sensational fiction about the horrors undergone by Nihilists in the salt-mines of Russia. Indeed, the second fact which the director told me was that the climate of a salt-mine is the best in the world.

It is even said to be a certain cure for consumption. This may or may not be true—indeed, in the course of my travels I have heard of so many infallible cures, including the sting of queen bees for rheumatism, that I have become somewhat sceptical. But at any rate the theory is worthy of investigation by the medical faculty. I doubt, however, whether the fashionable physicians of Harley Street will find their patients ready to exchange the delights of the Riviera or the frivolities of the Cape for a spell of hard work at the bottom of a salt-mine.

Though in summer the even temperature of the heart of the earth must be very pleasant as a refuge from the roasting Roumanian sun, and even in winter after the Arctic atmosphere outside, the work is undoubtedly hard and probably monotonous. To the stray visitor it possesses a charm of

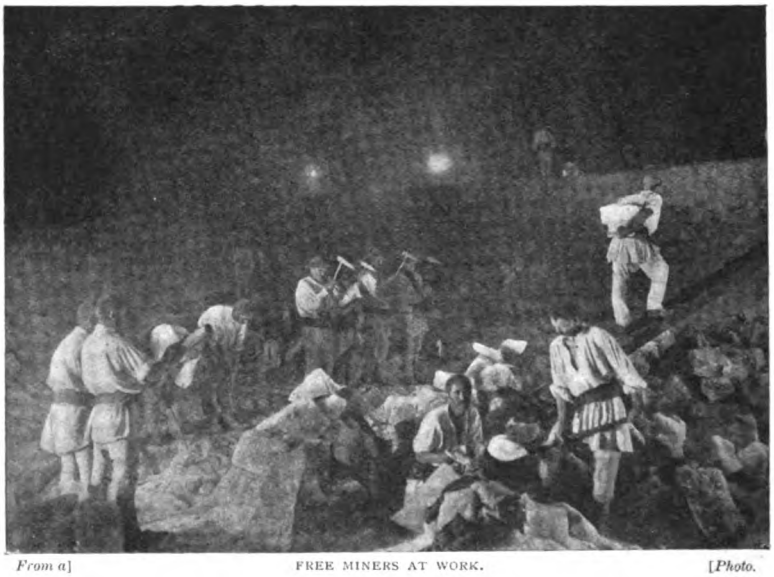
its own. The workers are divided up into squads of six. Each man takes for himself an oblong piece of the floor of the mine, about as big as a tombstone. It is his business to scoop round it with his pick a little channel or moat some five inches deep. When he has done this he summons the other five members of his squad and they stand beside him upon his slab. Then they all raise their picks together and bring them down simultaneously at the word of command. A good deal of force is necessary, but what is much more important is that they should strike with rhythmical accuracy. If they do not strike together and in the right place the whole effect is spoiled.

I wondered that they did not sing at their work as the Somalis do, or that the administration did not provide a band, but I was told that by dint of long practice they have become extraordinarily expert and that they scarcely ever diverge a hair's breadth from the point at which they aim. This process does not last many minutes, and as soon as the squad has hammered away long enough the men know by a kind of instinct from the sound of their blows that the job is done. The persistent blows have detached the slab, which may now be raised by a lever with a long, strong pull of the six men together. As soon as they have raised one slab they proceed to the others in turn, until they have raised all six. It is a simple form of co-operation.

Then each man returns to his own slab and breaks it up into hunks, which are placed upon a truck, sent up by lift, and credited to his account. A very active man can earn from half a crown to three shillings a day, but beginners must be content with a good deal less. Each man has a particular mark or sign which he carves upon one of the lumps in his truck before he sends it up to be weighed.

The convicts who work in the salt-mine at Doftana are in many ways almost as well off as the free miners, except that when their daily task is over they cannot quench their great thirst at the tavern and must return to their prisons. But they are actually paid for their work from sixpence to eightpence a day, which is enough to encourage their industry and enable them to obtain a few extra comforts such as tobacco.

As many of the worst criminals, murderers, brigands, and so forth, are among the band, great precautions are necessary when conveying them to and fro between the prison and the mine. A large escort of soldiers always accompanies them, with loaded guns. On one occasion I was told that the prisoners conspired to make a sudden dash for liberty, trusting that in the confusion some of them might escape being shot. A certain number managed to get away unscathed, but were very soon recaptured, while several of the others were killed or wounded. There is now a rule that, on the first sign of suspicious behaviour on the part of the prisoners, the officer in charge orders the whole gang to lie flat down on their faces. If they do not instantly obey, those who remain standing are immediately shot.



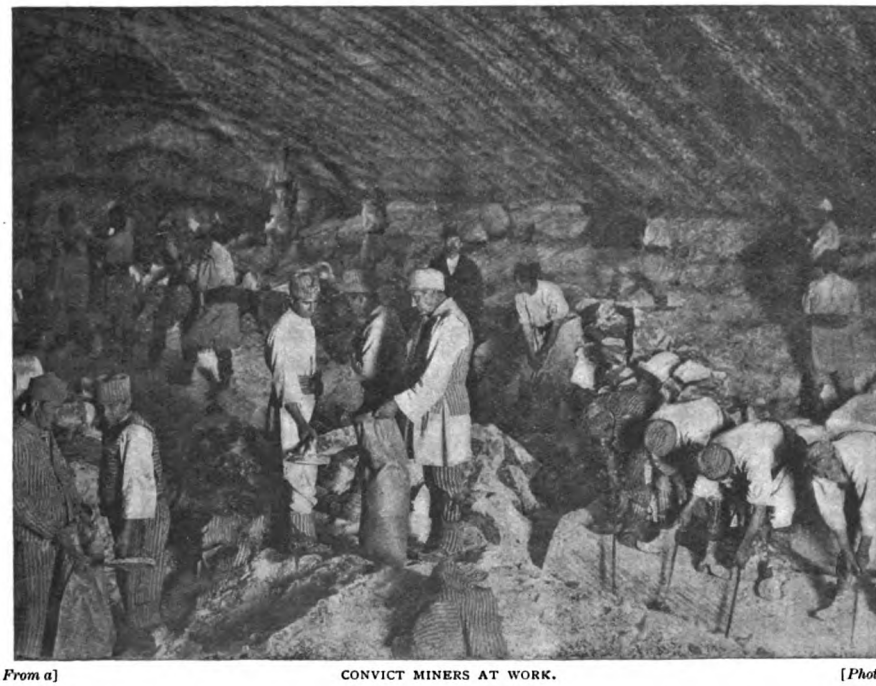
From a] FREE MINERS AT WORK. *[Photo.*

On another occasion the convicts went down to the mine as usual and did their work, but at the end of the day they coolly refused to come out. This form of passive resistance, however, was not so successful as might at first be imagined. The guards and overseers simply came out in the ordinary

way, and the convicts were starved out. They endeavoured to make terms, declaring that all they wanted was to obtain certain concessions as to their treatment. But the authorities were inexorable, and after two days the gang was obliged to give in and submit to the punishment for their insubordination. They could probably have held out much longer if they had had a supply of fresh water, but the salt atmosphere very quickly caused them indescribable torture—their tongues swelled, and they looked the most piteous objects.

The work of superintending the convicts in the mines cannot be by any means a pleasant one. They have an unpleasant habit of dealing with an unpopular task-master. Apparently without premeditation they gather into knots in his neighbourhood, and then all of a sudden he finds himself surrounded. In the course of a few minutes all the breath has been squeezed out of his body, and on more than one occasion men have actually been killed in this way. The object of this action is, like that of a round-robin, to shirk responsibility. No one convict more than another has done the deed, and it is difficult to punish the whole gang to the same extent which would be possible in the case of one or two. As there is no capital punishment in Roumania, the convicts are really not much worse off when they have thus added one more crime to their record. The only possible punishment is to knock off their small comforts and privileges and to inflict solitary confinement, which in the case of a whole gang would mean knocking off work for some time.

Perhaps the chief charm of a Roumanian salt-mine is that it perpetuates the same old methods and the same old implements which have been in use ever since the darkest ages. An attempt was made at one time to introduce machinery, but this was found to add too much to the cost of production. It is true that the machines produced more salt in a given space of time, and that manual labour wastes about 25 per cent. by crumbling and powdering the salt with picks; but as men, and particularly convicts, are much cheaper than machinery, and as the supply of salt appears practically inexhaustible, it is better economy to adhere to the old methods. And a visitor to the mines will not regret this fact, which affords him an opportunity of witnessing so wonderful and romantic a survival of ancient times.



From a] CONVICT MINERS AT WORK. *[Photo.*

DIALSTONE LANE BY W. W. JACOBS

CHAPTER XXI.

FORTUNATELY for their peace of mind, Mr. Chalk and his friends, safe on board the ss. *Silver Star*, bound for home, had no idea that the story of the treasure had become public property. Since their message it had been the principal topic of conversation in the town, and, Miss Vickers being no longer under the necessity of keeping her share in the affair secret, Mr. William Russell was relieved of a reputation for untruthfulness under which he had long laboured.

Various religious and philanthropic bodies began to bestir themselves. Owing to his restlessness and love of change no fewer than three sects claimed Mr. Chalk as their own, and, referring to his donations in the past, looked forward to a golden future. The claim of the Church to Mr. Tredgold was regarded as flawless, but the case of Mr. Stobell bristled with difficulties. Apologists said that he belonged to a sect unrepresented in Binchester, but an offshoot of the Baptists put in a claim on the ground that he had built their place of worship—at a considerable loss on the contract—some fifteen years before.

Dialstone Lane, when it became known that Captain Bowers had waived his claim to a share, was besieged by people seeking the reversion, and even Mint Street was not overlooked. Mr. Vickers repelled all callers with acrimonious impartiality, but Selina, after a long argument with a lady subaltern of the Salvation Army, during which the methods and bonnets of that organization were hotly assailed, so far relented as to present her with twopence on account.

Miss Drewitt looked forward to the return of the adventurers with disdainful interest. To Edward Tredgold she referred with pride to the captain's steadfast determination not to touch a penny of their ill-gotten gains, and with a few subtle strokes drew a comparison between her uncle and his father which he felt to be somewhat highly coloured. In extenuation he urged the rival claims of Chalk and Stobell.

"They were both led away by Chalk's eloquence and thirst for adventure," he

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said, as he walked by her side down the garden.

Miss Drewitt paid no heed. "And you will benefit by it," she remarked.

Mr. Tredgold drew himself up with an air the nobleness of which was somewhat marred by the expression of his eyes. "I will never touch a penny of it," he declared. "I will be like the captain. I am trying all I can to model myself on his lines."

The girl regarded him with suspicion. "I see no signs of any result at present," she said, coldly.

Mr. Tredgold smiled modestly. "Don't flatter me," he entreated.

"Flatter you!" said the indignant Prudence.

"On my consummate powers of concealment," was the reply. "I am keeping everything dark until I am so like him—in every particular—that you will not know the difference. I have often envied him the possession of such a niece. When the likeness is perfect——"

"Well?" said Miss Drewitt, with impatient scorn.

"You will have two uncles instead of one," rejoined Mr. Tredgold, impressively.

Miss Drewitt, with marked deliberation, came to a pause in the centre of the path.

"Are you going to continue talking nonsense?" she inquired, significantly.

Mr. Tredgold sighed. "I would rather talk sense," he replied, with a sudden change of manner.

"Try," said the girl, encouragingly.

"Only it is so difficult," said Edward, thoughtfully, "to you."

Miss Drewitt stopped again.

"For me," added the other, hastily. His companion said that she supposed it was. She also reminded him that nothing was easy without practice.

"And I ought not to find it difficult," complained Mr. Tredgold. "I have got plenty of sense hidden away somewhere."

Miss Drewitt permitted herself a faint exclamation of surprise. "It was not an empty boast of yours just now, then," she said.

"Boast?" repeated the other, blankly. "What boast?"

"Of your wonderful powers of concealment," said Prudence, gently.

"You are reverting of your own accord to the nonsense," said Mr. Tredgold, sternly. "You are returning to the subject of uncles."

"Nothing of the kind," said Prudence, hotly.

"Before we leave it—for ever," said Mr. Tredgold, dramatically, "I should like, if I am permitted, to make just one more remark on the subject. I would not, for all the wealth of this world, be your uncle—— Where are you going?"

"Indoors," said Miss Drewitt, briefly.

"One moment," implored the other. "I am just going to begin to talk sense."

"I will listen when you have had some practice," said the girl, walking towards the house.

"It's impossible to practise this," said Edward, following. "It is something that can only be confided to yourself. Won't you stay?"

"No," said the girl.

"Not from curiosity?"

Miss Drewitt, gazing steadfastly before her, shook her head.

"Well, perhaps I can say it as well indoors," murmured Edward, resignedly.

"And you'll have a bigger audience," said Prudence, breathing more easily as she reached the house. "Uncle is indoors."

She passed through the kitchen and into the sitting-room so hastily that Captain Bowers, who was sitting by the window reading, put down his paper and looked up in surprise. The look of grim determination on Mr. Tredgold's face did not escape him.

"Mr. Tredgold has come indoors to talk sense," said Prudence, demurely.

"Talk sense?" repeated the astonished captain.

"That's what he says," replied Miss Drewitt, taking a low chair by the captain's side and gazing composedly at the intruder. "I told him that you would like to hear it."

She turned her head for a second to hide her amusement, and in that second Mr. Tredgold favoured the captain with a glance the significance of which was at once returned fourfold. She looked up just in time to see their features relaxing, and moving nearer to the captain instinctively placed her hand upon his knee.

"I hope," said Captain Bowers, after a long and somewhat embarrassing silence—"I hope the conversation isn't going to be above my head?"

"Mr. Tredgold was talking about uncles," said Prudence, maliciously.

"Nothing bad about them, I hope?" said the captain, with pretended anxiety.

Edward shook his head. "I was merely envying Miss Drewitt her possession of you," he said, carelessly, "and I was just about to remark that I wished you were my uncle too,

"I TOLD HIM THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO HEAR IT."

when she came indoors. I suppose she wanted you to hear it."

Miss Drewitt started violently, and her cheek flamed at the meanness of the attack.

"I wish I was, my lad," said the admiring captain.

"It would be the proudest moment of my life," said Edward, deliberately.

"And mine," said the captain, stoutly.

"And the happiest."

The captain bowed. "Same here," he said, graciously.

Miss Drewittt, listening helplessly to this fulsome exchange of compliments, wondered whether they had got to the end. The captain looked at Mr. Tredgold as though to remind him that it was his turn.

"You—you were going to show me a photograph of your first ship," said the latter, after a long pause. "Don't trouble if it's upstairs."

"It's no trouble," said the captain, briskly.

He rose to his feet and the hand of the indignant Prudence, dislodged from his knee, fell listlessly by her side. She sat upright, with her pale, composed face turned towards Mr. Tredgold. Her eyes were scornful and her lips slightly parted. Before these signs his courage flickered out and left him speechless. Even commonplace statements of fact were denied him. At last in sheer desperation he referred to the loudness of the clock's ticking.

"It seems to me to be the same as usual," said the girl, with a slight emphasis on the pronoun.

The clock ticked on undisturbed. Upstairs the amiable captain did his part nobly. Drawers opened and closed noisily; doors shut and lids of boxes slammed. The absurdity of the situation became unbearable, and despite her indignation at the treatment she had received Miss Drewitt felt a strong inclination to laugh. She turned her head swiftly and looked out of window, and the next moment Edward Tredgold crossed and took the captain's empty chair.

"Shall I call him down?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Call him down?" repeated the girl, coldly, but without turning her head. "Yes, if you——"

A loud crash overhead interrupted her sentence. It was evident that in his zeal the captain had pulled out a loaded drawer too far and gone over with it. Slapping sounds, as of a man dusting himself down, followed, and it was obvious that Miss Drewitt was only maintaining her gravity by a tremendous effort. Much emboldened by this fact the young man took her hand.

"Mr. Tredgold!" she said, in a stifled voice.

Undismayed by his accident the indefatigable captain was at it again, and in face of the bustle upstairs Prudence Drewitt was afraid to trust herself to say more. She sat silent with her head resolutely averted, but Edward took comfort in the fact that she had forgotten to withdraw her hand.

"Bless him!" he said, fervently, a little later, as the captain's foot was heard heavily on the stair. "Does he think we are deaf?"

CHAPTER XXII.

MUCH to the surprise of their friends, who had not expected them home until November or December, telegrams were received from the adventurers, one day towards the end of September, announcing that they had landed at the Albert Docks and were on their way home by the earliest train. The most agreeable explanation of so short a voyage was that, having found the treasure, they had resolved to come home by steamer, leaving the *Fair Emily* to return at her leisure. But Captain Bowers, to whom Mrs. Chalk propounded this solution, suggested several others.

He walked down to the station in the evening to see the train come in, his curiosity as to the bearing and general state of mind of the travellers refusing to be denied. He had intended to witness the arrival from a remote corner of the platform, but to his surprise it was so thronged with sightseers that the precaution was unnecessary. The news of the return had spread like wildfire, and half Binchester had congregated to welcome their fellow-townsmen and congratulate them upon their romantically-acquired wealth.

"HALF BINCHESTER HAD CONGREGATED TO WELCOME THEIR FELLOW-TOWNSMEN."

Despite the crowd the captain involuntarily shrank back as the train rattled into the station. The carriage containing the travellers stopped almost in front of him, and their consternation and annoyance at the extent of their reception were plainly visible. Bronzed and healthy-looking, they stepped

out on to the platform, and after a brief greeting with Mrs. Chalk and Mrs. Stobell led the way in some haste to the exit. The crowd pressed close behind, and inquiries as to the treasure and its approximate value broke clamorously upon the ears of the maddened Mr. Stobell. Friends of many years who sought for particulars were shouldered aside, and it was left to Mr. Chalk, who struggled along in the rear with his wife, to announce that they had been shipwrecked.

Captain Bowers, who had just caught the word, heard the full particulars from him next day. For once the positions were reversed, and Mr. Chalk, who had so often sat in that room listening to the captain's yarns, swelled with pride as he noted the rapt fashion in which the captain listened to his. The tale of the shipwreck he regarded as a disagreeable necessity: a piece of paste flaunting itself among gems. In a few words he told how the *Fair Emily* crashed on to a reef in the middle of the night, and how, owing to the darkness and confusion, the boat into which he had got with Stobell and Tredgold was cast adrift; how a voice raised to a shriek cried to them to pull away, and how a minute afterwards the schooner disappeared with all hands.

"It almost unnerved me," he said, turning to Miss Drewitt, who was listening intently.

"You are sure she went down, I suppose?" said the captain; "she didn't just disappear in the darkness?"

"Sank like a stone," said Mr. Chalk, decidedly. "Our boat was nearly swamped in the vortex. Fortunately, the sea was calm, and when day broke we saw a small island about three miles away on our weather-beam."

"*Where?*" inquired Edward Tredgold, who had just looked in on the way to the office.

Mr. Chalk explained.

"You tell the story much better than my father does," said Edward, nodding. "From the way *he* tells it one might think that you had the island in the boat with you."

Mr. Chalk started nervously. "It was three miles away on our weather-beam," he repeated, "the atmosphere clear and the sea calm. We sat down to a steady pull, and made the land in a little under the hour."

"Who did the pulling?" inquired Edward, casually.

Mr. Chalk started again, and wondered who had done it in Mr. Tredgold's version. He resolved to see him as soon as possible and arrange details.

"Most of us took a turn at it," he said, evasively, "and those who didn't encouraged the others."

"Most of you!" exclaimed the bewildered captain; "and those who didn't—but how many——?"

"The events of that night are somewhat misty," interrupted Mr. Chalk, hastily. "The suddenness of the calamity and the shock of losing our shipmates——"

"It's wonderful to me that you can remember so much," said Edward, with a severe glance at the captain.

Mr. Chalk paid no heed. Having reached the island, the rest was truth and plain sailing. He described their life there until they were taken off by a trading schooner from Auckland, and how for three months they cruised with her among the islands. He spoke learnedly of atolls, copra, and missionaries, and, referring for a space to the Fijian belles, thought that their charms had been much overrated. Edward Tredgold, waiting until the three had secured berths in the ss. *Silver Star*, trading between Auckland and London, took his departure.

Miss Vickers, who had been spending the day with a friend at Dutton Priors, and had missed the arrival in consequence, heard of the disaster in a mingled state of wrath and despair. The hopes of a year were shattered in a second, and, rejecting with fierceness the sympathy of her family, she went up to her room and sat brooding in the darkness.

She came down the next morning, pale from want of sleep. Mr. Vickers, who was at breakfast, eyed her curiously until, meeting her gaze in return, he blotted it out with a tea-cup.

"When you've done staring," said his daughter, "you can go upstairs and make yourself tidy."

"Tidy?" repeated Mr. Vickers. "What for?"

"I'm going to see those three," replied Selina, grimly; "and I want a witness. And I may as well have a clean one while I'm about it."

Mr. Vickers darted upstairs with alacrity, and having made himself approximately tidy smoked a morning pipe on the doorstep while his daughter got ready. An air of importance and dignity suitable to the occasion partly kept off inquirers.

"We'll go and see Mr. Stobell first," said his daughter, as she came out.

"Very good," said the witness, "but if you asked my advice——"

"You just keep quiet," said Selina,

irritably; "I've not gone quite off my head yet. And don't hum!"

Mr. Vickers lapsed into offended silence, and, arrived at Mr. Stobell's, followed his daughter into the hall in so stately a fashion that the maid—lately of Mint Street—implored him not to eat her. Miss Vickers replied for him, and the altercation that ensued was only quelled by the appearance of Mr. Stobell at the dining-room door.

"Halloa! What do you want?" he inquired, staring at the intruders.

"I've come for my share," said Miss Vickers, eyeing him fiercely.

"What time was it when the ship struck on the rock?" she inquired.

Mr. Stobell stared at her. "Eleven o'clock," he said, gruffly.

Miss Vickers made a note in a little red-covered memorandum-book.

"Who got in the boat first?" she demanded.

Mr. Stobell's lips twisted in a faint grin. "Chalk did," he said, with relish.

Miss Vickers, nodding at the witness to call his attention to the fact, made another note.

"How far was the boat off when the ship sank?"

"'HALLOA! WHAT DO YOU WANT?' HE INQUIRED."

"Share?" repeated Mr. Stobell. "*Share?* Why, we've been shipwrecked. Haven't you heard?"

"Perhaps you came to my house when I wasn't at home," retorted Miss Vickers, in a trembling but sarcastic voice. "I want to hear about it. That's what I've come for."

She walked to the dining-room and, as Mr. Stobell still stood in the doorway, pushed past him, followed by her father. Mr. Stobell, after a short deliberation, returned to his seat at the breakfast-table, and in an angry and disjointed fashion narrated the fate of the *Fair Emily* and their subsequent adventures. Miss Vickers heard him to an end in silence.

"Here, look here——" began the indignant Stobell.

"How far was the boat off?" interposed the witness, severely; "that's what we want to know."

"You hold your tongue," said his daughter. "I'm doing the talking. How far was the boat off?"

"About four yards," replied Mr. Stobell. "And now look here; if you want to know any more, you go and see Mr. Chalk. I'm sick and tired of the whole business. And you'd no right to talk about it while we were away."

"I've got the paper you signed and I'm going to know the truth," said Miss Vickers,

fiercely. "It's my right. What was the size of the island?"

Mr. Stobell maintained an obstinate silence.

"What colour did you say these 'ere Fidgetty islanders was?" inquired Mr. Vickers, with truculent curiosity.

"You get out," roared Stobell, rising. "At once. D'ye hear me?"

Mr. Vickers backed with some haste towards the door. His daughter followed slowly.

"I don't believe you," she said, turning sharply on Stobell. "I don't believe the ship was wrecked at all."

Mr. Stobell gasped at her. "*What?*" he stammered. "*Wh-a-at?*"

"I don't believe it was wrecked," repeated Selina, wildly. "You've got the treasure all right, and you're keeping it quiet and telling this tale to do me out of my share. I haven't done with you yet. You wait!"

She flung out into the hall, and Mr. Vickers, after a lofty glance at Mr. Stobell, followed her outside.

"And now we'll go and hear what Mr. Tredgold has to say," she said, as they walked up the road. "And after that, Mr. Chalk."

Mr. Tredgold was just starting for the office when they arrived, but, recognising the justice of Miss Vickers's request for news, he stopped and gave his version of the loss of the *Fair Emily*. In several details it differed from that of Mr. Stobell, and he looked at her uneasily as she took out pencil and paper and made notes.

"If you want any further particulars you had better go and see Mr. Stobell," he said, restlessly. "I am busy."

"We've just been to see him," replied Miss Vickers, with an ominous gleam in her eye. "You say that the boat was two or three hundred yards away when the ship sank?"

"More or less," was the cautious reply.

"Mr. Stobell said about half a mile," suggested the wily Selina.

"Well, perhaps that would be more correct," said the other.

"Half a mile, then?"

"Half a mile," said Mr. Tredgold, nodding, as she wrote it down.

"*Four yards* was what Mr. Stobell said," exclaimed Selina, excitedly. "I've got it down here, and father heard it. And you make the time it happened and a lot of other things different. I don't believe that you were any more shipwrecked than I was."

"Not so much," added the irrepressible Mr. Vickers.

Mr. Tredgold walked to the door. "I am busy," he said, curtly. "Good morning."

Miss Vickers passed him with head erect, and her small figure trembling with rage and determination. By the time she had cross-examined Mr. Chalk her wildest suspicions were confirmed. His account differed in several particulars from the others, and his alarm and confusion when taxed with the discrepancies were unmistakable.

Binchester rang with the story of her wrongs, and, being furnished with three different accounts of the same incident, seemed inclined to display a little pardonable curiosity. To satisfy this, intimates of the gentlemen most concerned were provided with an official version, which Miss Vickers discovered after a little research was compiled for the most part by adding all the statements together and dividing by three. She paid another round of visits to tax them with the fact, and, strong in the justice of her cause, even followed them in the street demanding her money.

"There's one comfort," she said to the depressed Mr. Tasker. "I've got you, Joseph. They can't take you away from me."

"There's nobody could do that," responded Mr. Tasker, with a sigh of resignation.

"And if I had to choose," continued Miss Vickers, putting her arm round his waist, "I'd sooner have you than a hundred thousand pounds."

Mr. Tasker sighed again at the idea of an article estimated at so high a figure passing into the possession of Selina Vickers. In a voice broken with emotion he urged her to persevere in her claims to a fortune which he felt would alone make his fate tolerable. The unsuspecting Selina promised.

"She'll quiet down in time," said Captain Bowers to Mr. Chalk, after the latter had been followed nearly all the way to Dialstone Lane by Miss Vickers, airing her grievance and calling upon him to remedy it. "Once she realizes the fact that the ship is lost, she'll be all right."

Mr. Chalk looked unconvinced. "She doesn't want to realize it," he said, shaking his head.

"She'll be all right in time," repeated the captain; "and after all, you know," he added, with gentle severity, "you deserve to suffer a little. You had no business with that map."

CHAPTER XXIII.

On a fine afternoon towards the end of the following month Captain Brisket and

Mr. Duckett sat outside the Swan and Bottle Inn, Holemouth, a small port forty miles distant from Biddlecombe. The day was fine, with just a touch of crispness in the air to indicate the waning of the year, and, despite a position regarded by the gloomy Mr. Duckett as teeming with perils, the captain turned a bright and confident eye on the *Fair Emily*, anchored in the harbour.

"We ought to have gone straight to Biddlecombe," said Mr. Duckett, following his glance; "it would have looked better. Not that anything'll make much difference."

"And everybody in a flutter of excitement telegraphing off to the owners," commented

"You'll soon know," said the pessimistic Mr. Duckett. "I wonder whether they'll have another shot for the treasure when they get that map back?"

"I should like to send that Captain Bowers out searching for it," said Brisket, scowling, "and keep him out there till he finds it. It's all his fault. If it hadn't been for his cock-and-bull story we shouldn't ha' done what we did. Hanging's too good for him."

"I suppose it's best for them not to know that there's no such island?" hazarded Mr. Duckett.

"O' course," snapped his companion.

"'IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT,' SAID BRISKET, PUFFING AT HIS CIGAR."

the captain. "No, we'll tell our story first; quiet and comfortable-like. Say it over again."

"I've said it three times," objected Mr. Duckett; "and each time it sounds more unreal than ever."

"It'll be all right," said Brisket, puffing at his cigar. "Besides, we've got no choice. It's that or ruin, and there's nobody within thousands of miles to contradict us. We bring both the ship and the map back to 'em. What more can they ask?"

"Looks better for us, don't it, giving them back a map worth half a million? Now go through the yarn again and I'll see whether I can pick any holes in it. The train goes in half an hour."

Mr. Duckett sighed and, first emptying his mug, began a monotonous recital. Brisket listened attentively.

"We were down below asleep when the men came running in and overpowered us. They weighed anchor at night, and following morning made you, by threats,

promise to steer them to the island. You told me on the quiet that you'd die before you betrayed the owners' trust. How did they know that the island the gentlemen were on wasn't the right one? Because Sam Betts was standing by when you told me you'd made a mistake in your reckoning and said we'd better go ashore and tell them."

"That's all right so far, I think," said Brisket, nodding.

"We sailed about and tried island after island just to satisfy the men and seize our opportunity," continued Mr. Duckett, with a weary air. "At last, one day, when they were all drunk ashore, we took the map, shipped three natives, and sailed back to the island to rescue the owners. Found they'd gone when we got there. Mr. Stobell's boot and an old pair of braces produced in proof."

"Better wrap 'em up in a piece o' newspaper," said Brisket, stooping and producing the relics in question from under the table.

"Shipped four white men at Viti Levu and sailed for home," continued Mr. Duckett. "Could have had more, but wanted to save owners' pockets, and worked like A.B.'s ourselves to do so."

"Let 'em upset that if they can," said Brisket, with a confident smile. "The crew are scattered, and if they happened to get one of them it's only his word against ours. Wait a bit. How did the crew know of the treasure?"

"Chalk told you," responded the obedient Duckett. "And if he told you—and he can't deny it—why not them?"

Captain Brisket nodded approval. "It's all right as far as I can see," he said, cautiously. "But mind. Leave the telling of it to me. You can just chip in with little bits here and there. Now let's get under way."

He threw away the stump of his cigar and rose, turning as he reached the corner for a lingering glance at the *Fair Emily*.

"Scrape her and clean her and she'd be as good as ever," he said, with a sigh. "She's just the sort o' little craft you and me could ha' done with, Peter."

They had to change twice on the way to Binchester, and at each stopping-place Mr. Duckett, a prey to nervousness, suggested the wisdom of disappearing while they had the opportunity.

"Disappear and starve, I suppose?" grunted the scornful Brisket. "What about my certificate? and yours, too? I tell you it's our only chance."

He walked up the path to Mr. Chalk's house with a swagger which the mate endeavoured in vain to imitate. Mr. Chalk was out, but the captain, learning that he was probably to be found at Dialstone Lane, decided to follow him there rather than first take his tidings to Stobell or Tredgold. With the idea of putting Mr. Duckett at his ease he talked on various matters as they walked, and, arrived at Dialstone Lane, even stopped to point out the picturesque appearance its old houses made in the moonlight.

"This is where the old pirate who made the map lives," he whispered, as he reached the door. "If *he's* got anything to say I'll tackle him about that. Now, pull yourself together!"

He knocked loudly on the door with his fist. A murmur of voices stopped suddenly, and, in response to a gruff command from within, he opened the door and stood staring at all three of his victims, who were seated at the table playing whist with Captain Bowers.

The three gentlemen stared back in return. Tredgold and Chalk had half risen from their seats; Mr. Stobell, with both arms on the table, leaned forward and regarded him open-mouthed.

"Good evening, gentlemen all," said Captain Brisket, in a hearty voice.

He stepped forward, and seizing Mr. Chalk's hand wrung it fervently.

"It's good for sore eyes to see you again, sir," he said. "Look at him, Peter!"

Mr. Duckett, ignoring this reflection on his personal appearance, stepped quietly inside the door, and stood smiling nervously at the company.

"It's him," said the staring Mr. Stobell, drawing a deep breath. "It's Brisket."

He pushed his chair back and, rising slowly from the table, confronted him. Captain Brisket, red-faced and confident, stared up at him composedly.

"It's Brisket," said Mr. Stobell, again in a voice of deep content. "Turn the key in that door, Chalk."

Mr. Chalk hesitated, but Brisket, stepping to the door, turned the key and, putting it on the table, returned to his place by the side of the mate. Except for a hard glint in his eye his face still retained its smiling composure.

"And now," said Stobell, "you and me have got a word or two to say to each other. I haven't had the pleasure of seeing your ugly face since——"

"Since the disaster," interrupted Tredgold, loudly and hastily.

"Since the——"

Mr. Stobell suddenly remembered. For a few moments he stood irresolute, and then, with an extraordinary contortion of visage, dropped into his chair again and sat gazing blankly before him.

"Me and Peter Duckett only landed to-day," said Brisket, "and we came on to see you by the first train we could——"

"I know," said Tredgold, starting up and taking his hand, "and we're delighted to see you are safe. And Mr. Duckett?"

He found Mr. Duckett's hand after a little trouble—the owner seeming to think that he wanted it for some unlawful purpose—and shook that. Captain Brisket, considerably taken aback by this performance, gazed at him with suspicion.

"You didn't go down with your ship, then, after all," said Captain Bowers, who had been looking on with much interest.

Amazement held Brisket dumb. He turned and eyed Duckett inquiringly. Then Tredgold, with his back to the others, caught his eye and frowned significantly.

"Stobell was a bit rough just now," said Tredgold, with another warning glance at Brisket, "but he didn't like being shipwrecked."

Brisket gazed at the door in his turn. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he was being played with.

"It's nothing much to like," he said, at last, "but——"

"Tell us how you escaped," said Tredgold; "or, perhaps," he continued, hastily, as Brisket was about to speak—"perhaps, you would like first to hear how we did."

"Perhaps that would be better," said the perplexed Brisket.

He nudged the mate with his elbow, and Mr. Tredgold, still keeping him under the spell of his eye, began with great rapidity to narrate the circumstances attending the loss of the *Fair Emily*. After one irrepressible grunt of surprise Captain Brisket listened without moving a muscle, but the changes on Mr. Duckett's face were so extraordinary that on several occasions the narrator faltered and

"THEN TREDGOLD, WITH HIS BACK TO THE OTHERS, CAUGHT HIS EYE AND FROWNED SIGNIFICANTLY."

"If Captain Brisket didn't go down with it I am sure that he was the last man to leave it," he said, kindly; "and Mr. Duckett last but one."

Mr. Duckett, distrustful of these compliments, cast an agonized glance at the door.

lost the thread of his discourse. At such times Mr. Chalk took up the story, and once, when both seemed at a loss, a growling contribution came from Mr. Stobell.

"Of course, you got away in the other boat," said Tredgold, nervously, when he had finished.

Brisket looked round shrewdly, his wits hard at work. Already the advantages of adopting a story which he supposed to have been concocted for the benefit of Captain Bowers were beginning to multiply in his ready brain.

"And didn't see us owing to the darkness," prompted Tredgold, with a glance at Mr. Joseph Tasker, who was lingering by the door after bringing in some whisky.

"You're quite right, sir," said Brisket, after a trying pause. "I didn't see you."

Unasked he took a chair, and with crossed legs and folded arms surveyed the company with a broad smile.

"You're a fine sort of shipmaster," exclaimed the indignant Captain Bowers. "First you throw away your ship, and then you let your passengers shift for themselves."

"I'm responsible to my owners," said Brisket. "Have you any fault to find with me, gentlemen?" he demanded, turning on them with a frown.

Tredgold and Chalk hastened to reassure him.

"In the confusion the boat got adrift," said Brisket. "You've got their own word for it. Not that they didn't behave well for landsmen: Mr. Chalk's pluck was wonderful, and Mr. Tredgold was all right."

Mr. Stobell turned a dull but ferocious eye upon him.

"And you all got off in the other boat," said Tredgold. "I'm very glad."

Captain Brisket looked at him, but made no reply. The problem of how to make the best of the situation was occupying all his attention.

"Me and Peter Duckett would be glad of some of our pay," he said, at last.

"*Pay?*" repeated Tredgold, in a dazed voice.

Brisket looked at him again, and then gave a significant glance in the direction of Captain Bowers. "We'd like twenty pounds on account—now," he said, calmly.

Tredgold looked hastily at his friends. "Come and see me to-morrow," he said, nervously, "and we'll settle things."

"You can send us the rest," said Brisket, "but we want that now. We're off to-night."

"But we must see you again," said Tredgold, who was anxious to make arrangements about the schooner. "We—we've got a lot of things to talk about. The—the ship, for instance."

"I'll talk about her now if you want me to," said Brisket, with unpleasant readiness. "Meantime, we'd like that money."

Fortunately—or unfortunately—Tredgold had been to his bank that morning, and, turning a deaf ear to the expostulations of Captain Bowers, he produced his pocket-book, and after a consultation with Mr. Chalk, and an attempt at one with the raging Stobell, counted out the money and handed it over.

"And there is an I O U for the remainder," he said, with an attempt at a smile, as he wrote on a slip of paper.

Brisket took it with pleased surprise, and the mate, leaning against his shoulder, read the contents: "*Where is the 'Fair Emily'?*"

"You might as well give me a receipt," said Tredgold, significantly, as he passed over pencil and paper.

Captain Brisket thanked him and, sucking the pencil, eyed him thoughtfully. Then he bent to the table and wrote.

"You sign here, Peter," he said.

Mr. Tredgold smiled at the precaution, but the smile faded when he took the paper. It was a correctly-worded receipt for twenty pounds. He began to think that he had rated the captain's intelligence somewhat too highly.

"Ah, we've had a hard time of it," said Brisket, putting the notes into his breast-pocket and staring hard at Captain Bowers. "When that little craft went down, of course I went down with her. How I got up I don't know, but when I did there was Peter hanging over the side of the boat and pulling me in by the hair."

He paused to pat the mate on the shoulder.

"Unfortunately for us we took a different direction to you, sir," he continued, turning to Tredgold, "and we were pulling for six days before we were picked up by a barque bound for Melbourne. By the time she sighted us we were reduced to half a biscuit a day each and two teaspoonfuls o' water, and not a man grumbled. Did they, Peter?"

"Not a man," said Mr. Duckett.

"At Melbourne," said the captain, who was in a hurry to be off, "we all separated, and Duckett and me worked our way home on a cargo-boat. We always stick together, Peter and me."

"And always will," said Mr. Duckett, with a little emotion as he gazed meaningly at the captain's breast-pocket.

"When I think o' that little craft lying all those fathoms down," continued the captain, staring full at Mr. Tredgold, "it hurts me. The nicest little craft of her kind I ever handled. Well—so long, gentlemen."

"We shall see you to-morrow," said Tredgold, hastily, as the captain rose.

Brisket shook his head.

"Me and Peter are very busy," he said, softly. "We've been putting our little bit o' savings together to buy a schooner, and we want to settle things as soon as possible."

"A schooner?" exclaimed Mr. Tredgold, with an odd look.

Captain Brisket nodded indulgently.

"One o' the prettiest little craft you ever saw, gentlemen," he said, "and, if you've got no objection, me and Peter Duckett thought o' calling her the *Fair Emily*, in memory of old times. Peter's a bit sentimental at times, but I don't know as I can blame him for it. Good-night."

He opened the door slowly, and the sentimental Mr. Duckett, still holding fast to the parcel containing Mr. Stobell's old boot, slipped thankfully outside. Calmly and deliberately Captain Brisket followed, and the door was closing behind him when it suddenly stopped, and his red face was thrust into the room again.

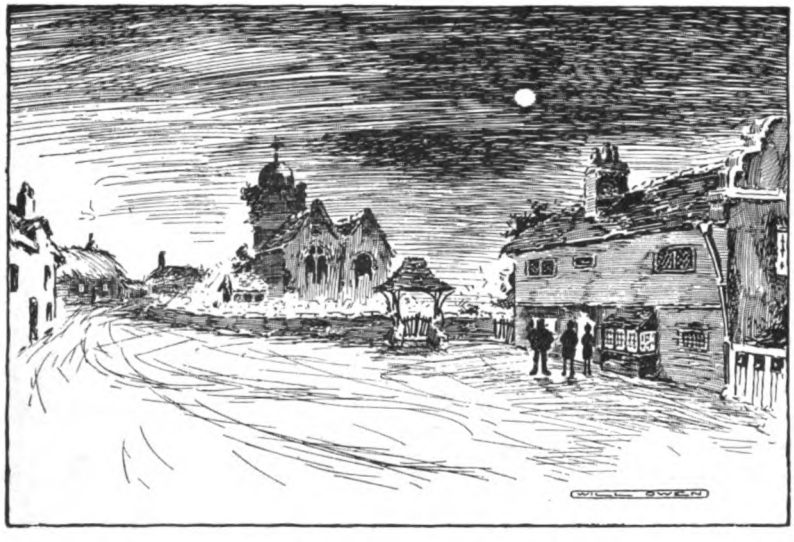
"One thing is," he said, eyeing the speechless Tredgold with sly relish, "she's uncommonly like the *Fair Emily* we lost. Good-night."

The door closed with a snap, but Tredgold and Chalk made no move. Glued to their seats, they stared blankly at the door, until the rigidity of their pose and the strangeness of their gaze began to affect the slower-witted Mr. Stobell.

"Anything wrong?" inquired the astonished Captain Bowers, looking from one to the other.

There was no reply. Mr. Stobell rose and, after steadying himself for a moment with his hands on the table, blundered heavily towards the door. As though magnetized Tredgold and Chalk followed and, standing beside him on the footpath, stared solemnly up Dialstone Lane.

Captain Brisket and his faithful mate had disappeared.



THE END.

Wonderful Escapes on the Battlefield.

By T. R. Threlfall.

TO the individual man war is pre-eminently a game of chance. Some soldiers are killed ere their first battle has well begun, or collapse under the most trivial accident; whereas others spend half a lifetime on the battlefield, survive fifty wounds, and die as peaceably in their beds as that old veteran of the First Napoleon who lived until 1865 in the French village of Savary, and who owned a wooden leg, a wooden arm, a glass eye, a silver palate, a complete set of false teeth, and a silver plate on the top of his head. Compared with such men the proverbial nine-lived cat is nowhere.

The manner in which the most celebrated generals have played touch and go with death is little short of miraculous. William Prince of Orange, for instance, was trepanned seventeen times, while Marshal Tilly, his great compeer, after passing safely through the Thirty Years' War and winning thirty-six battles, did not meet a soldier's death until he was over seventy years of age. On one occasion a soldier had raised his sword to cut him down when a stray bullet killed his assailant. Few cases are, however, more remarkable than that of General Skenzynechi, who got thirty bullets through his cloak during the Battle of Ostrolenka, in the Polish insurrection of 1831, or of Sir D. Lacy Evans, whose ear was perforated by a bullet during the Carlist War of 1837. Garibaldi, too, had many narrow shaves, but none closer than when resting one day at Volturno. While drinking from a pail of water a splinter from a ricochet shell grazed his thigh and killed some people near. Then there was the case of Sir Francis Drake at Porto Rico. While sitting in his cabin discussing the plan of attack with some officers he was roughly disturbed by a round shot entering the window, knocking the stool from under him, and killing Sir Nicholas Clifford, as well as mortally wounding another officer.

The wonderful escapes of Napoleon and Wellington were proverbial. Though bullets frequently grazed them and riddled their clothes, and both had horses shot under them, yet both passed through a life of battle and danger with two or three slight wounds apiece. But their companion in arms, grim old Marshal Blücher, did not fare so well. Wounded several times while serving under Frederick the Great, he retired from the army when that irascible monarch swore at him. In response, however, to the patriotic call, he took up arms to oppose Napoleon and was seriously wounded at Lützen. At Ligny, too, he was thrown down and ridden over by both the French and Prussian cavalry. This would have terminated the career of most men, but by drinking

"AT LIGNY, BLÜCHER WAS THROWN DOWN AND RIDDEN OVER."

enormous quantities of his favourite gin and water the old war-dog was enabled to lead his troops on the following day and materially assist to win the Battle of Waterloo.

The adventures of Napoleon's generals form one of the most thrilling chapters in the romance of war. Disdaining to regulate the battle from afar they invariably threw themselves into the most dangerous quarters, and so animated the soldiers that for well-nigh twenty years the Grande Armée was invincible. The terrible penalty Christendom had to pay for these prolonged wars is well illustrated by the fact that from 1796 to 1816 thirteen thousand one hundred and twenty-seven men joined the Black Watch, and yet in 1817 there were only three men living who had fought against the French in Egypt. During the fateful twenty-five years when the fear of France dominated Europe the losses of the Scottish regiments exceeded sixty thousand, while France lost close upon a million men.

Marshal Ney, the bravest of the brave, was continuously fighting for twenty-eight years, yet he escaped with only a few slight wounds, to meet a traitor's doom at the hands of the Bourbon King. Armies melted around him, he was the last of the French rearguard during the tragic winter campaign in Russia, he headed countless charges, had dozens of horses shot under him, eagerly courted death when leading the Old Guard at Waterloo, and yet was never seriously wounded. During the siege of Saragossa, General Lacosta, a celebrated French engineer, had a curl cut from his forehead by a Spanish bullet, while a shot passed through the cloak of Marshal Lannes. Immediately afterwards a shell grazed the latter's shoulder and took off the head of one of his officers standing immediately behind him. He had another very remarkable escape at Eckmühl. While examining a map in company with Baron de Marbot and General Cervoni, who had only just arrived from Corsica and who had never been in a battle before, a round shot swept over the table and cut poor Cervoni in two.

It is doubtful if the history of war can furnish anything more remarkable than the adventures of Baron Le Jeune and Baron de Marbot. During an engagement at Denewitz Le Jeune's horse received seven bullets in its neck and one in its leg, yet its rider escaped untouched. On one occasion during his earlier Spanish campaign he was captured by a body of Spanish irregulars. His escort was killed and he received an ugly spear wound in the hand. A moment later he was stripped entirely naked and several brigands pointed their muskets at his breast, but, strange to say, every weapon missed fire. They primed their muskets again, but once more the charges missed. Determined, however, to kill him, they assailed him with clubbed weapons, but wresting a gun from one of them he defended himself with it, though the iron barrel was speedily beaten out of shape. Happily a couple of Spanish officers interfered, and each seizing a hand galloped madly with him over five miles of rough, stony ground, interspersed with prickly hedges.

The unfortunate Frenchman spent a miserable night in prison without a rag to cover him. Taken early next morning into an orchard to be hanged, he was hoisted up, and was indeed half strangled, when, some distant shots alarming his executioners, he was lowered to the earth, and on looking round saw that several other prisoners had already been done to death. He was next mounted on a horse and compelled for hours to travel through a mountainous district thickly covered with snow. At last the pitiable condition of the naked wretch roused the sympathy of a priest, who gave him a shirt.

On being taken to Placenzia Le Jeune was about to be hanged in the market-place in order to provide entertainment for an enormous crowd of Spaniards. Yet even here his French politeness did not desert him, for, observing a number of ladies watching him from a neighbouring balcony, he gave them a courtly bow and addressed several high-flown compliments to them, whereupon, their sympathy being aroused, they besought the governor to pardon him. Although saved from immediate death, he nevertheless suffered untold tortures for more than a month. At last he was taken to Lisbon, but his health had now completely broken down and he prayed for death. While being chained to a gang of convicts he was observed by a sympathetic British officer, who obtained his liberation and took him on board an English frigate. Brought to this country as a prisoner of war, he ultimately managed to escape and to reach France, where he lived to a ripe old age.

The adventures of Baron de Marbot were somewhat different, yet quite as exciting as those of his companion in misfortune. During the Battle of Eylau Napoleon sent him with an order to an infantry regiment

surrounded by a host of Cossacks. Charging through the Russians the general found the doomed battalion standing in square on the crest of a hill. Realizing that his regiment had to be sacrificed for the benefit of the army the brave colonel asked Marbot to take the French eagle back to the Emperor, but while bending forward to receive the sacred trust a round shot took off the hinder part of the general's peaked hat and for a few moments paralyzed him. As the Russian Grenadiers rolled up like a great black wave, though checked for a short time by the heroic Frenchmen numbers prevailed, and the famous 14th Regiment was completely annihilated. Of the countless escapes of Marbot during this terrible struggle it is unnecessary here to speak, but when a half-drunken Russian drove his bayonet into the thigh of the general's mare, Lisette, the fight took a new and unexpected turn. Maddened with rage and pain the intelligent animal tore off the Muscovite's face, and then, rising on her hind legs, battled her way through the threatening swords and bayonets, and after killing several men dashed forward towards Eylau.

Unfortunately the falling snow obscured the daylight and the luckless pair lost their way. Presently they found themselves immediately in front of a massed battalion of the Old Guard, who, mistaking Marbot for a Russian officer leading an attack of cavalry, fired on him. Though his cloak, saddle, and hat were riddled, yet, strange to say, neither he nor his mare was injured. "She continued her course," observed the general, "and went through the three ranks of the battalion as easily as a snake through a hedge." Alas! this last effort exhausted the poor animal's strength, and, suddenly collapsing, she threw her master on the snow.

When Marbot recovered consciousness Murat's ninety squadrons had ridden over him. Save his hat and one boot he was completely naked, for a shivering soldier, concluding that he was dead, had confiscated his clothing. His shoulders and chest were black, his hat and hair were full of blood, he was overcome with thirst and hunger, his limbs were already stiffening with the severe cold, and he was rapidly passing beyond recall, when Marshal Augereau's valet chanced to see his pelisse in the hands of the soldier who had robbed the poor general. Overcome with grief, and wishing to pay due respect to the dead, the servant insisted on being led to the spot where Marbot lay, and was fortunate enough to save his life, for, like most Revolutionary soldiers, he possessed an iron constitution. In subsequent campaigns Marbot had a bullet flattened to the size of half a crown and notched at the edges fired into his loins in Spain, and was wounded while fighting three English officers at Miranda, and again at Kolastitsi. Happily, these terrible experiences did not prevent him living to a ripe old age.

Some of Wellington's officers had extremely narrow shaves. On one occasion a French lancer charged full at Lord Beresford, who was commanding the British at this point. When the lance was within a few inches of his breast the general suddenly leant on one side and the weapon missed him. Before the lancer could recover himself Beresford had seized him by the throat

"BEFORE THE LANCER COULD RECOVER HIMSELF BERESFORD HAD SEIZED HIM BY THE THROAT."

and hurled him to the earth. The three fighting Napiers, too, had some thrilling experiences. During the march on Talavera Sir William, the famous historian, was struck down with pleurisy. Rising from his bed, however, before he had properly recovered he walked forty-eight miles to obtain post-horses in order to overtake the British Army. Wounded in the hip at the Battle of Coa he insisted on leading his men at the Battle of Busaco immediately afterwards, when he saw his two brothers carried off the field. Although injured at Casal Novo, assailed with fever during the second siege of Badajoz, and twice wounded at the passage of the Nive, he lived to be seventy-three years old, to the manifest advantage of his country and literature.

The famous predecessor of Hector Macdonald, Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde), had many amazing escapes. After surviving a dangerous fever during the Walcheren Expedition, he took a prominent part in the Battle of Barrosa. Although only a youth of eighteen he aroused general admiration, and the historian of the Peninsular War, when speaking of the storming of the convent of St. Bartholome, referred to him in the following glowing terms: "He broke through the tumultuous crowd with the survivors of his chosen detachment, mounted the ruins, twice he ascended, twice he was wounded, and all around him died." Before he had recovered from these wounds he headed an attack on some French batteries on the Bidassoa and was seriously wounded. During his long and active career in India he had many marvellous escapes, and at the Battle of Alma he was struck in the stomach by a spent bullet, which prevented him speaking for several minutes. On recovering, however, he gave his orders as calmly as though he had not been within an ace of death.

The experiences of Lieutenant Worsley, who was still living in 1835 on his estate in Nottinghamshire, were amongst the most extraordinary in the annals of war. "At the storming of Badajoz," says Captain Kintail, of the 95th Regiment, in his "Random Shots by a Rifleman," "in April, 1812, one of our officers got a musket-ball in the right ear, which came out at the back of the neck, and though, after a painful illness, he recovered, yet his head got a twist, and he was compelled to wear it looking over the right shoulder. At the Battle of Waterloo in 1815, having been upwards of three years with his neck awry, he received a shot in the left ear, which came out within half an inch of his former wound in the back of the neck and set his neck straight again."

A somewhat similar incident is described by a surgeon who served through the Indian Mutiny. "A private was," he says, "struck by a bullet on the outer orbit. It broke the bone and grooved the temple deeply. I dressed the wound and applied a bandage to keep the dressing in its place, and desired the man to sit down while I attended to the other cases. About an hour after I had dressed his wound I missed him, and as I was making inquiries about him he presented himself wounded a second time, and, strange to say, in the very same spot, the bullet having ripped up the bandage and dressing and considerably enlarged the first wound. It appeared that, after the first wound had been dressed, feeling that he had the use of his arms and legs, he slipped quietly away while my back was turned, rejoining his company in the fight, and was wounded almost immediately in the same spot."

Still a third case was reported from South Africa. During the disaster at Nicholson's Nek a British soldier was hit with three bullets, though he only had two wounds, the phenomenon being accounted for by the fact that a couple of balls had entered the same wound one after the other. But a private of the East Surrey Regiment experienced a still more remarkable escape during the late Transvaal War. A bullet passed through his body from the left side, struck a rib which arrested its progress, and then actually emerged from the spot where it had entered. The man was invalided home and recovered. Such remarkable instances prompt one's sympathy for that unfortunate Cavalier who was taking a good drink of ale from a great tankard during the siege of Carlisle in 1645, when a bullet from one of the defenders' muskets passed through the side of his nose and thereby disturbed the poor man's entertainment.

The following case will illustrate how much a man may be battered without being killed. During the siege of Sebastopol Lieutenant Jebb, of the Welsh Fusiliers, had some extremely disagreeable experiences. While chatting in the trenches opposite the Redan a round shot struck the parapet against which he was leaning. Although thrown several feet, he escaped uninjured save for a slight wound on the wrist. On the same day a Russian bullet grazed his forehead and took three-quarters of an inch of skin off. A couple of hours later, while looking at the great fort, he was struck on

the breast by another bullet and thrown down, and his brother officers, seeing a hole in his coat, naturally concluded that he had received a fatal wound. Strange to say, however, the lieutenant was not wounded at all, for the bullet, after passing through his tunic, rebounded from his chest and turned aside under his arm. "The only way I can account for it," he said, "is that I was leaning on my left arm, which hardened the muscles of my chest and thus caused the ball to turn. The part where the bullet struck is rather painful, but the skin is not scratched. When the ball struck me it made a noise as if it had struck a board." This persistent run of bad luck was countered by the experience of a French soldier in Algeria. A bullet broke into five fragments against a rock six paces from the Grenadier. One piece struck and broke his right ankle, two entered his foot, the fourth wounded his right thigh, and the fifth lodged in the skin at the back of his neck. In contrast to this we have the rare good fortune of a chaplain of a Highland regiment during the siege of Lucknow. While bending to open his box, a cannon-ball, fired from a great elevation, descended on the lid and, rebounding, grazed the reverend gentleman's head, without inflicting the slightest injury on him. A still more remarkable escape is recorded of a British colonel two or three weeks afterwards. While the officer was galloping forward a bullet passed along the saddle, tearing up the leather, but without injuring the man, for at that instant he had raised his body with the motion of the horse. On the same day a bullet struck the handle of this officer's revolver and turned aside without injuring the lucky soldier.

The number of men who have escaped death through having a Bible, a coin, love-letters, or some other articles in their pocket is legion. During the late South African War one man owed his life to the fact that the Queen's chocolate-box, which he carried in the breast of his tunic, stopped a well-aimed bullet. In another case a man found a bullet embedded in a small book he carried in his pocket, and a third owed his escape to certain silver coins which deflected the mischievous missile. He was certainly more fortunate than Colonel Fletcher during the siege of Badajoz. A silver crown piece stopped a bullet entering the groin, and although the coin was driven half an inch into the officer's flesh he recovered.

Private James Coulter, of the Scots Fusiliers, had good reason to complain of fickle Dame Fortune. At the Battle of Inkerman a musket-ball went through his right arm, but he continued firing, when five minutes later a bullet entered his right breast and passed out at his back. While staggering down the hill towards the ambulance he was struck on the arm by a piece of shell, and a couple of seconds later a bullet passed through his left thigh. After stumbling forward for about twenty yards he fell on his face, but, realizing that he would soon bleed to death, he struggled to his feet again, when a bullet struck one of the joints of his finger and broke it. However, he still kept his feet and presently met a non-commissioned officer, who, learning that Coulter had been struck by four bullets and a piece of shell, not unnaturally exclaimed, "Good heavens! and you are not dead yet?"

During the Battle of Sadowa, in 1866, an Austrian private underwent a strangely unique experience; indeed, it was so unprecedented that I venture to quote a letter which he sent to his father: "As the Prussians advanced to our batteries a bullet struck me in the breast and I fell down insensible. Our batteries afterwards retired to the slope of a hill and reopened a dreadful fire on the Prussians, who, seeking protection everywhere, collected all the dead bodies lying around and formed a barricade of them. They sheltered themselves behind this and commenced firing on our men. I was in this barricade without at first knowing it. Recovering consciousness from the bleeding and pain of my wound, I perceived my horrible situation. I was the single living body in the wall of the dead. The bullets struck over me and round me every minute. At last, in my fright, I got so much strength as to be able to speak, and to beg and entreat a Prussian soldier near to deliver me from my situation. The man was so astonished at hearing my voice that he dropped his rifle to the ground; but in a minute, at the greatest risk of his life, he got me out of the barricade, and saw me transferred from the battlefield to the hospital."

According to universal experience it is certain death to get a bullet through the heart, brain, or abdomen. But in war the unexpected often happens. Thus M. Joubert, a well-known French surgeon, cites an instance where a man lived for three years with a bullet embedded in his heart, while Dr. Gutherie records a case where a patient lived for seven years with one in his brain. Then the experiences of a British sergeant during the Kaffir War of 1851 show that

abdominal wounds are not always fatal. Though he received so serious an injury that the surgeons could look right through his body, yet he recovered and lived for thirty-six years. In another case, where a post-mortem examination was made on a patient two and a half years after he had been wounded, it was found that the bullet had traversed the body, injured the lungs and kidneys, and finally lodged in the spine. Then we have a couple of instances recorded by Sir Astley Cooper. In one the ball on entering the side struck a rib and was turned out of its course, but it ran round the back under the skin and lodged in the opposite side. In the other the bullet struck a man on the temple, and passing right over the scalp remained outside the other temple. After this the reader will be able to fully appreciate the instance narrated by Dr. O'Calligan, where an officer lived for seven years with the breech of a fowling-piece three ounces in weight lodged in his forehead and even supporting the right hemisphere of the brain.

Although laughter is generally regarded as a great health promoter, it will come as a surprise to most people to find that it has saved more than one soldier's life. While Private Roberts, of the 24th Regiment, was laughing heartily one day during the Punjab expedition in 1849, a bullet entered his open mouth and passed through the fleshy part of his neck, without, however, fatally injuring him. Similar incidents are recorded in connection with the Indian Mutiny and the Franco-German War. In every case the patient recovered.

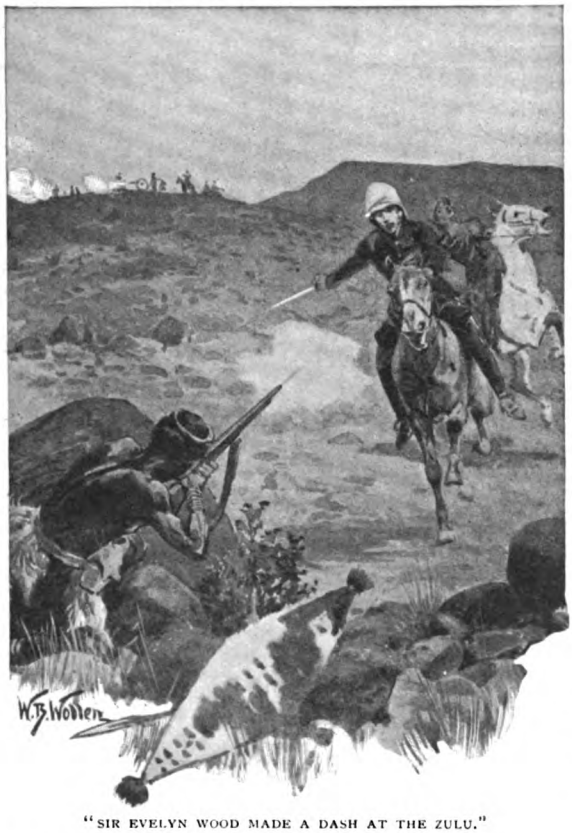
"HE RAISED UP A REGIMENTAL COLOUR AND CONTINUED TO WAVE THAT."

But, remarkable as many of these escapes were, they were not more singular than some experienced by our most popular generals. Lord Wolseley, for instance, came within an ace of death while serving as a captain before Sebastopol. He was assisting to replace a number of gabions under a severe fire when a big shot struck the gabion he was holding, drove a large stone through his cheek and jaw to his neck, smashed his right wrist, and injured his skin. But Lord Roberts was even more fortunate. As he stood on the tower at Lucknow signalling for the British Army to advance, thousands of shots were fired at him and the flag was shot from his hand. Calmly stooping down he raised up a regimental colour and continued to wave that. His escape on that occasion was little short of a miracle. He had an extremely narrow shave, too, when he won his Victoria Cross, for had the muskets of the two Sepoys he so bravely defeated not missed fire he would certainly have found a soldier's end.

The experiences of Lord Napier of Magdala have been both varied and exciting. In telling the story of the siege of Mooltan in 1849 General Edwards describes how Major Napier paid him a visit in order to discuss certain plans, Lake, one of the officers, meanwhile sleeping soundly in a corner of the tent. The general continues: "Presently the rebel gunners seemed to awake, and one shot buried itself hissing in the sand at Napier's side, then another ripped its way by me. A third fell at the head of Lake's bed, and his servant immediately got up and with great carefulness turned his bed round. Poor Lake gave a yawn and asked, sleepily, 'What's the matter?' 'Nothing,' replied

the bearer; 'it's only a cannon-ball.' Lake went to sleep again. Five minutes later another shell fell at his feet and seemed to say 'Pish!' as it hit nothing but the ground when it came for a man. Again the good bearer shifted his master's bed, and again Lake, half asleep, asked, 'What's the matter now?' and was told in reply, 'Another cannon-ball; that's all.' On which he said 'Oh!' and returned calmly to the land of dreams, while Napier and I finished our conversation."

While serving with the Naval Brigade during the siege of Sebastopol Sir Evelyn Wood had many extremely narrow escapes. On one occasion a man was sawing a fuse clamped in a vice when a shell burst on the parapet and, throwing pieces all around, ignited the fuse and exploded the shell; but the man who was holding it escaped with a slightly scorched wrist. Some time afterwards, while a couple of officers and eight men were loading two guns, a mortar-shell fell immediately under one of the guns and exploded. "The gun was cut into two parts, the charge exploded, our cannon-shot went into the air, and the carriage and breech of the gun turned a somersault, yet not a man was scratched." Nor did Sir Evelyn's good fortune desert him when he joined the Army and went to Africa. During a skirmish with the Ashantees he was struck by a slug on the ribs near the heart, but the missile happily glanced off. Although he had many hairbreadth escapes during the Zulu War, none was closer than that he experienced at Kambula. A Zulu marksman hidden behind a rock was calmly picking off the British soldiers when poor Captain Campbell rushed at him, but was immediately shot down. Roused by the fate of his companion, Sir Evelyn—then Colonel—Wood made a dash at the Zulu, when a shot passing between his arm and body killed Captain Lloyd, who was riding close behind him. That, however, was the warrior's last act, for Sir Evelyn cut him down.



"SIR EVELYN WOOD MADE A DASH AT THE ZULU."

Few generals in the British Army have had more narrow escapes than Sir Redvers Buller. The slightest hesitation when he saved Captain D'Arcy, Lieutenant Everett, or the trooper he rescued when the Zulus were only eighty yards away would assuredly have cost him his life. Happily his good fortune appears to follow him, for during an engagement at Swartz Kop a one-hundred-pound Boer shell fell within ten yards of the general and his staff. Had it exploded in the air the entire party would probably have been killed.

Although General Hector Macdonald received his first wound at Paardeberg, his escape at Majuba may well be regarded as an extraordinary one. On several occasions during the Afghan campaigns bullets have grazed his head and perforated various articles of clothing. He had, indeed, not been long in South Africa before a bullet knocked his helmet off.

The thrilling experiences of Captain Congreve, V.C., during the disaster at the Tugela on December 15th, 1899, certainly deserve to find a place here. He twice crossed the fire zone of five hundred yards. On the first occasion he assisted to limber up one of the guns. Although

wounded during the operation he returned to assist Lieutenant Roberts, who had been wounded. Seeing that he was shot through the leg, that a bullet passed through the toe of his boot, and that others grazed his elbow and shoulders, while his horse was shot in three places, it is little short of a miracle that he escaped.

During an engagement in the Chitral campaign of 1895 Lieutenant Watt, of the Gordon Highlanders, had his shoulder-strap carried away by a bullet which had already passed through the head of a corporal a couple of yards away. On another occasion an ambulance-bearer, while squatting on the ground after the manner of natives, had both legs and arms perforated by a bullet, but was so little affected by the wounds that when he received a drink of brandy he wanted to sing. Yet even his hardihood was not equal to that of a Chitrali who had been wounded in six places and yet walked several miles in order to be treated by a British surgeon. During the same campaign Rehab Nawaz Khan, one of the leaders of the revolting tribesmen, received nineteen serious wounds in one engagement. Of two deep cuts on the neck one only escaped the carotid artery by a hair's breadth. He speedily recovered, however, and resumed fighting. But these escapes do not exhaust the wonders of this campaign, for a bullet actually passed between the hemispheres of a man's brain without killing him.

A somewhat similar incident is told of the Modder River battle. A soldier presented himself at the hospital holding his jaw up and complaining that a bullet had knocked a couple of teeth out. On investigation it was found that the ball had entered through the top of the man's head. Within a month he was moving about again. This, however, is only one of a vast number of marvellous escapes during the South African War. One man was wounded thirteen times during one engagement, and had ten bullets in him; a third had his helmet pierced four times in as many minutes; a fourth had his water-bottle pierced and one of his buttons cut off; a Guardsman had the corner of a letter he had just written home cut off as though a mouse had been nibbling it; and Sergeant Parker saw two detachments shot down around him and got bullets through his haversack, water-bottle, boots, and helmet, yet was not injured in the slightest. One man's life was saved through his watch stopping the bullet, while the experiences of Private Copsey were singularly varied and unpleasant. During an engagement early in January he "got a terrible smack in the nose. I thought I had been kicked by a mule, but it was only a bullet which went clean through the middle of my nose, through the roof of my mouth and roots of my tongue, and out at the back of my neck." Although Copsey lay for fourteen hours on the battlefield and lost much blood, yet he recovered and, save a stiff neck, does not suffer any very great inconvenience from his singular mishap. One of the Gordon Highlanders had a no less thrilling experience at Elandslaagte. He was about to be buried, when signs of life were observed, and after three days' unconsciousness he began to revive. A somewhat similar fate threatened Corporal Fergus West during the Battle of

"THE BRAVE GORDON TOOK HIS STAND OVER SOME WOUNDED COMRADES WITH A CLUBBED RIFLE."

Tamai in 1884. When the square had been broken the brave Gordon took his stand over some wounded comrades with a clubbed rifle. While beating back the fierce Dervishes West was struck down with one of the broad Soudanese spears, and on afterwards being examined by the British doctors was pronounced dead. He was in the act of being deposited in one of the trenches when he recovered sufficiently to ask in somewhat vigorous language what the burial party were going to do with him. He was speedily up and about again, as the Arabs soon found to their cost.

The vagaries of shot and shell are illustrated by innumerable marvellous instances. At the Battle of Spion Kop the pouch of Corporal B. Smith, of the Royal Lancaster Regiment, was struck by fragments of a shell and a couple of the cartridges exploded, while at least a dozen others were bent and doubled up, the resistance offered thereby saving the corporal's life. A few weeks earlier another soldier got a bullet in the upper part of the body, which in the course of a month gradually worked its way down until it came out at his thigh. He was, however, only one amongst a considerable number of men who have gone about for years with bullets in them. Private Murphy, of the 58th Northamptonshire Regiment, one of the survivors of Majuba, who was wounded on that occasion, carried the ball in his body until February of a year or two ago, when it began to cause him considerable pain. Though anxious to retain it until the anniversary of Majuba, he was compelled to allow the surgeons to remove it towards the latter end of the month. But the case of M. Charles Jallerat completely eclipses this. During the Franco-German War M. Jallerat was struck in the temple with a bullet which the surgeons failed to extract. He regained his health, however, and diligently followed his business until May, 1897, when the bullet, which had been buried in the tissues at the front of the head, moved upwards, and, touching the brain, M. Jallerat became insane. A fortnight later the bullet again shifted and the poor man recovered. Henceforth he experienced no further difficulty, but being thirsty one day he took a drink, and succeeded in bringing out of his throat the long-lost and mysterious missile.

But erratic shot and shell often play curious tricks on warlike weapons as well as on soldiers. What, for instance, are we to say respecting the following cases? While a skirmish was in progress at Chenilly during the Franco-German War a sergeant of Chasseurs was taking careful aim with his chassepot, but before he could pull the trigger his weapon received a violent shock. Though the rifle was apparently uninjured the mechanism would not work, and the puzzled soldier took the weapon to the armoury, where a close examination revealed the fact that a Prussian bullet had been fired into the barrel as the sergeant was aiming. It is on record also that, as a soldier was crooking his fingers over the trigger, a bullet actually passed between his hand and the barrel without injuring the man. Nor are such curiosities of war reserved for the smaller weapons. At the siege of Rome in 1849 a ball from the city entered the muzzle of one of the besiegers' guns when the latter was charged for firing. At the siege of Sebastopol, too, an English twenty-four-pound gun was disabled by a shot which penetrated the muzzle as the piece was being fired. Immediately afterwards another cannon was struck on the trunnion by a ball which sprang into the air and then bounced on the touch-hole, knocking the button off. Still later—to wit, at the bombardment of Alexandria—a shell from one of the British guns entered the muzzle of an Egyptian cannon as it was in the act of being fired. After this, who shall say that anything is impossible in war?

This veracious record would be incomplete did it not allude to some of the extraordinary escapes from bursting shells as well as from explosions on the battlefield. First in order comes the experience of Ensign Mackenzie during the siege of Gibraltar. A shell fell into the room where he was sitting, carried away part of his chair, and then crashed through into the room below, where it exploded. Though the astonished officer was hurled into the air with considerable force, he escaped without a scratch. But a private in the lower room was not so fortunate. He was knocked down by the wind of the shell, and in the explosion received enough wounds to kill a dozen men. His skull was fractured, one of his legs was shattered, the flesh was torn from one of his hands, his left arm was broken in two places, and his body terribly scorched. Yet the doctors saved his life and within a dozen weeks he was moving about again.

His escape, however, was not more startling than that of the French artilleryman who caused the great explosion at Sebastopol on the 14th November, 1855, when two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of gunpowder,

along with vast stores of shot and shell, cartridges and rockets, were ignited. While several French artillerymen were engaged in removing some powder from one part of the magazine to another they had occasion to use brass funnels in order to obviate the risk of a spark, when one of the men chanced to see a piece of iron shell gliding into the case, and in his endeavour to stop it threw the fragment of iron on the floor. A spark was at once struck and the loose powder on the ground instantly ignited. Though this man's companions were blown to pieces and people were killed four miles away, yet he escaped with slight injuries. Altogether four hundred men were placed *hors de combat* by the accident. In describing the catastrophe Dr. Russell says: "Clothes were torn off men's backs; the chairs or beds on which they sat, the tables at which they were eating, the earth on which they stood, were torn and broken by shot, shell, rocket, irons, shrapnel, grape, canister, and musket-balls which literally rained down on them."

Happily for the peace of mind of humanity no one can fully realize the horrors of the stricken field. Who, for instance, can imagine the terrible suffering of those wounded French soldiers who were still alive on the battlefield fourteen and fifteen days after Waterloo had been fought and won, and yet who, despite their fearful tortures, croaked "Vive l'Empereur" with their last breath? Although this is a feature on which no one cares to dwell, there are instances of men who recovered after lying for days amongst the dead. With an illustration of a marvellous escape after death has spread its great shroud over the great Golgothas this article may well conclude.

After the Battle of Borodino, when seventy-eight thousand men were left dead on the field, the French marched to Moscow, where they remained for five weeks. Compelled by the approach of winter to retreat, they recrossed the terrible field of Borodino again, when even the most hardened were horrified by the terrible spectacle of the grinning groups of unburied dead. What was the surprise of a number of Guardsmen, however, to hear, amid the snarling of wolves and the croaking of ravens, the cries of a human being? Observing that these proceeded from a deep hollow, they made a search and were horrified to find a terribly emaciated French Grenadier, whose legs, having been broken, made it impossible for him to follow the army. During the following seven weeks the poor wretch sheltered himself in the body of a dead horse, on which he subsisted, meanwhile keeping the wolves at bay with a bayonet. Needless to say he was carried forward by the retreating army.

"THEY MADE A SEARCH AND WERE HORRIFIED TO FIND A TERRIBLY EMACIATED FRENCH GRENADIER."

Charlotte Yates, Journalist.

By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds (G. M. Robins).

THERE was nobody in the big common-room of the E.F. Club except Miss Charlotte Yates, with her feet on the fender. As every woman knows, the E.F. Club stands for the Eternal Feminine, and it is hardly necessary to add that it is not the real name of the club, except as mentioned by its enemies.

The place, which usually hums like a hive, was now quite silent, for it was eleven o'clock in the morning and the hard-working members were at their respective offices, with the exception of two or three who were writing caustic leading articles in the Silent Room.

Charlotte was there merely for the reason which once kept the labourers idle in the market-place. No one had hired her. She scorned to go into the Silent Room and pretend to be busy, while in reality scribbling chatty letters to girl friends on the club note-paper. But here one could get a good fire and an easy chair; so here Charlotte came daily and brooded over her wrongs, and thought how useless it was to try to wrestle with a world awry.

"CHARLOTTE CAME DAILY AND BROODED OVER HER WRONGS."

One year—one little year ago—when Red Copper Denvers had been booming, Charlotte, in her father's palatial country seat in Hampshire, had been very scornful of the life of the mere society girl and had longed to be a journalist; to settle down with a typewriter somewhere quite close to the heart of things, and to live her own life, with one finger on the beating pulse of the age and one eye on the main chance. When the crash came, and Mr. Yates had discreetly proceeded to Monte Video—whence the most earnest efforts of his creditors failed to trace him—still it had appeared to the girl that there was something piquant in her situation.

The piquancy had soon vanished. Charlotte was one of those pitiable products of the reign of the plutocrat—the result of an arranged marriage between wealth and breed. She was essentially the child of her mother, the Hon. Geraldine St. Hillier, who had found two years of the burden of millions, combined with the society of Mr. Yates, enough to kill her.

That the St. Hillier family had not been "nice" to Mr. Yates was not surprising. He was not a "nice" man. Their behaviour had been so lacking in cordiality that his daughter, who was proud, had found herself quite unable to accept the very limited help so grudgingly offered by them in her time of need. It seemed likely enough that she would starve for lack of it.

The telephone in the corner of the room suddenly began to whir. The maids were busy in other regions, and Charlotte, stretching her slender limbs with a yawn, went to the machine.

"Are you there? Are you there? Anybody at the E.F.?" bellowed a hurried clerk. "This is the *Ladies'*

Globe; wants a reporter who knows the ropes sent down to Hallersley, Yorkshire, by next express, to do Duchess of Dulcombe's bazaar in Teterdale. Railway 'exes' and hotel for one night."

"I'm the only reporter here," said Charlotte, dubiously. "C. Yates. I have reported for the *Wasp* and the *Siren*."

"Will you go?"

"Oh, all right; if you like."

"Come round here at once, then, and interview our Mr. Jones"; and with no further waste of words the impulsive youth rang himself off with a click.

Charlotte did not like this kind of work, because she was always afraid of meeting, at such assemblies, the folks who belonged to her old life—the men who had shot her father's pheasants and smoked his cigars—the women who had played bridge and flirted in his luxurious drawing-rooms. In particular, she might meet Ralph Carey, who had really, to her inexperience, seemed to care for her and not for her millions, and who, in consequence, could never be forgiven—or forgotten either; that was the detestable part of the matter. Not that there had been anything between them; to remember this was the only balm to poor Charlotte's aching pride. In those days her father would have considered Ralph Carey no match for his daughter.

On thinking the matter over, Charlotte saw no reason to fear awkward *rencontres* at Hallersley. The Duchess of Dulcombe was no connection, even distant, of the St. Hilliers; they had never been in the same set. And here was a humble kind of chance to help herself along. It would occupy her for a day or two, and there would be a slender cheque at the end. So she started for the North on a desperately cold, raw October day, far colder than it sometimes is in January, wondering why duchesses should choose to open bazaars in such spots in such weather.

The wild, cold wind was driving down the valley, laden with icy rain, as Miss Yates stepped disconsolately upon the platform at Hallersley. It was five o'clock, and nearly dark.

"Any flies to be had?" she asked.

The porter said yes, there was one to be had. "Where do you want to go, miss?"

"To Teterdale."

He stared. "Teterdale? To-night? Nobody'll take you there; it's fifteen mile, across the moor."

"Is there an inn there?"

He grinned, as he shook his head. "Ye shud 'a gone to Whitby, and on by the branch to Burgton," he said. "Ye've coom t' wrang waay."

"But the duchess's postal address is Hallersley," she urged.

He admitted that this was so, but the duke's "plaace" was ten miles from Teterdale. There was no way of getting on by train, either to-night or next forenoon. The only train from Hallersley, which would catch the connection from Whitby to Burgton, would get her there too late for the opening ceremony. The *Ladies' Globe* had bungled, and there was nothing for it but to sleep in Hallersley that night, and bicycle—yes! that was the only way—bicycle to Teterdale next morning. Only one night at an hotel had been included in her "exes," and when in Fleet Street she had thought this should be enough. But when, seated by the inn fire, she looked at the map in her guide-book, distances began to look less accommodating. It was just like the *Ladies' Globe* to muff things in this way. But whatever Charlotte's faults—and she had many—nobody could accuse her of being unenterprising.

She sallied forth, after supper, into the main street and found a cycle shop, where she hired a tolerable mount for the following day. The natives were not enthusiastic concerning the road across the moor, but she thought, however bad it was, she could cover fifteen miles before two o'clock.

The morning was, mercifully, not rainy; in fact, though it was bitterly cold, there were patches of blue in the windy sky; and Charlotte's spirits rose with a sense of triumphing over obstacles.

For the first few miles she got on well, in spite of a side wind which made itself each minute more distinctly felt as she rose out of the valley to the higher ground. She was a good deal dismayed to find the road, which at first had been merely disagreeably rough, degenerating into a mere track, consisting of four deeply-cut cart-ruts, with strongly-growing heather in between. Presently the hill grew so steep that she had to dismount and tramp a mile or two; and now the wild beauty and solitude of the moor burst fully upon her. No sign anywhere of human habitation or cultivation. Only here and there the wide horizon was marked with graves—the tumuli erected by a vanished race which once lived and moved in the far-reaching desolation. She felt that she could write pages of "copy" on the impressiveness

of things in general. Stopping once to regain breath, she drank cold, peaty water, slightly chalybeate in flavour, which trickled through the moss into a rude stone sheep-trough beside the way. It was almost disappointing, as she gained what was well-nigh the highest point of her journey, to come upon two or three cottages and a lonely little inn. Their *raison d'être* was the ironworks lying in a desolate valley to her right. About a mile beyond, when the traces of habitation had again disappeared, she reached Dane's Cross.

The huge granite cross has stood there—who knows how many centuries?—a landmark to the rude dalesmen. Four cross-roads branch away where it stands, and, had she known it, the road to her right would have been her quickest route. But she held to the high road, and to her joy found herself now at the summit of the ridge, and sailed down into the valley along six miles of sloping road, the surface of which grew better and better as she descended. Soon her eye caught the flutter of flags, showing that she was nearing her destination; and she paused, under the lee of a cliff, to eat the sandwiches she had brought with her. Then, refreshed and exultant, she mounted again and glided down towards the scene of the festivities.

Teterdale Church stands out in the centre of the dale, surrounded by scattered farms, but with no trace of a village near it. The late vicar had been a noted antiquarian, who had given his life to the study of the wild folks among whom his lot was cast. All his life he had officiated in a dilapidated building, whose roof let in the rain. Nobody thought of building a new one while he lived, but now that he was dead a great effort was being made to raise one to his memory. The duchess never came to Hallersley except during the latter half of October; so, of course, the bazaar was bound to be held then.

"One has always fine weather in October," said her Grace; and really she could not be held responsible for the fact that this year formed a complete exception to her rule.

A large marquee, with flags flying, gave a lively air to the proceedings, enhanced by the strains of a good band. Charlotte slipped in, showed her Press ticket, and was conducted to the enclosure where the local rank and fashion were awaiting her Grace's arrival.

Charlotte was looking extremely pretty, though this she did not know, and would not have cared about had she known. Her heather mixture cycling suit and Tam o' Shanter cap to match were becoming to her slim, pliant figure and bright, billowy hair. The wind had given a rose bloom to her cheeks, and she was conscious of an unusual elation of spirits—the result of her successful battle with adverse circumstances. This, she thought, was really up-to-date journalism. Her grey eyes flashed around, taking in the salient points of the scheme of decoration, and she had made many jottings in her thoroughly acquired shorthand when the arrival of the duchess was blazoned abroad, to the strains of "See the Conquering Hero."

Charlotte stood back a little, watching furtively the string of people who entered after the duchess, in order to be prepared to dodge anybody whom she might wish to avoid. But they were all strangers to her—all apparently of the Yateses of the year, so to speak—brand-new millionaires, whose wives felt their toilettes to be the one support they could count upon when among the aristocracy, with the exception of the well-filled purse, soon to be emptied in the purchase of red satin tea-cosies and waste-paper baskets with yellow silk frills round their necks. The duchess herself—old, dowdy, and unwieldy—was full of good nature. She knew she had brought the right kind of people for her purpose. Her opening words were few and incoherent, and almost drowned in the rustlings of silken skirts, the click of bangles, the whisperings and soft gigglings, and the jinglings of muff-chains and lorgnettes. Then the platform group broke up, melted in flutter of fur and feathers and whiffs of perfume. Many of the millionairesses were pretty, all were very smart; and Charlotte realized with satisfaction that she could fearlessly go and ask any of them who made her gown or even what it cost.

Just as she was preparing to leave her seat and mingle with the throng a big man, who had been sitting at some distance behind her, among the reporters, rose to his feet, made his way forward, and shook hands with the duchess as she was descending from the platform. Charlotte saw her look of pleased surprise as she greeted him. His back and a certain way he had of moving his shoulders and arms set the girl's heart hammering. He *was* like Ralph Carey. But—Ralph Carey a reporter! He had been on the Stock Exchange when she knew him. The idea was ridiculous, yet she felt obliged to wait until he turned round, just to make sure. A minute, and he faced about to answer another lady who had addressed him.

And—it *was* Ralph Carey! The sight of his incisive profile, humorous eye, and eloquent smile cut her cruelly. But in a moment she had braced herself. Should a free and independent journalist flee before a recreant lover? Never!

There were a thousand chances to one against his seeing her in this crowd, and if he did, what then? To her sex still belongs the privilege of the dead cut. She turned away, walked to the farther end of the marquee, accosted a pretty millionairess, took down all the details of her toilette, and was by her passed on to an eager friend. "This is the *Ladies' Globe*. She says if I send a photo. they'll put me in full length. Do get her to do you, and take her on to Betty and Phyllis."

They passed her about among them with childish delight, and by degrees the lump in her throat died down and she grew calm again. The hour of departure was drawing near when she was caught by a kind, energetic stall-holder, who insisted upon her going to the refreshment tent, saw her supplied with tea, and hurried away. Charlotte cast a hunted glance about her on entering, but nobody dangerous was there, and she prepared to do justice to her little repast, since so long a ride lay before her.

Suddenly there was a hurried step behind her, a massive form seated itself upon the bench at her side, and a well-remembered voice said:—

"By all that's wonderful, how did you get here?"

Now this address practically prevented the dead cut, and so took the wind out of Charlotte's sails for a moment. She shook hands without a trace of consciousness, but feeling, oh! how grateful, that she had been more or less prepared, and said, quietly, "I am reporting for the *Ladies' Globe*."

"Is Miss Yates also among the prophets?" he said, wonderingly.

"The 'tu quoque' is very obvious," she drily answered. "You were not in this line when I last saw you."

"Ah!" he said. "You had not heard of my good fortune? You know Hardcastle?"—he named the great millionaire publisher of trashy magazine literature and cheap newspapers. "He and I were pals in old days—chummed over motor-cars; and when he found I could do his kind of work he took me on—wanted a man who would work while he played, somebody he could trust." He looked at her unsympathetic countenance as if he were surprised to find no pleasure expressed. "I wonder," he said, as she did

"THEY PASSED HER ABOUT AMONG THEM WITH CHILDISH DELIGHT."

not answer, "that your people consent to your trying a fall with fortune single-handed."

"My people!" echoed Charlotte, in a tone of polite and icy wonder, which, curiously enough, revealed to the young man beside her a great part of what she had suffered.

"You were always a bit independent," he said, thoughtfully.

"A good thing for me now," replied Charlotte, with ominous calm. It was time to put a stop to this torture; his light indifference was so painful to her that she could have wept.

"You might, however, have walked where a friend might meet you," he said, with reproach in his voice. He remembered how this girl's eyes had been wont to flash when he "talked Browning." They flashed now, but otherwise. She had risen, leaving her meal uneaten, and was drawing on her leather glove.

"But, you see, I had no friends," she said, with slow, quiet bitterness. "I will ask you to excuse me now. I have a long way to ride."

"To ride!" he said, astonished. "There are plenty of traps; the duchess is sending us all back to the station."

"I came another way," said Charlotte, haughtily, inly breathing thanks for the blunder of the *Ladies' Globe* and what it had saved her. Her haughtiness did not seem to impress him.

"Which way?" he said, bluntly.

"Across the moors from Hallersley," she said, reluctantly.

He looked amazed. "Do you know that it is blowing up for a storm, and that it will be dark before you can reach the main road? You can never cycle along that track at night, in wind and rain!"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I suppose I'm the best judge of that. When I have posted my 'copy,' it does not matter how long it takes me to get back. Good-bye."

The bow she gave him was the dismissal one accords to a slight acquaintance. It forbade any kind of solicitude. Turning away, she walked with head held high and set lips out of the marquee; and Ralph could not know the girl's lacerated heart that beat beneath the cycling suit. The pride of all the St. Hilliers drove Miss Yates on. This man, who had made love—yes, made love—to her in her days of prosperity, and forsaken her in adversity, could not be forgiven.

A spiteful, stinging rain blew viciously in her face as she emerged into as lowering an evening of equinoctial storm as the moors can show.

She asked the way to the post-office from the policeman at the door, and he directed her a different way from the road she had come. Inquiry elicited the fact that by pursuing her way she could ascend out of the dale and strike the high road near Dane's Cross; but the hill, the man warned her, was terribly steep.

She remembered, however, that the hill, if she went the other way, was six miles long, and decided she would be wise to keep on.

But as she rode away in the rain her misery was almost greater than she could bear. For till to-day there had always been a slender hope—unconfessed—that there might have been a reason for Ralph's silence. And now all was ended. They had met, spoken, parted. He had let her go without a detaining word. He was partner in a rich firm, duchesses were glad to see him. She was nobody. What use was life to her? Who cared whether she got safe back to-night or not?

Her tears were running down her soft, rain-wet cheeks as she dismounted at the foot of the precipitous hill, known in those parts as a bank, and set to work to push her machine up it.

She felt as if she could never reach the top; mud clogged her feet and her wheels; the night grew wilder and wilder. When at last she stood upon the high road the great effort had at least had the effect of deadening feeling.

Before her, in the fast-closing night, she saw the great arms of Dane's Cross outstretched and the sight gave her a moment's cheer. But as she approached she descried the dim outline of a man's figure seated on the step, and at that her heart sank, for, though a plucky girl, she *was* afraid of tramps; and this road was unutterably lonely—as lonely as Charlotte's life.

She quickened her pace. She had not mounted, for the tendency of the road was still uphill, and the force of the wind here on the summit was terrific. Summoning all her fortitude she tramped on, her pretty mouth set in a desperate courage, and her thoughts dwelling on the possibilities of hat-pins considered as weapons of defence. The man did not move or speak, but let her pass in silence. She trembled in every limb, but held up her chin bravely, remembering that not far beyond Dane's Cross was the solitary inn. In the lee of a sheltered bit of road

she mounted, with a furtive glance behind. Twilight and the low rain-clouds made the road so murk that she did not see that the man was following her on a bicycle.

Bitterly she realized, after a few attempts, that to ride against this storm was for her impossible. It seemed ages before she reached the inn, which had seemed no distance in the morning as she flitted by. By this time she had had enough. Some cessation from the buffeting of the storm was imperative. She groped her way to the door and knocked.

"SHE DESCRIED THE DIM OUTLINE OF A MAN'S FIGURE."

There was no light within, but she longingly saw the flicker of a fire. Nobody answered her summons, and she knocked again and again. At last an elderly, scowling woman in a cotton hood tramped round the corner of the house and stood silently staring. Charlotte said she wanted tea. The obliging hostess refused point-blank to make any.

"I've no time to attend to you; I'm busy with my milking," she remarked; and turning on her heel was about to leave the agonized *bonâ fide* traveller to her own devices when out of the darkness immediately behind Charlotte rang an authoritative voice.

"Halloa there! Are you the mistress of this inn? Then come in at once and attend to this young lady, unless you want your license taken away! What are you here for, I should like to know? The duke's tenant, are you not? If I tell him this, it's out you'll go, my friend! Tea for two, at once."

It was Carey. Charlotte was so completely surprised that it swallowed up all other feeling. Opening the door without ceremony he bade her go in, while he put their machines in a shed; and with knees that shook under her the girl advanced to the glow of the generous fire, before which a big sheep-dog lay stretched in the heat. She sank upon the high-backed settle, pulled off her saturated gloves, removed her dripping cap, and energetically rubbed her glowing cheeks and curly hair, hearing, as in a dream, his well-known voice haranguing the sullen woman. Soon he walked in, carrying a loaf, butter, cheese, and a great jug of warm milk.

"Here," he said, as calmly as if their meeting were the most natural thing in the world. "You ate nothing at the bazaar; make up for it now."

His manner was so straightforward, so matter-of-fact, that, after a searching glance at him as he stood, cutting bread and butter, with his hair sticking out straight on his damp forehead, she said nothing; only nestled into the corner of the comfortable old settle and let him minister to her wants. It was

astonishing how the milk revived her. She almost thought that the ugly past year was a dream, and this warm, bright interior the reality, with Ralph standing by the table, as he had been wont to stand by the gipsy kettle at a picnic in old days, "using his shoulders to cut the bread with," as she had once laughingly told him.

"By the way," he said, presently, "you ought to be doing this. It was Charlotte who 'went on cutting bread and butter,' you know."

It was like the way he used to talk, but it broke the spell, and stabbed her with the present again. She resented it, and would not answer. But after a pause she asked him abruptly, her eyes on the fire, her hand idly caressing the big dog's head :—

"What brought you along this road?"

"Did you think I was going to let you slip away without any kind of explanation?" he asked, with composure. "That I was going to stand being told to go to the deuce?"

"*Oh!*"

"Well, you did, in other words—that I was going to stand being spoken so to by a girl who once——? No, indeed. I am going to know the meaning of your behaviour before we separate. I must confess that I have been very angry with you all this time."

"Angry with me?" Her amazement was so excessive that she forgot to be furious.

"Yes," he replied; and laying down the knife he looked steadily at her. "When the crash came," he said, distinctly, "I thought, considering we were good friends, you might have sympathized with me a bit; might just have said you were sorry, you know. It wouldn't have committed you to anything; it would just have been—friendly."

"I sorry for you! I sympathize with you!" cried the girl, bewildered. "But

"'I SYMPATHIZE WITH YOU!' CRIED THE GIRL, BEWILDERED."

what for, in the name of goodness? Surely I was the one that was to be pitied! What crash? Do you mean my father's?"

"Certainly I do. Of course, nobody could hold you in any sense responsible——"

"Well, upon my word!" interjected the outraged lady.

"But, considering that he—I should say, considering that you—well, I mean, considering the circumstances."

"Oh, I should be so much obliged," said she, quite shaking with rage, "if you

would kindly explain what the circumstances were!"

He got up and stood over her. "Do you want to deny it all?" he asked, with sudden indignation. "To deny that you knew I—cared for you?"

She held her breath. "What caring there was," she desperately said, "did not outlast the crash."

There was a deep silence. The man was absorbing a wholly new point of view.

"But how," he said, at last, groping, as it were, for her standpoint—"how could a man who was a beggar—what could I do? Could I ask you to share disgrace and ruin? Even if I had been sure you cared—and I was by no means sure."

"Disgrace and ruin!" She repeated the words after him, as though demanding what he could possibly mean by them. And then, in one dreadful moment, enlightenment came. With an odd little, choky cry, she too sprang to her feet.

"Oh," she gasped, "you can't mean it; you can't mean that he did not even spare you; that it was my father who let you in; that you were one of his dupes?" Her wide eyes seemed challenging him to say that this horrible supposition was false. But he was living over the worst moment of his life. His whole face darkened and hardened with the memory of his humiliation. "When they hammered me in the House," he said, "I almost believed that what people used to say was true—that he used you as a lure——"

She made a movement with her hand to silence him. They stood one on either side of the hearth, staring upon each other, while the tempest howled outside.

"Oh, forgive me," he said, with remorseful eyes upon her stricken face. "I could not believe you did not know."

"At first," said Charlotte, after a silence—and she spoke in a changed voice—"at first, when I was still so ignorant of life, I used to have dreams of fame and of repaying some of his creditors. I little dreamed of your being one. I—I—of course, I have nothing to say. I am the outcast daughter of a swindler and you are one of his victims. Had I known that, I should doubtless have carried myself more humbly towards you to-day. I am glad to know that you have found a way to mend your fortunes." She began to fasten her cap upon her curls, her eyes seeing the leaping flames through blurred tears.

"Your cap isn't dry yet," said Ralph, very gently taking it from her and laying it upon the hearth again. "Besides, I came here to confess, and my confession isn't half made. Do sit down and listen—please do."

She sat down, chiefly because her knees shook under her. Ralph sat down too, upon the settle at her side.

"I want to confess," he said, "that at first I had unworthy thoughts—unworthy of me and of you. I knew he had used my passion for you for his own ends. In my first wild, mad fury of rage at being duped, I tried to persuade myself that you were, perhaps, a willing tool. Oh, can you ever forgive that? You see, your never sending me a line helped on the idea. You vanished. I thought you had gone with him. I never thought it possible that you did not know he had ruined me. And so, all this time you have been looking on me as a recreant; is that so?" Her burning cheeks answered him. "And that was why you told me to-day, with that sad little sneer, that you had no friends? Where are your St. Hillier relations?"

She opened her hands and lifted her shoulders, as one saying, "I neither know nor care."

He leaned nearer to her. "Charlie—bonnie Prince Charlie," he said, "do you know that, when I saw your curly head in the marquee to day, it fairly knocked me silly, as the Tommies say? I had to go out in the air and pull myself together before I could play up naturally. All the past six months, since I have stood upon my feet and felt myself a man again, I have been thinking, 'Now I could keep a wife, if I were so minded. Ah! if Charlie were all that she seemed, and her smile were all that I dreamed——'"

She put out her hands suddenly, impulsively, and stood up. Fiery enough she looked in her pride and slimness, her eyes shining and brimming with unshed tears in the firelight.

"But this," she stammered, "is pity run mad; it is mere chivalrous——"

But her lover flung his arm about her shoulders and clapped his other hand over her mouth.

"Dare to say that again!"

"I dare do anything that may become a woman," said Charlotte, mutinously.

"Even to passing a tramp in the dark on a lonely road," he said, mischievously. "You had a swashing and a martial outside, Prince Charlie. But I know you, so I knew what hidden woman's fear lurked beneath that air of high disdain. You were afraid—confess it."

"I don't mind confessing it. Yes; I was afraid. I am afraid now."

"Of what?"

"Of the tramp. He has hold of me."

"He will release you—for ransom," said Ralph, with shining eyes. And after a little bargaining the ransom was paid.

It was past seven o'clock when Ralph opened the door of the inn and peered out into the dark. The rain had ceased to fall, but the low, heavy clouds swept the moor and the wind was still rough. It was a case of walking; but Charlotte was now warm and refreshed, and quite prepared to face the elements. Ralph summoned the morose innkeeper, paid their reckoning, and they set out to tramp the seven miles to Hallersley.

In black darkness, cold, and storm they began their pilgrimage together, and through all their after-lives that walk was to them an outstanding memory of a poignancy unspeakable.

Often they walked right through a trailing mist of cloud when all was blotted out around, and from the distance came the weird complaint of some moorland sheep separated from its fellows. The unbroken desolation all about was like some vast setting to the scintillating jewel of their emotions. From time to time the girl stumbled on the heather and among the deep ruts. But there was a strong arm now to uphold the stumbler, and a deep voice, that broke now and then from fulness of feeling, asked numbers of questions of the kind that begin with "Do you remember?"

At last they gained the ultimate point of the ridge, where it descends into the valley, and there lay the lights of the village a-twinkle in the velvet blackness below.

The sky above them had been by degrees growing less and less opaque. The hurrying clouds were tipped with a translucence like that of a breaking wave, and now, as the crowning touch, a rent came in the wind-whipped vapour, and the October moon illumined their rapt faces.

They stood together, with beating hearts, in a world that held only their two selves.

"'YORKSHIRE MOORS, I SHALL ALWAYS LOVE YOU,' SAID CHARLOTTE, SOFTLY."

"Yorkshire moors, I shall always love you," said Charlotte, softly.

"Let us get married immediately, and come back here and wander about in the rain and the dark. I never enjoyed anything so much," said Ralph, with energy.

The odd thing was that he meant what he said.

Stage Sounds.

By Harley Vincent.

Photographs by George Newnes, Ltd.

SUPPOSE some reader of The Strand were to ask, "What is a wind-machine?" how many persons in an intelligent audience would be able correctly to answer the conundrum? Yet how often have they, in some thrilling drama at Drury Lane or one of the great London theatres, listened with sympathetic anguish to the heroine's tearful ejaculation, "Oh, what a night! Hark to the fearful wind as it beats on yon desolate moor!" And what if, after all our straining of ears to hear the wind beating on the desolate moor (the scene, by-the-bye, of the heroine's desertion by the villain of the play), there were nothing more realistic to reward us than the scene-painter's gorse and heather and the proscenium lights turned low?

What would the murder scene in "Macbeth" be without wind? Macbeth and his consort might act for all they were worth, if the storm didn't "whistle"—and here is just the manager's difficulty—round the battlements of the castle. Failing the wind the most realistic part of the spectacle would be wanting.

Of all sounds behind the stage wind is the easiest to represent. The wind-machine is the most reliable of all the complicated "theatre machinery." In little theatres, whose audiences are wont to be highly imaginative, there are generally no wind-machines at all. The stage-manager simply goes behind and works with a big bamboo cane on the back of the curtain. The result is a sound which fairly well represents wind; that is, of course, to say if a deep howling and sobbing be not wanted.

For this latter purpose bigger theatres have their wind-machines or barrels. Just picture a huge coffee-roaster, whose sides are not "entire," but consisting of single laths of wood, with strong silk rep bound round it. You have then an exact idea of a wind-machine. The roaster is turned and the laths stretch the silk, thus producing a rushing, whistling sound If the silk is stretched tight the noise becomes clearer. This simple apparatus answers its object very well, if the handle is turned skilfully, first quickly, then gently, just as the wind is wont to whistle.

WIND MACHINE—"HARK TO THE FEARFUL WIND!"

So, then, we will suppose that when the cue is uttered, "Hark to the fearful wind!" the property-master or his assistant takes his place at the "wings" with the machine shown in our first photograph, and works it with such *verve* and vigour that the house fairly shivers with cold and instinctively redoubles its commiseration for the unfortu-

nate heroine, whose scanty raiment scarce tempers the force of the icy gale. But there are various kinds of wind. The scene may be a shipwreck, where the lad or lassie in whose fortunes the house is interested is rescued in the very teeth of a salt gale. In such a case the stage-manager will take the property-master aside and tell him that the ordinary Dartmoor breeze will not do.

"The gale I want," he says, "must have teeth, or how is the hero to be rescued in them? I want roaring and pelting and smashing and clashing. None of your land zephyrs for me. I must hear the dolphin howl and the shark shriek!"

Whereupon the obliging and ingenious property-master, instead of tearing his hair and becoming a prey to melancholy, proceeds instantly to work to construct a wind-barrel which will imitate the kind of wind demanded by the exigencies of the piece. A bag of rice will imitate a downpour of hail.

There is, in fact, no sound which a competent property-master, such as Mr. Jones, of Drury Lane Theatre, is not prepared to imitate. Some stage sounds are, of course, quite outside his domain. And the responsibility is all upon the shoulders of the stage-manager.

The poor stage-manager! As if he hadn't enough care with what the audience hears actually on the stage without attending to so much that must be heard from behind the stage! And it must be borne in mind that in this respect nothing is unimportant and merely secondary, and also that it is a difficult business to find the best manner of adapting sounds behind the stage to what is transpiring before the eye of the audience.

Only the theatre-world knows that rhubarb has a place in the domain of stage sounds. It is traditional that the inhabitants of Meiningen, who brought stage sounds, like so many other matters, to a high degree of perfection, discovered a special use for the word "rhabarber." For example, when a number of human voices uttered this magic word "half aloud," the result was the most perfect representation of the murmur of a multitude conceivable.

Closely allied to wind, and as commonly demanded on the stage, is the sound of rain. Roughly, rain may be said to be represented by dried peas. A handful of these are put into a monster wire sieve, which is then swung slowly to and fro. But the Metropolitan play-houses are, as a rule, better equipped. At His Majesty's the rain-machine takes the form of a very long, narrow box, within which little ledges are nailed. If this apparatus be lifted slantwise, as is shown in the accompanying illustration, the peas roll slowly over the ledges. Thus, at the cue, "You must not stir out to-night; the rain is coming down heavily!" a rattling sound is produced very fairly representing rain. The roaring of the sea is usually a combination of rain and wind machines. But in a recent production the stage-manager was more particular. A number of "first-nighters" may recall the fiasco which occurred when the management tried to represent the roaring of the sea. Sounds issued forth which no one recognised, and the result in the long run was comic. It would have been better to forego the attempt and leave things to the imagination of the spectator. In spite of the great improvements in stage-management a great deal must yet be left to the imagination, and no one must feel aggrieved if, in the most violent storm, the leaves of trees on the stage remain unmoved. All the same, stage-management has learnt fairly well to

THE RAIN-BOX—"YOU MUST NOT STIR OUT TO-NIGHT; THE RAIN IS COMING DOWN HEAVILY!"

imitate elementary sounds. Another kind of rain-machine is the rain-barrel, also used at some of the leading theatres, whose principle is the same as the one already described.

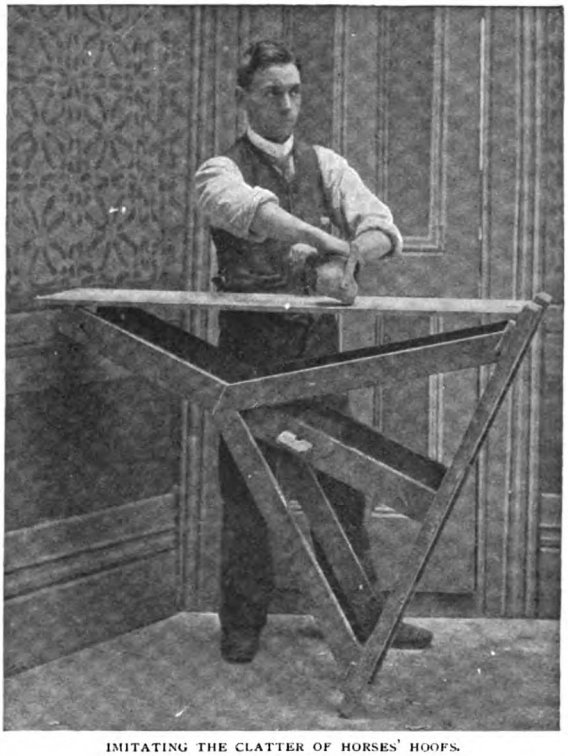
Moreover, animated Nature must also be considered. Shakespeare's "Hamlet," for example, requires a cock-crow. This effect has up to now been produced at one theatre by an intelligent stage workman, an excellent imitator of animals, whose cock-crow was very cleverly done, sounding as if from a long distance and producing a good effect. Cock-crowing is, moreover, now regularly paid for as a "special" musical performance. Parrots talk in several plays, and a "full-voiced" chirping of birds occurs in one comedy. A concert of feathered songsters occurs in the second part of "Faust," where the well-known "water-whistles" which so delighted us in our childhood are used, mingled with notes from the flute, and the imitation was very natural and life-like. In "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Shakespeare treats us to the lowing of the cattle. Whether this is suited by the sweet strains of Mendelssohn accompanying the representation of this scene is doubtful; at any rate, the effect is curious. In the second part of "Nibelungen" there is scarcely need to signalize Siegfried's words, "Thou hearest the dogs will not be held in leash," with a baying pack of hounds. The receipt for the latter is very simple. On a big wooden table, big wooden spoons are drawn to and fro. The spoons are rubbed with chalk, and must be pressed fairly hard. This is said to have originated with a gentleman whose huntsmen used to practise the trick as a hunting joke. The roaring of a lion can be imitated by a large drum, one of whose sides has been perforated and a large piece of rope introduced. The rope is then operated upon with a well-resined glove. Basses and 'cellos represent, with deft manipulation, the effect of the "Dragon's Den" or "Witches' Cave," and with this remark we come to the important part played by music *behind* the stage.

THE RAIN-BARREL, CONTAINING DRIED PEAS.

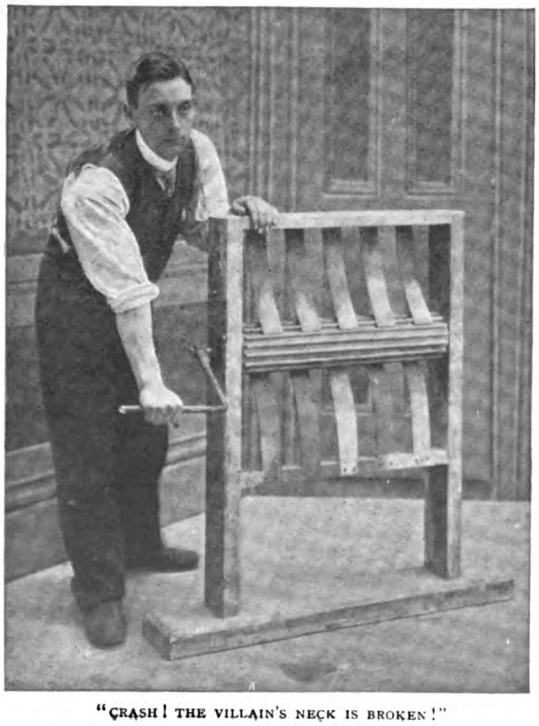
What is the use of music *behind* the stage? The first reply is that, in melodrama, it gives results unobtainable through the orchestra. Sometimes the object aimed at is to present to the audience sounds which travel from a distance. At other times the audience is made to believe that sounds really executed *behind* the stage proceed from a dummy instrument in the hands of an actor, the necessity in this case, of course, arising from the fact that the actor cannot play the instrument in question. Of course, if every minor character on the stage who carries a musical instrument could play the same there would be no difficulty, whereas the fact is that numbers of characters who come before the footlights with musical instruments are merely supers, or theatre-workmen with insufficient musical ability. The instruments, too, range over periods of almost infinite remoteness, such as in the plays of "King Lear" and "Coriolanus," and anachronisms must be avoided at all costs. In "King Lear," for example, a jovial modern trumpeter, even although able to blow his own modern instrument, is a sheer anachronism. Hence it comes to pass that the manager with an eye to artistic effect puts a properly-costumed super, with a dummy instrument of the right period, on the stage and produces the actual musical sound from *behind* the wings. In the case of a musical procession with dummy instruments moving to and fro on the stage, of course the real players *behind* the stage keep moving in similar directions,

though, in this case, the result is not perfect. Fortunately, many spectators do not trouble themselves much about these little inconsistencies.

Few sounds on the stage, especially in farce and farcical comedy, are more familiar than the crash of broken glass. There are doubtless many charming ladies extant who fondly believe that the cost of window-panes to the management must be a serious item when the low comedian and his victims have to be ejected *viâ* the window many times in the course of an evening. As a matter of fact, two baskets, one half full of broken china, are usually all that is required, the contents of the one being poured into the other. If a dreadful crash is demanded, a sackful of scollop-shells will represent it with most alarming accuracy. But theatrical science at Drury Lane goes farther than this, and we have a "crash" machine, fitted with ten resonant slats actuated by a cogged cylinder. Our illustration shows the machine and the manner in which it is worked at the wings whenever a scene of stage violence takes place which calls for its employment.



IMITATING THE CLATTER OF HORSES' HOOFS.



"CRASH! THE VILLAIN'S NECK IS BROKEN!"

In plays of the "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner" type, where the clatter of a horse's hoofs is demanded, the effect is realized by two hoof-shaped blocks of wood struck upon a slab of stone. The blocks are fastened to the wrist, and if several horses are to be represented two supernumeraries or stage-hands are called into requisition. Another form, used at the Alhambra Theatre, for example, is also shown in the illustration reproduced on the next page. This instrument somewhat resembles a pair of compasses, but the effect is highly realistic.

"Good-bye, Kate!" "Good-bye, Jack, and God bless you!" "Right away, there! Stand back, please!" The last carriage door is closed with a bang, there is a burst of cheering from the crowd, a little strip of scenery begins to move, a light puff of smoke is seen, and the Dover Express is off. But these details would be nothing if we did not *hear* it speeding away. Invisible

to the audience sits the inevitable stage-hand with two pieces of glass-paper, working them diligently. "Puff-puff, puff-puff!" and so the effect is produced.

For thunder there are four arrangements. The primitive one is the "thunder-plate," a very long and slender plate which hangs loose on a string and is set working at the lower extremity. The rattling noise which immediately follows a flash of lightning is thus fairly well produced. For rolling, distant thunder there is a gigantic kettle-drum covered with an ass's skin, and worked with two vigorous beaters. In the older theatres a "thunder-carriage" is still met with; that is, a cart loaded with stones, and drawn this way and that over the floor. The "thunder-clap," however, is the *chef d'œuvre*. This is produced by a rectangular wooden pit reaching from the "loft-of-the-stage-for-scenic-machinery" to the podium. The inner sides are provided with irregularly constructed cross-laths, over which stones thrown down from above clatter. If the manager desires a specially severe storm he gives a vigorous turn to the huge rattle at the same time, thus representing the crashing of broken-in doors, whilst if the rattle is turned slowly the effect is that of far-off musketry fire.

"HORSEMEN APPROACHING—LET US CONCEAL OURSELVES!"

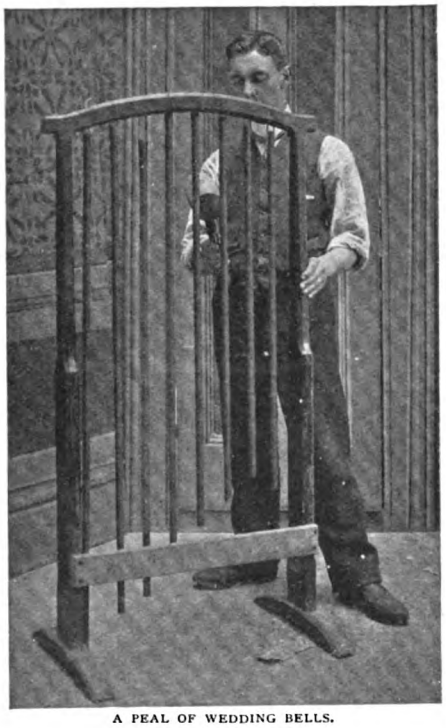
Amongst the apparatus for imitating music in general use is the "distant chime machine," which consists of a set of pine spindles worked upon by resined fingers, producing a realistic chime. Another is the "wedding bells machine," or "peal of bells," operated as shown in the illustration below.

GLASS-PAPER IMITATES A RAILWAY ENGINE—"PUFF-PUFF—PUFF-PUFF!"

"THE CHIMES! ARE THEY NOT BEAUTIFUL?"

It is inconceivable how difficult it is to regulate stage music; how often the tones must be modulated or, to render this easy, the positions of the "executants" must be changed; for example, when blowers of instruments, even with the best will in the world, cannot go on playing everlastingly.

And then the poor musicians are jostled to and fro. They are liable to be hunted with their instruments and desks through every conceivable nook and corner. "It sounds better in that other part," exclaims the manager; "why on earth aren't you there?" And before there is time to reply the "property-man" comes along and declares they must move somewhere else, since the place where they now are is wanted to put things for the next rapid change of scenery; or the assistant manager asks whether the next great procession must come through another wing, as the desks of the musicians are a complete barrier in the wing originally chosen.



A PEAL OF WEDDING BELLS.

But all these difficulties are nothing compared with those which arise when a distant insurrection, a roar of the crowd, or the din of arms on a battle-field is in the scene. The position of the executants is in this latter case no less important, but it is, of course, more limited, since those whose business it is to produce the sounds naturally cannot retire very far, owing to their return being necessary at any moment. That, however, is a comparative trifle. The real difficulty is owing to the vagueness, the want of something definite in the duties of this class of executants. The musical artists have, as we have shown, great difficulties, but, at any rate, their work is definite, since they have both musical notes and instruments, whereas their colleagues who "represent" the clamours and murmurs of the multitude have none. The repetition of the word "rhabarber" to imitate sounds we have already alluded to, and, moreover, the attempt has been made to adapt certain sounds and sentences to express such sensations as rage, vengeance, excitement, and so on. No striking success, however, has followed this attempt, as one or other of the executants is very liable to fail in speaking in suitable tones to express the various emotions, owing to a lack of motive, such as inspires the actor who plays his part in the full excitement and glare of the footlights. Supposing only *one* voice appears to come from too near a distance, the general effect is totally marred. Next comes the real tug-of-war, for one of these distant roars of the multitude is liable to last five or even *ten* minutes, an unheard-of length of time for the poor executant to keep on murmuring accents of rage and scorn! Considering, too, that the executants consist merely of supers and stage-workmen, the leading actor is wont to be put out by the cries and interruptions of the former whenever the play demands their actual appearance on the stage.

The latest recruit to stage mechanics is the phonograph, which has recently been introduced in Berlin. It proved a grand success, the first attempt being made in Shakespeare's "King Henry V.," a drama in which the din of battle is especially prominent. One who was present declares that not a soul noticed that in place of human voices a piece of pure mechanism was at work. Instead of thirty "supers" crowded together and blocking up each other's way behind the wings there was a little table with an apparatus which could be shifted from one place to another at a moment's notice. And how faithful to his task was this new colleague! No disturbance now would arise owing to awkwardness or to the fault of some malevolent super or untimely wag. The innovation is likely to spread, and will surely prove a considerable economy for the smaller theatre, where the outlay on stage noises of the human and musical sort is no trifle.

By Richard Marsh.

TALK about adventures! I had an adventure which beat anything I ever heard of, either in a novel or a play. It was last year at Sandbythesea. I was there for my holiday—ten days altogether. It happened on the Saturday before the Monday on which it was to be a case of first train up to town. I had been doing myself a fair treat—riding on char-à-bancs, sailing-boats, rowing-boats, steamers; in fact, everything that was going. I give you my word that I'd missed nothing. That sort of thing makes the pieces fly. So that Saturday afternoon I was on the look out for something that would provide the most amusement at the smallest cost. I was looking for it on the sands.

A lot of cheap excursions had come down that day—twenty-four in a compartment for half a crown—that kind of thing. And the crowds! You couldn't see the sands because of the people. As for getting near the pierrots, or any one of the entertainments, it was not to be done, unless you were an acrobat, and could stand on any head that was handy. No doubt there were plenty who were enjoying themselves, but having been there all the week it was nothing new to me, and I was just beginning to feel that it would have to be a case of another twopence for the pier—the money a pier does run away with, what with the twopence every time you go on, and the feeling that you must spend something when you are on!—when—the adventure began.

She was a girl. Not much to look at. Certainly nothing in the way of dress. Plain brown holland—that was what she had on. One of those cloth caps with peaks. A bit of blue ribbon worn as a necktie. No gloves. Black shoes. Not one single article that could be called stylish. So it was not her get-up that drew me. She had two pockets in her skirt—queer-cut skirt I thought it. With a hand in each she was looking about her with a sort of a kind of a smile. I stood by her for about a minute, just to see how the land was lying; then I looked at her with a twinkle in my eye. She looked me straight in the face, and she smiled. So then, of course, I broke the ice.

"Fine weather, isn't it?" I remarked, just by way of a beginning.

She kept on looking me straight in the face; I never was looked at straighter. Then she said:—

"It rained last month."

There was something about the way she said it which took me a little aback. It was a second or two before I gave the conversation another turn.

"I daresay it did; but as that was some time ago I can't say I remember much about it. Good many people on the sands to-day."

She kept on looking me straight in the face, and a fine pair of eyes she had to do it with.

"I've counted ten during the last five minutes—you make eleven."

Then I caught her drift.

"You're fond of your joke, I see."

"I always have been fond of a joke."

She smiled till she showed as nice a set of teeth as anyone could want.

"Same here. Ever since I was a nipper."

"A what?"

"A nipper; don't you know what that is?"

She shook her head.

"I haven't had your opportunities."

"That's very likely. Though I say it myself, I've seen as much as most and a good deal more than some."

"You look as if you were a person who knew his world."

"You may take it from me that anybody will have to know a bit who wants to teach Sam Briggs."

"Sam Briggs?"

"Yours obediently. Allow me to introduce you to Samuel Briggs, Esquire." I took my Panama off and did the graceful. "Staying here?" She nodded. "Cheerful place, I call it."

"At this time of the year it is—cheerful."

She kept looking about her, still with that sort of a kind of a smile.

"I mean at this time of the year. In the winter it must be awful."

"You think so?"

"I'm told that after September there's hardly a soul about the place—no, thank you! None of your Nature for me; I like life. The study of humanity—that's my hobby. Not, mind you, that after a time you don't begin to have enough of it. I've been here ten days."

So long as that?"

"Ten days Monday. Then it's back to the nuts and oranges."

"Nuts and oranges?"

"I'm in the dry fruit trade—wholesale; at least, my governor is. Been there four years. Started with five shillings a week. Now I'm getting thirty. Mean to have three pounds before very long."

"Three pounds a week?"

"I don't mean to marry till I have got it. If a girl cares for a man she'll wait for him. I say the same to you that I say to every young lady—I don't hold with love in a cottage."

"How old are you, Mr. Briggs?"

"Twenty-one the year after next. And up to now I've never been so much as engaged. How old are you?"

"There's not much difference between us."

"That's what I thought. Might I ask if you're engaged?"

"I can't say that I am—as yet."

"Ah! You will be. He'll find you. You'll know him when he comes. There's time."

"I think myself that there still is time."

"You may take it from me that there is. That's a subject on which I'm allowed, by those who know me best, to be something of a judge. What might be your line?"

"My line?"

"What do you do for a living?"

She gave what you might describe as a sigh.

"I'm afraid that I'm not doing anything at present."

"Out of a berth, are you? That's hard lines. My sister, she was out most of last year. Fretted something cruel, she did. It's not nice for a girl to have nothing coming in of her own, even when she has a good home."

She sighed again. A sudden idea struck me. There was something about her I liked. So I did what I had never meant to do when I came out; as you might put it, I dropped a hint.

"It's a bit thick on the sands. Would you like to come on the pier? I'll pay."

"You'll pay?" She looked at me with those twinkling eyes of hers for I daresay a good half minute; they were twinkling more than ever. "That is very good of you. Do you know I have never been on the pier. Is it very exciting?"

That did tickle me. I suppose there are people who never do a turn on the pier because of what it costs; but it did seem rough on a girl like her.

"You'll enjoy yourself if you never have been, I give you my word. For one thing, it's much more classy on the pier than it is down here; but, of course, it would be. In fact, in my opinion, in the whole place there's not a more agreeable way of spending an afternoon or evening."

Off we went. I shelled out for the two. Before I started I hadn't meant to spend so

much as a copper; but when I saw the way she was enjoying herself I didn't begrudge the money—not a mite. Soon as we had passed the turnstile she sort of laughed. I didn't know what she was laughing at, but I liked to hear her; it made you feel that she was having a real good time. Presently we came to some automatic machines. The way she went on you would think that she had never seen anything like them in her life before. Nothing would suit her but that she should have a go at them. She had several goes. Bang went fivepence—of mine—in what you might call the twinkling of an eye. From what I could see she was game for a go at every blessed machine there was on the pier. A nice treat for me that would have been; especially considering that after I had paid my bill, and such like, I did not know how there was going to be more than four shillings, at the outside, to see me through my next week's dinners, and everything else as well. So when she wanted to have another try at the cricket machine, which was supposed to return your penny if you hit a boundary, but which, so far as I could make out, would not act as it ought, I said, casual like: "You don't happen to have twelve coppers for a shilling on you, do you?"

She shook her head.

"I'm afraid I haven't."

"Ah, that's a pity, because these machines only take coppers."

A party who was standing close to me said, as I felt, most officiously:—

"I can give you twelve coppers for a shilling."

"Thank you," I replied. "I'll get them from the proper person who's appointed to give change, if you don't mind."

And off we went. Before we had gone very far I began to wonder if I wasn't in for more than I had bargained for. I never saw anything like her for those automatic machines. There was not one she did not want to have a go at—or several goes, for all I could tell. And there was that party who kept on offering to give me change till I could have hit him, he made me so mad. There are a lot of people in this world who'll hang about an automatic machine all day long waiting for someone else to put a penny in; and when he does, they'll crowd round it and spoil his show. I know: I'm not so simple. It would not have taken much to tell that party that if he kept on wanting to give me change I'd give him change. But I kept myself in.

At last we got to the end, where they were having tea out in the open air. Then I had it full in the face. When she saw the people eating and drinking, she sang out:—

"Oh, I should like to have some tea! Couldn't we have some tea?"

That was what you might term a straight tip; so far as I am personally concerned I have never had one straighter. I felt in my pocket to make sure that there was still something there. Coming across a shilling and a sixpence, I made the best of things.

"SHE GAVE THEM A WHOLE CAKE EACH."

"Of course we could. And I'll pay. Let's find a table."

We found a nice little marble table, and we had it to ourselves. After waiting maybe ten minutes she began to fidget.

"Where are all the attendants? Why doesn't somebody come?"

I tried to take advantage of what I thought might be an opening.

"If they're too busy to care for our custom we won't force it on them. What do you say to going? Being kept waiting don't suit me."

But evidently she wasn't one of those birds which are to be caught with salt. I'd got hold of a Tartar. My luck all over.

"Oh," she went on, "but I want some tea. It's ever so much past tea-time."

I looked at my watch. Sure enough she was right. They would just be about finishing tea up at my boarding-house. Not only was I not having any, though I should have to pay for it, but here was I having to pay for two more teas as well. Next time I took a young lady on the pier I'd give her to understand that I was not going to keep on forking out. But there was something about her which made it difficult for me to even drop a distant hint. When the waitress did come up I asked her what she would have, hoping, I don't mind owning, that she wouldn't have much.

"Oh," she said, "tea, and cakes, and anything nice they have. Let them bring us all sorts of things."

Good hearing for me. I fingered my eighteenpence, and wondered if I had not better mention, before things had gone too far, what was the exact amount I ran to. While I was bringing myself to the point, back came the waitress with a whole tray full; pastry enough for a dozen, and not cheap-looking stuff either.

"Shall I give you a cup of tea?" says my young lady, as free as if she was doing it all on her own. "Milk? Do you like it sweet?"

She handed me my cup of tea; it seemed that a nice cup of tea I was going to find it. I had not meant to have any, feeling that it would take me all my time to pay for what she had; but she had such an off-handed way about her that I was sipping away almost before I knew it. She took hold of a plateful of pastry.

"What funny-looking cakes!"

"I shouldn't be surprised if they were twopence each."

I just managed to slip it in; so as to give her an idea of how things were going.

"Are they? Twopence each? Really?" There were three children looking on, as some children will when there's food about. "Do you like cakes?" she said to them. "Would you like one of these?"

If you will believe me she gave them a whole cake each. I thought I should have choked. There was another sixpence gone to three strange kids! Saucy little monkeys as ever I saw. I was making up my mind as to whether I had not better plank down my eighteenpence, and say, "There you are. You can do what you like with that little bit; but you won't get any more out of me, because that happens to be all I've got," and then walk right off, and leave her to do as she pleased; when back came those three youngsters—stuffing themselves with twopenny cakes—and with them were two more—boys!

"These are my brothers," said one of them. My young lady was quick enough at taking a hint, when it was of the wrong sort.

"Are they? And do they like cakes?" She gave them one apiece; I suppose just to find out. Fourpence more; that left eightpence. She went on. "What a number of children there do seem to be about! And they all look as if they liked cake. Shall I try?"

She tried. She gave a cake to every kid that came crowding round till she had cleared two platefuls. I was speechless. By the time I had thought of something to say the plates were empty. Then I said it.

"Excuse me. I don't want to seem unpleasant; but I don't know who's going to pay for this little treat of yours, eighteenpence being every farthing I've got on me."

The waitress, who was standing by, must have heard me. She slapped a bill down on the table.

"Four-and-eightpence, if you please, sir."

My young lady had given away two dozen cakes at twopence each; the eightpence was for the tea.

"You'll have to take eighteenpence on account. I'll bring you round the rest when I get to my boarding-house. There's been a mistake."

My young lady laughed, though I didn't know what at. Her ideas of a joke were different to mine. I never felt so small in my life—or so done.

"I think I have some money," she said.

"FOUR-AND-EIGHTPENCE, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR."

She put her hand into one of her pockets and she pulled out a sovereign. I tell you I stared. She gave the waitress a shilling out of the change too; I saw her do it.

"You don't seem stoney," I said, "although you are out of a situation. Considering that there's nothing coming in aren't you a bit fond of throwing it about?"

"Oh," she answered, "I get my money out of other people's pockets."

"I don't understand."

I did not. She leaned her elbows on the table, and she laughed again. Dead nuts she seemed on laughing; particularly as half the time it puzzled me what there was to laugh at.

"You see, it's easier than working for it—getting it out of other people's poekets."

"I don't see how you're going to do that."

"Why, by putting your hand in, of course."

"Putting your hand in? That sounds like pickpocketing."

"Well, some people might call it that. So much depends on a name."

Whether she was in earnest or not I could not tell. I did not half like the look of it. I wished more than ever that I had kept myself to my own society. The feeling was growing on me strong that she was the sort who was capable of anything. On she went:—

"Mr. Briggs, I have to thank you for a very delightful afternoon. And now I propose that, as a pleasant finish, we should go for a little ride together."

"I'm sorry; but eighteenpence don't go far when it comes to riding, and I never let a young lady pay for me under any circs. To my mind, it ought to be the other way about; and where I'm concerned it's always going to be. And, anyhow, the char-à-bancs have left off before this."

"I didn't mean in a char-à-banc. I was thinking of a motor."

"A motor? Why, that costs more than a char-à-banc."

"As it happens, a motor has been waiting for me all this time."

"What motor?"

"Well," she pressed the tips of her fingers together, smiling more than ever, "if it comes to that, I suppose it's my governor's."

"Your governor's? I thought you hadn't got one."

"I mean my father."

"Is your father in the motor trade?"

"I can't say that he is, exactly. Please Mr. Briggs, do come for a ride with me."

She had such a I-lay-you'll-do-as-I-want-you sort of way about her it fairly knocked me. Before I had made up my mind to do anything like it I found myself walking beside her down the pier. I didn't half fancy what she had said about taking money out of other people's pockets. There cannot be the slightest doubt that in such places there are any amount of bad characters. It would not suit me to get myself mixed up with a female swell-mobsman, not though she was as pretty as paint. I tell you I kept a sharp eye on her—without her knowing it—while we were going down the pier. Nice figure I should cut if she was to get up to any of her pranks, or get herself locked up, while she was in my society. She kept her hand clear of other people's pockets while she was with me. But you never can be sure. That class of person is so artful.

I had been a bit doubtful about that motor of which she had been speaking; being more than a bit doubtful about her altogether. But when we got to the road there was a little car—one of those small ones with a single seat, and room for two. In it was sitting a young man about my age—a gentlemanly young fellow, so far as looks went. When he saw her he hopped out on to the road as if he was pressed for time.

"Get in, Mr. Briggs," she said.

I got in. She got in also, paying no more heed to that young man than if he was not there.

"There's plenty of room for your friend," I said, squeezing to one side so that he could get between us.

"My friend? Oh!" She glanced at the young man. "It doesn't matter about him. He understands."

It was more than I did. I had not had a chance of saying another word when she had caught hold of a handle and we were off, leaving the young man standing in the road as if he was carved out of stone.

"I hope I haven't turned your friend out of his seat," I remarked. I never had seen anybody treated more off-handish.

"You have," she said.

"Then if you don't mind going back he can either have my place or there's plenty of room for him between us."

"Aren't you comfortable as you are?"

"I'm not very eager to go for a ride anyhow, seeing how the time's getting on. I want to get back to my boarding-house for dinner before six; we dine late at my place. By then I shall feel like handling a knife and fork. And, if you'll excuse my saying so, if you was to treat me as you've treated that friend of yours I shouldn't like it; and I shouldn't forget to let you know it too."

"Dear Mr. Briggs!"

If I was to try for a month I could not explain how she said it. It was just like they do it on the stage. She looked at me out of the corners of her eyes, with her face turned just a little up, and a smile that killing—and, I may say, crushing—it left me speechless. It was as if she was on the very tip top of St. Paul's Cathedral and I was down in the crypt. I daresay we had gone a mile before I found my tongue, feeling bound to make some sort of conversation.

"Fancy your being able to drive a motor," I said. "I should never have thought it."

"Would you like to drive?" she asked.

"Me? I catch myself at it. Why, we should be over the hedge and goodness alone knows where else before I'd properly started."

"I sometimes have accidents—particularly when I go like this."

I am not prepared to take my affidavit as to what she quite did, but she gave a twist to the handle; the car gave a sort of jump, and, my word—were we not moving!

"Aren't we going a bit fast?" I asked.

"We are going over the legal limit. We shall get into trouble if a policeman sees us; let's hope we sha'n't, or that nothing will turn up unexpectedly for us to run into."

"Excuse me, but I don't care myself for going quite so fast as this. If it's all the same to you perhaps you'll go a little slower."

"Don't you really like going fast? I do; as fast as one possibly can. I like to feel that one carries one's life in one's hand; that it all depends on the way in which one crooks one's little finger whether or not one's in for a glorious smash."

"Then all I can say is that I don't agree with you."

I very much did not. To tell the truth, the way we were whizzing and bumping along was beginning to give me a nasty feeling in the small of the back. I was not made more comfortable by the way she talked.

"I think I've got as far as I care to go; so if you'll turn round now, and start off back, I shall feel obliged."

"Turn round?" she said. "Why should I do that? I'm not obliged to take you back."

"Not going to take me back?"

"Of course I'm not, Mr. Briggs—the idea! I'm going to take you on, and on, and on."

I stared. There was something about her I fancied less and less.

"I know you're fond of your joke," I said; "but there's such a thing as carrying a joke too far. When I tell you that at my boarding-house they dine at six, and that if you're not there to time the chances are that there won't be much food left, and what is left isn't worth having, you'll understand how it is."

"I assure you, Mr. Briggs, that you won't dine at your boarding-house this evening. I am not going to turn, either now or ever. I tell you again that I am going to take you on, and on, and on; unless, that is, you choose to drive yourself—and I shouldn't advise you to try — because I'm perfectly certain you'll come to everlasting grief if you do."

In a general way I am not one to use what I call strong language; but I could have used some then. Out loud, too. To think that a man like me should have let myself get into a mess like that; trust myself alone with a strange young female in a motor-car — a thing I never had had a fancy for. I was beginning to suspect every moment more and more that she was not altogether right in her head, to speak of nothing else. I was so helpless. What she said was right enough. I might as well break my neck right off as try to drive the thing. All I could do was to sit still; while, as she put it, we went on, and on, and on; farther and farther from my boarding-house and my dinner. I give you my word that I was not feeling cheerful.

"How long are you going to keep this up?" I asked, when we had gone goodness alone knew how far.

"Your tone is not very flattering, Mr. Briggs," she said. "No one to look at you, or to listen to you, would think that you were enjoying yourself very much."

"I am not. Don't you make any mistake about it. This may be your idea of fun, but it's not mine. I never did care for practical jokes; and when it comes to this sort of thing it seems to me that it's a case for the police. You've got me here by means of a trick, that's what you've done; and if that's not against the law I don't know what is. If I'd thought you were going to carry on like this before I set foot in it I'd have——"

"Yes; you'd have——?"

"Never mind what I'd have done. I'd have kept out of it; you can take that from me. No wonder that friend of yours didn't mind being left behind. He knew a good thing when he saw it. How far have we come?"

"Fifteen or sixteen miles."

"Fifteen or sixteen miles! Great smoke! Where's the nearest railway station?"

"There are practically no railway stations

"'HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP THIS UP?' I ASKED."

round about here. You see, we are getting to a part of the world which may be said to be remote from civilization."

I had not noticed, as we went flying along, that houses seemed to be getting fewer, and the country—from what you could catch of it—wilder and wilder. With eighteenpence in my pocket, when she did put me down what was I going to do in a place like that? I never was much of a hand at walking. It was growing dusk. It would soon be dark. The idea of me walking fifteen or sixteen miles, and maybe twenty, and maybe more, through the pitch darkness, when I had no more idea than anything where I was, was most ridiculous. And in my boarding-house that greedy crowd was putting away my dinner. In my mind's eye I could see them at it. So that I was being got at both ends.

A kind of desperation came over me. I believe in another half-minute I should have made a grab at the handle, no matter what happened, because nothing much worse could happen than was happening already. Only just as I was bringing myself to do it the car gave a sudden twist, we went whizzing through a pair of great gates—which, as luck had it, were open—and she was flying along what looked like an avenue of trees.

"This is private property," she said. "If trespassers are seen on it the gamekeepers pepper them with shot, or if the police catch them they lock them up."

"So far as I'm concerned," I gasped, hanging on to my seat by my eyelids, that sudden twist having all but jerked me on to the road, "the gamekeepers can do all the peppering they want to; and if it comes to locking up it won't be me who'll get the worse of that."

On we whizzed—anything like the pace I never saw or heard of. All at once we came to a huge house; it was that big at first sight I took it for a public institution. She gave the car another twirl—almost jerking me off it again. Then, before I quite knew if I was off or on, she brought it to a sudden dead standstill right in front of the very hall door. Out of it she hopped. There was a party standing close by.

"Mr. Briggs," she said, "allow me to introduce you to my governor."

The party raised his hat.

"Very glad to see you, Mr. Briggs."

I got a sort of general idea that he was a tall, handsome, straight-standing old party, with a stick under his arm. But I was in such a state of fluster that, so far as keeping my head went, I was not worth a row of pins.

"Pater," she said, "Mr. Briggs is staying at Sandbythesea. He's given me a most delightful afternoon, including tea on the pier. As I told Mr. Briggs, before to-day I was never on the pier; so he was so sorry for me he took me on it there and then. Wasn't it good of him? So I took him for a run on my car. We had a charming run, didn't we, Mr. Briggs?"

I could not answer her; just then I could not have said "Boo!" to a goose. I would never have believed that a man could have felt as I felt then, as if all the bone had gone out of my back and all the sense out of my head.

"Are you fond of motoring, Mr. Briggs?" asked the old party. I had to stammer out something.

"I can't say that I've seen much of it, so to speak."

He looked me up and down. Then he turned to her.

"Is Mr. Briggs an old friend of yours?"

"No; he introduced himself to me on the sands this afternoon."

"Introduced himself to you on the sands, did he?"

"And he has been so kind to me; I must leave you to thank him properly. But in the first place you must persuade him to stop for dinner; his own dinner-hour is at six."

"At six, is it? Mr. Briggs, you must dine with us."

I could no more have refused than I could have flown. There was a commanding way about him which settled it. I mumbled something about being very glad and tried to look it, though I cannot honestly say it was much of a success.

"We dine at eight," she said. "Pater, I'll leave you to entertain Mr. Briggs till then."

Off she skipped up the steps towards the house.

"Come back!" he shouted. "What do you mean by leaving me to—to bore your young friend?"

"Oh, pater, you won't bore Mr. Briggs. Mr. Briggs isn't so easily bored. Why, even I haven't bored him. I've lots of things which I must do, and I'm quite sure Mr. Briggs will be quite safe in your hands till dinner."

"You—you——!"

He shook his stick at her. She kissed her hand, laughed, and went into the house. And there was him and me left alone

together. I would have given the eighteenpence I had in my pocket a good many times over to have been somewhere else. He had a way of looking at you which made you feel as if you were all over pimples, and as if he was wondering how on earth you got them.

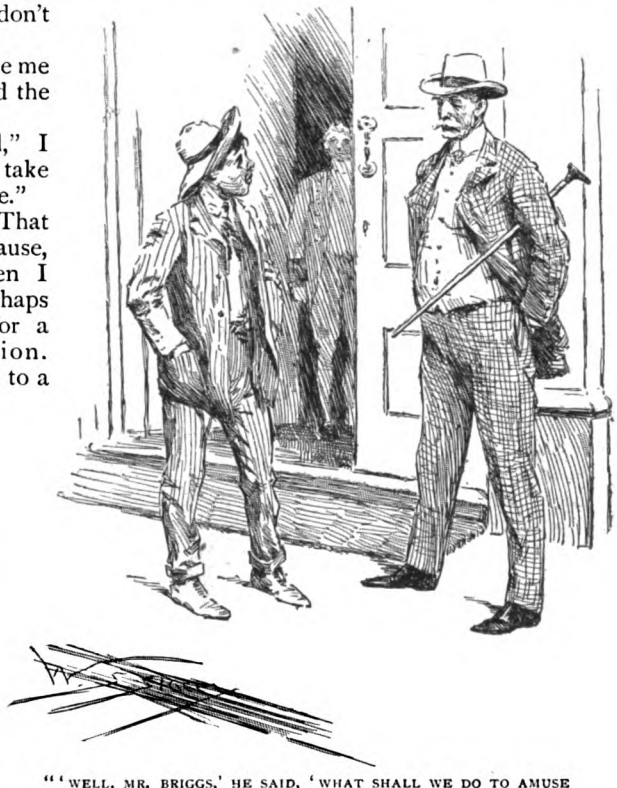
"Well, Mr. Briggs," he said, when he had had about enough of looking, and I had had a great deal too much, "what shall we do to amuse each other?"

"I'm sure I don't know," I said.

"Would you like me to show you round the place?"

"I don't mind," I said. "It doesn't take much to amuse me."

"Doesn't it? That is fortunate. Because, in that case, even I may succeed. Perhaps it's rather late for a tour of inspection. What do you say to a game of billiards?"



"'WELL, MR. BRIGGS,' HE SAID, 'WHAT SHALL WE DO TO AMUSE EACH OTHER?'"

I can play billiards. Many is the game I have played at the Crown and Anchor. I can give my friend, Tom Pope, fifteen out of a hundred, and beat him every time; if I am on my game, and he keeps off his fluking. So I thought I could manage my end up in a game of billiards.

We went into the house. Talk about Buckingham Palace! Not that I have ever actually been there; but from what I have heard and read I should say it was not a bit better than that was. And the servants there were about! All men—powdered heads—and such liveries! Why, the hall alone was big enough to hold a couple of houses like ours—that is a solemn fact. And the furniture—and the pictures—and the wonderful things there were all over the place. But there, it is no use my trying to describe what I only saw in a kind of a dream. And the passages we went through—pictures on every wall—not to speak of statues, and men in armour. Holding on one side a velvet curtain, and opening a door which was beyond, the old party led the way into the finest room I was ever in in all my days. It was a billiard-room. He touched the button of an electric bell. Someone came in at another door. Turning, I saw my young cousin, Bob Williams, dressed like some sort of a page, getting out the billiard balls. At sight of him I felt more than ever that I must be dreaming.

"Bob!" I cried.

He never said a word or moved a muscle, but stared straight past me as if I was not there. I could have almost bet it was a nightmare I was having.

"If you will choose a cue which suits you, Mr. Briggs," said the old party, "and will amuse yourself by knocking the balls about, I will return to you in a very few minutes."

Directly his back was turned Bob burst out:—

"Sam Briggs, what in goodness' name are you doing here?"

"That's what I want to know," I answered. "I never had such a day! Before you ask another question or say another word, you just tell me this—where am I?"

Bob did stare.

"Where are you? Why, you're at Woodgarde."

"Woodgarde? Is that the name of the house? And who's the old party who just went out?"

"You'd better not let anyone hear you call him an old party. That's the Duke of——."

I do not want to mention names—so far as that goes, this is private and confidential—but he mentioned the name of one of the best known dukes of all England, who, I have been told, is descended from Royalty itself. As the saying is, you might have knocked me down with a feather—and no wonder.

"And who's the girl?"

"What girl?"

"In a sort of holland dress, with big, brown eyes and a saucy smile; I believe she's his daughter."

"If she's his daughter you must be talking about the Lady Adeline Beaumanoir."

"Then I took the Lady Adeline Beaumanoir on the pier, so as to give her a bit of a treat."

"Sam Briggs!"

"I thought she was one of them cheap excursionists, till she herself put the idea into my head that her lay was picking pockets."

"Well, Mr. Briggs, have you found a cue to your liking?"

There was the old—I beg pardon, the Duke back again. Bob Williams, all at once, was as if he was a wooden image. I was all over confusion; but then that was nothing fresh. I got hold of some sort of a cue, then we started playing. I soon found out that the Duke did not play the kind of game I was used to at the Crown and Anchor. He made hay of me—simply. There was only one person in that game, and it was not me.

What with being all of a tremor, the way he had of looking at me every time I opened my mouth or made a stroke, and the feeling I had that Bob Williams's eyes were piercing me like corkscrews, it was all I could do to hit the balls. I do not know how many I scored; I only know that he kept on scoring like a house on fire, while most of my time was taken up by making misses. After, I suppose, he had had about enough of making rings round me he told Bob to ring the bell. A party appeared with powder on his head.

"Show Mr. Briggs into a room where he can dress for dinner."

Off I toddled with this party till we came to what I have reason to believe was meant for a dressing-room, though it was more like a drawing-room than some I have seen. There was silver lying everywhere—every brush had got a silver back to it. There were lots of silver-topped bottles with goodness only knows what inside them; not to speak of half-a-dozen different kinds of soaps, and, for all I know, a dozen different kinds of water. Why, the very water came out of silver taps.

"Is there anything I can do for you, sir?" asked the powdered party.

"No," I said, "I don't think there is."

"When you are quite ready, sir, if you will ring I will come and show you downstairs."

And off he went. When I came to have a glimpse at myself in a looking-glass—there were a few of them!—I felt worse than ever. My collar was not extra clean, nor my shirt either—the next day being Sunday. My suit of flannels, which I gave twenty-two and six for just before I left home, I had worn ever since I had been away, and, somehow, it did not look so fresh as it might have done. Altogether, I not only felt cheap, but, what was much worse, I had a sort of suspicion that I looked it; and, mind you, in a general way I rather prided myself on my appearance. When I had tidied myself up I never rang the bell; I had not got the nerve to do it. At last that powdered person came back of his own accord.

"If you are quite ready, sir." I was not quite ready, far from it; but as I should never have been more ready in that place I went with him. "I think, sir, that Lady Adeline is in the small drawing-room."

If he called that a small drawing-room, I wondered what he would have called the drawing-room in our house at Walham Green. She was there, but—changed! My word! She looked that beautiful—a queen she looked—a queen of beauty, if nothing else. And in a dress—I never saw one like it, not even in the shop windows. Now, if she had come on to the sands in that dress, or anything like it, I should not have made of myself the idiot I had done; I should have known her for what she was. It fairly dazzled you to turn your eyes her way. In front of her I felt as if I were nothing at all; I do not mind owning it. Especially with the Duke looming high overhead, in about a square yard of shirt front. We went in to dinner, me with the Lady Adeline on my arm. A pretty pair I lay we made. It did not make me feel any better when, on entering the dining-room, I all but ran into my Uncle Williams—with powder on his head. I stared at him, but, like Bob, he stared at me as if I was not there. Somehow it did not seem home-like to have your own uncle handing you the soup from over your shoulder, and you not daring to ask him how he was. I knew that Uncle Williams was in good service in high families, but I never had realized that he was in a

"WE WENT IN TO DINNER, ME WITH THE LADY ADELINE ON MY ARM."

place like that. And, between ourselves, I am rather partial to my cousin Susan Ann.

That was something like a dinner, fit for Windsor Castle, and that is where it was; it was above me, clean. I cannot say truly that I enjoyed myself on the whole. Lady Adeline was affability itself, and the Duke was all politeness; yet all the while I could not get rid of the idea that they were cutting me up between them. Afterwards we went back to the drawing-room. Lady Adeline played and sang. Hers was singing! Talk of the pierrots, or that young lady who drew such crowds to hear her on the beach—it was not the same thing! Presently another powdered person appeared in the doorway.

"The carriage is waiting," he said. And almost before I knew it I was saying good-bye to the Duke and Lady Adeline, and walking along a wide passage to the front door, where there was a carriage waiting—an electric brougham, if you please! And in it I was whizzed back to my boarding-house. I do not mind admitting that I enjoyed that drive more than anything that had happened since I first spoke to her on the sands.

Some of the boarders were still hanging about the front door of my boarding-house; kept pretty late hours some of them did.

"Where have you been?" asked one of them, as I got out of the electric brougham.

Like his sauce it was to ask it, too; it being no business of his where I went.

"I've been dining with the Duke of —— and Lady Adeline Beaumanoir," I said.

"Go on! What ho! Cheese it!" That is what he answered. "Tell your tales to your uncle, and ask him what he'll lend you on them."

He was a vulgar monkey. Not that he was the last who doubted me when I told the simple truth. My own family, when I told them exactly what had happened, they would hardly believe me; at least, until there came a letter from Uncle Williams. And it was not a very civil letter either. I have felt a coolness towards him ever since it came. But I had the laugh of them, when a few days afterwards there arrived a parcel addressed to "Mr. Sam Briggs, junior." In it was her photograph, in a silver frame, and on it she had written, in her own handwriting:—

"To Mr. Sam Briggs,
In memory of an Afternoon's Entertainment,
from Lady Adeline Beaumanoir."

It is hanging in my bedroom at the present moment. It will hang in my drawing-room, some day, when I have a house of my own. And to think I took her for a tripper!

Keene and Du Maurier: The Men and Their Methods.

ILLUSTRATED BY HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED STUDIES FOR *PUNCH* PICTURES.

By Frederick Dolman.

"WHEN John Leech's mantle fell from his shoulders," said Mr. George Du Maurier in one of his lectures, "it was found that the garment was ample enough to clothe the nakedness of more than one successor." And the lecturer proceeded to explain how to Charles Keene was allotted the low comedy of life, the broad fun of the street and the country-side, whilst to him was handed over the quieter humour of the social and domestic sphere, the dining and the drawing rooms, the nursery, school-rooms, and croquet lawns of the more or less well-to-do. Neither artist kept quite strictly within their respective limitations, but these limitations certainly have their counterpart in the different methods with which they worked for the entertainment of the nation through the columns of *Punch*—Charles Keene for thirty-five years, from 1854 to 1889, and George Du Maurier for thirty-six years, from 1860 to 1896.

"If a man can draw he can draw anything," was a maxim which Keene never tired of repeating. In his own work its truth was certainly exemplified. Altogether he must have made some six thousand designs for *Punch*, and it has never been said that he excelled in any particular part of them; figures, landscapes, interiors, and out-of-door scenes were equally good. There was one exception, perhaps, to this comprehensive skill, but the evidence of it is only of a negative kind. It is alleged that he could not draw a pretty woman. But

SKETCH FOR "A MIXED BAG IN THE LOWLANDS"—BY CHARLES KEENE.

"A Mixed Bag in the Lowlands."—Young Lady: "Well, David, what has papa got to-day?" Under-Keeper.—"Weel, no vera muckle the day, miss. Just fower brace o' paitricks, an' twa dukes, an' a cushie doo."

("Punch," November 30th, 1872. By permission of the Proprietors.)

SKETCH FOR "LATEST THING IN STRIKES"—BY CHARLES KEENE.

for their pretty women Leech and Du Maurier—both happy in their choice of wives—made reputations, and Keene, who lived and died a bachelor, scarcely ever attempted to introduce feminine grace and beauty into his pictures.

In what way did Charles Keene attain to this extraordinary versatility with his pen and pencil; by what method did he manage for thirty-five years to maintain his supremacy in so many different grooves of character and such varying spheres of life? Like many other black-and-white artists he had no academic training in his art. Apprenticed to a firm of engravers, after his parents had successively chosen for him the professions of a solicitor and of an architect, and then wisely recognised the futility of their choice, Keene got all his technical knowledge, apart from that to be derived in the course of his daily vocation, by spending his evenings in the studio of the Langham Club, drawing from the model, and taking part in those friendly "sketch" competitions wherein so many successful artists have laid the foundations of their success. His principles of work were of the simplest, as those who questioned him on the point soon discovered:—

"If a man can draw he can draw anything."

"Draw things as you see them."

"Do something from Nature indoors when you cannot get out, to keep your hand and eye in practice. Don't get into the way of working too much at your drawings away from Nature."

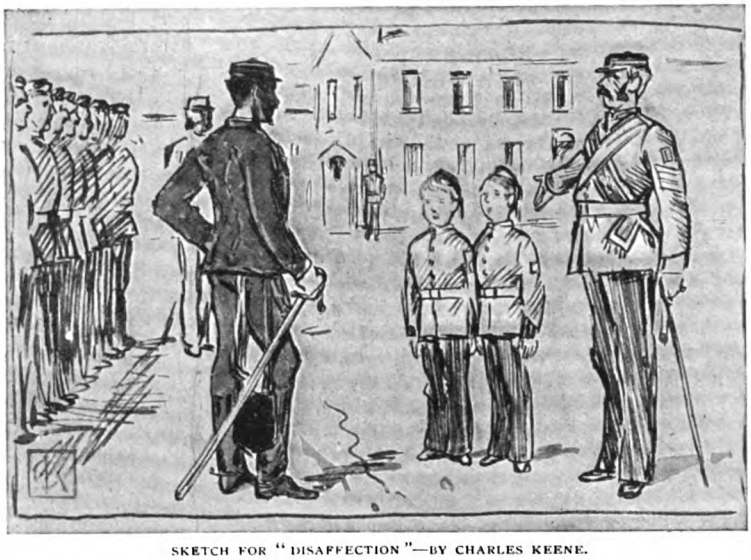
That is all; but, little as it is, it gives us the clue to Charles Keene's method. It explains the mass of unpublished work discovered in Keene's house after his death, portraits of friends and people he had got to pose for him, drawings of landscape and architecture, all most carefully done, although merely studies for the published designs. Keene's backgrounds were never "faked" in the studio, but always drawn from his "notes" of something which he had actually seen. These "studies," commanding high prices whenever put up to sale, have got dispersed among the collectors of the world, but a few, a very few,

"LATEST THING IN STRIKES."—A deputation of laymen of a suburban parish waited on their beloved pastor last week, and stipulated for sermons of not more than nine heads, and nine minutes long, during the excessive heat.

("Punch," July 25th, 1874. By permission of the Proprietors.)

have been secured for the national collections at Bloomsbury and South Kensington, and from these few this article is illustrated.

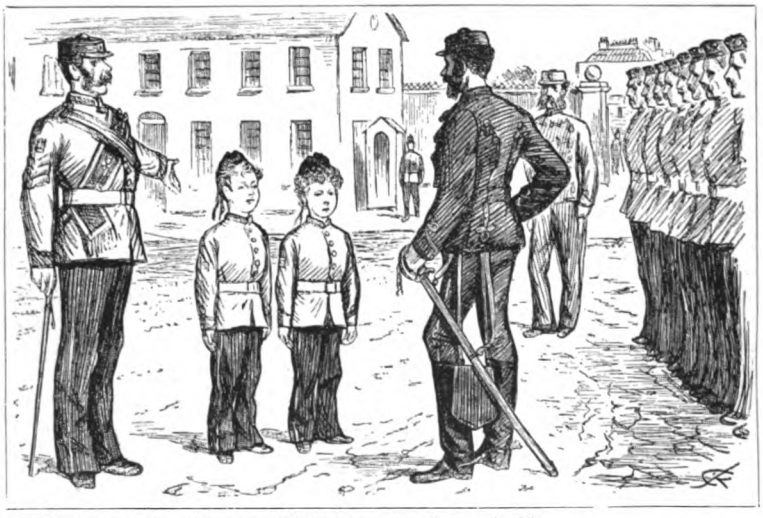
They are drawn in pen and ink, with a strong but extremely delicate touch. The



SKETCH FOR "DISAFFECTION"—BY CHARLES KEENE.

paper, in one or two cases, illustrates one of the most eccentric touches in Keene's artistic character. He would have nothing to do with orthodox drawing-paper, but preferred any scrap he could lay his hands upon, the backs of old, discoloured envelopes mostly. It is said that he often made his own ink, which was not always quite black, and the pen he usually employed, which had a wooden point instead of a steel nib, was also of his own concoction. An "Exciseman's inkpot," which closed up for his waistcoat-pocket, was a constant companion on his journeyings, and this he never hesitated to produce when anything particularly attracted his attention, whether in London streets or less frequented country roads, the bottle hanging from a button as he rapidly made his sketch.

The landscape studies Keene left behind him could be mostly identified in the backgrounds of *Punch* pictures; whilst, in their origin, they could be nearly all traced to one or two favourite sketching grounds. Southwold and neighbourhood—Charles Keene was an East Anglian by descent, and usually went to the coast of Norfolk and Suffolk when feeling a desire for sea air—and Godalming and Witley, in which charming part of Surrey Birket Foster and one or two other friends lived, furnished him with by far the greater number of his studies for the setting of incidents of rustic and seaside humour. Keene made several long



"DISAFFECTION."—Adjutant: "What's the matter, drum-major?"
Drum-Major: "Please, sir, the drums is in a state of mutiny, and these are the ringleaders!"
("Punch," May 19th, 1877. By permission of the Proprietors.)

sojourns in Scotland during his life, and had one or two brief trips on the Continent—France, Belgium, and Holland. From the comparatively short tale of his travels, as compared with the wide range of scenic effect which he has faithfully rendered, it is evident that even on his holidays he was never really idle, and that the sketches he

SKETCH FOR "A SOFT ANSWER"—BY CHARLES KEENE.

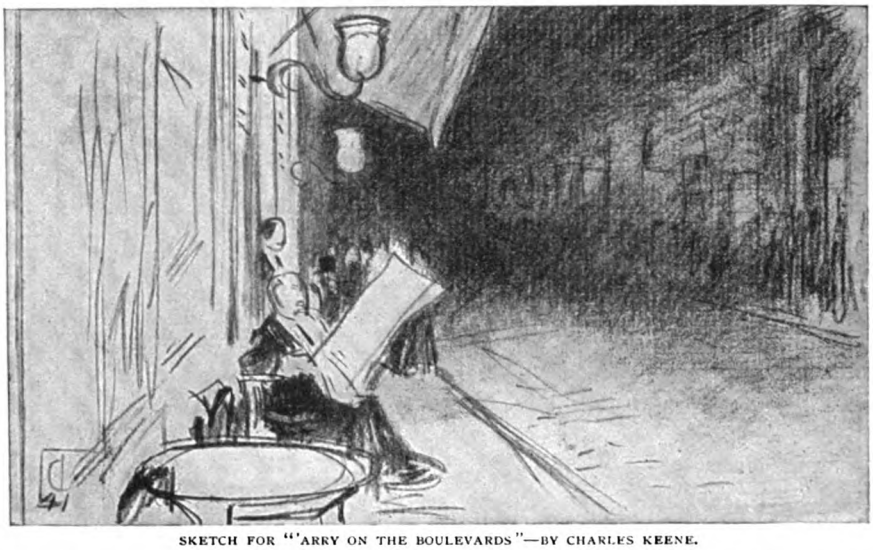
brought home from them, instead of being lost in portfolios, were generally brought into excellent use in the preparation of *Punch* pictures. It is related of him that whilst playing golf on the Felixstowe links he would sometimes interrupt the game in order to jot down a little bit of landscape, the adjoining village of Bawdsey Ferry, with its Dutch-looking houses, having a great interest for him.

Charles Keene, unlike John Leech, occasionally employed professional models for his designs. Always feeling everything he drew, he could not always get the professional model to take the pose or adopt the expression he wanted. Keene would then act his subject and pose for himself with the aid of a cheval-glass, always included in the furnishing of his studio. The original studies also contained many portraits of his more intimate friends, such as Birket Foster and Stacy Marks, although these were not always clearly preserved in the finished drawings.

Thus Keene and Stacy Marks once spent a holiday together on the Norfolk Broads, chartering a fishing-boat for two or three weeks, and during this time the distinguished painter of bird life often sat to the *Punch* artist. But only once, I believe, did Stacy Marks's likeness appear in *Punch* over the signature "C. K." This was in the treatment of an amusing incident which actually happened to Stacy Marks in the "Zoo," although placed by Keene in the Botanical Gardens (*Punch*, August 3, 1889).

The possibility is that part, at least, of all the original studies reproduced in these pages was made on the spot indicated or depicted therein. The figures in them, at any rate, are "the portraits of those who have passed away into the crowd," as Mr. G. S. Layard, the biographer of Keene, puts it, "ignorant that such an eye had been upon them." As will be noticed, some of the finished pictures appear reversed, and this is accounted for by the fact that they were

"A SOFT ANSWER," ETC.—Female Epicure: "Oh, mister, I'm sure that was a bad one!"
Oyster Salesman (indignantly): "What d'yer mean? Then you shouldn't 'a' swallered it, mum! I've been in this trade a matter o' ten years and never——"
Lady: "Well, it certainly left a nasty taste——"
Salesman (mollified): "Well, there's no denyin' that some on 'em is 'igher in flaviour than others."
(*"Punch," March 22nd, 1879. By permission of the Proprietors.*)



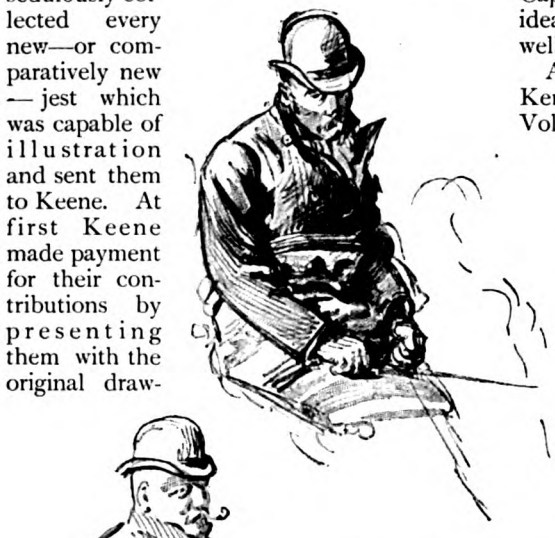
SKETCH FOR "'ARRY ON THE BOULEVARDS"—BY CHARLES KEENE.

drawn on wood and engraved, the printed impression being, of course, the reverse of the drawing. It was by drawing from life, whenever he had the opportunity, amidst their natural surroundings, his cab-drivers and waiters, volunteers and gillies, railway porters and agricultural labourers, that he was able to give them such real life in all his pictures. "Employ a sharp detective," it has been said, "and there is hardly an individual in Keene's *Punch* pictures that he wouldn't track down for you and run to earth in a fortnight"; and, as another circumstance testifying to his remarkable power of observation, and the even more remarkable use he made of it, there are not two hats alike, it has been pointed out, in "Our People," a volume which contains five hundred reproductions from "C. K.'s" work in *Punch*. On the other hand, the artist was as diligent in the studio as he was active in the open air. His complete designs were often drawn and redrawn, Keene, of course, as the social satirist, not being subject to the same limitations of time as the political cartoonist.

"'ARRY ON THE BOULEVARDS."
("*Punch*," *August 16th, 1890. By permission of the Proprietors.*)

In contrast to the power of his observation was the weakness of Keene's invention. Not one of the leading *Punch* artists, it is said, had to rely so much upon others for his subjects. It was not merely that friends sometimes sent him a good idea when it occurred to them, or an amusing incident when it befell them. With two of his friends, at least, he had a regular arrangement for the systematic supply of

topics for his draughtsmanship—Mr. Andrew Tuer, a London publisher, and Mr. Joseph Crawhall, a Newcastle gentleman of artistic tastes. Both these gentlemen for many years sedulously collected every new—or comparatively new—jest which was capable of illustration and sent them to Keene. At first Keene made payment for their contributions by presenting them with the original drawing of any picture in which they had thus a part authorship; but in course of time this arrangement was modified out of regard to the largely increased value which these drawings possessed, the gift to Mr. Crawhall becoming occasional, whilst Mr. Tuer had the option of purchase at a fixed price. Captain Robley, of the 91st Highlanders, another of Keene's literary coadjutors, frequently sent sketches with his description of incidents in Army life, and these the *Punch* artist found useful for their military details. "Disaffection," a study for which is given on page 436, may have had its source in one of these contributions. It was characteristic of Keene that when he felt himself at all indebted to Captain Robley's sketch as well as to his idea the signature "R. XCI" would appear as well as the more familiar "C. K."



SKETCHES FOR "DE MORTUIS"—BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

As a young man Keene belonged to the Kensington Corps of South Middlesex Volunteers, and for four years running went into camp at Wimbledon, with the result that his volunteering jokes are not only good, but are believed to be almost entirely due to his own experiences. But for sport generally he had no liking, and during the shooting season, in the dearth of subjects, he threw himself upon the pity of sporting friends, whose jokes, moreover, had sometimes to be explained to him.

The numerous sketch-books which George Du Maurier left behind—now among the most treasured possessions of his widow, who has kindly placed them at my disposal in the preparation of this article—testify very clearly to his methods of work. By reason of his sadly defective sight, which obliged him, even in the ordinary light of day, to wear glasses thickly rimmed with wire gauze, Du Maurier scarcely ever attempted to sketch out of doors, and was thus practically restricted to interior subjects. But for these in his studio he would make extraordinarily

"DE MORTUIS."—Chatty Passenger: "Dead, is he? Poor chap! He used to drive a City Atlas, and many's the time he's driven me! He was a good fellow, but not much of a whip, eh?" Driver: "Ah, well! what d'y' expect? Why, he was a gen'l'man's coachman afore he took to the road!"

("Punch," December 31st, 1892. By permission of the Proprietors.)

careful preparations, very different from the free and easy methods of Leech, and to a lesser degree even of Keene. For every figure in a picture he would make one or more studies with the pencil, and these studies were in themselves very often finished

SKETCH FOR "ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN FOREIGNERS"—BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

portraits. This is more particularly the case with those which he made in his later years, when they would be drawn several times larger than was necessary for the picture. "The older I grow the more careful I become," he once said.

Of his slow, painstaking method generally the artist gave a humorous account in the course of a lecture on "Social Pictorial Satire":—

"My raw material requires more elaborate working than Leech's. He dealt more in flowers and fruits and roots, if I may express myself so figuratively—from the lordly pine-apple and lovely rose down to the humble daisy and savoury radish. I deal in vegetables, I suppose. Little that I ever find seems to me fit for the table as I see it; moreover, by dishing it up raw I should offend many people and make many enemies, and deserve to do so. I cook my green peas, asparagus, French beans, Brussels sprouts, German sauerkraut, and even a truffle now and then so carefully that you would never recognise them as they are when I first picked them in the social garden. And they do not recognise themselves, or even each other."

In other words Du Maurier never transferred the living people around him into his *Punch* pictures, as Leech and Keene frequently did. Mrs. Du Maurier, and afterwards her daughters, frequently sat to him for the English young lady of the period, of whom the artist was legitimately proud, as "the granddaughter of John Leech's pretty woman." They sat to him in walking costume, afternoon tea-gowns, cycling habit, and ballroom dress, but never, I believe, are their features so faithfully reproduced as to form a "likeness." Du Maurier, apart from

"ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN FOREIGNERS."

He: "Oh, you're from America, are you? People often say to me, 'Don't you dislike Americans?' But I always say, 'I believe there are some very nice ones among them'!"

She: "Ah, I daresay there *may* be two or three nice people amongst sixty millions!"

("Punch," *August 11th, 1894. By permission of the Proprietors.*)

this family help, relied upon professional models, who regularly visited his studio. When the people living around him were of service it was in this way. A charming old lady was to be a principal figure in a picture. He would think of all the charming old ladies he knew or had known, and would select the chin of one, the white curls of another, the mouth and nose of a third—according to the requirements of the letterpress—and would then make "a subtle arrangement in sweet, sympathetic wrinkles."

SKETCHES FOR "A NEW WOMAN"—BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Such a method of work implies close observation and an excellent memory, if no great rapidity with the pencil. But observation and memory, however close and unfailing, would of themselves hardly have enabled Du Maurier, a mere man, to have attained to such extraordinary accuracy in all the *minutiæ* of feminine dress according to the ever-varying and constantly-changing requirements of fashionable society. It was Mrs. Du Maurier's and the Misses Du Maurier's vigilant care in examining the preparatory studies which prevented the artist from ever putting a hat of last season's vogue on one of this season's belles. In the matter of black stockings for little girls, by the way, he once gave

"A NEW WOMAN."—The Vicar's Wife: "And have you had good sport, Miss Goldenberg?"
Miss G.: "Oh, rippin'! I only shot one rabbit, but I managed to injure quite a dozen more!"
("Punch," September 8th, 1894. By permission of the Proprietors.)

SKETCH FOR "THINGS ONE SAYS WITHOUT THINKING"—BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

fashion a lead. It was this great attention to the details of dress which led Ruskin to declare—with some exaggeration, I think—that "the charm of his extremely intelligent and often exquisitely pretty children is dependent, for the greater part, on the dressing of their back hair and the fitting of their boots." All the same, it was Du Maurier, of all the *Punch* artists, who first discovered that the English girl of the period was taller than her mother. In later years he was apt to make his young ladies too tall, a tendency which the artist explained by the ease with which, by "one sweep of the pen," a few inches could be added to the bottom of their skirts.

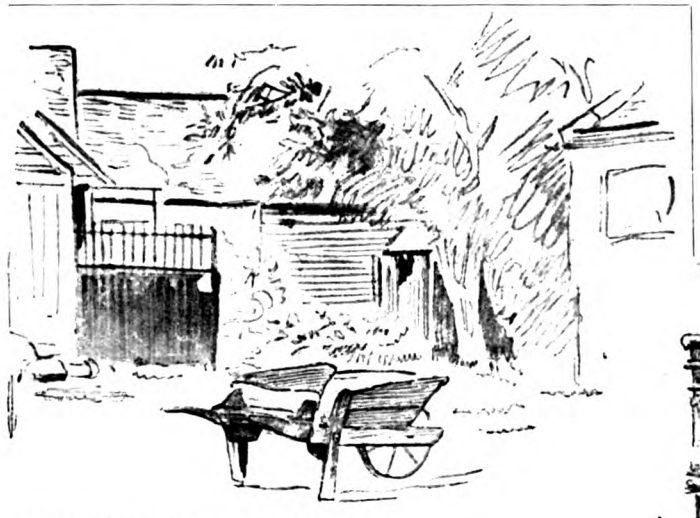
As a rule, the ideas in Du Maurier's pictures were his own, Canon Ainger being, I believe, the only friend to whom he was much indebted for incidents and "good stories." Even when the idea came from an outside source the "legend" underneath the picture was almost invariably written by the artist himself, Du Maurier being considered the best legend-writer *Punch* ever had. When his novel, "Trilby," had become celebrated, he remarked one day to Fred Anstey how astonishing its success was, considering that he had never written anything before. "Never written anything before?" exclaimed the author of "Vice Versâ." "Why, you have been writing all your life, and the best of writing practice at that. Those little dialogues of yours which week after week you've fitted to your drawings in *Punch* have prepared you admirably. It was *précis* writing, and gave you conciseness and repartee and appositeness, and the best qualities of the writer of fiction."

"THINGS ONE SAYS WITHOUT THINKING."—"I'm so sorry you've had to come and dine with us without your husband, Lizzy. I suppose the real truth is that, being Lent, he's doing penance and dining at home!"

"Oh, no! I assure you! He thinks it a penance to dine out!"

("*Punch*," *March 30th, 1895. By permission of the Proprietors.*)

For over twenty years Du Maurier had a house close to Hampstead Heath. Apart from Hampstead, the local colour in his comparatively few outdoor subjects was derived chiefly from Scarborough, Whitby, and Boulogne. His salon-studio at Hampstead, with its bow window and window seats and its Gothic fireplace, was constantly being reproduced, and it was in his own garden that he made the studies for the garden scene which are reproduced on this page.



SKETCHES FOR "TRUE HAPPINESS"—BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Du Maurier had a great affection for dogs, and three of his pets, a St. Bernard called Chang, a terrier called Don, and a Dachshund known as Punch, were several times introduced into his pictures. It was Keene who first drew "Toby" in the guise of a Dachshund, the dog being the artist's faithful companion in the latter years of his somewhat lonely life.

Unlike Keene and Leech, the work of Du Maurier was based upon a considerable amount of artistic training. Although at first sent to University College, London, he was transferred at an age still comparatively early to an art school in Paris. From there he went to Antwerp, where his life in the *ateliers* has been graphically described by his old fellow-student, Mr. Felix Moscheles, "In Bohemia with Du Maurier." Trouble with his eyes prevented Du Maurier giving the sustained attention which the painting of a great picture demands, but from the first the cleverness of his black-and-white work was recognised in London, and his first picture in *Punch* was quickly followed by others, although these were quite different from those with which its readers became familiar a few years later.

"TRUE HAPPINESS." (The first morning at the farmhouse.)—Mamma: "Well, Martha, have the boys been having a good time?"
Nurse: "Yes, ma'am—very. I've had to change everything they'd got on four times!"
("Punch's Almanack" for 1895. By permission of the Proprietors.)

In the Grip of Fear.

By Alice and Claude Askew.

GEORGE SYMONS gazed helplessly at the sun-stricken road before him, and then at the rough old posting-coach in which he had been travelling, now broken down at the foot of the slope.

"What on earth is to be done?" he asked irritably of the placid driver, who, without the smallest display of emotion, was chewing a long cigar. George Symons spoke with an accent purely Cockney.

"Guess San Clemente ain't on our schedule fer this night, sure," returned the American, in a high-pitched drawl. "We don't figger a pile on the time-sheet, anyhow. I 'lows we mostly gits ther' after awhiles."

"But——" began George Symons, and then he paused, not knowing exactly what to say. It was true that his mission was to the biggest man in San Clemente, no other than "Bonanza" Miguel, the Mexican cattle-king, but he could hardly claim that he was expected or that a delay of twenty-four hours was a matter of great importance.

"Where can I put up for the night?" he asked at last, "and how can I get away from this burning sun? It's past bearing."

With characteristic indifference the driver indicated the road with the chewed end of his cigar.

"Jake runs the saloon way on ther'. We most allus strike his lay-out when things ain't jest so. I 'lows the old caboose 'as bucked 'fore at climbin' these all-fired hills. Guess ther' ain't so much as a fence-post 'tween hyar an' San Clemente. Mebbe y're new; leastways," with a contemptuous side-long look at the blue serge suit and tan boots, "y'ain't been around the prairie a deal. Howsum, Jake's ain't jest a fancy hotel, but I 'lows the boys is mostly tidy company. They ain't polished, but they're real free."

His thin lips widened into a grin, and he gazed at the Englishman as he might have done at some curious beast. "I guess you're a stranger?" he repeated.

The Londoner admitted the self-evident fact rather awkwardly. Truth to tell, he felt friendless and very much out of his element. He had come out to Texas as he might have gone for a short holiday to Wales or Cornwall.

"Say, ye'd best git right on to Jake's shack," said the driver at last, a trifle more sympathetically. "'Tain't more'n a mile along the trail. Guess I'll fix the rest, so you needn't to worry any."

So George Symons, somewhat reassured at the prospect of the hotel, but inwardly cursing "Bonanza" Miguel and his peculiar fancies, made his way as best he could up the gentle incline leading to the great sweeping plateau that the cattle-king had made peculiarly his own—an incongruous figure bound on an incongruous errand.

For George Symons knew nothing—absolutely nothing—of the country in which he found himself. He was essentially a Cockney, and his mental horizon had been limited by the daily monotony of retail trade. He knew his business, none better, and he knew his London as well as any man. Brixton housed him, and at Margate and Southend he took his pleasure. On one memorable occasion he had crossed the Channel for a Saturday to Monday at Boulogne, but this had been his only experience of foreign travel.

Small wonder then that George Symons, of Brixton, felt distinctly out of his element in the wild prairie land of Southern Texas.

It was a freak on the part of "Bonanza" Miguel that had led to this freak on the part of Symons. The cattle-king had recently built himself a palace at *his* town—as he delighted to call it—of San Clemente, and he had been seized by the idea that it must be furnished and decorated strictly upon English principles.

Unfortunately, the firm of Grey and Benson, to whom "Bonanza" Miguel had given his order, was as old-fashioned as old-established. A palace in Park Lane—that would have been quite within their province; but a palace dumped down in the wilds of

Texas was a different matter. Still, to refuse the commission would have been absurd, and, accordingly, George Symons, in whom the firm reposed the utmost confidence, and whose special talents lay in this direction, was hurriedly dispatched to America for the purpose of drawing up a scheme of decoration and generally reporting on the situation. Had not Symons earned the gratitude of Wentley Hall, the South African millionaire, for the skilful manner in which he had treated that gentleman's town mansion? And in other quarters he had met with similar success. Certainly, then, he was the man for the job, a man with ideas.

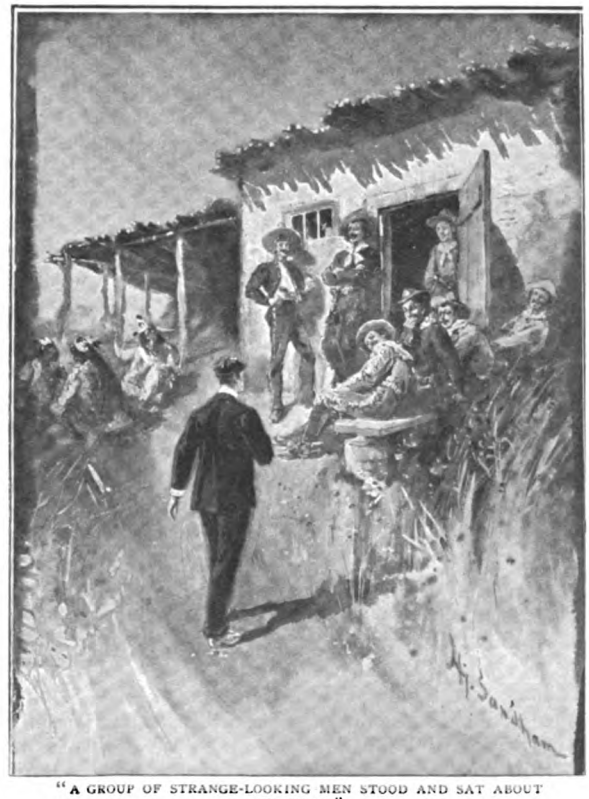
Now, as he walked towards the "hotel," George Symons gazed a little anxiously from side to side. He racked his brain in an attempt to recall the almost forgotten stories of his boyhood. Were there not snakes—venomous snakes—in the long grass of these prairies? And buffaloes? He was sure there were buffaloes in Texas. He had seen great herds of cattle—had met them on the road—and recognised vaguely that ranching was the staple industry of this part of the world, but he had hoped to reach his destination without having the fact brought too prominently to his notice. In peaceful England he had been accustomed to avoid fields in which cows were grazing. Of course, "Bonanza" Miguel was a cattle-king, but he lived in the security of a city. San Clemente had been so described—and Symons had painted it to himself as a place a little smaller perhaps than Birmingham, which he had often visited on business.

He thought of robbers, too. What stories he had read of coaches—even trains—being "held up" in America! He fingered the revolver which he had slipped into his coat-pocket, though he touched the unaccustomed weapon gingerly.

Till that day he had had no cause to worry about such things. Crossing the Atlantic had not been disagreeable—when he had recovered from his sea-sickness. New Orleans was pleasant as a town. He had journeyed thence by river and train comfortably enough, and he had understood that San Clemente was but a day's drive from his last stopping-place. And now he had met with this *contretemps!* Well, well — luckily there was an hotel on his way, and perhaps he would not fare so badly after all.

With this encouragement to his drooping spirits he reached the top of the slope and gazed about him with some perplexity. An undulating prairie lay spread before him for miles on every side without the relief of a tree and without a trace of human habitation except in his immediate neighbourhood. He realized that the moving figures he could distinguish in the distance represented cattle, and, shading his eyes, he thought he could make out men on horseback. He was ignorant of the fact that it was the period of the fall "round-up"; would not have understood what was meant if this had been told him. Then a short laugh near at hand caused him to turn sharply.

A group of—to him—strange-looking men stood and sat about the door of a low, rough-looking shanty. They were drinking, and for the most part each man carried at least one "six," while well-filled cartridge-belts circled their bodies. Their shirts were many-hued, and their broad-brimmed hats befitted the season. There were dark-skinned Mexicans also—Mexican in dress as well as



"A GROUP OF STRANGE-LOOKING MEN STOOD AND SAT ABOUT THE DOOR."

in appearance—and a little apart three or four Indians squatted, smoking silently. To such a group enter suddenly George Symons, of Brixton, tourist-clad and flaunting openly the hall-marks of his inexperience. Little wonder that his appearance was greeted with derision.

For a vivid moment Symons stood, gazing helplessly about him, painfully conscious that he was being made a butt of coarse witticism. Could this be the hotel that the driver had promised him? Save for a low shed, evidently used as a stable, close by, there was no other house on the road, and the driver had said the hotel was quite close, just at the top of the slope. The buildings which appeared on the open prairie in the neighbourhood were certainly farms—ranches, or whatever they were called; and these men, they must be cowboys—was not that the correct expression? Symons, with vague recollections of a visit to Buffalo Bill's show at Olympia, felt satisfied that this was so.

What was he to do? Go on? He had no idea of the road; it was a bare prairie trail, and he had been told that there was no house for miles beyond the point where he stood. He would only get hopelessly lost. Return? Where to? The coach would be coming along presently, bound for this so-called hotel, and he was obliged to remain with the coach. There was really no choice for him. He felt faint from the heat and terribly thirsty; also he realized that he was in need of food.

So, his mind made up, he turned to enter the inn, futilely pretending not to notice the interest which he had aroused. The men by the door made way for him with a great show of exaggerated respect, and their laughter broke out anew when they saw him at close quarters. Several of them followed him into the already crowded room, where a rough, black-bearded man was ministering to the wants of his clients from behind three planks laid across two upturned barrels.

Symons made his way up to the bar, and in a faltering voice inquired if this was Jake's Hotel.

"Guess it ain't like to be no other, mister. Ho-tels ain't jest as frequent as skitters around hyar," replied the burly bar-tender. "An' what may you be wantin'?"

Symons explained his position as best he could. Jake nodded comprehension. "That durned ole caboose is worse'n a diseased mule wi' the spavin—it's that mean an' cussed. Mebbe I ken fit ye up when the rush clears. We're real busy 'bout now."

He called out his instructions to some invisible person in a back room and resumed his occupation of filling glasses for the thirsty. Symons ordered himself a drink—it was a soda and milk, for he had no liking for alcohol — and then his persecution began. It seemed to be the chief object of everyone at that bar to vie with his fellows in "pulling the Englishman's leg." Unfortunately for him, Symons had fallen in with a rough lot of cattlemen, and his appearance was in itself sufficient to make him the victim of their wit. Beyond this things might not have gone, for Symons—a good fellow at heart—endured with patience, and the men, as a whole, were not evilly inclined; but just as the novelty of the proceeding was wearing off and Symons was about to be left to enjoy his food in peace, an incident occurred which threatened the gravest consequences.

It happened that a well-known character of the Southern States—a "greaser," who was called by the name of Mexican Harry—had halted that day at Jake's Hotel. He was not popular with the cattlemen, for his record was peculiarly bad, and they found it necessary to draw the line somewhere. But he inspired respect by dint of his reputation and the notches — twenty-five of them—which he flaunted on the butt of his gun; twenty-five men shot on sight, and plenty of room for more notches.

He had an ugly, snarling mouth, this Mexican Harry, and an aggressively-curled moustache. A long, red scar disfigured one of his cheeks—it had been laid open by a knife in some skirmish—and the skin was drawn and puckered about it into livid ridges. His eyes were small and restless, overshadowed by heavy brows. His garb was more picturesque than cleanly.

This man had been particularly active in the baiting of George Symons, but it seemed as if some instinct had restrained the Englishman from retaliation. He had realized that loss of temper would avail him nothing, and had wisely accepted the bantering with all the equanimity that he could muster.

"I suppose I'm a greenhorn," he muttered to himself as soon as he was left in peace. He was not quite certain that this was the right term to employ, but he had recollections of having read of it somewhere in connection with America. "It doesn't really matter, as I'm not staying among them. If I were—well, I suppose I should have to try and understand their ways. There seems a

great deal of difference between us, somehow." He was not acute of intellect, but the fact was palpable.

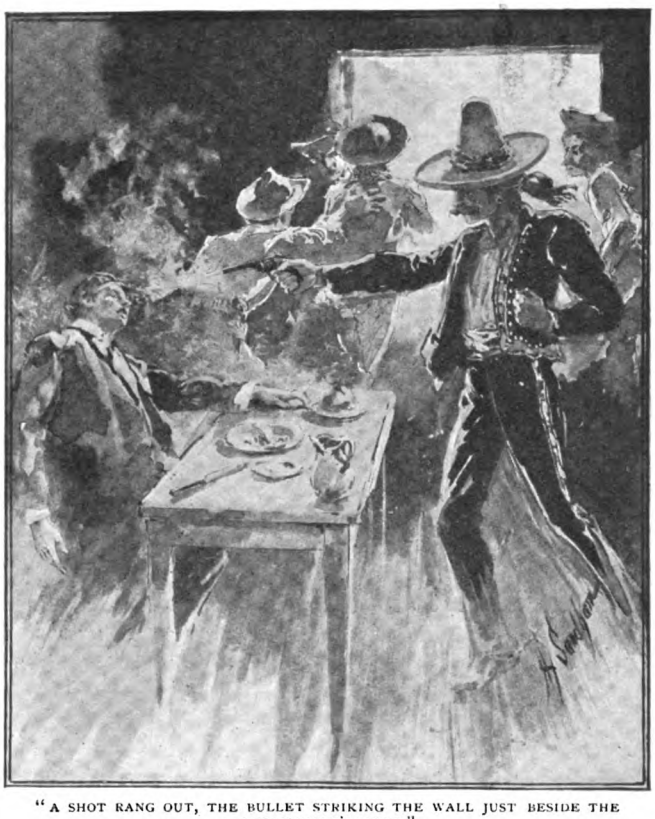
So George Symons turned to the consideration of his food, heedless of the lowering glances which Mexican Harry still cast in his direction. And it was just as peace seemed proclaimed that the trouble began.

It was all about a dog, a great shaggy cur that had skulked beneath the table, to all appearances acknowledging no master. The sight of food had attracted him from his retreat, and he crouched down by the side of Symons, gazing at the man's plate with hungry, piteous eyes. With no thought of offence the Englishman threw him a morsel of meat, which the animal devoured greedily.

With an unintelligible oath the half-caste called the dog away, and greeted him, as he crawled reluctantly within range, with a kick violent enough to elicit a howl of pain. The act was wanton and cruel.

"You brute!" George Symons could not restrain the exclamation. A love of animals — such as he had been brought into contact with —was one of his characteristics. He would have protested anywhere against such ill-treatment. To his mind the whole roomful of men should have echoed his indignation.

They did nothing of the sort. Instead, Mexican Harry sprang to his feet, and in a flash his hand flew to his gun. The men in George's neighbourhood took to hasty flight, pushing each other unceremoniously in their desire to be out of range. The next moment a shot rang out, the bullet striking the wall just beside the Englishman's head and burying itself in the woodwork. No word had been spoken.



"A SHOT RANG OUT, THE BULLET STRIKING THE WALL JUST BESIDE THE ENGLISHMAN'S HEAD."

George Symons sat, mouth agape, gazing helplessly at the muzzle of the weapon directed against him. He was quite incapable of action. He hardly realized that he had been shot at and was about to be made a target for more of this haphazard revolver practice. The idea was so monstrous, so utterly outside anything that he had ever conceived possible. A word—a blow, he understood that; but the sanctity of human life had been impressed upon him from his childhood. It did not even occur to him—luckily, perhaps—to seize his own weapon in self-defence. He merely sat where he was and gazed in open-eyed, bewildering astonishment at the unwonted figure of his angry opponent.

Probably his extraordinary attitude surprised even the Mexican, for the shot was not repeated. It was, indeed, delayed long enough to allow a diversion to occur. The innkeeper, Jake, had come rapidly round his bar and laid a heavy hand on the outstretched arm.

"Quit right thar, Harry," he roared. "Ther' ain't goin' to be no carkisses rottin' around this canteen while I'm boss. Ef y're after his scalp y'll find the prairie tol'ble wide."

The scowling half-caste turned to his host and spoke hurried words in incomprehensible English. He gesticulated much, and his gun pointed now this way, now that. The men

who had fled so incontinently returned slowly and formed a little group of interested spectators. One of them sat himself upon the table close to George and swung his feet idly.

"I say, he didn't mean to shoot at me, did he?" George Symons found his tongue at last. "Because if he did—well, it's murder, you know." The Englishman leaned forward, a questioning look in his pale blue eyes, his thin lips trembling a little. He was not a coward, but he did not understand.

The lean American on the table laughed. "Guess you came nigh passin' over the one-way trail, mister. Harry's a terror wi' a gun. When he got the drop I 'lows I'd 'a' gambled on your carkiss. Hain't yer got no gun?—y'll need one, sure."

"But, I say——" began George again. He did not, however, finish his sentence, for Jake, who had been talking aside to the parts," said Jake. "Gas ain't wuth a cent wi'out a light pull on your iron. Mebbe ye ken thank me y'ain't feedin' the coyotes now, which I 'lows is on'y 'cos I ain't fond o' sandin' out blood from the floor o' this shack. If y'ain't goin' to fight ye'll light out o' hyar like a streak an' Mexican Harry can paste you all over wi' lead 'fore I'll budge to help ye. Savvee?"

Jake's friends laughed approval. The Mexican sat astride of a barrel, and showed white teeth in an ugly smile.

"But it's absurd—ridiculous," protested George. "I've never heard of such a thing in all my life! To be shot at, actually shot at, because I spoke up when I saw a dog ill-treated, and now to be told that I must fight! What does it mean? A duel?" He spoke the word as with awe; for him the duel was but a memory of bygone ages, a

"BUT WHY AM I TO FIGHT?"

small group of men—talking, too, with some vehemence, and as one who commanded respect—now approached him. The innkeeper's swarthy, bearded face appeared grave and decided.

"We've bin parleyin', stranger," he said, gruffly, "and y've got to scrap."

"To fight?" George Symons's jaw fell. To fight! He! What did he know of fighting? He had never even learnt to use his fists—much less any other weapon. "But why am I to fight? What have I done?" he asked, desperately. He looked about him for sympathy, but met nothing but careless or sullen faces.

"We're handy wi' 'lawyers' in these barbarity wholly inadmissible in a civilized community such as he was accustomed to. Whoever spoke of duelling in Brixton?

"Fancy names don't alter fac's, I guess. You're gittin' a chance of a whole skin, which I take it is kind o' reason'ble, but most gener'ly unusual. Guess your luck's star-spangled. Wal?"

"But duelling is forbidden!" cried George, in desperation.

"Eh?"

George Symons repeated his conviction.

"Ferbid, is it? You don't say! An' who ferbids it?"

"The law." George felt the weakness of his voice and realized that he could not

square his shoulders as he would have liked; it had never occurred to him before how sloping they were.

"We mostly carries our law at the biz'ness end of a gun around hyar, mister," returned Jake, grimly. "An' ye needn't to be scart o' no sheriffs neither. But we'll git right on to biz. Harry ain't the most patient cuss on the ranges."

George gazed at the speaker in blank despair. What a position! Either he must fight a duel—he, most peaceable of men—or he was liable to be shot ignominiously as soon as he set foot outside the hotel. Well, he certainly would not submit to the latter. He recollected vaguely having read somewhere that people were not often killed in duels. He plucked up his courage.

"I'll fight," he said, "if I must, although——"

"There, there; go easy, stranger. I'm goin' to see this clear through. Harry's kind o' red-hot, but my bluff's goin' to work. I reckon Jake Brandon's got the call on this 'pot.'"

"Real smart at fixin' up these little meetings, you are, Jake," interposed one of the cattlemen. "I remember Steve and Mick Dolan last year; fire as you please in a dark room that was, and a real dandy scrap it give."

"Sure," returned the innkeeper, complacently, "an' this one's like an 'aceful' to a 'ten-pot.'"

"What do you want me to do?" asked George. In his turn he was getting weary of the preliminaries, and anxious, since the position had to be faced, to know the worst. He rose from his place with a certain bravado of mien which astonished even himself, conscious as he was of the trembling of his limbs. The old man watched him narrowly.

"Ah, guess you're good an' ready. Mebbe y'll pass the dollars over fer yer feed first. I ain't takin' no chances myself," he added, as he fingered the Englishman's money. "I 'lows one o' ye ain't comin' back after ye leave this shack."

"It'll take you shootin' mighty quick an' straight, mister," put in a tall, lean man sitting on the table beside George. "Mexican Harry's a terror wi' a gun." George turned on him.

"I don't want an interpreter," he said, recklessly. "I'm forced into this against my will, and I believe it's a put-up thing among the lot of you. All I can say is"—he hesitated, and then took refuge in Cockney vernacular—"you're no class." He found some solace in the remark, and in the lack of comprehension with which it was treated.

"You're no class," he repeated over his shoulder.

Jake, standing by the open door, gave a hurried order to one of the natives, who lounged off in the direction of a neighbouring low shed. "It's for the cart," he explained. "We're takin' a drive, you, me, an' Harry. Calls it blamed foolish, does Harry—but, there, he ain't wuth two bits as a sport."

"What is the plan?" asked George, wetting his dry lips with his tongue. He spoke and acted as if he were in a dream. It seemed impossible that all this could be happening to him. The suggestion of adventure had never presented itself to his mental outlook.

"See that hillock over there?"—the innkeeper pointed to a little mound that rose above the long grass of the prairie some four hundred yards distant from the road—"and another way back behind it to the right, 'bout a quarter of a mile farther on? We're goin' to set Mexican Harry on one of them hillocks and you on the other. You're goin' to take your guns and chock y'rselves full o' slugs, many as you please, 'cos there ain't no limit to the shootin'. See?"

"But," faltered George—"but a revolver won't carry for a quarter of a mile." So much he knew. A sense of relief came over him. Certainly they were making sport of him.

"Sure," returned the old man, complacently, "them hillocks is only your starting-points. Soon as I shout the word 'Go!' I 'lows you'll both drop into the grass and wriggle along on your bellies to meet each other. The grass is good an' thick. Guess you get as good a chance as Harry, 'cos neither of you are goin' to show yourselves—that's savvee, ain't it? You've just got to lie low and get your shot in first. It's a fine sporting idee." The innkeeper spoke with the conscious pride of originality. "Never been tried before, and makes things fair for the man what ain't accustomed to shoot. You ought to be mighty grateful to me. And I 'lows," he added, as an after-thought, "it's no use bolting off in the other direction. There ain't nothin' but miles of long grass, whar you'd starve."

"I sha'n't run away," said George, sullenly. "I'm not that sort. But I protest most emphatically against the whole thing. Why, in England——"

"You ain't in England," interrupted Jake, shortly, and there was nothing more to be said.

A few minutes later a broken-down old cart drawn by a lean horse was brought up to the door, and Jake, taking the reins from the hand of the native, mounted in the front. The half-caste, without a glance in the direction of his opponent, sprang lightly to the innkeeper's side, leaving George solitary possession of the interior of the cart. Herein the Englishman seated himself with tragic but determined mien.

"Say"—Jake turned, whip in hand—"you've got your gun all neat an' handy, eh?"

"Yes." George produced his revolver, holding it awkwardly, and examined it with the best pretence of carelessness that he could assume.

"Right away, then," and without further parley Jake whipped up the horse, and the cart rumbled across the road and plunged into the thick grass of the prairie. A little group of men collected about the door of the inn and watched the proceedings; some talked and laughed; others, George thought, looked serious. He wished he could overhear what they were saying to each other. The scraggy dog that was the cause of all the mischief howled and flew at the horse's heels.

"Down, you beast!" cried Jake. He flicked at it with his whip till it went yelping away.

It was a slow journey. Jake and the Mexican talked now and then, but it was in a language that George could not understand. Once or twice the half-caste laughed, but without looking round.

George sat rigid on the hard wooden seat. Then the sun—by now low—hurt his eyes, and he shifted his place so that it should be at his back. He could see nothing of the hillock for which they were bound, but he faced a great sweep of undulating country unrelieved by any vestige of tree or of house. Everywhere yellow-tipped grass, broken merely by rough tracks and by spaces which may have been pasture land; such a track he knew must be the continuation of the road to San Clemente, and he found himself wondering vaguely why "Bonanza" Miguel had not expended money on a road rather than on the superfluous luxury of an English-built mansion. For the first time he realized to the full the incongruity of his mission, of his presence in this spot and among these men, of the whole position that had arisen therefrom. Perhaps, if he had been able to explain—but he had found no words to do so, he had been foolishly tongue-tied, and now it was too late. He must go through with it even if it meant his death; not for worlds would he have uttered another word of protest. Instead he grew pathetically sorry for himself, figuring his own body lying prone and dead in the long grass, adding to and embellishing the picture. Tears stood in his eyes; they were tears of self-pity. What would people say in England?

"WHAT WOULD PEOPLE SAY IN ENGLAND?"

Would they say anything at all? He was an orphan and had no near relations to mourn him, but the landlady of his rooms in Brixton was sincerely attached to him, and her daughter Mabel—he had just got on sufficient terms of intimacy to call her Mabel—perhaps—— He flushed red at the thought, and a vague regret crossed his mind that he had always been too shy to respond to Mabel's evident encouragement. Would she ever know that he had died bravely, romantically? He tried to imagine how she would act—if she would cry, if she would wear a black dress even for a few days——

"Out wi' you, Harry." The cart jolted alongside the first mound, and Harry sprang lightly down. "Got all yer want? Yes? Wal, remember when I shout 'Go!' you'll drop like winkin'."

The lean horse tugged at the shafts and the waggon lumbered on once more. The half-caste threw himself down in an attitude of ease, and George heard the scratch of a match. Jake called out something about not setting the grass on fire and then relapsed into silence.

George was not smoking. He was accustomed to innumerable cigarettes of the cheapest brand, but just now they would have sickened him. He tried to collect once more the threads of his disjointed thoughts. Where was he? Mabel. Ah, yes; Mabel. But his mind would no longer centre itself on Mabel. The cart jolted so terribly. It was a primitive affair, long and narrow, with a bench on either side. It recalled something to his memory. What was it? Oh, yes; he had once seen a picture of the tumbrils on their way to the guillotine; just such a cart as this, but it was crowded with victims—surely they were a solace one to the other!—and he was alone. One of the men in the picture was holding a girl's hand, while he, George, did not even know if Mabel, far away in Brixton, cared sufficiently to shed a tear for his death. There were angry men and women, too, surging round the tumbrils—a sea of white faces. Well, it was something to prove to such a rabble how bravely one could die. He was meeting his destiny alone—alone. That word repeated itself through his brain with endless monotony. A quick death, the guillotine—quick and sure. There was nothing of this terrible uncertainty about it. Supposing he were only wounded and left to lie and suffer for hours where he fell? The possibility of himself shooting his opponent never occurred to George; he was not quite certain that even if the opportunity presented itself he would have sufficient courage to fire. To shoot a man in cold blood! How could he do such a thing? Yet only one of them was to return alive.

They made a wide *détour* in order, as Jake explained, not to disturb the grass within reasonable distance of either hillock. The old man made one or two efforts to enter into conversation, but the replies he received were monosyllabic.

"Guess you don't half appreciate the privilege of being in such a fight as this," he grumbled. "Why, it'll be talked of and remembered for years, an' ain't that something to be proud of?" Receiving no answer he relapsed into silence.

A few moments later the second hillock was reached, and George alighted in his turn. He stumbled as he stepped from the cart, but quickly recovered himself. For the first time Jake noticed the bloodless lips, the wet eyes, and the sweat-stained face.

"Say," he asked, in astonished tones, "you ain't scairt?" He accented the word. Such an idea was the last that would have entered his head.

"Scared?—no—I'm not frightened." George's lips curled savagely. "But go—go—why are you waiting?" To himself it sounded as if his voice came from a great distance.

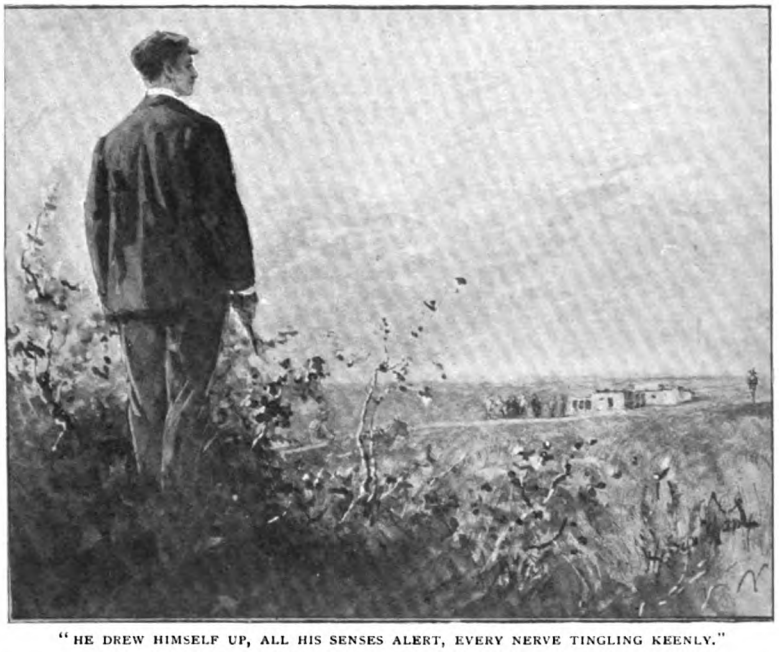
The old man hesitated. Something in the Englishman's face perplexed him. It was a novelty to him that anyone should mind a fair fight with equal chances. Still, here was a stranger——

"Say," he began, "you're lookin' pretty mean—kind o' sick——"

"Go!" commanded George, and, muttering to himself, the innkeeper drove off.

George Symons stood erect on his hillock. He was frightened—the prey to absorbing, weakening fear, and he knew it, though not for worlds would he have admitted the fact to his tormentor. So much pride was there in him. He was no coward at heart; in an emergency, amidst familiar surroundings, he would have behaved with the pluck of any ordinary man; but his fear was begotten of the unusual, the strange, the unexpected. But till the old man spoke he had not grasped the reality of this terror. Now he knew. It was as if his mind were laid bare before him, as if he were analyzing it from another personality, and he knew that he was afraid. He knew why his tongue was rough to his lips, why his heart beat painfully, why his limbs felt cold though perspiration poured from his forehead. He was afraid, and he was ashamed of his fear.

He tried to draw himself together, to stand squarely upon his heels, to throw back his shoulders. He made a pretence of examining his revolver, but the hand that held it shook till he gripped the wrist with his other hand angrily and with a muttered oath—a word that rarely came to his lips. Then he sought to fix his eyes upon some definite object, but everything appeared to him as through a blur of mist; in the distance the ribbon-like streak of road ending abruptly at the inn; the little group of men massed together and hardly discernible, a black speck; nearer to him the hillock upon which his opponent waited—he could barely distinguish it, encompassed as it was by long grass, yet it was in that direction that he must crawl, so he must not lose it from sight; a blue, dazzling sky above, and below him that sea of tangled grass into which he must throw himself by-and-by—as soon as he heard the word of command shouted from the retreating cart. Ah, the cart; he could see that very plainly, and it was moving so rapidly to the point midway between the hillocks from which the signal was to be given, far more rapidly than it had come out.



"HE DREW HIMSELF UP, ALL HIS SENSES ALERT, EVERY NERVE TINGLING KEENLY."

What a glare there was, even though the sun was right behind him and he could merely divine its presence from a red glow in the sky! In a moment he would be down in the long grass and it would be cooler there. He could almost imagine deep, green water washing the foot of the mound upon which he stood—water into which he must plunge headlong, and which would encompass him and drag him down to a great swirling vortex—which meant death. He found himself repeating, "But I cannot swim—I cannot swim," till he suddenly felt the absurdity of the exclamation and drew himself up, all his senses alert, every nerve tingling keenly.

The man on the opposing hillock had risen also; George Symons could see his dark figure outlined against the misty blue of the sky. The cart had reached the appointed spot and stopped. Old Jake was standing up, and his hands were raised to his mouth. There was a visible stir in the black smear upon the road.

"Go!" George was hardly conscious of the cry, yet he knew it was uttered. The figure opposite him disappeared. He threw himself forward wildly, taking great leaps down the sloping hillside, sinking deeper at each stride in the rank vegetation. It was like plunging into the sea. He could not rid himself of that idea. There was a singing in his ears, too, like the murmur of the flowing tide. The grass tops swayed in the soft evening breeze and revealed inviting depths of cool shadow. The man sank on his knees and raised his head to the sky—perhaps for the last time. Some large solitary bird was hovering exactly above him; it was a hawk, and, though he did not know this, yet he imagined a carrion bird waiting to swoop down upon an expected victim.

The attitude which he had unconsciously assumed suggested prayer, and he tried to pray, but words and thoughts would not formulate themselves. "Coward—coward—you are afraid!" There was a voice in his ear which said this to him, and his lips repeated,

"I am afraid—I am afraid!" No other appeal could he find. He was afraid of the waving of the grass, of the untrodden path which he must fashion for himself, of the myriad life he must disturb, of the uncertainty of every throbbing moment—above all, he was afraid of his own fear. He had never known such an emotion before, and now the vivid reality of it gripped him. It was as if he had been seized by some horrid thing, some undefined shape that clung to him, breathed of his breath, pulsed with his blood, tingled with his consciousness. The grip of it was at his throat; he coughed, and choked, and tried to swallow, but there was no moisture in his mouth. He had forgotten the crawling death that was approaching him nearer and nearer; it was not that that he dreaded; he was afraid of the horrible unknown thing that had already seized him and made him its sport.

He did not remember throwing himself down on his face, yet he found himself wriggling his way, like some burrowing creature, amid the soft, resilient grass stems. He left a track of crushed vegetation behind him, and in front there was always an opposing wall through which he must force a path. He seized the sturdy blades with both hands and tore them apart; his only idea now was to go on—on. The grass beat his face, cut his hands — it seemed strong as whip-cord. It assumed undue proportion in his estimate of things, taking giant shape and blotting out the world. There was grass to the right and left of him, before and behind; it waved above his head and he crushed it beneath his writhing body. There was nothing beyond it—nothing. It was the world and it was the grave—the grave to which that ghastly thing that gripped his neck was dragging him.

"THE MAN SANK ON HIS KNEES AND RAISED HIS HEAD TO THE SKY."

He lost all conception of time and space; there was nothing real for him but the necessity of movement. He had no thought of flight or concealment; rather than that, his fear compelled him on. It was not death he dreaded; he would have welcomed it as a relief to the agony of moments which bore the weight of hours—of years.

There was blood on his face and hands, and more than once he had lain still—he could not judge for how long—his foot caught in some tangle of herbage. His flesh tingled as if insect life had already taken possession of his body; the desire came to him to lie prone, to shut his eyes, and wait. What relief the end would bring!

It was at such a moment that a passionate longing came upon him to hasten the end. Something whispered in his ear, "Yes, yes." It was the voice of the thing that held him; he recognised it. One shot from his revolver — why should he wait for another to fire? His eyes sought the weapon he had carried. He dragged his right hand forward, and, as he gazed at it, he burst into delirious laughter.

His hand was empty.

He had dropped the revolver, long ago, perhaps, as he tore his way through the grass. He was defenceless, incapable even of hurting himself.

He laughed again, careless and heedless of the sound he made, as he realized the meaning of his loss. This, then, was the beginning of the end. Was it not strange that his laugh was not immediately followed by the sharp crack of his opponent's gun? Surely they must be near to each other — within range — by now?

Well, let it come and come quickly. It was better so. There was no sense in further concealment, further torture. After all, what did it matter that he had lost his weapon?

It would have been ineffectual in his hand—and he had known that from the first.

He strained his ears to catch any suggestion of movement in his neighbourhood, raising himself upon his hands and knees. And once it seemed to him that he heard a peculiar, unwonted sound, and then there was a swaying of the grass close beside him. But that was all. His enemy had not reached him yet.

And so he waited, waited till the torture of it was more than he could endure, till his veins seemed bursting with the pressure of the blood in them, till every nerve scorched like a burning cord.

And then, at last, he struggled to his feet, lifting himself above the enveloping grass, bursting once more, as it were, into the world of realities. His arms were thrown above the grass. It ended close to the spot where he stood, very close. Mexican Harry must be there—almost at his side.

"Shoot, man, shoot!" he cried again.

He expected to see his adversary spring responsive from the grass, but there was no movement, and the silence remained unbroken.

Did the Mexican suspect a trap or was he himself laying one? It mattered little. Craning his neck George could see a dark figure crouching low in a strained, unnatural position. What did it mean? He sprang across the intervening space and stood by the side of the prostrate form. As he reached it he saw the limbs straighten and contract with a convulsive shudder; he saw a dark face twitching in agony, he saw a pair of glazing, vengeful eyes fixed upon him.

"HE SAW THE LIMBS STRAIGHTEN AND CONTRACT WITH A CONVULSIVE SHUDDER."

his head. He presented his breast to the expected blow.

"Shoot!" he cried. "For Heaven's sake shoot and let there be an end of it!"

There was no reply—no voice, no swish of bullet.

George Symons gazed about him. He stood about midway between the hillocks. Before him was the visible track that his opponent had made on his passage through

George threw himself upon his knees beside his late foe.

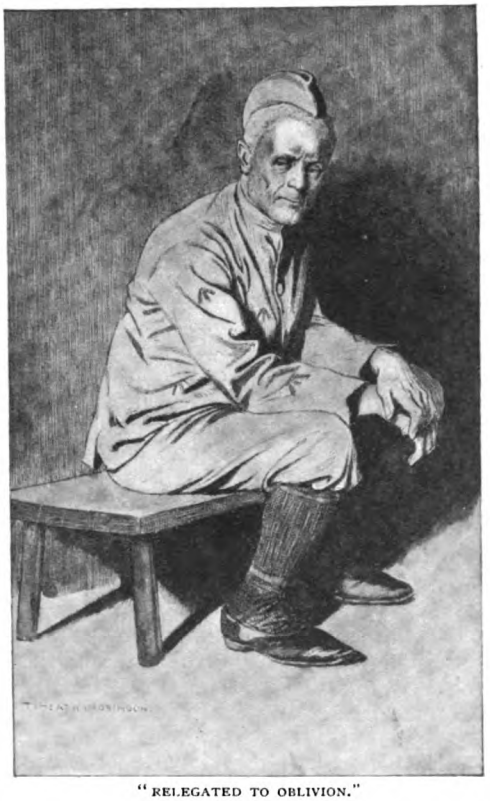
"Help! Help!" he cried, frantically.

It was the sudden dart of a disturbed rattlesnake that had done the mischief and saved the Englishman from the half-caste's bullet. But it was universally agreed that Mexican Harry was no loss to the community.

Some Sidelights on Crime.

By FitzRoy Gardner.

MANY columns of newspaper and magazine articles and volumes of books have been written about the historical criminal or the conventional criminal and the latter's training and methods of operation, but the authors of histories of crimes and criminals, and of articles on detective experiences, have usually had to depend for their information on newspaper files or bald police or prison records, or the limited personal experiences of police or prison officials. The circumstances and careers, previous and subsequent to conviction, of men and women who do not belong to the classes from which the average criminal is recruited, and whose history and peculiar characteristics are seldom fully revealed in official inquiries or in the witness-box, afford an interesting study of human nature, and often disclose facts which are stranger than fiction. Well-educated or well-connected men and women have found their way to the dock, sometimes through dire necessity, but more often than not through extravagant habits, and sometimes through hereditary tendency to crime. Some of these have passed through the ordeal of a trial and conviction under false names as ordinary felons, and have therefore avoided publicity; others have provided a few weeks' sensation, and once the gates of the prison have closed behind them they have been relegated to oblivion so far as the public is concerned.



"RELEGATED TO OBLIVION."

Even the official reports of the Convict Department (which watches the career of convicts released on "license" until the expiration of the license) cannot tell more than what comes to the superficial knowledge of the police authorities.

The writer of this article for some eleven years assisted in the administration of a charitable trust, out of which several thousand pounds passed to societies which provide for the assistance of discharged prisoners; and the word "assistance" in this connection may be very liberally interpreted. In the course of his association with these societies the writer has had many peeps behind the scenes of crime, at skeletons in family cupboards and into ruined homes, thereby learning details of tragedies in ordinary life which, told in a novel, might pass as good fiction, but would hardly be accepted as possibly true. The sympathetic interest shown by the committees and secretaries of these societies in the moral as well as material welfare of the ex-convict encourages their *protégés* to confide in them as they would not do in a police officer or a journalist, not only when they want material help on leaving prison, but long afterwards. In some cases a man or woman who has apparently started afresh on the right way is lost sight of until he or she turns up again after a second or even third or fourth term of imprisonment.

I have to abstain altogether from relating stories the main points of which would necessarily identify living individuals and families

with crimes long since forgotten, or perhaps revive scandals with which their names were associated at the time. In some of the stories told I am compelled with the same object to withhold names and to be rather vague in some of the particulars. But let me assure the readers of this article that the brief stories I give are, in spite of names and dates being withheld, neither inventions emanating from the imagination nor tales merely founded on fact. Every case quoted in which there has been a conviction is to be found on the official records, although in many cases interesting circumstances and points have never before been recorded on paper.

A striking characteristic of the more intelligent class of criminal after his discharge from prison is his readiness to relate the story and circumstances of his crime. He is generally rather proud of his ingenuity than otherwise, if it has been an ingeniously-conceived stroke of crime, however anxious he may be for the moment to get a fresh start, lead an honest life, and save his family from disgrace. There is a commonly-ventilated grievance among discharged prisoners that they are prevented from earning an honest livelihood by the fact that their history becomes known to their fellow-workers and their employers. In most cases this is due more to their own inclination to talk about themselves and their experiences than to the very often quite imaginary interference of police officers. The police are, as a rule, very good friends to convicts who are anxious to turn over a new leaf.

The highly artistic pickpocket, by the nature of his (or her) calling, is not devoid of interest as a character study. The picking of pockets, if successfully practised, is almost one of the fine arts. The perseverance and practice which have to be devoted to the training are such as would contribute in no small degree to the success of anyone in a more honest and distinguished profession—say the law or medicine, or more particularly the stage.

Charles Dickens has familiarized us with the methods of training—the dummy figure hanging from the ceiling, and amply provided with pockets and bells. To pick one of these pockets clumsily means to set one, if not all, of the bells in motion; to do it well means to extract a purse from a trouser, waistcoat, or skirt pocket over and over again without creating a sound. The skilled pickpocket is as proud of his skill as the great artist is of his successful picture.

Some few years ago a young woman "of prepossessing appearance," as the police-court reporters say, applied for help to one of the societies for assisting discharged prisoners. She was a distinguished pickpocket, and had recently been discharged after a second term of imprisonment. In the course of an interview with one of the society's officials she referred to the skill she had acquired in the exercise of the profession which she now desired to abandon. He laughed, and remarked that he thought the skill amounted to not much more than taking advantage of someone whose attention was diverted for the moment. "You wouldn't pick my pocket," he said, "without my knowing it, if my attention were not diverted." "May I try?" she replied. "Certainly. What do you want me to do?" "I want you to go over there and let me pass you and jostle you as anyone might do in a crowd. Now, go to your desk to take up a paper and stand there with your back turned towards me." He did as he was requested. She walked past him, brushing up against him as if by accident. "I will give you another chance," he said. "You were too quick and I was too much on the alert." "Not at all," she replied; "is this your purse?" and she held in her hand a small purse which had been abstracted from his waistcoat-pocket. The most he had expected was that she would take a pocket-book which he carried in the outside pocket of his coat.

It is proverbial that picking pockets is the most difficult form of crime to deal with in reformatory work. The risk and the sense of self-esteem in the case of success in difficult circumstances contribute to an almost irresistible form of excitement and to the fascinations of a life of crime. But the woman in question was an exception to the rule. She was clever with her fingers in more than one form of work. In the days of her girlhood she had been apprenticed to a milliner, and a situation was found for her in a good West-end milliner's establishment. Two years afterwards she called at the office of the society which had befriended her, carrying a child of about twelve months. The agent, accustomed to a large percentage of disappointments, was rather surprised to see her. "Are you still in the same place?" he asked. "Yes," she said, "and I have married a young man in the City. We are very happy, and I came to show you our little girl; isn't she bonnie?" And she was. Moreover, the ex-criminal looked quite a different being.

And talking of the marriage of ex-criminals,

"SHE HELD IN HER HAND A SMALL PURSE WHICH HAD BEEN ABSTRACTED FROM HIS WAISTCOAT-POCKET."

I am reminded of a hitherto unpublished and romantic sequel to a story of crime, the central figure of which many readers will doubtless be able to identify. Not very long ago a professional gentleman of good social position was charged with and convicted of forging the signature of a nobleman to acceptances. For some time he had been in the habit of raising money in large sums by this means, and renewing the bills by further forgeries as they became due. A very small proportion of the sums thus raised found its way into the pocket of the forger. His object was to keep afloat a costly institution in the success of which he to a small, and the nobleman to a less, extent were interested. He always believed that things would right themselves and that money would come in to cover the liabilities, and that when the notes became due he would be able to meet them. In fact, he had sunk a considerable sum of his own money in the concern. These are not quite extenuating circumstances, but are quoted in order to show that he was not of the ordinary professional criminal class. After a time a settlement was demanded by the holder of the bills, who applied personally to the nobleman on the strength of whose signature the money had been advanced. The forger was arrested and tried, and was condemned to a term of penal servitude. A few days after leaving Wormwood Scrubs Prison he presented himself at the offices of the Royal Society for Discharged Prisoners and said that he wanted employment of a nature somewhat difficult to meet with, especially in the case of a man who had lost his character. Having a profession he wanted to start in it afresh. On further inquiry it was elicited that he was by no means destitute, as his "future father-in-law" would help him until he could find suitable employment. In fact, a certain young lady to whom he had been engaged before he had gone astray had waited for him throughout the term of his penal servitude, and both she and her father, who could afford to make her an allowance, were willing that the marriage should take place as soon as her *fiancé* was in a position to contribute to their support. There is many a romance to be met with in the lower walks of criminal life, but such an instance of devotion to a criminal of, comparatively speaking, good social standing is seldom experienced. The coster girl is often more patient in her devotion to a man than the upper or middle-class girl would be under similar circumstances.

The psychology of crime has been reduced to a science which must be deeply interesting to all students of human nature. Crime becomes a habit sometimes as irresistible, or at any rate as difficult to resist, as are habitually excessive drinking and cigarette-smoking. Criminal tendencies can in some cases be traced back through two generations, and have been found almost as much part of the mental and moral constitution as insanity, or as gout or consumption is part of the physical constitution. These tendencies may have been apparently quite overcome, but years after the victim has last given way some scene or incident which revives old associations may occasion a relapse under the influence of an irresistible impulse. For instance, somewhere about the year 1850 (at

that time convictions were not so carefully recorded as they are now) a man of good education and antecedents committed a murder under provocation near the Haymarket, and was sentenced to death. The sentence was, however, commuted to one of transportation for life, and in due course he was conveyed to the Swan River penal settlement in Western Australia. His behaviour was so good that after a few years he was given his liberty, and he worked his way to Melbourne, where he joined the police force and rose to the position of chief constable. After he had held this office for some years the authorities, as a mark of their appreciation of his services, gave him twelve months' leave of absence so that he might visit his relations in England. Three months after his arrival in London he found himself again in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket, and, therefore, in an atmosphere which he associated with his disgrace of some years

"HE COMMITTED A THEFT WITHIN TWO HUNDRED YARDS OF THE SCENE OF THE MURDER."

previously ; and he committed a theft within two hundred yards of the scene of the murder he had perpetrated some sixteen years previously. He was sentenced to fifteen years' transportation, and, curiously, was one of the last batch of convicts transported. Not long after his release he died in the Islington Workhouse.

In the early fifties a particularly handsome cornet of the old 14th Dragoons sold his commission and shortly afterwards, when the Crimean War broke out, took the field as war correspondent. After the war he appears to have devoted much of his time to Press work, and in 1866 went through the brief Austro-Prussian War as a journalist. The result of his experiences of this campaign was the publication of a series of somewhat remarkable articles on "Cavalry Mounts," which were translated into French and German, and attracted considerable attention in the Austrian War Office, so much so that the Emperor appointed him to a post of some importance in connection with the purchase and training of cavalry horses, conferring on him the rank of major. The ex-cornet of dragoons shortly afterwards married the daughter of one of the Austrian Cabinet Ministers, returned to England, and lived with his wife in sumptuous style near Piccadilly, still maintaining his connection with the Austrian Government as a kind of intelligence officer, as well as purchaser of horses for the army.

His expenses considerably exceeded his regular income, and long before financial journalism had become a recognised institution in this country he managed to add considerably to his income by means of very effective contributions to the Continental Press, which influenced the rise or fall of certain stocks, which he bought or sold accordingly. But, nevertheless, he was still in need of funds, and he managed, through the influence of his father-in-law and brother-in-law (the latter was an important Treasury officer in Vienna), both of whom acted in good faith, to obtain from the Austrian Government considerable sums of money in order to start a breeding establishment in Ireland for the supply of horses to the

Austrian army. The scheme proved to be so delusive and the establishment so mythical that the author was arrested and tried, and was sentenced to penal servitude for six years. During this period his wife died. When he came out of prison he married his former housekeeper and, having some landed property, lived in good style until about six years ago he was again arrested for fraud, and sentenced to a second term of imprisonment.

Here is a curious case of heredity, also of crime being resorted to by persons of the upper classes, who might honestly earn a considerable income by reason of their energy and capabilities. A certain naval officer of great promise, having committed an offence against the discipline of the service, was dismissed, but soon succeeded in obtaining a good appointment in India in connection with shipping. This he held for eight years, after which he married, left the service, and came home. A year later he committed forgery and was sentenced to a term of imprisonment. Soon after he was released, thanks to his energy and industry, he was holding an important public post in one of the South American States. But during a visit to England he again committed forgery and was again convicted and sentenced. He was last heard of making a fair income in a store in the United States. In spite of the fact that he was well connected, his sister, a very handsome woman, who married and was divorced by a professional man of highly respectable position in London, by whom she had a son, has served several terms of imprisonment for petty theft; and for some time she kept up a system of extorting money from her relatives by threatening to bring further disgrace upon them. She has another brother whose integrity and position in life are above suspicion; he has obtained custody of his sister's child, and takes such good care of him that the mother cannot trace his whereabouts. It has lately transpired that one of the parents of these two criminals was addicted to habitual stealing, although never in need of money.

The following story, in which romantic adventure plays a more important part than crime, is not a romance, but true in every detail. A young woman was engaged to be married to a police inspector in the eastern district of London. She arrived at the church at the time appointed for the wedding, but he failed to put in an appearance, having changed his mind on the subject of matrimony. The girl had thrown up a situation to get married, and tried in vain for another. Having come to the conclusion that women were handicapped by their sex in the industrial market, she secured a suit of man's clothes, substituted them for her own, and found a situation as a "boy" in a greengrocer's shop kept by an old lady, who, after the boy had worked industriously in her employ for eighteen months, suggested that he should better himself elsewhere, and induced her brother to take the youth into his whole-

"A FIT OF REVENGE."

sale boot warehouse in the Borough. The young woman rose to the position of "foreman," and in order to avoid arousing suspicion confided her secret to a young girl and suggested to her that they should go through the form of marriage and keep house together. The girl gladly consented, as she was in poor circumstances. But it happened, after they had lived as man and wife for over a year, that the reputed wife fell in love with the assistant foreman in the warehouse, and in order that he might know that she was free to marry told him of the plot.

The woman (the reputed husband) in a fit of revenge shot at and severely wounded her friend. When arrested she acknowledged that she was not a man, and she was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for the assault. After her discharge from Woking she wrote to the secretary of one of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies asking for assistance. So decidedly masculine was her handwriting that he felt convinced the letter was written by a man, and, thinking to detect a case of fraud, replied that a personal interview was necessary. The woman called on him and he requested her to write a few lines on a piece of paper. He was surprised to find that it was in the same hand as that in which the letter had been written. Then she told her story as I have told it, and the particulars were confirmed in every respect. With the society's assistance she returned to the boot and shoe trade and prospered. But she has not been heard of for some time, and it is supposed that she is dead.

There are habitual bigamists as well as habitual drunkards. I will give one of many instances. In 1867 a very good-looking man, apparently a bachelor, was introduced at a dance to the pretty daughter of a gentleman who had been knighted for distinguished services in India, and after meeting her at several dances the young man was introduced to her family. Her mother was so impressed by him that she incautiously allowed her daughter to accept his offer of marriage without knowing anything of his position or history. He appeared to be in affluent circumstances, and his *fiancée* had some means of her own. His only living relative, it appeared, was an elderly aunt in Scotland, who wrote several letters to the girl and her mother, but was too much of an invalid to come up to London. These letters, it afterwards transpired, were written by the man himself. Extraordinary to relate, the marriage took place without further inquiries, and after the ceremony the bride and bridegroom started for the Continent. But they were met at Dover by the bridegroom's real wife, accompanied by a detective, and the bigamist was sentenced to a term of penal servitude. Not long after his release he was convicted of fraud. In 1878 he once again appeared at the Old Bailey on a charge of bigamy, and was prosecuted by the late Mr. Montagu Williams, who did not discover, until the prisoner incidentally mentioned the fact, that he had defended the man he was now prosecuting,

"THEY WERE MET AT DOVER BY THE BRIDEGROOM'S REAL WIFE."

and on a similar charge, some eleven years previously.

On this occasion the bigamist was charged with going through the form of marriage with a barmaid while his lawful wife, another barmaid, was alive. Both ladies were remarkably good-looking (I happened to be present at the trial), and the prisoner's defence was that barmaid No. 1 was not his lawful wife because the first of the four ladies whom he had led to the altar or the registrar's office was still alive. Then there arose a very neat point of law. Did it rest with the prosecution to prove that his original wife was dead, or with the prisoner to prove that she was alive. He, of course, would have been no better off had he produced her, as she might appear against him again as prosecutrix on a fresh indictment. The point proved too much for Sir Thomas Charley, who was trying the case, and eventually a court of five judges decided that the onus was on the prisoner of proving that he was not lawfully married to barmaid No. 1. He was again sent to penal servitude, and, as the sentence must have expired several years ago, he has possibly added to his list of victims since his last release.

I have dealt so far almost entirely with penal servitude cases, because these provide the most interesting material. Here is a pathetic police-court story, for the truth of which several public officials can vouch. It is possible that some of those who read these lines will have heard of the case, which for obvious reasons I cannot identify by name. A stipendiary magistrate in an English city had a terrible skeleton in his family cupboard in the form of a daughter who was an irreclaimable inebriate, and left her home and was lost sight of. One morning a female prisoner was placed in the dock, and the magistrate realized that he was face to face with his own child. I believe I am right in saying that the charge was begging, and that the father let her off with a fine and saw that it was paid, and that she was taken care of when she left the court. It is said that he never recovered from the shock; at any rate, he resigned his post very soon afterwards.

Others who have made a study of crimes and criminals of the end of the nineteenth century are doubtless as impressed as I am by three marked characteristics of present-day crime: (1) The number of persons who are known to have committed at least one felony, but have been allowed to go unmolested; (2) the number of persons who have made a study of and become proficient in the art of drawing the line between what ought to be and what is a felony, and therefore always manage to escape the dock; and (3) the barefaced manner in which the more ambitious and intelligent order of professional criminals frequent, associate with one another, and apparently lay their plots in more or less fashionable restaurants where they are often known by name and repute.

Not many months since I was reminded of the first of these three characteristics by recognising in a tall, bronzed, smartly-turned-out man who was looking into a jeweller's shop in Bond Street a once rather well-known figure in town and country houses. He had several years before deliberately and systematically robbed an estate of which he was trustee of forty or fifty thousand pounds, and had burnt deeds of settlement and committed defalcations in other directions. Although any one of six or seven different persons could have prosecuted him, he was, for the sake of his family, allowed to quietly leave the country, and had until recently been residing abroad, but within the jurisdiction of the King's warrant.

As regards the second characteristic, I could name four or five men of good education, but of criminal type, who have lived and flourished by getting hold of young men with more money than brains. The favourite hunting-ground of this class of practitioner a few years ago was a couple of small West-end hotels, at that time much patronized by the *jeunesse dorée* of a certain class of life, who in spite of their means were dependent on more or less casual acquaintances for their society. Here is the outline of a story which would have been told in the newspapers if a certain lawsuit had not been settled out of court. But for the ingenuity of the principal actor it might have been told at the Old Bailey.

A certain young man of no apparent means of subsistence frequented one of these hotels and made the acquaintance of several gilded youths, who possessed more companions than friends. With one of these he "struck oil." He got the youth completely under his power, showed him life, drew cheques for him to sign, and for some time lived luxuriously at the expense of his *protégé*. Broken down in mind and body by dissipation, the latter was removed by his self-constituted guardian to a country house, where they were joined by a friend of the guardian, who also enjoyed the gilded youth's extravagant

"hospitality." But a doctor living in the neighbourhood had his suspicions aroused. He managed by a ruse to communicate with the poor young fellow, who was, as a rule, jealously guarded, and was then hardly capable of even signing cheques. Having obtained the name and address of the youth's relatives the doctor communicated with them, and was the means of the victim being saved from his friends, but not before a considerable portion of his means had been "alienated" from him. So ingeniously was the scheme carried out that had a prosecution been attempted it would probably have failed.

The intelligent felon of the present time does not meet his confederates by appointment in low public-houses or in lodgings in out-of-the-way streets of Bermondsey or

THE PROCESS OF "NURSING A MUG."

Hackney, as he probably would have done twenty years ago. He swaggers about in the West-end, is often on speaking terms with detectives, and sometimes gets into one of those very elastic clubs which exist in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly Circus for the benefit of men who are not quite eligible for clubs of a more exclusive character. I recently asked a well-known ex-detective what class of man he supposed committed the daring robbery of gold from a banker's clerk last year at the Bank of England. "The sort of man you would see drinking and standing drinks at the —— bar," he replied, naming a smart West-end restaurant much frequented a few years ago by well-known criminals and their victims. I have had pointed out to me in that restaurant at one time, but in three separate parties, nine or ten well-dressed men, not all known to one another, every one of whom had, or might at any moment have, been convicted. If the "swagger" professional criminal does not actually "move" in society he rubs elbows with it in the stalls of a theatre or in the fashionable supper-rooms, not to pick up stray jewellery, but merely on pleasure bent, or as part of the process of "nursing" some "mug" with a view to operations on a higher grade of crime than common thefts from the person, in which he swagger criminal would not condescend to indulge unless under great provocation, and then only if a "mug" were under the influence of drink. "Mug-hunting" is a profession by itself and is practised by the most cultured and polished order of felon, who is often a far greater scoundrel than the professional burglar, pickpocket, or bank thief.

YOU are, of course, a singularly intelligent child, and so must often have wondered what has become of all the interesting things that you read about in the old fairy tales—the shoes of swiftness, and the sword of sharpness, and the cloak that made its wearer invisible, and things like that. Well, the fact is all these things are still in the world, hidden about somewhere, only people are so busy with new inventions, wireless telegraphs and X-rays, and things like that, that they don't trouble any more to look for the really interesting things. And if you don't look for things you don't find them—at least, not often. Though some lucky people have only to walk out of doors and adventures happen to them as readily as breakfast and bed happen to ordinary people. But when people do find any of the wonderful old treasures they generally hold their tongues about it, because it is so difficult to make people believe the truth if it is at all out of the way. Two of the wonder things out of the old stories were found only the other day, by a little girl in Sussex. And she never told anyone but me and one other person. I often have things told me that no one else ever hears of, because everyone knows that I can believe anything.

The little-girl-in-Sussex's name was Seraphina Bodlett. She did not belong to Sussex, having been born in Tooting, but she was staying at a Sussex farmhouse for the summer holidays. It was the very nicest place to stay at, plenty of room to play in, all the Sussex downs, in fact, and plenty of animals to pet and feed. The only thing was that all the other people at the farm were grown up, and Seraphina longed very much for someone to play with. The farmer's daughter, Miss Patty, was very kind and always quite willing to play Halma, only it happened that Halma was not what Seraphina wanted to play.

It was summer, and Seraphina went to bed early, while it was still daylight. She used to lie awake in the big four-post bed with the white dimity curtains, and look at the latticed window and the oak chest of drawers with the shell boxes on it, and try to make herself dream that she had another little girl to play with. But she always surprised herself by waking up in the morning without having dreamed of anything at all.

The best parlour at the farm was a very

nice place, but Seraphina (whose name takes so long to write that I think I had better call her Fina, as everyone else did) was not usually allowed to play there, and the blinds were always drawn down exactly half-way, because that is genteel.

Sometimes Fina was taken into the parlour by Miss Patty, and then Miss Patty would bring out the curiosities that her brother the sailor had brought home from his voyages: South Sea necklaces of seeds and beads and cut-up reeds, and fat idols from India, with far more arms than most of us could find a use for. Then there were beady pincushions made by sailors, and a stuffed parrot exactly like life, except that one eye was out, and Chinese junks in beautiful carved ivory, and a pagoda (or Chinese temple), and that was of ivory too, and all carved out of one solid block, Miss Patty said. Fina loved the pagoda best of all the curiosities. You could see right into it—it was a tower with seven stories, and it had little gold bells on it that rang when Miss Patty took off the glass case and gently shook the wooden stand. Of course, Fina was never allowed to shake it herself.

"Where did it come from?" She asked this question every time she was shown the pagoda.

"It came from the Emperor of China's own Summer Palace at Pekin," Miss Patty always said, "but my brother Bob never would tell me how he got it."

Then, when Fina had had a last peep through the windows of the pagoda, the glass case would be put on again, and Fina would be told to "run along now and play."

One day she was "running along and playing" when she met a playfellow. It was a fat foxhound puppy, very clumsy and very affectionate. They had a romp together, and then the puppy blundered off and Fina went indoors to wash her hands, because the puppy's idea of a romp had been a roll in the dust, which Fina had gladly consented to share.

But as she passed the door of the best parlour she stopped a minute, for the door was open. It was the day for cleaning out the room, but Miss Patty had stopped in the middle of the cleaning to go to the back door to see a pedlar who had some really wonderful bargains in handkerchiefs and silk dresses, and mixed white pins and back-hair combs. Fina often wondered afterwards whether that pedlar was a real pedlar or a magician in disguise.

Now, Fina was an obedient little girl. She did *not* slip into the parlour to have a look round just because the door was open and no one was about. But she had not been forbidden to *look* in—if she got the chance—so she stood at the door and looked at the stuffed parrot, and the junk, and the rest of the things. And as she looked she started, and said:—

"*Oh!* It will tumble down—I know it will. If a door banged, even!"

And just then the front door *did* bang, and the pagoda trembled. For it was standing at the very edge of the chiffonnier, and one of the little black carved claw-feet of its stand was actually overhanging the chiffonnier edge.

"I *must* stand it steady," said Fina. "If I go and tell Miss Patty it may tumble off before I get back."

So she went quickly in, and took the glass case and stand and pagoda very carefully in her hands to move them back to a safe place.

It was this very moment that the foxhound puppy chose for rushing in—all wriggle and bark and clumsy paws—and plunging between Fina's feet. She reeled, staggered, and she, the puppy, the stand, the glass case, and the precious pagoda all went down together in a crashing heap.

When Fina picked herself up the puppy's tail was just disappearing round the door, and at her feet lay a scattered heap of splintered ivory and glass, the hopeless ruins of the beautiful pagoda.

Her heart seemed to stand still, and then began to beat so hard and fast that she felt as though she had a steam-engine in her chest.

Her hands trembled so much that she could hardly pick up the pieces. But she did begin to pick them up.

"Perhaps it could be mended," she said, "with glue or white of egg, like nurse did the china basin, only the pieces are so small and chippety, some of them, that I don't see how you could ever fit them together. And Miss Patty will be in in a minute! Oh, I wish I was somebody else and not me! Oh, whatever will she say?"

Among the shivered splinters of ivory the little gold bells were scattered.

"But what's that?" said Fina. "It's not a bell or——"

She picked whatever it was up from among the shattered ivory and glass. It was a gold ring, thick and beautiful, with a strange design on it like on the sides of tea-caddies. She slipped it on her hand to keep it safe while

she went on with the dismal work of picking up the pieces. And then, suddenly, the dreadfulness of the deed she had done—though quite the puppy's fault, and not hers at all—came over her. She began to breathe quickly and then to make faces, and in a moment she was sobbing and sniffing, and rubbing her wet eyes with her knuckles, still dirty from her politeness in letting the puppy choose what game she and it should play at.

She was roused from her crying by a voice, and it was not Miss Patty's voice. It said:—

"Your servant, miss. What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

She took her knuckles out of her eyes, and saw, from between her very dirty eyelids, a tall footman who was bowing respectfully before her. He was dressed wonderfully in green satin—his large and lovely legs wore white silk stockings, and his hair was powdered till it was as white as the inside of a newly-sheared fleece.

"Thank you," said Fina, sobbing, but polite, "no one can do anything for me, unless they can mend all this—and of course nobody can."

"Your servant, miss," said the footman. "Do I understand that you order me to mend this?"

"If you can," said Fina, a ray of hope lighting her blighted existence; "but, of course—— WHAT?"

The pagoda stood on the table *mended*. Indeed, it seemed as though there had never been any breaking. It was there, safe and sound as it had always been, on its ebony stand, with the shining bubble of its glass case rising dome-like over it.

The footman had vanished.

"*Well!*" said Fina, "I suppose it was all a waking dream. How horrible! I've read of waking dreams, but I didn't know there were ever waking nightmares. Perhaps I better *had* wash my hands—and my face," she added, when she saw it, round, red, and streaked with mud (made of dust and tears), in the glass of the chiffonnier.

"'YOUR SERVANT, MISS,' SAID THE FOOTMAN. 'DO I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU ORDER ME TO MEND THIS?'"

She dipped her face in fresh water in the willow-patterned basin in her big attic bedroom. Then she washed her hands. And as she began to rub the soap on she heard a noise.

"Your servant, miss. What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

And there was that footman again.

"Who are you?" said Fina. "Why do you follow me about?"

"I am the Slave of the Ring, please, miss," replied the footman, with another bow. "And, of course, when you rubs it I appears."

"The Slave of the Ring?" said Fina, letting the soapsuds drip from her hands to the carpet. "Do you mean Aladdin's ring?"

"The ring belonged to the gentleman you mentions at one time, miss."

"But I thought the Slave of the Ring was a genie—a great, foaming, fierce, black slave in a turban."

"Times is changed, miss," said the footman. "In this here civilized country there aren't no slaves, only servants. You have to keep up with the times, even if you're a——"

"But I thought the Slave of the Ring spoke Chinese?"

"So I does, miss, when in that country. But whatever'd be the use of talking Chinese to you?"

"But tell me—— Oh! there's the dinner-bell. Look here, I wish you'd not keep appearing so suddenly. It does startle me so."

"Then don't you go on rubbing the ring sudden, miss. It's that as does it. Nothing I can do for ye, miss?"

"Not now," said Fina, and he vanished as she spoke.

When Fina sat down to dinner in the farm kitchen—a very nice dinner it was, boiled pork and beans, and a treacle tart to follow—she picked up her horn-handled knife and fork and clutched them hard. They felt real enough. But the footman—she must have dreamed him, and the ring. She had left the ring in the dressing-table drawer upstairs, for fear she should rub it accidentally. She knew what a start it would give Miss Patty and the farmer if a genie footman suddenly appeared from nowhere and stood behind their chairs at dinner.

Miss Patty seemed very cheerful.

"It *was* a piece of luck, father, wasn't it, that pedlar wanting Chinese things? He gave me two pieces of broadcloth that'll cut into three or four coats for you, and a length of black silk that rich it'll stand alone, and ten pounds in gold, and half-a-dozen silk neck-squares."

"Yes," said the farmer, "it was a good bargain for you; and Bob give you the pagoda, and you've a right to do as you like with your own."

"Oh, Miss Patty," said Fina, "you've never been and sold the pagoda—the beautiful, darling pagoda?"

"Yes, I have, dear; but never mind, I'll buy you a new doll out of the money I got for it."

"Thank you," said Fina, but the pork and beans did not taste so nice now she knew that the pretty pagoda was sold. Also she was rather worried about the ring. Ought she to keep it? She had found it, of course, but someone must have lost it. Yet she couldn't bear to give it up, when she hadn't made the slave of it do a single thing for her, except to mend the pagoda.

After dinner Fina went and got the ring. She was very careful not to rub it till she was safe and alone in a quiet green nook in the little wood at the end of the garden, where the hazels and sweet chestnuts and hornbeams grew so closely that she was quite hidden.

Then she rubbed the ring, and instantly the footman was there. But there was no room for him to stand up under the thicket, so he appeared kneeling and trying to bow in that position.

"Then it's not a dream," said she.

"How often I have heard them very words!" said the Slave of the Ring.

"I want you to tell me things," said Fina. "Do sit down; you look so uncomfortable like that."

"Thank you, miss," said the footman; "you're very thoughtful for a child of your age, and of this age, too! Service ain't what it was."

"Now, tell me," she said, "where did the ring come from?"

"There's seven secrets I ain't allowed to tell," the footman said, "and that there what you asked me's one of them, but the ring's as old as old—I can tell you that."

"But I mean where did it come from just now—when I found it?"

"Oh, *then*. Why, it come out of the pagoda, of course. The floor of the third story was made double, and the ring was stuck between the floor of that and the ceiling of the second floor, and when you smashed the pagoda o' course it rolled out. The pagoda was made o' purpose to take care of the ring."

"Who made it?" asked Fina.

"I did," said the genie, proudly.

"And now," said Fina, "what shall we do?"

"Excuse me," the footman said, firmly; "one thing I'm *not* bound to do is to give advice."

"But you'll do anything else I tell you?"

"Yes, miss—almost anything. I'll talk to you willing, I will, and tell you my life's sorrows."

"I should like that some other time," said Fina, "but just now, perhaps, you'd better get me a doll."

And a doll lay at her feet among the dead leaves. It was a farthing Dutch doll.

"You didn't say what sort of a doll," said the footman, when she had rubbed the ring and he had reappeared, and she had reproached him. "I've been in service long enough to do exactly what I am told. My life-sorrow has been——"

"I say," Fina said, suddenly, "can't you get the pagoda back for me?"

Instantly the pagoda was there and the footman was not. Fina spent the afternoon playing with the beautiful ivory toy, but when it was tea-time she had to ask the genie foot-

man to take it away again, for she dared not face the questions and she could not invent the explanations that would have had to be given if she had turned up at the farm with the pagoda under her arm.

You will think that Fina ought to have been the happiest of little girls, now that she had a genie footman Slave of the Ring in a green coat to get her anything she wanted and run her errands on his beautiful balustrade-like white silk legs. But this was not so.

It was all very well to go into the wood every day and make the footman fetch her the most beautiful dolls and toys and sweets, but even sweets are dull if you eat them alone; and what is the use of toys, or even pagodas, if you have no one to show them to, and dare not have them except in a secret corner of a wood?

She tried to get the footman to play with her, but he said that was a little more than anyone could expect, and began again about his sorrows; and as for getting him to take any interest in the wonderful things he fetched for her, she felt at once that these were nothing to a genie footman with such a jewelled and exciting past as his.

She was not a very clever little girl. She wished for a white pony, and, of course, it came, but there was no room for it in the wood, and it walked on her foot and tried to bite her, and she hastily had to send it away. She wished for a pet lamb, but it baa-ed so loudly that she was almost discovered by the farmer, so that had to go too. And she had been wishing for these vain and unsatisfying things for more than a week before she thought of asking for a little girl to play with.

The genie brought a little girl at once, but she was a horrid little girl, with a red pigtail and a green frock trimmed with black bead trimming, and she broke the toys and laughed at Fina when she tried to tell her the story of the pagoda and the Ring Slave. Also there was no room to play in the secret nook in the wood, and when the little girl had slapped Fina and taken the pagoda away from her it seemed best to ask the genie to take the little girl herself away. Fina never saw her again, and never wanted to either!

At last Fina saw that what she really wanted was not only someone to play with, but a good place to play in, so she shut her eyes and thought—as hard as a not very clever person of eight can think—and then she rubbed the ring and said:—

"Please take me somewhere where there is a little girl who will play with me, a nice little girl, and room to play in."

And at once the wood vanished—like a magic-lantern picture when the kind clergyman who is showing it changes the slide — and she was in a strange room.

It was a nursery—very large and light. There were flowers at the window, and pictures on the walls, and many toys. And on a couch, covered with a bright green rug with yellow daisies embroidered on it, lay a little girl with pretty yellow hair and kind, merry blue eyes.

"THE LITTLE GIRL HAD SLAPPED FINA AND TAKEN THE PAGODA AWAY FROM HER."

"*Oh!*" said the little girl, very much astonished.

"*Oh!*" said Fina, at the same minute, and with the same quantity of astonishment.

"I've come to play with you, if you'll let me," said Fina.

"How lovely! But how did you get in?"

"The Slave of the Ring brought me!"

"The Slave of the Ring! How wonderful!"

"Yes, isn't it? What's your name?"

"Ella."

"Mine's Fina. Wouldn't you like to see my Ring Slave, Ella?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" Ella was laughing softly.

Fina rubbed the ring and the footman genie appeared, his silk legs more beautifully silk than ever.

"Please fetch the pagoda."

The pagoda toppled on to the couch, and the genie vanished, as he always did when he had executed an order.

When Ella had admired the pagoda, which she did very thoroughly and satisfyingly, she said:—

"And now I'll show you *mine!*"

She pulled a battered iron thing from under her pillow and rubbed it. Instantly a very grand stout gentleman in evening dress stood before them. He had most respectable whiskers, and he said:—

"What can I do for you, madam?"

"Who is it?" whispered Fina.

"It's the Slave of the Lamp," said Ella. "He says he's disguised as a perfect butler because times have changed so since *his* time."

"Send him away," said Fina.

"Oh, dear Ella," she went on, when they were alone, "tell me all about yours and I'll tell you all about mine."

"Well," said Ella, "I found the lamp at the seaside, just before I hurt my back. I fell off the sea-wall, you know, and I sha'n't be able to walk for ever so long. And one day I rubbed it by accident, and since then my beautiful perfect butler gets me anything I want. Look here, I'll tell him to make it like it was yesterday."

The lamp was rubbed, the order given, and the nursery became a palace hall hung with cloth of gold and blazing with jewels and softly-coloured lamps.

"But can't your butler cure your back?"

"No. Time is the only genie who can do that, my butler says. You don't know how I've wanted someone to show it all to! But I never thought of wishing for you. It's only a week since I found the lamp——"

"Do they leave you alone all the time?"

"Oh, no, only when I say I'm sleepy; and my butler has orders to change everything to ordinary directly the door-handle turns."

"THE NURSERY BECAME A PALACE HALL HUNG WITH CLOTH OF GOLD AND BLAZING WITH JEWELS."

"Have you told anyone?"

"Oh, *no!* My butler says if you tell anyone grown-up that you've got the lamp it will vanish away. I can't remember whether it's like that in the 'Arabian Nights'; perhaps it's a new rule."

The two little girls talked all the afternoon about the wonderful things they would make their slaves do for them, and they were so contented with each other's company that they never once called on their slaves for anything.

But when Fina began to feel the inside feeling that means tea-time, she rubbed the ring for her slave to take her back to the farm.

"I'll get my slave to take me to see you home," said Ella. "He can carry me quite without hurting me."

So she rubbed the lamp, and the stately butler instantly appeared.

"Please——" Ella began, but the glorious butler interrupted.

"James," he said to the footman, "what are you doing here?"

"I'm in service with this young lady, Mr. Lamp, sir."

"Give me the ring, James."

And instantly the footman took the ring, very gently but quite irresistibly, from Fina's finger and handed it to the butler.

"Oh, *no!*" Fina cried, "you've no right to take my ring. And he's no right to obey you. He's *my* slave."

"Excuse me, madam," said the butler, looking more and more perfect, and more and more the sort of person who is sure to know best, "he is not *your* slave. He is the Slave of the Ring. But then you see he is a footman, and footmen have to obey butlers all the world over."

"That's so, miss," said the footman; "but the lamp's stronger than the ring." He snatched up the lamp. "Now, then," he said, turning fiercely to the butler, "we'll see if you're going to begin a-orderin' of me about!"

The butler so far forgot himself as to scratch his head, thoughtfully.

"Yes," he said, after a pause, "I've got to own that you've got the better of me there, James Rings. But why dispute—which is beneath the dignity of a six-foot footman like yourself, to say nothing of the dignity of a butler, which is a thing words can't do justice to? You're my slave because I've got the ring and because I'm a butler and you're a footman. And I'm your slave because you've got the lamp. It's half-a-dozen of one and six and a half of the other. Can't we come to some agreement between ourselves, James?"

"'NOW, THEN,' HE SAID, TURNING FIERCELY TO THE BUTLER, 'WE'LL SEE IF YOU'RE GOING TO BEGIN A-ORDERIN' OF ME ABOUT!'"

"Oh," cried Ella, "what about *us?*"

"We are excessively sorry to cause any inconvenience, madam," said the butler, "but we give you five minutes' notice. We are leaving service for good."

"Oh, Lamps!" cried Ella. "And you were always such a beautiful butler. I thought you enjoyed being it."

"Don't you make any mistake, miss," the footman put in. "Nobody *enjoys* being in service, though they has to put up with it. Me and Mr. Lamps is retiring from service. Perhaps we may take a little business and go into partner-

ship, and always wishing you well, young ladies both."

"But," said Fina, "you *can't* go and leave me here! Why, I should never get home. I don't so much as know what county I'm in."

"You're in Auckland, miss," said James.

"There isn't such a county."

"Pardon me, madam," said the butler, "there is. In New Zealand!"

"Don't cry, miss," said James. "If Mr. Lamps 'll only give the word, I'll take you home."

"And then I shall never see Ella again."

"Oh, tell Lamps to rub the ring and tell you to arrange for me to come and live near her in England," cried Ella; "if he'll do that I don't care. I'd rather have a friend than twenty slaves."

"A very proper sentiment, madam," said the butler, approvingly. "Is there any other little thing we could do to oblige you?"

"The pagoda," said Fina. "If you could only get it back to Miss Patty, so that she won't lose the things she sold it for, and won't know about the ring having been in it."

"Consider it done, madam," said the Slave of the Lamp, stroking his respectable butlerial whisker. "Now, if you're ready, your footman shall see you home."

"Good-bye, oh, good-bye," said the little girls, kissing each other very much.

Then Fina shut her eyes, and there she was in the wood in Sussex—alone.

"Now, *have* I dreamed it all?" she said, and went slowly home to tea.

The first thing she saw on the tea-table was the pagoda! And the next was a brown-faced sailor eating hot buttered toast in the window arm-chair.

"Well may you look!" said Miss Patty; "this is my brother Bob, newly arrived from foreign parts. And he met that pedlar and bought the pagoda off him for two pounds and a highly-coloured cockatoo he was bringing home. And these ten sovereigns the wicked old man gave me are bad ones. But the dresses and the cloth are good. It's a wonderful world!"

Fina thought so too!

Now, the oddest thing about all this is that six months later some new people came to live in the house next door to the house where Fina lived in Tooting. And those new people came from New Zealand. And one of them was called Ella!

Fina knew her at once, but Ella had forgotten her and forgotten the beautiful perfect butler and the perfect footman, and the lamp and the ring, and everything. Perhaps a long sea voyage is bad for the memory. Anyway, the two little girls are close friends, and Ella loves to hear Fina tell the story of the two slaves—though she doesn't believe a word of it!

Fina's father and Ella's father have left Tooting now. They live in lovely houses at Haslemere. And Fina has a white pony and Ella has a brown one. Their fathers are very rich now. They both got situations as managers to branch houses of Messrs. Lamps, Rings, and Co., Electrical Engineers. Mr. Lamps attends to the lighting department, and Mr. Rings is at the head of the bells, which always ring beautifully. And I hear that Ella's father and Fina's father are likely to be taken into partnership. Mr. Bodlett has bought the pagoda, at Fina's earnest request, and it stands on a sideboard in his handsome drawing-room. Fina sometimes asks it whether she really did dream the whole story or not. But it never says a word.

Of course, you and I know that every word of the story is true.

Found in the Thames.

FROM source to sea the Thames is full of interest, and as we traverse its banks or float calmly along upon its smooth surface we are constantly reminded of this fact by the number of notable landmarks it is ever presenting to our view—abbeys, monasteries, churches, the residences of famous men, sites of ancient battles—all of which recall to our mind some important event or person with which they have been associated.

But it is not so much with the surface of the river as with its bed that we have now to deal. Many have treated of the former, but the latter has received much less attention, which is somewhat surprising, for the bed of the Thames has preserved as in a museum many objects and relics of the greatest interest which, but for its interposition, would have been lost to us for ever.

BRONZE FIGURES OF MERCURY AND APOLLO.

Some of these relics have been discovered in a more or less romantic and accidental manner, while a still larger number have been brought to light by that familiar object to all frequenters of the river—the dredger. These somewhat uninteresting-looking appliances are the property of that mysterious but all-powerful body in matters pertaining to the river, the Thames Conservancy, and are employed by them in clearing the river from accumulations of mud and ballast, which would otherwise soon render our great waterway dangerous and unnavigable.

The site of London Bridge has always been a happy hunting-ground for the curiosity-seeker, for the excavations that have taken place in connection with the structural alterations of the bridge have afforded opportunities to the antiquary of which he has not failed to take advantage. The small Roman bronzes which are represented here were discovered near this spot in 1837. They are of the very highest class of art, the youthful Apollo being a masterpiece of ideal grace and beauty, and the Mercury quite worthy of companionship with the Apollo. These figures are both more or less mutilated, and there is no doubt that the damage was intentional. The figure of Apollo has the marks, on both sides of the leg, of an axe or some other sharp instrument, which was employed in severing the legs from the body. This was, in all probability, the work of the early Christians, who, connecting them with the idolatrous worship of the Romans, looked upon them as demons or emanations of the devil, and after mutilating and defacing them consigned them, as they thought, to an everlasting grave at the bottom of the Thames. But after lying there more than a thousand years they have fortunately been brought to light, at a time when their purpose can be better understood and their beauty duly appreciated.

Another interesting little object which was discovered in digging the foundations of the new bridge in 1825 is the small silver figure of Harpocrates, the God of Silence. The attitude of this little figure is natural and full of grace, and the modelling well expresses the flesh rotundity of early youth. A delicately-wrought gold chain crosses the figure in front and passes through a strong loop at the back, together with a gold ring. This

mechanism is a part of the original design, and indicates that the image was intended to be secured to some more solid and weighty object.

Many thousands of coins, chiefly in brass and copper, and a considerable number in silver and gold, have been found in the Thames, and vast quantities were rescued in removing the piers of old London Bridge. In making the coffer-dams for the new bridge in 1824 a jet of water threw up a large number of angels and half-sovereigns of the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII., which were seized upon at the time in the name of the Corporation, but what became of them eventually no one seems to know. A Deptford gentleman collected no fewer than six hundred coins he accidentally discovered among the gravel from the Thames which had been used in repairing the pathway alongside the Surrey Canal, and it is a well-known fact that many more have been distributed in a similar manner.

A SILVER STATUETTE OF HARPOCRATES, THE GOD OF SILENCE.

The coins of the Roman Emperors Vespasian and Titus relating to the subjugation of Judæa are monuments of peculiar interest, and equally so are the coins of the Emperor Hadrian relating to Britain ; examples of all these have been recovered from the Thames. Upon a large brass coin of Titus the national features of a Jewish male captive can be easily recognised, while a female seated beneath the palm tree is equally truthful and in keeping with the propriety of detail so remarkable in Roman coins.

Of the coins of the Emperor Hadrian of the Britannia type many have been obtained from the Thames. On these Britain is represented as a female, armed and in the attitude of watchfulness, her right foot resting upon a rock, emblematical of the protection and repose ensured to the province by the visit of Hadrian and the erection of the great wall across the north of Britain.

In 1841 a very considerable number of gold coins were found by a labourer nearly opposite the House of Lords. For some time he kept them hidden away, fearing that if he divulged his secret they would be wrested from him by right of some mysterious power of the law. But eventually he offered them to a collector, who at once purchased the lot, and to whom he subsequently confessed how and where he had discovered them.

Of Roman remains found in the Thames a very large and important collection might be made, which would add very materially to our knowledge of their owners during the time that they remained in this country. Not the least interesting among them, perhaps, are the pair of sandals shown here, which are in almost as perfect a state at the present time as when the feet they once covered trod the streets of Roman London. These sandals were dug up several feet below the bed of the river, and before the water had time to evaporate oil was applied to them, by which means they were preserved, and retain even now much of their original character.

The fine head of Hadrian, which is our next illustration, is no doubt a part of one of those colossal statues which adorned the streets of London during the Roman occupation. Several of these statues are known to have existed, and remains of them have been discovered in various places ; but this particularly fine head was dredged up from the bed of the river a little below the site of old London Bridge on the Southwark side. It measures sixteen and a half inches in height, and the modelling and execution of the portrait exhibit great artistic skill, as well as perfection in the difficult art of casting metal. A colossal hand, which belonged to this or some other statue

A PAIR OF ROMAN SANDALS.

of equal magnitude, from which it had evidently been broken by force, was fished up a little lower down the river. It is possible that the statues to which these fragments belonged were broken up by the Britons as an insult, when their conquerors left the country, and thrown into the river. The remains of bronze statues which have been found in France and England show that the chief towns of the northern provinces generally were enriched and ornamented with these costly and imposing works of art.

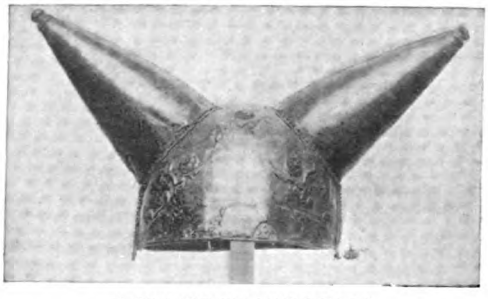
HEAD OF THE EMPEROR HADRIAN, FROM A STATUE WHICH ONCE ADORNED THE STREETS OF LONDON.

A COLOSSAL HAND, PROBABLY BELONGING TO THE STATUE OF HADRIAN.

But our next two illustrations carry us back to a still more remote period; even to the time when this island was covered with forests and our ancestors lived a wild and savage life, and were clad only in the skins of the wild beasts slain in the chase. The helmet, which is of bronze and a fine specimen of Celtic work, was fished up from the bottom of the river near Waterloo Bridge in 1868. It is in a remarkable state of preservation, notwithstanding its immersion of over two thousand years.

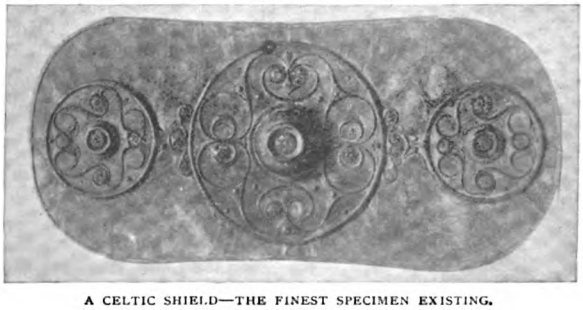
The shield is also of bronze, and the finest specimen of Celtic work extant. It is two and a half feet in length and fourteen inches in width, and among the tasteful forms which decorated its embossed field appear curious discs of red enamel. It was discovered in the river near Battersea in 1856, and at the same time a number of arms, including swords, daggers, spears, a Roman soldier's caliga (the shoe worn only by the rank and file), and a human skull, were fished up. Though the tides of centuries have swept over these ancient objects, which in some senses are prehistoric, yet they were all in a wonderful state of preservation.

Of arms and weapons of defence of all descriptions and of all periods, an almost incredible number have been recovered from the Thames, and would, if collected together, be sufficient to form a museum in themselves. Many hundreds of these are already in our public institutions, but a much larger number are in the hands of private owners. Many of these weapons have been found in and near London, some in building operations in connection with the bridges, and many more have been dredged or fished up by the toilers of the river accidentally.



A FINE BRONZE CELTIC HELMET.

The difference in the state of preservation of these interesting relics is remarkable, as it is almost invariably the case that the arms of the very earliest periods are in much better preservation than those of a later date. Another very important collection of arms was obtained from the river near Kingston Bridge, and it was here too that a very gruesome object was brought to light in 1851. It consisted of a



A CELTIC SHIELD—THE FINEST SPECIMEN EXISTING.

human skull cleft asunder with an iron dagger, which had a pommel of brass and gold inlaid in the blade, transfixed in it.

Personal ornaments, more or less valuable, have been fished up at all parts of the river. A bargee, in endeavouring to fix his anchor in the bank of the river, unearthed a massive gold pomander, about two inches in diameter. It was of the fifteenth century, and was worn by the ladies of that period attached to the girdle, and usually contained some aromatic scent or preservative against poison and infection.

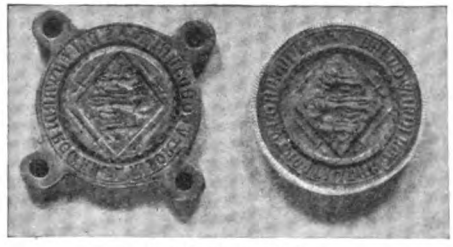
In the year 1836 a large number of curious objects made of lead or pewter were discovered near London Bridge, and a similar find took place in 1856 in the vicinity of Blackfriars Bridge. For some time they were a source of perplexity to the authorities, but ultimately they were recognised as the "signs" used by pilgrims who had visited the shrines of saints and martyrs as a token or "sign," as they were technically termed, of their having performed their pilgrimage faithfully and truly. They were purchased at the shrines and were worn on the hat or garment, the devices or symbols, or the portraits or figures of saints, with which they were ornamented indicating the particular place visited. No custom during the Middle Ages was more completely identified with the everyday life of all classes than that of making pilgrimages to favourite shrines, and the earlier part of the year was generally selected, when early spring, lengthening days, and sunny weather inspired yearnings not easily suppressed, and sent forth bands of pilgrims to the great centres of religious attraction. The union of the sacred and secular elements, the pleasure of the journey, and the agreeable company brought together on these occasions were sufficient causes to render the pilgrimages universally popular. To it we are indebted for the inimitable "Canterbury Tales," which show how widely the love of these religious excursions was spread amongst all classes.

"PILGRIMS' SIGNS."

Among the many curious objects which have been fished up by these dredgers is the Seal of Edward II. for the Port of London. It was discovered at Queenhithe in 1810, and was purchased from the finders by a gentleman who began life as a bricklayer, but who, by his own enterprise and ability, afterwards amassed a considerable fortune, part of which he devoted to acquiring works of art and objects of antiquarian interest. The seal is of silver, very thick, beautifully executed, and in the finest condition. But this seal is not the most important of its class that has been recovered from the bed of the Thames, for it was once the depository of the Great Seal of England, which James II. obtained possession of on the night of his flight from Whitehall, and purposely let fall into the water as he passed down the river. It was afterwards accidentally brought to the surface by a fisherman and restored to the Government.

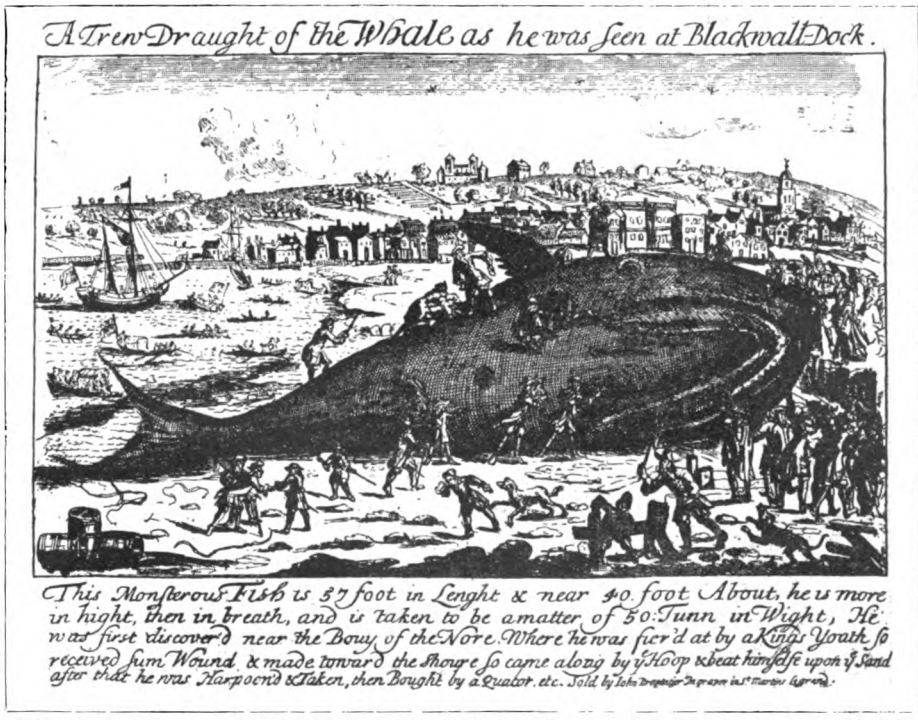
The water of the Thames was much less polluted in former times than now. As late as 1790 the Thames had, between its source and Woolwich, every species of fish found in British rivers, except the burbot, the lode, and the samlet. The lamprey was at that time a fish of quite national importance, and was taken in amazing quantities between Battersea Reach and Windsor, and sold to the Dutch at the rate of forty shillings per thousand, for the cod and other fisheries; as many as four hundred and fifty thousand

having been sold in one season for that purpose. The fish which came down as low as London Bridge were roach, dace, bleak in great quantity, and eels. A well-known angler, writing on the subject in 1841, says it was not unusual for an expert angler to carry away upwards of twenty dozen fine smelts from angling stations about Blackwall, and relates how he had often taken five or six dozen before eight o'clock in the morning. He likewise recommends the angler to fish under or about the starlings of Battersea, Westminster, and Blackfriars Bridges. So common was the practice of fishing in the river at one time, even below London Bridge, that a waterman, in a boat on the Pool, used to draw attention to the fact of his having live shrimps for sale as bait by ringing a bell. Crooked Lane was then thought to be about the centre of the London angling stations, which accounts for the congregation of fishing-tackle makers there, which at one time amounted to thirteen in number.



THE SEAL OF EDWARD II.

But fish of larger size than those already mentioned sometimes found their way up the river, as we may see by our last illustration, and the members of the angling fraternity would no doubt have been much astonished if by any chance they had happened upon one of these creatures while engaged in their favourite pastime. Several of these monsters have been known to stray up the river from time to time. In 1759 a kind of grampus, twenty-four feet long, was taken and brought up to Westminster Bridge in a barge. Another of the length of eighteen feet, and thick in proportion to its length, was caught in 1766, and a third, twenty-one feet long, was taken above London Bridge in 1783. The one shown here was caught in the Thames about 1690, and was fifty-seven feet long and forty feet in circumference, and weighed fifty tons.



From an] THE MONSTER WHALE EXHIBITED AT BLACKWALL IN 1690. *[Old Print.*

Curiosities.

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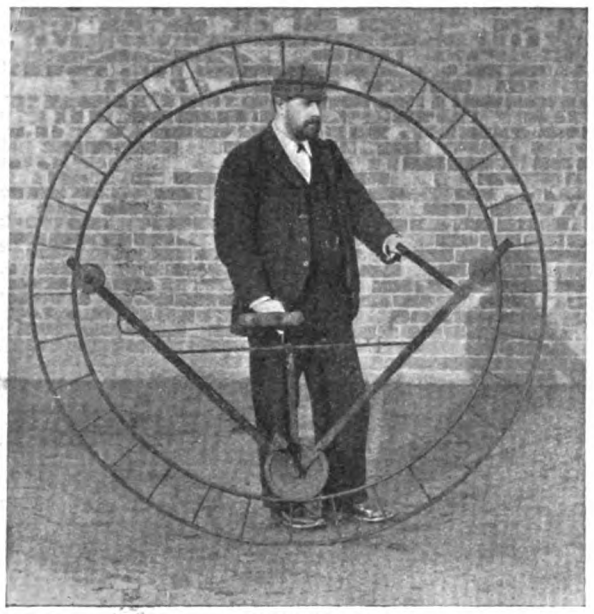
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

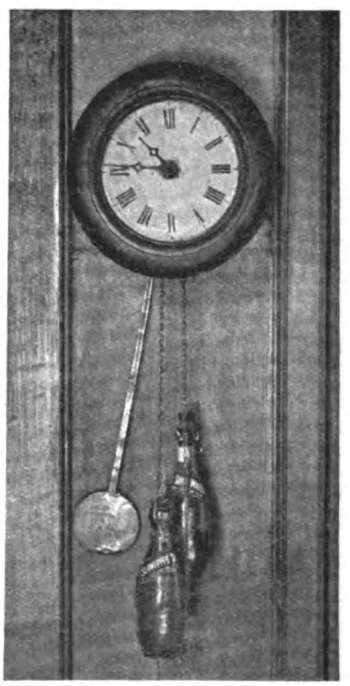


A MONOCYCLE.

"The principle of this machine can easily be seen from the photograph. It runs splendidly on the level, but is somewhat erratic downhill and round corners. There being no brake, the only way to dismount is by leaning sideways; but if the machine is running fairly quickly this is somewhat dangerous."—Mr. T. M. Barlow, Regent Street, Wellington, Salop.

THE PUPPY AND THE HAT-PIN.

"I send you a photograph of a puppy, seven weeks old, which was brought to me nearly dead through exhaustion and with a small lump on the side of the head, to be treated for. On operating on the animal and making an incision, I found the point of a pin sticking up through the skull, and pulling this up with the forceps, I found it to be a lady's hat-pin. I had to search then for the other end, which was prevented from coming up by the knob at the end, and after a time found this low down in the dog's throat. After a difficulty in getting the forceps on this end and pulling it out, I found the hat-pin here photographed, which measures eight inches and a quarter long exactly, or almost as long as the puppy itself. It had evidently swallowed the pin by the knob and, finding it somewhat uncomfortable, kept on gulping it down until the point pierced the throat and came out through the side of the skull. The puppy is now doing well and has almost recovered from its novel accident. Your readers will see the scar on the side of the dog's head and also the length of the pin by the side of the rule."—Mr. Geo. Waite-Wilson, M.P.S., Dispensing Chemist, 137, Lewisham High Road, New Cross, S.E.



THE BITERS BIT.

"A Clydeside engineer, having become tired of listening to the bragging of some of his shopmates about their inventive faculties, rigged up his kitchen clock as shown in the photograph, and invited them to come and see a clock he had adapted to run by water-power. They had to confess themselves sold; but it had the desired effect of silencing the bragging."—Mr. Colin M. M'Kenzie, 3, Duncan Avenue, Scotstown.

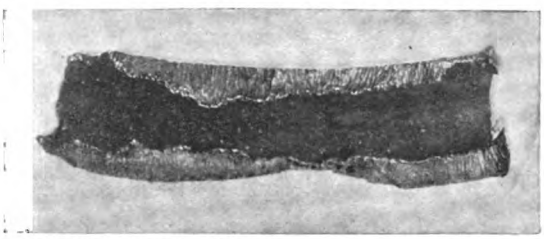
HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

"This extraordinary freak photograph was taken on the lawn at Hurlingham. As you will see, there should be two men and one lady. I am sure I do not know how it happened."—Mr. M. A. Deane, 17, Radnor Place, Hyde Park, W.

A CANINE WAITER.

"This dog, which belongs to a German innkeeper, plays the *rôle* of head waiter in the establishment, and fills his office with unheard-of success; and from the tips he receives after his work he is readily able to support himself and to greatly assist his master,

who would not part with him for a fortune."—Mr. Chas. O. Straus, Birkenheimer Anlage 5, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany.

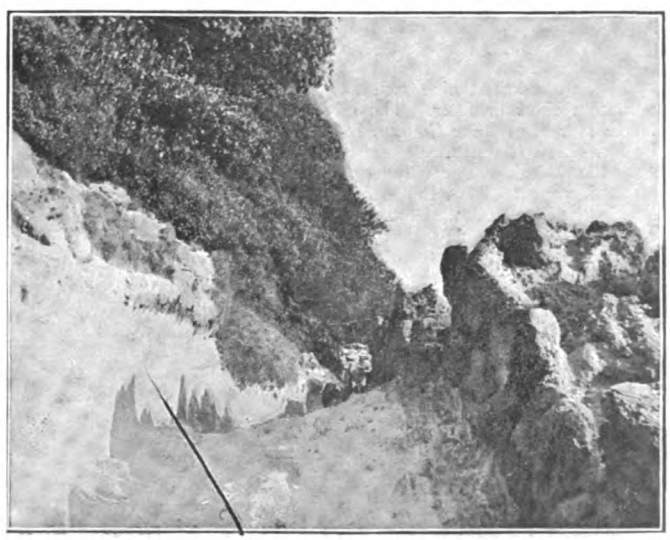


THE RATS WERE THIRSTY.

One day, as the British ship *Bann* was sailing from South America to Puget Sound, a big four-hundred-gallon tank went suddenly dry. As it should have been nearly full, an investigation was at once made. Then it was found that a section of lead pipe leading from the tank had been gnawed nearly in two by the horde of rats which infested the ship. The ship had been out an unusually long time, and the rodents evidently had been hard pushed for water. Through the loss of this supply of water the crew were put on short allowance, and when the vessel reached port nearly every drop of the precious fluid on board had been consumed. The captain brought the section of pipe ashore, where it was photographed by Mr. Jas. G. McCurdy, of Port Townsend, Washington.

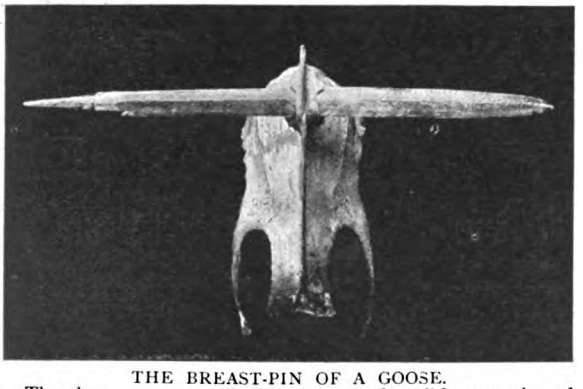
THE WRONG WAY UP.

"I send you a rather curious photograph which I took of the 'Cripple Path,' near Niton, Isle of Wight. I myself did not observe anything peculiar about it until, when showing it to my friends, I noticed that they nearly all looked at it the wrong way up. I wonder if your readers can find out which is the right way."—Mr. C. F. Brandenburg, Oakland House, South Road, Forest Hill, S.E.



WHEN IS A CAMEL NOT A CAMEL?

"The accompanying photograph represents a camel made up of two artillerymen, two military blankets, a sweeping-brush, and a dog's muzzle. The driver is made up as an Arab, and his cry of 'Hootah! hootah! hootah!' made the whole thing very realistic. The men are dressed in their working clothes, and the occasion was the annual sports of the Donegal Artillery at Ballynarry Camp, Buncrana."—Mr. P. C. Duncan, Desertegney Rectory, Buncrana, Co. Donegal.



THE BREAST-PIN OF A GOOSE.

The above represents the breast-bone of a wild goose pierced by a bone arrowhead nine inches long, a half-inch wide, and with four sides or faces. The goose was shot on the Kankakee Marsh, in Lake County, Indiana, on October 20, 1871, by Mr. H. N. Clement, a farmer living near the Marsh. The curious points about it are: (1) That the arrowhead struck the keel of the breast-bone exactly in the middle; (2) that it should stop with its length exactly divided by the keel; (3) that the shaft to which it was evidently fastened should drop off when it struck the bone; (4) that a callus should grow around it, holding it fast; (5) that the goose should be fat and well after carrying the arrow so transfixed. Professor O. T. Mason, of the National Museum, says the only people who make such arrowheads are those of the Yukon Valley, Alaska, and he therefore concludes that the arrow was shot into the goose in that valley, remaining there until it grew fast, the goose wearing it as a breast-pin down into Lake County, Indiana. This curio is owned by Mr. W. W. Cheshire, 105, Eleventh Street, S.E., Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

SANCTUARY.

"This photograph shows one of the very few remaining examples of the 'sanctuary ring' to be found in England. In the old days fugitives seeking justice might, on reaching one of these rings, claim the protection of the Church until their case had

been fairly dealt with. This example is to be seen on the southern door of the old Norman church of Adel, near Leeds, Yorkshire." — Mr. T. W. Ogilvie, 56, Hyde Park Road, Leeds.

ROAD-WEAR MEASUREMENTS.

Parliament Street, London, S.W., is, perhaps, the last place in the world where one would expect to see so frivolous a spectacle as depicted below. He who rises betimes—hours before the traffic is about—may further probe the matter. The queer sled-like structure which the men are dragging on a cord is a road-wear measuring instrument, and its interior contains innumerable cog-wheels and paper-reels, indicating highway decadence. The gentleman with the note-book is in charge, and the little boy on the left would dearly like to take a hand in so novel a game.

A GROTESQUE FIGURE.

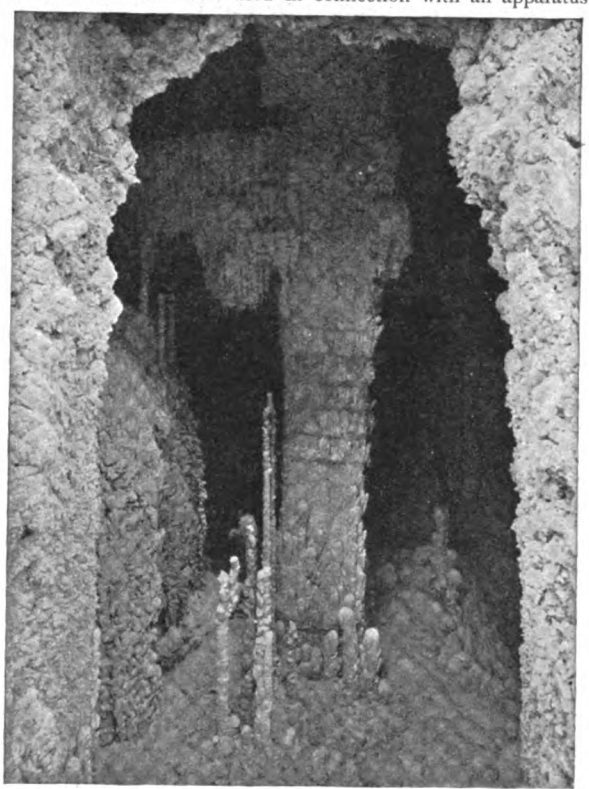
"The extraordinary production shown in this photograph is obtained by clasping the hands on top of the head, drawing a black bag over the body and tying it at the waist, the face being drawn with chalk. A coat is then also tied around the waist with a stick running through the sleeves. A very grotesque and somewhat forbidding figure is thus obtained."—Miss E. L. Easton, Elsterstrasse 70III., Leipzig, Germany.

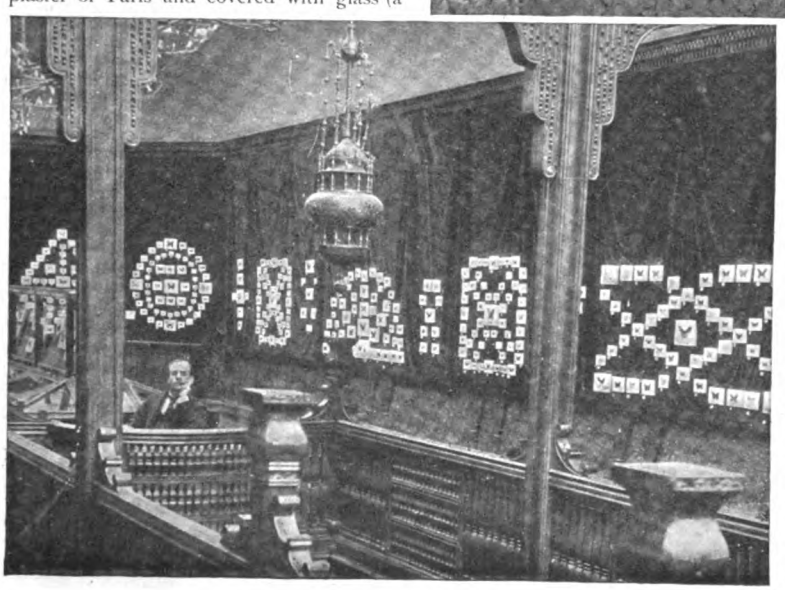
BUTTERFLY DECORATIONS.

"Butterflies are being largely used for wall decorations in the United States. Valuable specimens are mounted on plaster of Paris and covered with glass (a process patented by Mr. Shelly W. Denton), which renders them indestructible and gives them the appearance of Minton tiles. Mr. J. Pulitzer, the proprietor of the *New York World*, has recently had his library decorated in this manner, a photograph of which we send you."—Messrs. Conolly and Graham, 21, Bride Lane, E.C.

A SULPHUR CAVE.

"The accompanying photograph is of the interior of one of the brick chambers used in connection with an apparatus





known as a sulphur recovery plant, which is intended to extract and throw down the sulphur contained in the waste gases produced during the manufacture of sulphate of ammonia The sulphur forms on the walls and brick piers as is shown in the photograph, and also in the form of stalagmites and stalactites, which are not unlike those seen in caverns such as may be visited in Cheddar, Somersetshire. The effect is very pretty. The photo. is by Mr. F. Harrisson, the exposure being of five minutes' duration."—Mr. J. W. Helps, Gas Works, Waddon, Croydon.

OVER THE ABYSS.

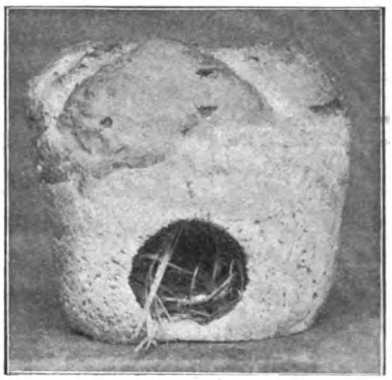
"My photo. was taken on Lookout Mountain in Chattanooga, Tennessee, on the famous Umbrella Rock. In order to reach the spot this man had to climb out on his knees and hands. The distance to the earth below him is two thousand nine hundred feet!"—Miss Mary Stearnes, Box 203, Pulaski City, Va.

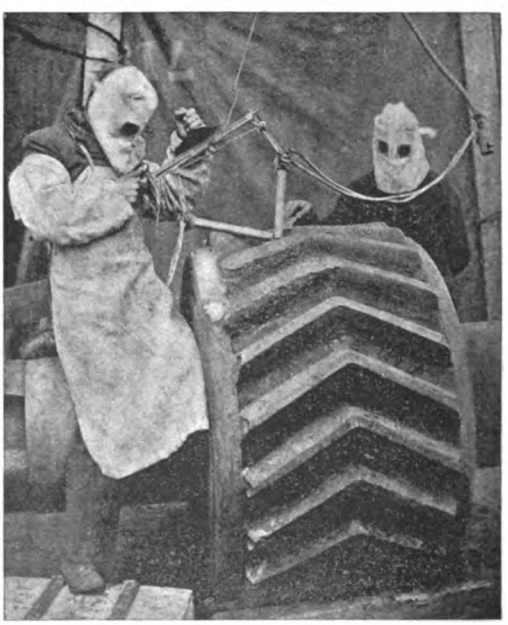
A CHINESE FLOWER-GOD.

"The Chinese are fond of fantastic effects. Here is one that I saw in the garden of a wealthy Chinese gentleman near Macao. The green vine, having root in a large pot, has been trained over a network of wires, to which are attached the plaster feet, hands, and head of the genial flower-god, whose body is a mass of verdant foliage."—Mr. Chas. K. Edmunds, Canton Christian College, Macao, China.

NEST IN A LOAF.

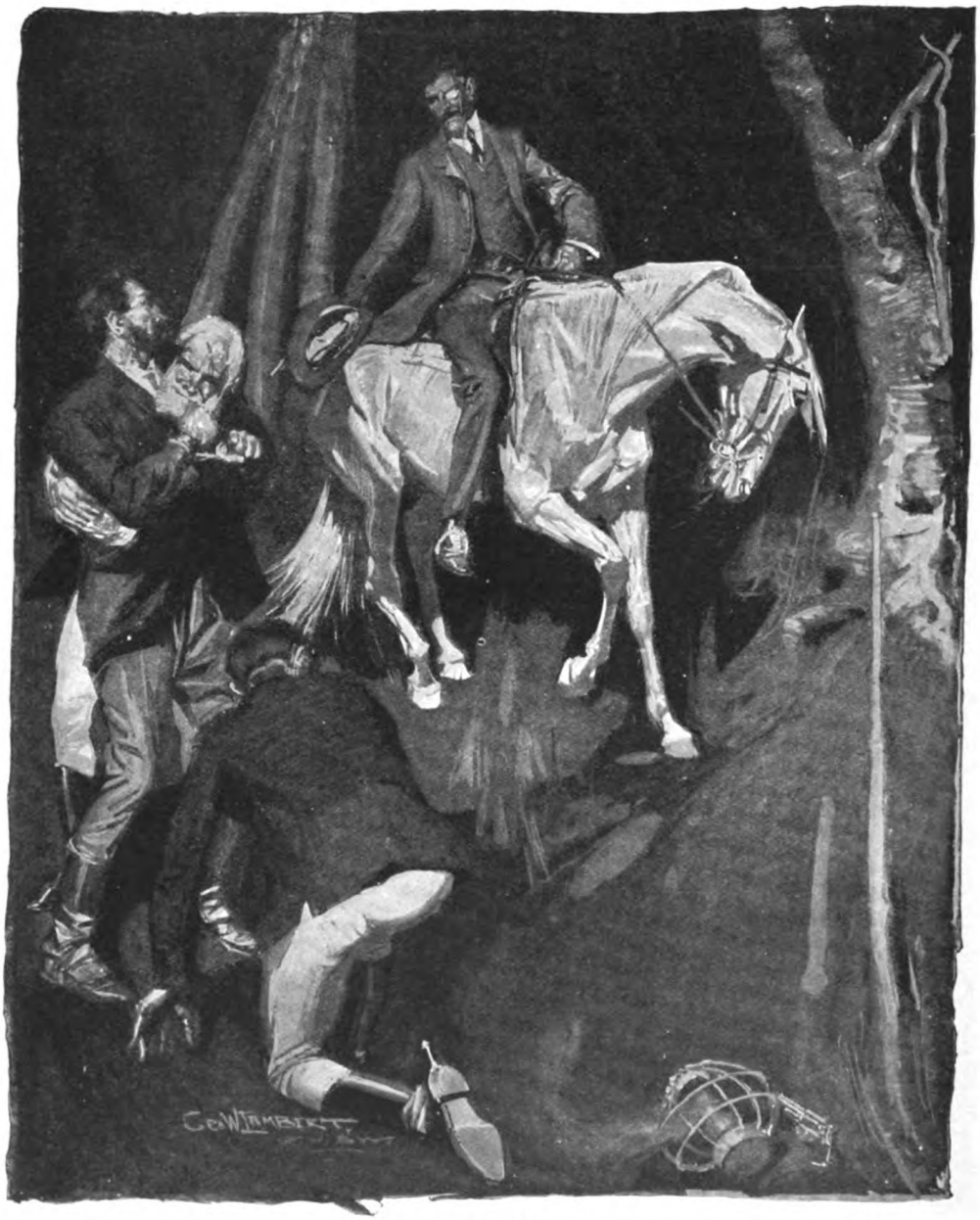
"At first sight it is rather difficult to guess what this photograph is intended to represent. On closer examination, however, it will be seen that the object is a loaf of bread with a mouse's nest inside. The nest was made between eleven o'clock on a Saturday night and the next Monday morning. The mouse got into the box where the bread was kept, and succeeded in building a very neat home inside the loaf."—Mr. William Jones, Abergele Road, Colwyn Bay, N. Wales.





WELDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"My photograph represents men engaged in welding a new cog into the pinion of a rolling mill by means of the electric arc. To protect them from the intense heat and blinding light they are wearing aprons, sleeves, and masks of asbestos, the masks being furnished with eye-holes fitted with black glass."—Mr. Fred. Morton Eden, 63, Warwick Road, Earl's Court, S.W.



"THE GREY SERGEANT FLUNG HIS ARMS ROUND THEIR PRISONER."

(*See page* 490.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxviii. NOVEMBER, 1904. No. 167.

STINGAREE STORIES.

By E. W. HORNUNG.

III.—THE HONOUR OF THE ROAD.

SERGEANT CAMERON was undressing for bed when he first heard the voices through the weather-board walls; in less than a minute there was a knock at his door.

"Here's Mr. Hardcastle from Rosanna, sir. He says he must see you at once."

"The deuce he does! What about?"

"He says he'll only tell you; but he's ridden over in three hours, and he looks like the dead."

"Give him some whisky, Tyler, and tell him I'll be down in two ticks."

So saying, the grey-bearded sergeant of the New South Wales Mounted Police tucked his night-gown into his cord breeches, slipped into his tunic, and hastened to the parlour which served as court-room on occasion, buttoning as he went. Mr. Hardcastle had a glass to his lips as the sergeant entered. He was a very fine man of forty, and his massive frame was crowned with a countenance as handsome as it was open and bold; but at a glance it was plain that he was both shaken and exhausted, and in no mood to hide either his fatigue or his distress. Sergeant Cameron sat down on the other side of the oval table with the faded cloth; the younger constable had left the room when Hardcastle called him back.

"Don't go, Tyler," said he. "You may as well both hear what I've got to say. It's—it's Stingaree!"

The name was echoed in incredulous undertones.

"But he's down in Victoria," urged the sergeant.

"He's come back. I've seen him with my own eyes. But I'm beginning at the wrong end first," said the squatter, taking another sip and then sitting back to survey his hearers. "You know old Duncan, my overseer?"

"I should think we did!"

"Of course you do, and so does the whole back-country, and did even before he won this fortune in the Melbourne Cup sweep. I suppose you've heard how he took the news? He was fuddling himself from his own bottle on Sunday afternoon when the mail came; the first I knew of it was when I saw him sitting with his letter in one hand and throwing out the rest of his grog with the other. Then he told us he had won the first prize of thirty thousand, and that he had made up his mind to have his next drink at his own place in Scotland. He left us that afternoon to catch the coach and go down to Sydney for his money. He ought to have been back this evening before sundown."

The sergeant nodded.

"That he ought, for I saw him come off the coach and start for the station as soon as they'd run up the horse he left behind him at the pub. I wondered what had brought him if he was so set on getting back to the old country."

"I could tell you," said Hardcastle, after some little hesitation, "and I may as well. Poor old Duncan was the most generous of men, and nothing would serve him but that every soul on Rosanna should share more or less in his good fortune. I am ashamed to tell you how much he spoke of pressing on me. You have probably heard that one of his peculiarities was that he would never take payment by cheque, like other people? I believe it was because he had knocked down too many cheques in his day. In any case, we used to call him Hard Cash Duncan on Rosanna; and I am very much afraid that when you saw him he must have had the whole of his thirty thousand pounds upon him in the hardest form of cash."

"But what has happened, Mr. Hardcastle?"

"The very worst," said Hardcastle, stooping to sip. The three heads came closer together across the faded tablecloth. "There was no sign of him at seven; he ought to have been with us before six. We had done our best to make it an occasion, and it seemed that the dinner would be spoilt. So at seven young Evans, my storekeeper, went off at a gallop to meet him, and at twenty-

five past he came galloping back leading a riderless horse. It was the one you saw Duncan riding this afternoon. There was blood upon the saddle. I found it. And within another hour we had found the poor old boy himself, dead and cold in the middle of the track, with a bullet through his heart."

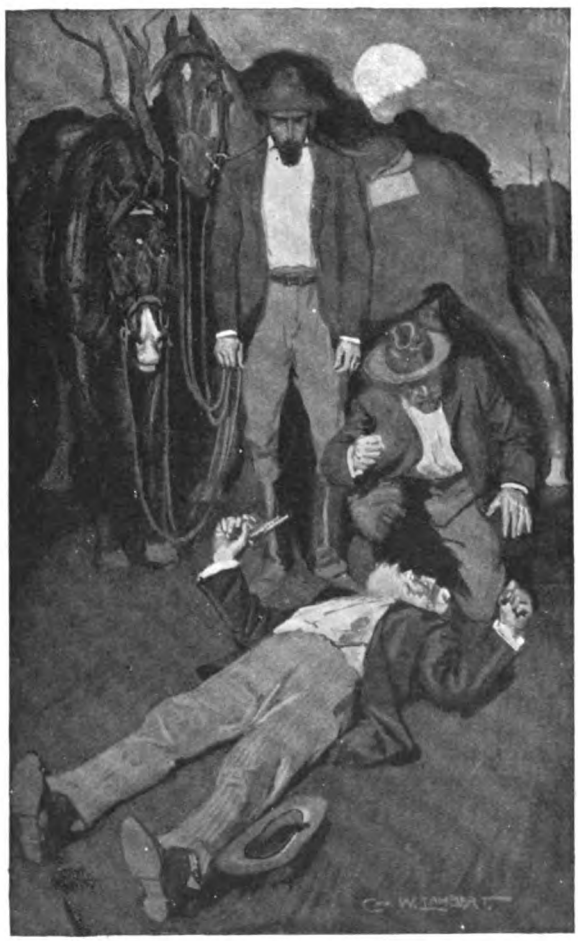
The squatter's voice trembled with an emotion that did him honour in his hearers' eyes; and the grey-bearded sergeant waited a little before asking questions.

"What makes you think it is Stingaree?" he inquired, at length.

"I tell you I saw him on the run, with my own eyes, this morning. I passed him in one of my paddocks, as close as I am to you, and asked him if he was looking for the homestead. He answered that he was only riding through, and we neither of us stopped."

"Yet you knew all the time that it was Stingaree?"

"No; to be honest," replied Hardcastle, "I never dreamt of it at the time. But now I am quite positive on the point. He hadn't his eye-glass in his eye, but it was dangling on its cord all right; and there was the curled moustache, and the boots and breeches that one knows all about, if one has never seen them for oneself. Yet I own it did not dawn on me just then. I happened to be thinking of the stations round about, and wondering if they were as burnt up as we are, and when I met this swell I simply took him for a new chum on one or other of them."



"WITHIN ANOTHER HOUR WE HAD FOUND THE POOR OLD BOY HIMSELF."

"There had been robbery, of course?"

"Not a penny left upon him! The valise had been cut to ribbons with a knife, and its other contents were strewed all about; a pocket-book we found still bulging from the roll of notes which had been taken out. I waited beside him while Evans went back for the buggy, and when they started to take him in I rode on to you."

"We'll ride back with you at once," said the sergeant, "and find you a fresh horse if your own has had enough. Run up the lot, Tyler, and Mr. Hardcastle can take his choice. It seems clear enough," continued Cameron, as the trooper disappeared. "But this is a new departure for Stingaree; it's the very thing that everybody said he would never do."

"And yet it's the logical climax of his career; it might have come long ago, but it was bound to come sooner or later," argued Hardcastle, when he had drained his glass. "Your bushranger may much prefer not to shoot; but he has only to get up against a man of his own calibre, as resolute and as well armed as himself, to have no choice in the matter. Poor Duncan was the very type; he would never have given way. In fact, we found him with his own revolver fast in his hand, a finger frozen to the trigger, and not a chamber discharged."

"Indeed! Then it must have been foul play," remarked Cameron, owning a doubt in its dismissal; and with that he went off to

dress. Hardcastle was dozing in the chair on his return.

It was midnight before the little cavalcade set out upon a ride of over thirty miles, for arrangements had to be made for a telegram to be sent to the Glenranald coroner first thing in the morning, and to ensure this it was necessary to disturb the postmaster, who occupied one of the three weather-board dwellings which constituted the roadside hamlet of Clear Corner. A round moon shone as the trio rode away; it was at its almost dazzling zenith when they reined up at the scene of the murder. This was at a point where the sandy track ran through a belt of scrub, and the sergeant got off to examine the ground with Hardcastle, while Tyler mounted guard in the saddle. But nothing of importance was discovered by the pair on foot, and nothing seen or heard by their mounted comrade.

They found the station still astir and faintly aglow in the veiled daylight of the moon. A cluster of the men stood in a glare at the door of their hut; the travellers' hut betrayed the like symptoms of excitement; at the kitchen door were more men with pannikins, and odd glimpses of a firelit, white-capped face within. But on the broad veranda sat two young men with their backs to a closed and darkened window. And behind the window lay all that remained of an elderly man, whose brown, gnarled face was scarcely recognisable by the new-comers in its strange smooth pallor, but his grizzled beard weirdly familiar and still crisp with lingering life.

The coroner arrived in some thirty hours which had brought forth nothing new; his jury was drawn from the men's hut and rabbiters' tents; and after a prolonged but inconclusive investigation the inquest was adjourned for a week. But the seven days were as barren as the first, and a verdict against some person unknown a foregone result. This did not satisfy the many who were positive that they knew the person; for Stingaree had been seen a hundred miles lower down, doubtless on his way back to Victoria, and with his appearance altered in a tell-tale manner. But the coroner thought he knew better than anybody else, and had his way in spite of the manifest feeling on the long veranda where he held his court.

So jurors and spectators drifted back to hut and tent and neighbouring station, the coroner started in his buggy for Glenranald, and last of all the police departed, leading the horse which Hardcastle had ridden home from their barracks, and leaving him at peace once more with his two young men. But on the squatter the time had told; his table had been full to overflowing through it all; and he sank into a long chair, a trifle greyer at the temples, a thought looser in his dress, as the pugarees of Cameron and Tyler finally fluttered out of sight.

"I think we might have a drink," he said with a wry smile to Evans, who fetched the decanter from the store; the jackeroo was called from a stable which had become Augean during the week, and the three were still mildly tippling when the storekeeper came to his feet.

"Good Lord!" cried he. "I thought we'd seen the last of the plucky police!"

"You don't mean to say they're coming back?"

"I do, worse luck! Cameron, Tyler, and some new joker in plain clothes."

Hardcastle finished his drink with a resigned smile, and stood on the veranda to receive the intruders.

"After all, it will stave off the reaction I began to feel the moment they had turned their backs," said he. "Well, well, well! I thought I'd just got rid of you fellows, and back you come like base coin!"

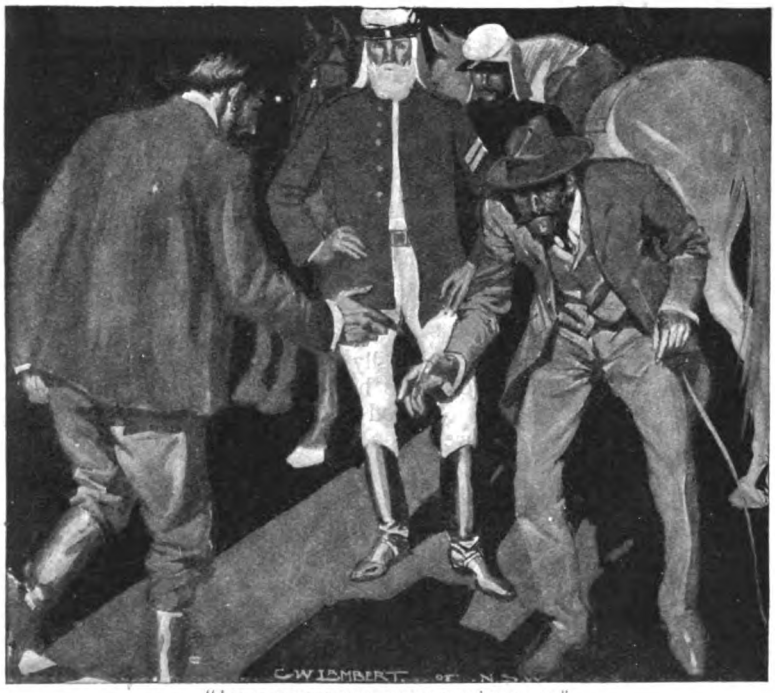
"You mustn't blame us," said the sergeant, first to dismount. "We couldn't know that Superintendent Cairns had been sent up from Sydney, much less that we should ride right into him in your horse-paddock!"

The squatter had stepped down from the veranda with polite alacrity.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Cairns," said he. "I only wish you had come before."

The superintendent took his hand with a dry smile and a sharp eye upon the younger men and the empty glasses. His was a strange and striking personality. Dark as a mulatto, and round-shouldered to the extent of some little deformity, he carried his eyes high under the lids, and shot his piercing glance from under the pent-house of a beetling brow; a lipless mouth was habitually pursed in such a fashion as to shorten the upper lip and exaggerate an already powerful chin; and this stooping and intent carriage was no less suggestive of the human sleuth-hound than were the veiled vigilance and dogged determination of the lowered face. He shook his bent head to decline refreshment, but pointedly ignored a generalization of Hardcastle's about the crime: and when he spoke, it was in a sharp but stilted style of his own.

"May I ask, Mr. Hardcastle, if you are



"'GLAD TO SEE YOU, MR. CAIRNS,' SAID HE."

the owner or the manager of this lodge in a howling wilderness?"

"I'm sorry to say I am the owner."

"I appreciate the sorrow. I failed to discern a single green blade as I came along."

"We depend on salt-bush and the like."

"In spite of which, I believe, you have had several lean years?"

"There's no denying it."

"I am sorry to be one of so many intruders in such a season, Mr. Hardcastle, but I shall not trouble you long. I hope to take the murderer to-night."

"Stingaree?"

"Not quite so loud, please. Who else, should you suppose? You may be interested to hear that he has been in hiding on your run for several days, and so have I, within fairly easy reach of him. But he is not a man to be taken single-handed without further loss of life; so I intercepted you, sergeant, and now you are both enlightened. To-night, with your assistance and that of your young colleague, I count upon a bloodless victory. But I should prefer you, Mr. Hardcastle, not to mention the matter to the very young men whom I noticed in your company on my arrival. Have I your promise to comply with my wishes on this point, and on any other which may arise in connection with the capture?"

And a steely glitter shot through the superintendent's eyebrows; but Hardcastle had given his word before the request was rounded to that pedantic neatness which characterized the crabbed utterances of the round-shouldered official.

"That is well," pursued Cairns, "for now I can admit you both into my plan of campaign. Suppose we sit down here, at the end farthest from any door. Be good enough to draw your chairs nearer mine, gentlemen. It might be dangerous if a fourth person heard me say that I had discovered the murderer's ill-gotten hoard!"

"Not you!" cried Cameron.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the squatter.

"The discoverer was not divine, and, indeed, no human being but myself," the bent man averred, turning with mischievous humour from one to the other of his astonished hearers. "Yes, there was more gold than I would have credited a sane Scotchman with carrying through the wilds; but the bulk was in small notes, and the whole has been buried in the scrub close to the scene of the murder, doubtless to avoid at once the detection and the division of such unusual spoil."

"You are thinking of his mates?"

It was Cameron who had asked the question, but Mr. Hardcastle followed immediately with another.

"Did you remove the spoil?"

Cairns favoured the speaker with his most open smile so far.

"My dear Mr. Hardcastle! How you must lack the detective instinct! Of course, I left everything as nearly as possible as I found it; the man camps on the spot, or very near it; he lights no fires and is careful to leave no marks, but I am more or less convinced of it. And that is where I shall

take him to-night, or, rather, early to-morrow morning."

"I wish you could make it to-night," said Hardcastle, with a yawn that put a period to a pause of some duration.

"Why?" demanded the detective, raising open eyes for once.

"Because I've had a desperate week of it, and am dead with sleep."

Cairns carried his growing geniality to the length of an almost hearty laugh.

They had their simple dinner at half-past seven, when the Sydney detective took it on himself to entertain the party, and succeeded so well that the entertainment was continued on the veranda for the better part of another hour. Doubled up in his chair, abnormal, weird, he recounted in particular the exploits of Stingaree with a zest only equalled by his confident undertaking to avenge the death of Robert Duncan before another day was out; all listened in a rapt silence, and the younger

"HE RECOUNTED IN PARTICULAR THE EXPLOITS OF STINGAREE."

"My dear sir, do you suppose that I thought of taking *you* with us? No, Mr. Hardcastle, the risks of this sort of enterprise are for those who are paid to run them. And there is a risk; if we timed our attack too early or too late there would be bloodshed to a certainty. But at two o'clock the average man is fast asleep; at a quarter after one, therefore, I start with Sergeant Cameron and Constable Tyler."

Hardcastle yawned again.

"I should like to have been with you, but there are compensations," said he. "I doubt if I shall even stay up to see you off."

"If you did you would sit up alone," returned the superintendent. "I intend to turn in myself for three or four hours; and it will be in the face of all my wishes, sergeant, if you and Tyler do not do the same. I must trouble you not to tell him anything meanwhile. Let it be arranged that we all turn in betimes in view of an early start; we three alone need know how early the start will be."

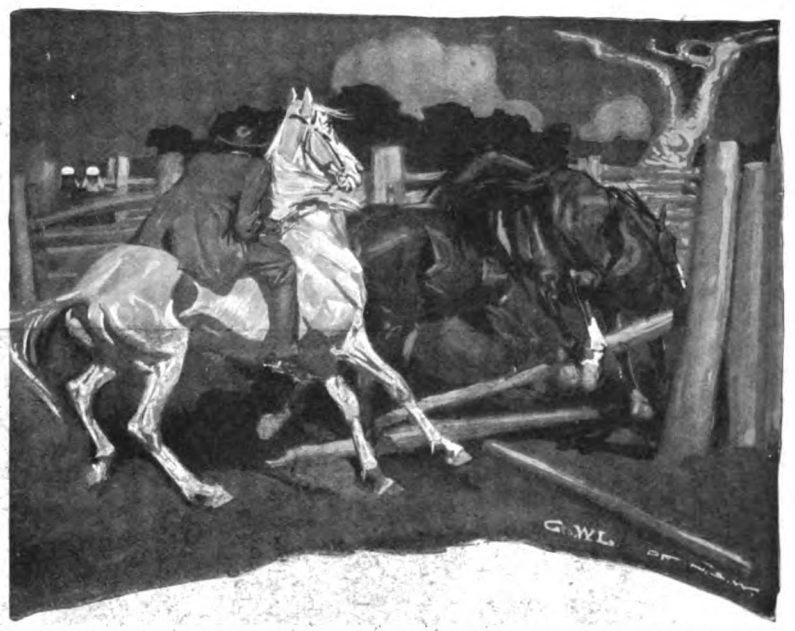
men were duly disappointed when the party broke up prematurely between nine and ten. But they also had played their part in a fatiguing week; by the later hour all were in their rooms, and before very long Rosanna station lay lighted only by the full white moon of New South Wales.

Cameron wondered if it could possibly be two o'clock, while Tyler sat up insensate with the full weight of his first sleep, when the superintendent crept into the double-bedded room in which the two policemen had been put. Cairns owned himself before his time by an hour and more, but explained that he had an idea which had only struck him as he was about to fall asleep.

"If we hunt for the fellow in the dark," said he, "we may give him the alarm before we come on him. But if we go now there is at least a chance that we may find his fire to guide us. I am aware I said he wouldn't light one there, but everybody knows that Stingaree uses a spirit-lamp. In any case it's a chance, and with a desperate man like that

we can't afford to give the ghost of a chance away."

The sergeant dressed without more ado, as did his subordinate on learning the nature of their midnight errand; but Superintendent Cairns was gone to the horse-yard to start saddling. The others followed in a few minutes. And there was the horse-yard overflowing with moonshine, but empty alike of man and beast.



"INTO THE MOONSHINE CAME TWO HORSES, DRIVEN BY THE SUPERINTENDENT."

"I wonder what's got him?" murmured the bewildered sergeant, uneasily.

"Old Harry, for all I care!" muttered the other. "I'm no such nuts on him, if you ask me. There's a bit too much of him for my taste."

In his secret breast the sergeant entertained a similar sentiment, but he was too old an officer to breathe disaffection in the ear of his subaltern. He contented himself with a mild expression of his surprise at the conduct of the Sydney authorities in putting a "towny" over his head without so much as a word of notice.

"And such a 'towny'!" echoed Tyler. "One you never heard of in your life before, and never will again!"

"Speak for yourself," rejoined Cameron, irritated at the exaggeration of their case. "*I* have heard of him ever since I joined the force."

"Well, he's a funny joker to have shoved over us, a blooming little hunchback like that."

"I always heard that he was none the worse for what he couldn't help, and now I can understand it," said the sergeant, "for he's not such a hunch——"

The men looked at each other in the moonlight, and the ugly word was never finished. A dozen hoofs were galloping upon them, their thunder muffled by the sandy road, and into the tank of moonshine came two horses, driven by the superintendent bareback on the third.

"Someone left the slip-rails down, and they were all over the horse-paddock," he panted. "But I took a bridle and managed to catch one, and it was easy enough to run up the other two."

But even Constable Tyler thought the more of their misshapen leader for the feat.

There was now no time to be lost, for it approached midnight, but the trio were soon cantering through the horse-paddock neck-and-neck, and the new day found them at the farther gate. The moon still poured unbroken brilliance upon that desert world of sandy stretches tufted with salt-bush and erratically overgrown with scrub. The shadow of the gate was as another gate waiting to be hung; for each particular wire in the fence there was a thin black stripe upon the ground. The three passed through, and came in quick time upon the edge of that scrub in which the crime had been committed. And here the superintendent called a halt.

"The two to nail him must be on foot," said he. "You can creep upon him on foot as you never could with a horse; but I will remain mounted in the road and ride him down if he shows fight."

So the pair in the pugarees walked one at either stirrup of the round-backed superintendent, leaving their horses tethered to a tree, until of a sudden the whole party halted

as one. They had rounded a bend in the road with infinite caution, for they knew where they were; but only Cairns was prepared for the position of the light which flashed into their eyes from the heart of the scrub.

It was a tiny light, set low upon the ground, and yet it flashed through the forest like a diamond in a bundle of hay. It burnt at no little distance from the track, for at a movement it was lost, but it was some hundreds of yards nearer the station than the scene of the murder. Cairns whispered that this was where he had found the buried booty, and over half the distance he led the way, winding in and out among the trees, now throwing a leg across his horse's withers to avoid a bole, anon embracing its neck to escape contact with the branches. It was long before they could discern anything but the light itself amid the trunks and branches of the scrub.

Suddenly the superintendent stopped, beckoning with his free hand to the pair afoot, pointing at the fire with the one that held the reins; and as they crept up to him he stooped in the stirrups till his mouth was close to the sergeant's ear.

"He's sitting on the far side of the light, but you can't see his face. I thought he was a log, and I still believe he's asleep. Creep on him like cats till he looks up; then rush him with your revolvers before he can draw his, and I'll support you with mine!"

Nearer and nearer stole Cameron and Tyler; the superintendent managed to coax a few more noiseless steps from his clever mount, but dropped the reins and squared his elbows some twenty paces from the light—a hurricane lamp now in the sharpest focus. The policemen crawled some yards ahead; all three carried revolver in hand. But still the unsuspecting figure sat motionless, his chin upon his chest, the brim of his wideawake hiding his face, a little heap of gold and notes before him on the ground. Then the superintendent's horse flung up its head; its teeth champed upon the bit; the man sat bolt upright, and the light of the hurricane lamp fell upon the face of Hardcastle the squatter.

"Rush him! rush him!" roared Cairns. "That's the man we want!"

But the momentary stupefaction of the police had given Hardcastle his opportunity; the hurricane lamp flew between them, going out where it fell, and for a minute the revolvers spat harmlessly in the remaining patchwork of moonshine and shadow.

"Get behind trees; shoot low, don't kill him!" shouted Cairns from his saddle. "Now on to him before he can load again. That's it! Pin him! Throw your revolvers away, or he'll snatch one before you know where you are! Ah, I thought he was too strong for you! Mr. Hardcastle, I'll put a bullet into you if you don't instantly surrender!"

And the fight ended with the superintendent leaning in his stirrups over the locked and swaying group, as he brandished his revolver to suit deed to word. It was a heavy blow with the long barrel that finally turned the scale. In a few seconds Hardcastle stood a prisoner, the handcuffs fitting his large wrists like gloves, his great frame panting from the fray, but full of manhood in its stoical and defiant carriage.

"HE BRANDISHED HIS REVOLVER TO SUIT DEED TO WORD."

"Put a bullet in me now!" he cried. "Put three bullets through me, and divide what's on the ground between you!"

"I half wish we could, for your sake," replied the superintendent; "but it's idle to speak of it, and I'm afraid you've committed a crime that places you beyond the reach of sympathy."

"That he has!" cried the sergeant, wiping blood from his grey beard. "It's plain as a pikestaff now; and to think that he was the one to come and fetch us the very night he'd done it! But what licks me more than anything is how in the world you found him out, sir!"

The superintendent looked down upon the stalwart prisoner standing up to his last inch between his two captors, and there was an impersonal interest in the man's bold eyes that invited a statement more eloquently than the sergeant's tongue.

"I will tell you," said the misshapen horseman, smiling down upon the three. "In the first place, I had my own reasons for knowing that Stingaree was nowhere near this place on the night of the murder, for I happen to have been on his tracks for some time. Who knew all about the dead man's stroke of luck, his insane preference for hard cash, the time of his return? Mr. Hardcastle, for one. Who swore that he had met Stingaree face to face upon the run? Mr. Hardcastle alone; there was not a soul to corroborate or contradict him. Who was in need of many thousand pounds? Mr. Hardcastle, as I suspected, and as he practically admitted to me when we discussed the bad season on my arrival. I was pretty sure of my man before I crossed the boundary fence, but I was absolutely convinced before I had spent twenty minutes on his veranda."

The prisoner smiled sardonically in the moonlight. The policemen gazed with awe upon the man who had solved a nine days' mystery in fewer hours.

"You must remember," he continued, "that I have spent some days and nights upon the run; during the days I have camped in the thickest scrub I could find, but by night I have been very busy, and last night I had a stroke of luck. I stumbled by accident on a track that led me to the place I had been looking for all along. You see, I had put myself in Hardcastle's skin, and I was quite clear that I should have buried a lapful of gold and notes somewhere in the bush until the hue and cry had blown over; only, I hardly expected to find it so near the scene of the crime, and I should certainly have gone farther afield myself."

"But I can't make out why that wasn't enough for you, sir," ventured the sergeant, deferentially. "Why didn't you come in and arrest him on that?"

"You shall see in three minutes. Wasn't it far better to catch him red-handed as we have? You will at least admit that it was far neater. I say I have the place. I say we are all going to it at two in the morning. I say, let us sleep till a little after one. Was it not obvious what would happen? The only thing I did not expect was to find him asleep with the swag under his nose."

Then Hardcastle spoke.

"I was not asleep," said he. "Shall I ever get to sleep again!"

And his dreadful voice had time to die very slowly on the night.

"But Stingaree," put in Tyler in the end. "What's happened to him?"

"He also has been here. But he was many a mile away at the time."

"What brought him here?"

The crooked superintendent from Sydney was sitting strangely upright in his saddle; his face was not to be seen, for his back was to the moon, but he seemed to rub one of his eyes.

"He may have wished to clear his character; he may have itched to uphold the honour of that road of which he considers himself a not imperfect knight. At his worst he never killed a man in all his life. And you will be good enough to take his own word for it that he never will!"

He had backed his horse while he spoke; he turned a little to the light, and the eyeglass gleamed in his eye.

The young constable sprang forward.

"Stingaree!" he screamed.

But the grey sergeant flung his arms round their prisoner.

"That's right!" cried the bushranger, as he trotted off. "Your horses and even your pistols are out of reach, thanks to a discipline which I cannot too heartily commend. You hang on to your bird in the hand, and never again misjudge the one in the bush!"

And as the trees swallowed the cantering horse and man, followed by a futile shot from the first revolver which the young constable had picked up, an embittered admiration kindled in the captive murderer's eyes.

Which Are the Most Popular Pictures?

I.—IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

"HEADS OF ANGELS"—BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE first question which will strike the reader is—In what way is one to arrive at a conclusion as to popularity? The answer is made up of certain parts. By observation — watching, extending over a long period, to see which pictures the largest number of people linger looking at; a personal observation, reinforced by questions to those who live their life in the Gallery, as well as by information gathered from those who sell photographs of the pictures, for it is obvious only the pictures most liked, and, therefore, the most popular, are bought by visitors.

On this basis it is safe to say that the most popular picture in the national collection is the "Heads of Angels," by Sir Joshua Reynolds. That it is the greatest picture in the National Gallery probably no one would be disposed to assert, yet it is one of the greatest of Sir Joshua's achievements. Indeed, in the catalogue of the National Gallery, which has been issued under the editorship of Sir Edward Poynter, the President of the Royal Academy, it is set down as "the masterpiece of Sir Joshua." "Considering the originality of the conception," he writes, "the beauty of the child, the exquisite tenderness of the flesh painting, and the masterly drawing and expression, it is perhaps the most perfect achievement in child portraiture that art has produced."

It was painted from a study of Frances Isabella, a daughter of Lord William Gordon, and was presented to the National Gallery by Lady William Gordon in 1841. In these days when artists are making constant outcries against the space monopolized by the Royal Academicians and the Associates at the annual exhibition, it is worth recalling that the "Heads of Angels" was one of thirteen works exhibited at the Academy in 1788. Two years later, the scarcely less popular "Infant Samuel" was shown in the same place, and a duplicate of it is to be seen in the Dulwich Gallery.

"THE INFANT SAMUEL"—BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Whatever Sir Joshua may have thought of "The Infant Samuel," there is no doubt that he would have placed the "Heads of Angels" among the original half-dozen pictures which he considered he painted—for it was a humorous conceit of his that no artist ever produced more than that number of really original works—all the other canvases failing to rise to the height which would entitle them to be distinguished in that way.

How Sir Joshua came to be so great a painter of children, so that Lord Ronald Gower claims for him in this respect "a higher place than Rubens or Vandyck, and not far below the divine Raphael," is in part to be understood by his love for the little ones and his constant study of their actions and bodily movements as well as by marking the dawning traits of their mind. The innate beauty of childhood was to him a constant source of delight, and, as Edmund Malone records, "it was one of his favourite maxims that all the gestures of children are graceful, and that the reign of distortion and unnatural attitude comes with the introduction of the dancing master."

"ST. JOHN AND THE LAMB"—BY MURILLO.

From one point of view the ever-increasing value of Sir Joshua's work cannot fail to be appreciated. This is the financial aspect. The pictures of children which he was willing to paint for fifty guineas are worth and fetch thousands; witness "The Strawberry Girl," which was originally sold to the Earl of Carysfort for fifty guineas, and in 1856 was bought by the Marquis of Hertford for two thousand guineas.

If Sir Joshua leads the way with the British School, some of the old masters come close to him in the race for popularity. Notably is this true of "St. John and the Lamb" of Murillo, which, with certain other canvases, may be said to take the second place.

The St. John is clearly painted from a Spanish child, and it might almost pass for an ordinary child embracing its pet lamb but for the presence of the extraordinarily religious feeling with which it is imbued. Indeed, this religious feeling is so great that Murillo's paintings have been given a position in Spain as works of religious art to which no other pictures have ever attained. The subject is by no means a rare one, for in Spanish art many children are to be seen with lambs, commemorating a custom which still prevails in many of the Spanish towns, where each family buys a lamb for the Easter Feast. No one who looks at the reproduction can fail to feel a desire to go off and look at the original picture, which a writer has declared to be "wonderfully brilliant," adding, "the eyes are liquid, brilliant, and full of expression; the flesh firm, sturdy, and well modelled, and the lamb, clearly drawn from life, has, in its wool, just that warm quality which is so true a representation of nature." Until 1840 the picture was in the possession of Sir Simon H. Clarke, when it was bought by Lord Ashburton for two thousand one hundred pounds, and was by him ceded to the National Gallery.

Two great Italians next claim the suffrage of the public, Giovanni Bellini and Sandro Botticelli.

Bellini's work which is so popular is his wonderful portrait of the Doge Loredano, who held his exalted office from 1501 to 1521. Bellini was probably the greatest figure in the Venetian School of his time, and both Titian and Giorgione owed something to his teaching. The portrait of the Doge represented, up to a certain time at all events, the highest achievement in portraiture, and there are those who, today, regard it as one of the most supreme pieces of work among the masterpieces in the National Gallery. As State painter, Bellini had naturally to "do" the official portraits of the Doges of Venice, but this is the only one which remains, and it is probably the only really authentic portrait by him which is in existence. It was formerly in the Grimani Palace at Venice, but was brought to England by Lord Cawdor, from whom Mr. Beckford purchased it. It was the forty-eighth picture bought, in 1844, by the National Gallery, the first having been obtained in 1824.

"THE DOGE LOREDANO"—BY BELLINI.

The Botticelli picture is the circular one, painted on wood, known as "The Virgin and Child," and represents a motive invariably used by the painter, the Madonna embracing the Child on her lap. In addition to them the two figures introduced are St. John and an angel. This figure of the Madonna, like so many of Botticelli's other Madonnas, was unquestionably deeply impressed by the influence which Savonarola wrought upon the painter's life, and, as Mr. Ernst Steinmann says, "In his Madonnas Botticelli appears a dreamer who cherished an ideal of his youth even till his old age as a sacred memory and clothed it in new shapes with never-ceasing affection."

Speaking generally, it may be said that, from the national point of view, the Bellini Doge is the favourite of French visitors, while the two Rembrandts naturally appeal to the Germans, though a large number of English men and women also yield delighted allegiance to the portrait of himself, painted in 1640, when Rembrandt was about thirty-two, and the old lady of eighty-three in the black dress with the white ruff.

"THE VIRGIN AND CHILD"—BY BOTTICELLI.

Few artists have painted their own portrait more often than Rembrandt did; for, as Mr. John W. Mollett has remarked, he

painted himself "in all his humours, grave or gay, in light and in shadow, in his own character or dressed from his theatrical wardrobe of jewels, rich stuffs, and armour." His portrait is Rembrandt at his best. Although there are those who aver that, as represented in this picture, the nose is thick, the mouth large and unrefined, yet there is such an expression in the piercing eyes that "in them we see," as a writer has observed, "the powerful servants of imagination that combine the incidents of form, movement, colour, and light that they bring home to it." Indeed, to look at the original figure dressed in a dark brown cloak, with a brown cap on the head, is to understand, even though one has never received a lesson in art, something of great artistic craft; and the impression is heightened when one looks at the old lady, who belongs to an earlier phase of Rembrandt's art, for it was painted in the year he was married, and the world was going very well with him. Although invariably spoken of as "the portrait of an old lady," it is the portrait of the wife of Dr. Tulp, whom Rembrandt also painted. It is worth recalling that there is in the British Museum an Indian ink copy of this picture by John Stolker, an eighteenth century draughtsman and engraver, and under the drawing the name is given as Françoise van Wasserhoven. The Rembrandt picture was originally sold for two hundred guineas in 1833. What would it fetch now if it were put up to public auction? The question is worth asking in the light of the fact that Rembrandt's "Gilder" was sold in 1802 for two hundred pounds and in 1865 it fetched six thousand pounds.

REMBRANDT'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

Of the other canvases by foreign artists the popularity of the two pictures by Greuze—"The Head of a Girl" and "The Girl with an Apple"—may be considered remarkable by reason of the fact that they are single pictures without any obvious story attached to them, were it not that the two Rembrandts belong to the same category as the two Romneys. Indeed, the simplicity of the subjects of these extraordinarily popular pictures is one of the most striking features to be noticed. The girl's head by Greuze demonstrates a fact which has been often remarked of his art, that his girls belong

"PORTRAIT OF AN OLD LADY"—BY REMBRANDT.

"THE HEAD OF A GIRL"—BY GREUZE.

to one family. If this is true, the family must have been the large one to which most women are related—the family whose name is Charm. Greuze, who introduced a new style into French art, did certainly not go to any one place for his models. The streets of Paris were his happy hunting-ground, and whenever he saw a face which pleased him he never rested until he had, somehow, succeeded in persuading the fair owner to allow him to sketch it. As his industry equalled his appreciation of beauty, it is not remarkable that he was largely exhibited on occasions, and one finds that at the Salon, in 1759, there were no fewer than sixteen pictures from his hand. They were not all equally successful, however, for his great friend Diderot apparently did not like several of them, and had the honesty to say so. The Revolution, which brought disaster to France in so many ways, gave England the opportunity, which might otherwise have been denied, of acquiring many Greuzes, for a large number of his canvases were sent over and were bought, among them these two. The "Girl's Head" was bequeathed by Mr. Richard Simmons in 1846, while "The Girl with an Apple" was bequeathed by Mr. Wynn Ellis in 1876.

Although quite unlike it, there is, in the fact that the Greuze head of a girl has some drapery, an understandable reason why some people confuse it with Romney's head of Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante, which takes so high a place in the affections of the visitors, though, perhaps, it would be difficult to award the palm between it and "The Parson's Daughter." How many times Romney painted Lady Hamilton, "the divine lady," as he called her, it would be difficult to say. She certainly sat to him for the most diversified characters: "St. Catherine" and "Cassandra"; "Calypso" and the "Bacchante"; "Mary Magdalene" and "Circe"; "The Tragic Muse" and "The Comic Muse," to name only a few of them. It was in 1782 that Mrs. Emma Hart, as she then was,

"GIRL WITH AN APPLE"—BY GREUZE.

"THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER"—BY ROMNEY.

was introduced to Romney, when he painted a three-quarter portrait of her with a little lapdog spaniel under her arm, and was so struck with her easy grace that he begged for more sittings. One of the most beautiful women of her day, it is easy to understand how desirous the artist, who was at least the second most successful portrait painter in London at the time, was to reproduce her features. Romney was making fully four thousand pounds a year, and the best women were clamouring to sit to him—a circumstance he must often have compared with his earlier days in Kendal, when he was glad to paint portraits at two guineas each, and he probably painted them every bit as well. Often as Lady Hamilton sat, it was invariably only for the face, the figure being painted from some other model who wore the necessary dress, or it was painted from a lay figure. The Bacchante is remarkable for the fact that it is the only one of all Lady Hamilton's pictures in which there is any suggestion of anything but the utmost decorum in the dress. There was another Bacchante, which was said to be the most enchanting of all the portraits Romney ever painted of her. This was sent to Sir William Hamilton when he was our Ambassador at Naples, but it was lost at sea when it was being returned to England. One of these Bacchantes—possibly the one now reproduced — was bought for twenty-five guineas by Sir John Leicester, while "The Parson's Daughter," which represents a charming girl whose nose is "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower," and whose auburn hair is powdered and bound with a green ribbon, and who wears her brown dress with a white neckerchief with such a charming grace, cost three hundred and seventy-eight pounds.

There is a glamour which a great actress never fails to exercise on her own time and every succeeding generation. It is, however, not that reason, or because Mrs. Siddons is to the popular mind among the women of the stage what David Garrick was among the men, which makes her portrait by Gainsborough so alluring. It is unquestionably the consummate skill of the artist, who, as

"LADY HAMILTON AS A BACCHANTE"—BY ROMNEY.

one of his biographers has said, "created a new school by his art of making even a lady's petticoat a thing of beauty—a field of colour as beautiful as one of golden cowslips or as gorgeous as one of scarlet poppies. He could even throw a halo upon a ribbon or a scarf." Greatly daring as is such a claim, the picturesque extravagance of the expression is but a tribute to the genius of the artist. This picture is the subject of a delightfully humorous story which is in striking contrast with that told of Sir Joshua Reynolds's famous picture of Mrs. Siddons as "The Tragic Muse." When Sir Joshua had completed his work he turned to the actress with a profound bow and said, "Madam, let me go down to posterity on the hem of your garment," and he proceeded to paint his name on that portion of her dress. The year after this episode Mrs. Siddons went to sit to Gainsborough for the portrait under notice. He found her nose very difficult to get right. He painted it out two or three times, and at last, turning to the sitter, he exclaimed, with comic despair, "Plague on your nose, madam, there is no end to it."

"PORTRAIT OF MRS. SIDDONS"—BY GAINSBOROUGH.

How marvellously like it must have been to the original is suggested by Mrs. Jameson, who wrote: "Two years before the death of Mrs. Siddons I remember seeing her when seated near this picture, and looking from one to the other; it was like her still at the age of seventy."

Not nearly so popular, though it has a large number of admirers, is Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of Mrs. Siddons, which represents her full face, in accordance with the custom of the painter, who selected that pose for his sitters as he considered it revealed their poor points to the least disadvantage.

The two most popular Landseers are the famous "Dignity and Impudence" and the no less famous "King Charles's Spaniels," or "The Aristocrat's Pets," as the canvas is sometimes called. All four dogs are portraits, and they show those characteristics which make it possible for it to be claimed on Landseer's behalf that, "if he did not discover the dog, he revealed to the world unknown traits of character and gave new ideas to all Anglo-Saxondom."

"Dignity" is a portrait of an old bloodhound named Grafton which belonged to the Duke of Grafton's breed, while "Impudence" was a saucy little Scotch terrier named Scratch. It would be difficult to imagine any greater contrast than is presented by the great aristocratic hound with the firmly-set, proud head, the drooping ears, and the strong paws, whose whole attitude is one of dignity and repose, and the by no means vulgar yet alert little beast, with bristling hair, erect ears, and tongue ludicrously stuck a little out of his mouth to one side.

That Landseer had no notion of the money value of his pictures, and sold several of them at a price that was ridiculous, is well known. This picture certainly affords an example of the fact. Mr. Jacob Bell, who bequeathed it to the National Gallery, bought it for fifty pounds. A friend remonstrated with him. "Do you mean to say you would not have taken the picture for fifty pounds?" he asked. The *argumentum ad hominem* was evidently unanswerable, for the friend had nothing more to say.

"DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE"—BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

The spaniels were great favourites of Mr. Robert Vernon, a horse dealer who amassed a fortune, a large portion of which he spent in pictures and gave them to the nation in 1847. He was, in particular, a fancier of King Charles spaniels, and one of those dogs is in his portrait by Pickersgill, to be seen at the Tate Gallery. There is a remarkable story attached to this work, for Mr. Vernon commissioned Landseer to paint a picture for him in which two King Charles spaniels were to be introduced. He even drew a cheque in advance for the fee. Sir Edwin agreed, and promised that it should be ready for the British Institution Exhibition that year (1845). When the day for sending in the pictures came there arrived from Landseer only an empty frame, with the somewhat laconic message, "The picture will come later." When Mr. Heath heard of this he went to Landseer's studio. Landseer promised that he would paint the picture and deliver it immediately. He set to work, and the spaniels were finished in two days. It is a curious thing that both the originals met with a tragic end, for the Blenheim fell from a table and was killed, and the King Charles fell between the railings of a staircase to meet a sudden death.

How the human interest dominates everything cannot fail to have struck the reader, for none of the preceding pictures are land or sea scapes. The most popular of the former is "The Avenue of Middelharnis" of Hobbema, and of the latter "The Fighting *Téméraire*" of Turner. It need hardly be added that it is not because they lead in their respective galleries that they find a place here, but merely because of their intrinsic popularity. Once more, too, attention must be directed to the fact that the greatest critics claim for these two pictures that they are the finest examples of the genius of their painters.

Not only is "The Avenue" regarded as

"KING CHARLES'S SPANIELS"—BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

Hobbema's masterpiece, but it is conspicuous for the reason that it has more open landscape and more sky than he was in the habit of painting. It is interesting, too, because Middelharnis is one of the places for which the credit of Hobbema's birth is claimed. It is a brilliant example of one of the characteristics of Hobbema—he was exceedingly fond of painting his pictures with the sun on the top, so that he has been called

"THE AVENUE, MIDDELHARNIS"—BY HOBBEMA.

"the painter of the afternoon sun." Indeed, of this picture Waagen says, "Such daylight I have never before seen in any picture." This canvas shares with the "Ruins of Brederode," also in the National Gallery, the distinction of giving the strongest local impression of any of Hobbema's works, which, by the way, were often rechristened with the names of Ruisdael and Wijnants to get better prices for them. Indeed, the "Ruins of Brederode" was once said to be Wijnants', although it was signed with Hobbema's name! It has been complained by certain critics that the straight road cuts the picture in two; that the slender trees with which it is so symmetrically bordered have only small plumes of feathers on the tops; that the parallel ditches cut the canvas horizontally, and the rose-trees and shrubs planted regularly in straight lines "do not make a picturesque picture." Yet others have pointed out how full of contentment and peace it is, and M. Legrange said of it: "Some read Nature; some listen to her; Hobbema reveals her. A poet without knowing it, Hobbema thought to paint prose; but while slowly making his prose he was beautifying the poetry even of the original."

Against this, as an example of how critics differ, and, therefore, as a proof that every man should think for himself, read what Ruskin wrote: "A single dusty roll of Turner's brush is more truly expressive of the infinitude of foliage than the ruggling of Hobbema could have rendered his canvas if he had worked on it till Doomsday."

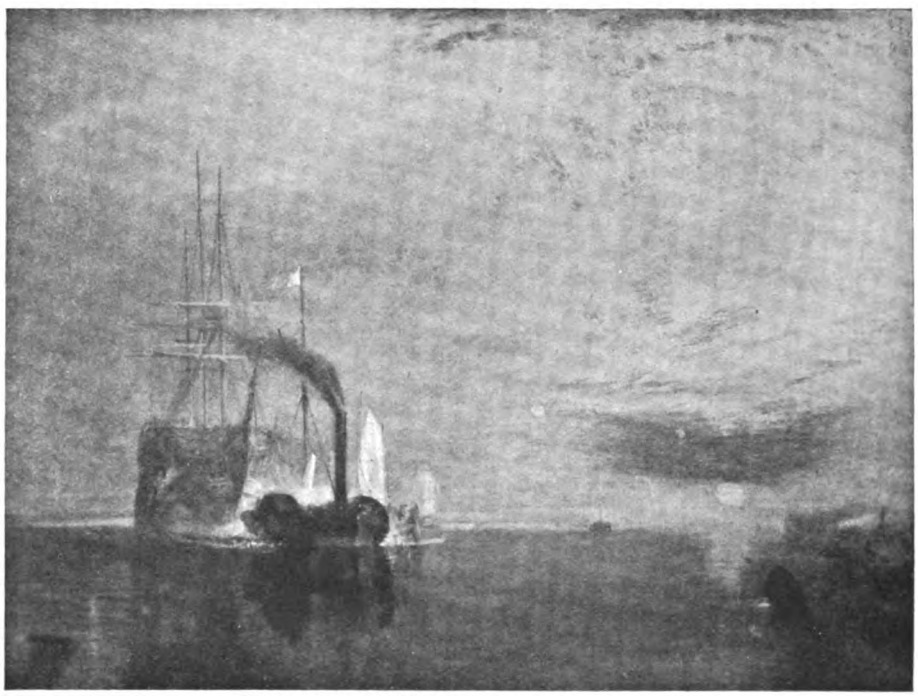
Turner, indeed, is acknowledged to be at his best in "The Fighting *Téméraire*," which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1839, when the artist was sixty-four. The best-known and the most appreciated by the critics, it was, perhaps, Turner's favourite, and he refused all offers to sell it, for he always intended to bequeath it to the nation.

As long as the history of England's maritime greatness endures so long will the part played by the old *Téméraire* at Trafalgar never fail to awaken a great emotion in every English heart. It was at the Battle of the Nile that she was captured and manned by an English crew, to become later an instrument in the defeat of the French in 1805. Under the command of Captain Eliab Harvey, she was the second ship at Trafalgar. As the "stately British line" advanced, the *Téméraire* tried to take the *Victory's* place and lead the fleet to triumph. That was not Nelson's way. He was in command, and while he was alive he intended no one should usurp his place. As the *Téméraire* came on, the Admiral signalled "Keep your place," and Harvey had to fall back. Presently the *Victory* engaged the *Redoutable*. Up to the other side of the French ship sailed the

Téméraire. There were two British men-of-war to one French ship. The captain of the *Fougeux*, a French seventy-four, saw the situation and sailed his vessel up to the other side of the *Téméraire*. The four ships lay together at death grips. As they fought, the *Victory's* guns had to be depressed for fear they should go crashing through the other side of the *Redoutable* and injure the men on the *Téméraire*. As it was, when the fight was done, she had forty-seven of her crew killed and seventy-six wounded. She was sold out of the service at Sheerness on August 16th, 1883, and was towed to Rotherhithe to be broken up. As she left Plymouth the people, remembering what her record had been, cheered her. Turner, who had a passion for the sea and everything connected with it, went down the river to see the *Téméraire* pass by. Among those who accompanied him was Stanfield, the artist. "That is a fine subject, Turner," he said, as he saw the great ship, the emblem of the past, go by, towed by a little tug, symbol of the future. Turner said nothing at the time. What he thought of the idea of the "fine subject" the world was to learn from one of the greatest pictures which the hand of man had ever done.

Read what Ruskin said of it in "Modern Painters":—

"In the evening effect with Turner that picture will not at first glance deceive as a piece of actual sunlight, but this is because there is in it more than sunlight: because under the vaulted fire which lights the vessel on her last path there is a blue deep, desolate hollow of darkness out of which you can hear the voice of the night wind and the dull boom of the disturbed sea: because the cold, deadly shadows of twilight are gathering through every sunbeam, and moment by moment as you look you will fancy some new film and faintness of the night has risen over the vastness of the departing form. Turner was very definitely in the habit of indicating the association of any subject with circumstances of death, especially the death of multitudes, by placing it under one of his most deeply *crimsoned* sunset skies. The colour of blood is thus plainly taken for the leading tone in the storm-clouds above the slave-ship. It occurs with similar distinctness in a much earlier picture of Ulysses and Polyphemus, in that of Naples and St. Helena, and subdued by softer tones in the old *Téméraire*."



"THE FIGHTING 'TÉMÉRAIRE'"—BY J. M. W. TURNER.

A Good Accompanist.

By C. M. Prevost.

I BELIEVE it is George Herbert who remarks that "love and a cough cannot be hid." And the same may be even more confidently asserted of violin-practising. For whereas cases of the two former have been known to exist in so mild and amateurish a form as to be perfectly susceptible of concealment, it is the peculiar attribute of violin-practising that the more mild and amateurish it is, the more it, like the Abstract Beauty of the poet, "will not brook concealment."

Winifred Atherton's father, the old General, usually went out to his club when his pleasant little house in Kensington was penetrated from roof to basement by the long-drawn-out sounds which betokened that his energetic, but not specially gifted, daughter had embarked upon a two hours' practice. She was thus employed one morning, and had proceeded for a considerable time without interruption, when the door opened, and she turned with a gesture of impatience as her pretty married sister entered, in dainty walking attire, and looking the picture of serene content.

"Oh, it's you, Elsie. Then I needn't stop. Sit down and look at *Punch*, or something. Or here's Aunt Elinor's last letter, a hugely long rigmarole; I haven't read it yet. I must finish this concerto—sha'n't be more than twenty minutes."

"Nonsense, Winnie! Don't be so ridiculous. As if a busy woman like me could waste twenty minutes sitting here, listening to your awful practising. Come, put away the fiddle, there's a dear. I've got something frightfully important to talk about."

"Oh, yes, I know. Baby's cut another tooth. I'll come and photograph it by-and-by. But just at this moment I really am too busy. Go and tell father about it."

"Father is out. I looked into the study as I came up. But really, Winnie, you are most unkind and unsympathetic. And you are quite mistaken, too. I wasn't going to say a word about baby—though he *is* too perfectly sweet for anything, and he *has* cut another tooth—but I shouldn't think of telling *you* such things. It is just as Edmund says—you are so cold and——"

Winnie interrupted her with scant respect. "Well, if it isn't baby it's the cook or the butcher."

"Of course it isn't. Don't be so silly and conventional, Winnie. I never talk about the servants, and, besides, the cook has been a perfect angel for the last week."

Mrs. Wainflete sat imperturbably down on the sofa and began to draw off her well-fitting gloves. After a moment's pause the conversation was resumed by Winifred.

"Then I know what it is. You and Edmund have found someone whom you think I ought to marry. There! I've guessed it. I can see it in your face. It's no use to deny it. I know all you are going to say. He's awfully nice—exactly suited to me, isn't he? Just the right age, of course—they've all been that, only the age has been different each time; charming in every respect. Well, I agree to it all. I am immensely obliged to you and Edmund, but on the whole I prefer to go without him. So now *do* let me finish my practice." And she began to adjust her violin and took up the bow.

"Winnie, you are enough to provoke a saint. You will be sorry some day. I am your elder sister, and it's my duty to warn you. Aunt Elinor has been writing to me about it."

"So she did to me. Four sheets on the duty of making a good match. But I am not going to marry to please Aunt Elinor."

"Well, Edmund says if you go on in this absurd way, devoting yourself entirely to your music and painting, you will wake up some day and find yourself quite dropped out of society and left behind. Then you'll end in being an old maid, and I shall be so awfully mortified."

Winnie laid down her violin and came and sat on the arm of the sofa, looking down at her sister with all the superiority which the fact of being three years the junior naturally gave her.

"My dear old Elsie, don't waste lamentations over me. Why shouldn't we choose

different lines? You were cut out for a wife and you do it splendidly. And I never criticise you; at least—well, perhaps I do criticise a little, but I never make all these dismal reproaches. So why can't you leave me alone to follow *my* choice? And that is Art."

"And then your music——"

"Well?"

"We were talking about it this morning, and he said it was a mistake your taking up the violin at all; and as to the piano, he was afraid you'd never be more than an excellent accompanist."

"Indeed!"

"He allowed that you *were* good at accompanying. He has heard several people say so."

"WHY CAN'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE TO FOLLOW MY CHOICE?"

"Oh, yes; that is all very well when people are first-rate, but you are not good enough, Winnie."

Winnie rose up, greatly offended, and walked across to the rug.

"Not good enough! What do you mean?"

Mrs. Wainflete, having folded up her gloves, turned her eyes calmly upon her sister.

"I wouldn't say a word if you were a genius, you know; but—well, Edmund heard people calling that picture of yours a daub."

"Did he?" very icily. "That must have given him sincere gratification, I'm sure."

"Has he really? How encouraging!" And then the pent-up volcano burst forth. "I'll tell you what it is, Elsie. It's bad enough to have a silly, gossiping brother-in-law—that can't be helped now, I suppose—but to have his inane remarks repeated to me with bated breath by my own sister is too much, and I won't stand it—so there!" And the insulted artist flounced to the other end of the room like a whirlwind.

Mrs. Wainflete, intent upon the fastening of her bracelet, heaved a gentle sigh. "Oh, dear! Now you have got into one of your rages I'm afraid it is hopeless to try to make you listen to reason."

"If reason means all your and Edmund's

opinions, I certainly don't care to hear it. I greatly prefer my violin," replied an angry voice from the distance.

Mrs. Wainflete threw herself back on a comfortable cushion and laughed. "Oh, you *are* a silly goose. I know you'd be interested if you would only listen. He's just come into a fortune."

"I don't care."

"And he's such a really charming fellow."

"Oh, yes; so he always is."

"But this one isn't a bit commonplace or conventional. He's been abroad in some out-of-the-way place—Central America or Africa, or something—for some years. And so you see he isn't all cut out in one pattern. Edmund says he's awfully simple and downright—not stupid, you know, but nice."

"Oh, well, if he is not stupid I am sure he had better give up his desire to be introduced to me, for I am a perfect mass of stupidity. Edmund will tell you so, any day."

"But he doesn't desire to be introduced to you."

This unexpected rejoinder gave pause for a moment to the conversation, and Winnie left off tossing about the music on the piano.

"Doesn't desire it?"

"No. I said something about your meeting, and he wasn't the least bit keen. He said he hasn't time for society."

"Oh!"

"You see, he is an old school chum of Edmund's, so he feels he can say just what he likes to us."

"Evidently. Well, I congratulate Edmund on the manners of his charming friend."

"Edmund has been telling him he ought to marry, but he said he never should, unless he found——" Mrs. Wainflete stopped to pick up her parasol, which had slipped down.

"Well, unless he found whom?" And Winnie came back to her station on the rug. "It's almost becoming interesting. At least, it would be if he weren't one of Edmund's paragon friends. Do go on."

"Where did I come to?"

"He would never marry unless he found——"

"Oh, unless he found the right woman."

"Good gracious! And you said he wasn't commonplace."

"Of course, Edmund asked for particulars of this ideal woman. And what *do* you think the first requisite was? She must be a good accompanist."

"Oh-h!" It was an expressive sound, with a little sarcastic retrospection included in it. But Mrs. Wainflete proceeded, unmoved:—

"He is an awfully keen 'cello player, and says he can never get a decent accompanist."

"What insufferable conceit!"

"Nonsense, Winnie. It isn't a bit. He's only very particular. I should have thought you would respect that. He told me he had only once met a woman who could really accompany."

"How thrilling! I hope she was a Central African negro."

"Winnie! You are too idiotic. Well, I sha'n't tell you any more. I shall go."

"No, wait a minute"; and Winnie laid a restraining hand on her sister's flowery hat. "You may as well finish. It's quite exciting. The portrait of an Ideal man's Ideal woman! What else does he require?"

"It's a shame to tell you anything about it," said Mrs. Wainflete, settling herself comfortably against the cushions again. "For it was all in confidence to Edmund."

"Then it's entirely Edmund's fault for telling you. *We* are not to blame. Do go on."

"Well, it really is rather killing. I felt I must tell you. He made a regular list of it——"

"With the accompaniment at the top! And what came next? Beauty, I suppose."

"Oh, no. Beauty came a long way down, and then it was only 'moderate good looks.' You see, he goes in for being very sensible and cool-headed."

"Does he?" in a vindictive tone. "I wish I had him here!"

Mrs. Wainflete's lips relaxed into a tiny curve, but she went on in a meditative tone: "Let me see, now. What was the second thing? Oh, 'good temper.'"

"Just like somebody engaging a cook. And will she make the other servants comfortable, and all that?"

"She must be well-bred, but *not* fashionable. He can't bear smart women."

"Can't he really? That will be a death-blow to English fashion, I'm afraid."

"Very plain, quiet dress. Domestic tastes."

"Oh, my dear, that's enough! It's really too mawkish. The man must be perfectly intolerable."

"No, he isn't, indeed. He's only old-fashioned, and different from the ordinary run. I laugh at him a little, you know, but I like him awfully. And as for Edmund, he thinks no one like Conisbury."

"Conisbury! I met a Mr. Conisbury once, ages ago, at Aunt Elinor's."

"He didn't say so. But there, perhaps I haven't mentioned your name. If he is the same, I suppose you will recognise each other when you meet."

"We sha'n't meet."

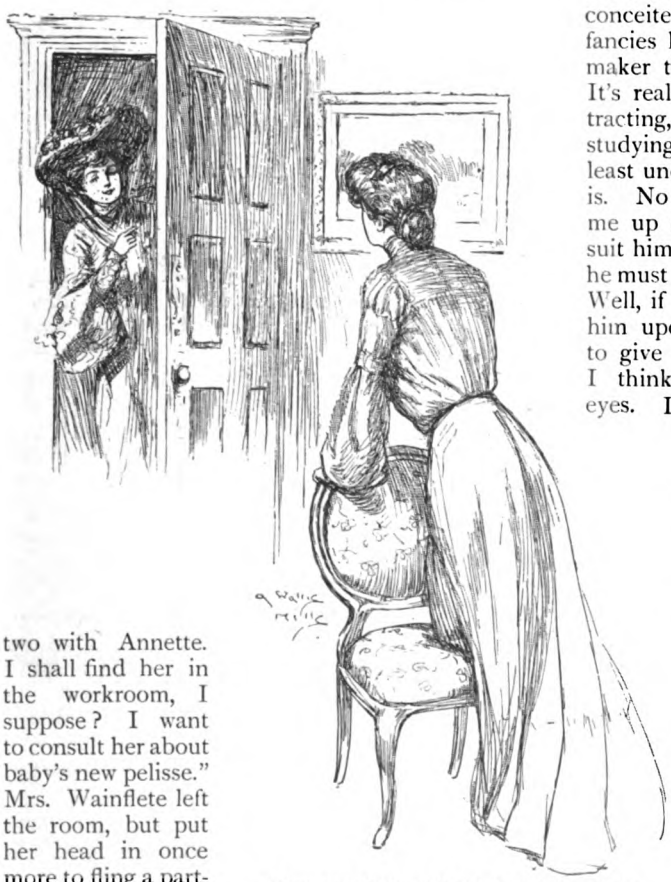
"Oh, yes, you will. He's coming here."

"Here! I never asked him."

"No; but I'm taking him for a walk in the gardens while Edmund is busy. So I said I would come on here, and he is going to call for me in a few minutes." Mrs. Wainflete rose, and adjusted her veil at the glass. "You had better come with us," she added.

"Certainly not," was the cold and decided reply. "I am engaged, as you know. You have hindered me dreadfully with my practising."

"Well, I shall go and have a word or two with Annette. I shall find her in the workroom, I suppose? I want to consult her about baby's new pelisse." Mrs. Wainflete left the room, but put her head in once more to fling a parting shaft. "Now, my dear, take my advice and don't make an idiot of yourself."



"NOW, MY DEAR, TAKE MY ADVICE AND DON'T MAKE AN IDIOT OF YOURSELF."

"Thanks," replied Winnie, with what was intended for cool self-command. "There are quite enough idiots already in the family without my wishing to add to the number. Elsie!" she called, as her sister's head disappeared.

"Well?" was the response from the landing.

"I warn you that I shall make short work of this odious friend of Edmund's if he does come here."

It remained doubtful whether this shot had told, for the only sound that followed was the rustle of Mrs. Wainflete's silk lining as she ran downstairs.

The violin practice was immediately resumed, but it is to be feared that the exercise was purely mechanical, for the player's thoughts were straying far from the classical theme, and ran somewhat in this fashion:—

"I see it all plainly. That provoking Edmund has settled to palm off this conceited fop upon me, and Elsie fancies herself so much as a match-maker that she is delighted to help. It's really too irritating. And so distracting, too, when one wants to be studying Art. Those two can't in the least understand how serious my career is. No doubt Elsie has been cracking me up to this man as just the girl to suit him. A good accompanist! Pah! he must be eaten up with self-sufficiency. Well, if they will insist upon thrusting him upon me, it will be a satisfaction to give him a thorough taking down. I think I shall make him open his eyes. I shall let him see at once that I am the exact opposite of his ridiculous ideal. Let me see. What was it?"

The violin was laid down. "'Moderate good looks.' Rubbish! I'll make myself just as raving and tearing a beauty as ever I can. Where's that make-up box I had for the theatricals last week?"

The box was found in a cupboard and carried to the glass. "Now for a little touching up. If it's rather overdone so much the better. He'll think I really make up and be awfully shocked. Now to fuzz out my hair a little more. He probably likes it perfectly flat and smooth. What next? Oh, yes, 'plain dress—*not* fashionable.' I'll put on that outrageous hat I wore in the play. Here it is. There! that's lovely. I don't suppose his model Central

African lady could beat that. 'Good temper'—oh, I'll soon enlighten him upon that point. And now the most important item, 'the good accompanist.'" She walked across to the piano, closed it, and laid several books and newspapers and a work-basket on the lid; then placed the easel with her latest masterpiece in oils in front of it. "It's rather fun. I'm quite looking forward to demolishing this redoubtable, cool-headed person, and it will be so good for Edmund, too. Oh, here's father's cigarette-case. Happy thought! I'll try to smoke one. That will suit his idea of 'quiet domestic tastes.' I hate cigarettes, and I know it will make me ill. Never mind—I needn't go on, and it will just show him at first sight that I am an up-to-date woman, not to be trifled with." She began lighting the cigarette, but made a sudden pause. "Of course—of course, he *can't* be *that* Mr. Conisbury. Impossible! Yet it's not a common name. I wonder—no! it's not likely. Besides, it wouldn't matter if it were he. Conceited men ought to be snubbed, whoever they are; especially if they are Edmund's friends. Only—he didn't *seem* like that, and——" She turned and looked at herself in the glass. "Oh, I shouldn't like *him* to see," and she began hastily to pull the pins out of her hat, but checked herself. "No, no, I *won't* be weak. Besides, there's no time. Here he is!" and she clutched at the cigarette as the door opened and the servant announced "Mr. Conisbury."

Winnie gave a start of recognition. "It *is* he!" and dropped her cigarette on the floor.

The new-comer stood for a moment in the doorway, putting on his glasses in a short-sighted way.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I was told Mrs. Wainflete was here."

"My sister is in the house," replied Winnie, in a nervous tone, by no means suited to the part she had assumed. "She is expecting you. Please come in."

He came forward eagerly. "It *is* Miss Atherton! I have only just discovered whom I was to have the pleasure of meeting. Your sister had not mentioned your name."

Winnie bowed rather stiffly. "Indeed! Have we met before? I'm afraid I——" and to herself she said, "I *will* be firm."

Conisbury looked somewhat hurt. "I suppose I ought not to expect to be remembered after so long an absence? But I have not forgotten a very enjoyable three weeks' visit to Twickenham the summer before I left England, when you were staying with your aunt there."

He looked at her with an earnest but rather puzzled expression, which was sufficiently intelligible to her, but she steeled herself with the thought of Edmund, and answered slowly:—

"Twickenham? Oh, yes; perhaps—— But I always hate my visits to Aunt Elinor, and try to forget them as quickly as possible."

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear that."

"It's so awfully slow there. Won't you sit down?" and Winnie entrenched herself behind a little table, and her guest took possession of a stiff chair a considerable distance off. In doing so he caught sight of the cigarette wasting its sweetness upon the rug, picked it up, and, with a glance to ask permission, put it inside the fender. Something in his face during this performance rekindled Winnie's ire. "What right has he to criticise me?" she said to herself, and she rattled on aloud:—

"Oh, yes, it used to be horrid at Twickenham. Aunt Elinor is so dreadfully proper and old-fashioned, and won't tolerate any fun."

"And have you included all our musical evenings in your Act of Oblivion?"

"Oh, certainly. You see, now that I have taken up music seriously, I look upon all that sort of thing as mere frittering away of time."

"And yet I think"—he spoke slowly, with his eyes turned away from her, and fixed as if gazing into the past—"I think you can hardly have forgotten one special evening, when we went on playing until one o'clock. The windows were open to the lawn, and all the delicious scents of the summer night coming in——"

Winnie leaned forward over her table and her eyes shone.

"Do you remember," she said, "that they were making hay in that field the other side of the river?"

"Yes. And whenever we made a little pause the nightingale took up the music."

"Oh, yes; wasn't it heavenly?" But there Winnie checked herself severely and added, "At least, I mean I can fancy its being all very well for people who don't find all that sort of thing a bore."

"What sort of thing?"

"Oh, rivers and nightingales, and all that kind of tinkling prettiness."

"Such as Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata,' for instance. Do you remember that someone played it that night?"

Winnie made no reply, but seemed intent

"HE PICKED IT UP AND PUT IT INSIDE THE FENDER."

on pulling the fronds of a fern. Conisbury went on :—

"Some of us stepped out on the lawn, I recollect, and listened there. I know I was one, and I fancied you were another."

"Was I?" Winnie gave a remorseless pinch to the unoffending fern.

"I thought so at the time," said he, carelessly, "but, of course, I may have been mistaken."

"It was probably Aunt Elinor," was the huffy rejoinder.

"Perhaps so. You think it absurd that I should remember all these details, but when a man is in the wilds, with no one to speak to, he takes to dwelling on home memories. But I see they don't interest you."

"Well, you see, when a woman has found her life-work she really hasn't time for sentiments and memories and things."

"And may I ask what your life-work is?"

"Art!" in a magnificent tone.

"Oh!" A pause. "Do you know, I am so absurdly ignorant that I really don't know what Art means. Nearly everyone seems to be called an artist nowadays, and humble individuals like myself begin to wonder what the term Art really expresses."

"Oh, yes; I am quite accustomed to have my pursuits turned into ridicule. Your friend, my brother-in-law, will be very happy to join you in sneering at me. But meantime I think we had better choose some other subject."

"Indeed, I had no intention of sneering at you. I was only thinking——" He stopped short.

"Please go on. What were you thinking?"

"No, Miss Atherton. You were right. Let us choose some other topic."

"No, you *must* tell me," exclaimed Winnie, imperiously. "I can't bear sentences to be left waving in the air like that. Tell me what you were going to say."

"But you wouldn't like it."

"That doesn't matter. You have been away so long that you don't realize the sort of *camaraderie* that there is now between men and girls. They say just what they like to each other."

"But I suspect the girls reserve the right to be angry if a man says anything that doesn't please them."

"Well, I engage not to be angry. What was it, please?"

"I don't think it will smooth matters at all," said he. "But, if you insist, I will confess that I was presuming to regret the days when you were Artless—I mean before you took to painting."

His eyes were turned towards the easel, but something in his tone made Winnie put her hand up hastily to her cheek and colour scarlet beneath her rouge.

"What in the world do you mean, Mr. Conisbury?"

"I told you, didn't I, Miss Atherton, that we should not agree upon this topic."

"I don't see much likelihood of our agreeing upon any topic," said she, pettishly.

"I'm afraid not," he coldly replied. "And yet"—he rose and walked to the window—"there was a time, if I remember right, when you and I were in—well, very fair accord on several subjects. Music was one. Will you allow me to hope that you have not quite given up your piano-playing in the pursuit of Art?" And he glanced at the accumulation of litter on the piano. "I have a vivid recollection of your delightful way of accompanying."

"SHE TURNED HER BACK UPON HIM."

This remark was as a match to gunpowder, and Conisbury, totally unconscious of any latent provocation, was amazed at the vehemence of her answer.

"I hope I am fit for something more than mere accompaniments by this time." And she rose and stood with great dignity on the rug. "As a serious artist I naturally wish to express myself, and not simply follow the lead of another, with whom I may be completely out of sympathy." And therewith she turned her back upon him and began to play with the ornaments on the chimney-piece.

"I see," was the quiet reply, and a minute of silence followed, while he stood in the window apparently lost in admiration of the strains of a hurdy-gurdy in the street below, and mentally ejaculating, "What a deplorable change! I can hardly believe she is the same girl."

The silence had begun to get upon Winnie's nerves when he turned and spoke in a set, polite manner:—

"I am extremely sorry to be obliged to intrude upon you in this way, Miss Atherton. But pray do not think yourself compelled to entertain me. Perhaps you will kindly allow me to look at a book while I am waiting for Mrs. Wainflete." And he took up a sketch-book from the table.

"Oh, by all means, if you prefer it to conversation." And Winnie felt that now was the correct moment for sweeping out of the room, but somehow she could not quite make up her mind to go. "I am determined to be firm," she said to herself; "and I'll show Edmund and Elsie how little I care for their opinions and recommendations, but I *do* wish it was somebody else. I'm afraid he thinks I am really like this—cross and hateful and made-up—and I can't explain. And he'll think, he'll *really* think that I've forgotten everything! Not that it matters, of course. I *must* remember that I am an artist and quite above silly little fancies and sentiments. Only—oh, dear! He used to be so nice."

At this point of her musings the door opened and Elsie Wainflete reappeared. With a swift glance at the two silent figures she came cheerfully in, exclaiming:—

"Oh, you have come, Mr. Conisbury.

That's right. My dear Winnie! Why on earth have you made yourself such a figure? Are you rehearsing? I thought those theatricals were over."

"Theatricals! Nonsense! What do you mean, Elsie?"

"Why, I mean this dreadful erection," and she deftly whisked off Winnie's marvellous hat and twirled it round on her hand. "Did you ever see such a thing, Mr. Conisbury? I suppose in Central Africa you have been delightfully safe from the plague of amateur theatricals? But surely, Winnie, it's not necessary to make yourself up just for a rehearsal? Besides, dear, you have done it so awfully badly—that eyebrow is quite crooked. I never knew anyone so stupid at making up as you are. She may be an artist, but she is certainly not a successful painter, is she, Mr. Conisbury?" Mrs. Wainflete tossed away the hat and gave her sister's hair a composing touch. "Well, if you two have had anything like as charming a talk as I have had with Annette you have been lucky. She *is* such a sensible creature—knows exactly what will suit baby, and makes such lovely suggestions. Winnie, dear, what a state the room is in! It looks as if you and Mr. Conisbury had been making hay. Why is the easel stuck over here? And the piano all littered over with books as if it were never opened, instead of being your favourite instrument?"

"My favourite instrument, Elsie! You forget that I am a violinist."

"Oh, yes, I know you are in theory, but I go by practice, and when I heard you the other night playing Herr Panevsky's accompaniment I felt that you ought never to touch anything but the piano." And Mrs. Wainflete began to remove the heaps of books and papers.

Conisbury instinctively went to help her, and, in passing near Winnie, remarked, in a low voice:—

"You do sometimes condescend to play accompaniments still, then?"

"I really forget," answered Winnie, confusedly. "I—— Perhaps, if no one else could be found."

"At any rate, she keeps in good practice for it," observed Mrs. Wainflete. "How often, Winnie, I have heard you play over and over again your part of that old duet for piano and 'cello— —"

"Nonsense, Elsie!" Winnie broke in nervously; but Elsie continued, unperturbed:—

"Let me see—what was its name?"

"For pity's sake, Elsie, don't go on talking about things that you haven't a notion of understanding. You know perfectly well that you can't tell one tune from another."

"Well, if I don't know one tune from another, I know one tune without another, and that is the one that I generally hear. I wonder whether you know it, Mr. Conisbury; you are a 'cello player, aren't you? Oh, here is a duet. Perhaps this is it."

"Oh, no, no! I'm sure that's not it," cried Winnie.

"My dear, you can't possibly see from there. Do you know this duet, Mr. Conisbury?"

"Yes, I have played it," he quietly replied.

"I dare say it is some music somebody left here," said Winnie.

"No; it has your name on it," replied Mrs. Wainflete. "And here is something else written—T—W——Oh, Twickenham—and a date—and some initials I think——"

"Elsie! If you are going to take Mr. Conisbury for a walk you ought to be setting off, or it will be perfectly dark."

"How polite you are, dear! I can't make out these initials."

Elsie gave the music to Conisbury and walked to the window.

"I don't think that, as a rule, it gets dark at half-past eleven on a May morning; but still, if you are so desperately bent on your rehearsing, Mr. Conisbury and I will be moving on. Only, first, I must give father a message from Edmund. I heard him come in just now. I'll be back in a few minutes, Mr. Conisbury," and, regardless of her sister's inarticulate protest, Elsie tripped out of the room.

A short silence ensued. Conisbury, who had kept the sketch-book in his hand, was again turning the pages, and presently said:—

"I came upon such a charming little sketch here, just now, of Twickenham Ferry."

Winnie started, and came hastily forward.

"Twickenham! Oh, please don't look at that book. It's a very old one."

"I see. There's a date here. The very year I was staying there. That makes it extremely interesting."

"Oh, no! Indeed, it's not in the least interesting. If you like sketches I have some really good ones here." She laid a portfolio before him, but he was intent upon another page of the book.

"Figures, too! You don't confine yourself to still life, I see. These *are* your drawings, I presume?"

"I don't know, really; I—please look at these," and she held up some drawings.

"Sunset on a Dutch River," "Group of Italian Girls."

"But I so infinitely prefer English rivers and English girls. Now, here is a very artistic group. A man and a girl in a boat. And here is another called 'Harmony.' The same people, I think. He is playing — some kind of stringed instrument; it's not very well drawn—I *think* it's a violoncello—and she the piano. A very effective sketch, indeed. Do you ever draw from life, Miss Atherton?"

"Oh, no, never!"

"Indeed! I should almost have fancied these were portraits. Or, perhaps, drawn from memory. But I think you told me you despise memories?"

"I WONDER WHETHER YOU REALLY MEANT ALL YOU WERE SAYING JUST NOW?"

She was silent, and he suddenly threw the book down on the table and looked straight at her.

"I wonder whether you really meant all that you were saying just now?"

Winnie looked up eagerly, and her eyes met his with a candid, appealing glance.

"No, I didn't mean it. It was all rubbish. I want you just to know that, because——"

"Because what?"

"Oh, I don't know. But I can't bear you to think me a wretch. And now please go away, and let that be the end of it," and she nervously took up her violin.

"May I ask one thing before I go away, and before the end of it? Will you just once more, for the sake of old times—for the last time, if that is your wish—play over with me that old duet with the date and the initials on it? I think I could make it out on your violin, if you will let me."

He laid his hand on the violin and on the fingers which held it, and it is possible that at this point some kind of hiatus may have occurred; for it was certainly a good ten minutes before the opening of the anteroom door led to the hasty, and not very artistic, commencement of the duet. Mrs. Wainflete appeared at the folding doors, her face beaming with delight, and a good-humoured, moustached visage was seen over her shoulder.

"I'm so sorry to interrupt you," she cried, "but isn't it charming? Edmund finds he can have a day off, and I have thought of such a lovely plan. We'll all go down to Twickenham and spend the day there."

And so they all did; and, though in the course of that sunny day Edmund was not wholly guiltless of allusions to the "moderate good looks and still more moderate good temper" of the ideal woman, yet Father Thames, that hoary patron of lovers, had laid so soothing a spell over Winnie that no serious consequences ensued, and by sundown there could be no doubt whatever but that the violoncello had permanently secured a good accompanist.

Japanese and Chinese Games.

With Illustrations by Native Artists.

MANY of the games played by little boys and girls in England have been also played by Japanese boys and girls for centuries, such as "Blind Man's Buff," called Mikakushi (eye-hiding), "Puss in the Corner," racing, "Tom Tiddler's Ground," "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," knuckle-bones, etc. Snowballing, too, is a game much practised by the Japanese boys, who, like English boys, enjoy a good fall of snow for the sake of the sport it brings. Still better than snowballing, the Japanese boys love to make a snow man, with a round charcoal ball for each eye and a streak of charcoal for a mouth. This they call Buddha's squat follower "Daruma," whose legs rotted off through his stillness over his lengthy prayers.

THE JAPANESE METHOD OF TRUNDLING A HOOP.

The game of football, though played in Japan, is confined to the courtiers of the Mikado's Court, where regular instructors of the game are retained for the purpose.

In the game of "Puss in the Corner" the oni, or devil, takes the place of puss.

Hoops are trundled in a different fashion to the English method, as a glance at the opening illustration will show. Cat's Cradle is a common game, and both children and adults are experts at the sport, causing the string to assume all manner of shapes, representing animals, trees, etc.

THE GAME OF FOX-TRAP.

The game of "Fox-Trap," here illustrated, speaks for itself, the object being to trap the hand when attempting to seize the top, which may only be done through the loop, which the two little figures hold ready to pull in opposite directions at each attempt on the part of the fox to touch the top.

In top-spinning the Japanese are wonderfully adept, and the ingenious ways a Japanese boy has of making a top spin as he chooses would be the envy of many an English boy. The tops are not quite the same shape as ours, but they spin very well, and are made of stout pieces of bamboo with a wooden peg put through them, and the holes cut in the side make them hum loudly as the air rushes in while they spin. Others are made of shells filled with wax. Those intended for contests are of hard wood, and are iron-clad by having a heavy ring round them as a sort of tyre. In this game the object of the player is to damage his adversary's top or to make it cease spinning.

On stilts they play various games and run races. The stilts are of bamboo and are called "sangiash," after the long-legged, snowy herons that strut about in the wet rice-fields. When the Japanese walk about on them they wedge the upright between the big and second toe, as if the stilt were like a shoe.

Some of the games of the Japanese are of a national character and are indulged in by all classes. Others are purely local and exclusive. Among the former are those which belong to the special days. Beginning with the first of the year, there are a number of games and sports peculiar to this time. The girls, dressed in their best robes and girdles, with their faces powdered and their lips painted until they resemble the peculiar colours seen on beetles' wings and their hair arranged in

the most attractive coiffure, are out upon the streets playing battledore and shuttlecock. They play not only in twos and threes but in circles, and, though so near China, the game is played quite differently and more in the Western style. The shuttlecock is a small seed, often gilded, stuck round with feathers, arranged like the petals of a flower. The battledore is wooden but nearly square, and one side of bare wood, while the other has the raised effigy of some popular actor-hero of romance or singing girl. The girls highly appreciate this game, as it gives them abundant opportunity for display of personal beauty, figure, and dress. Those who fail in the game often have their faces marked with ink or a circle drawn round their eyes. The boys sing a song that the wind may blow; the girls sing that it may be calm, so that their shuttlecocks may fly straight.

In February and March, when the winds are favourable to the sport, kites are flown, and there are few games in which the Japanese, from infant to adult, take more delight. The Japanese kites are made of tough paper, pasted on a framework of bamboo sticks, and are usually of rectangular shape; some of them, however, are made to represent children or men, and several kinds of birds and animals. On the rectangular kites are figures of ancient heroes, beautiful women, dragons, horses, and monsters of various kinds. Some of the kites are six feet square. Many of them have a thin tense ribbon of whalebone at the top of the kite, which vibrates in the wind, making a loud humming noise. Matches take place between the boys and their kites, and each contestant endeavours to destroy that of his rival. For this purpose the string for ten or twenty feet near the kite end is covered with glue and then dipped into pounded glass, by which the string becomes covered with tiny blades, each able to cut quickly and deeply. By getting the kite into proper position and suddenly sawing the string of his antagonist the severed kite falls, to be claimed by the victor.

In Japan the adults do all in their power to provide for the children their full quota of play and harmless sports; full-grown and able-bodied natives are frequently seen indulging in amusements which the men of the West lay aside with their pinafores.

The game of polo which is depicted in the following drawing is believed to have been introduced into Japan about the sixth or seventh century, and is still essentially an aristocratic game. The correct number of players for this game is fourteen—seven a-side. Each side wears a distinctive badge of a particular colour, and the polo balls for each side match the colour. The court is a rectangular enclosure with a screen about eight feet high, in the centre of which is a circular hole about one foot six inches in diameter, at the back of which is a netted bag. This is the goal; eighteen feet in front of this is a barrier, three feet six inches high, right across the enclosure. The players having entered the enclosure on horseback at the opposite end, each provides himself with a ball of similar colour to the badge worn by his side, the ball being carried balanced in the net of the racquet. Each side then forms in single file at the entrance of the enclosure opposite each other. Each player then raises his racquet, with the ball balanced on the net, to a horizontal position, and as soon as the word is given to start both sides canter *en masse* to the goal-barrier and endeavour to sling their balls through the goal-hole, at the same time obstructing foes and protecting friends as far as possible. The object of the players on both sides at this stage of the game is to score seven balls of their respective colours as soon as possible.

JAPANESE POLO.

The Chinese, though a hard-working and industrious people, are not behind other nations in their love of amusements. Outdoor sports are not much in vogue with the Chinese. Of such manly games as wrestling, cricket, racquets, and football they are apparently ignorant. When anything approaching athletic exercise takes place it is always with some utilitarian object in view, as in archery, fencing, lifting weights, etc., which are practised as a training for the military exams. The most violent of outdoor games in which adults indulge is shuttlecock. A more sedentary pastime is that of kite-flying, in which grown-up men indulge, while the youngsters (under the usual law of topsy-turvydom) stand and look on. The ladies join in a few games, but are debarred from the great majority of those which cannot be played in the privacy of their dwelling. They kill time by playing cards and dominoes, occasionally going to a theatre, gossiping, and visiting—when they are quickly carried in closed chairs through the narrow streets, invisible to everyone, and everyone and everything nearly invisible to themselves.

THE CHINESE GAME OF THE ARTIFICIAL LION.

With regard to the children, besides taking their share in the enjoyment of their elders, they play at a number of games and have more especially for their benefit tops, paper lanterns, iron marbles, toy cannons and weapons, and a thousand and one different games and toys, with which the ingenuity of the caterers for their amusement fill the toy-shops and cover the stalls at the street corners. New Year's time is the most glorious of all for little John Chinaman. In all his fine toggery he trudges along at his father's side to pay his New Year's call, his little brain busy at work calculating how many cash he will get in presents from his father's acquaintances. A veritable chip of the old block, he takes his pleasure gravely, but evidently, the visits over, enjoys the fun to the full, as, with lighted joss-stick, he carefully turns over the mass of smoking paper fragments—the remnant of the long string of crackers his big brother has just let off, to be rewarded by half-a-dozen which have missed fire.

As a rule invigorating sports and recreations are discouraged in China, preference being given to games which are quiet and require the least exertion, as it is regarded as more reputable and praiseworthy to be dignified and preserve a decorous deportment. But there are several exceptions to this rule, of which the following are two representations. These are used in the Chinese January and occasionally at other times of the year. The first represents a lion pursuing a ball. This figure is made of bamboo splints and pasteboard, covered with cloth, coloured to represent the popular notion of the king of beasts. It is carried by two men or boys, who put their heads and shoulders into the body of the animal. Their legs and parts of their bodies appear below, about where the fore legs and hinder legs should come. The parts of the bodies and lower limbs of the players, whose heads are concealed in the body of the lion, are sometimes covered with clothing, coloured or painted to represent the legs of the beast itself. The lion has an immense head, and is made with open jaws, so that one or both of those who personate its legs and feet can see out pretty clearly through its mouth.

A ball in imitation of an immense pearl is carried by someone, who runs in front of the beast or darts across its path, showing it for the purpose of attracting its attention and exciting its pursuit. The lion is believed to be exceedingly fond of playing with the ball. The Chinese imagine that when it sees a ball it tries to obtain possession of it, after which it plays with it much as a kitten plays with a

ball, and it is on account of this prevalent impression that they provide a man or boy to carry a ball in front of the artificial king of beasts. The royal quadruped follows in the game wherever the ball-bearer leads. Everything about the amusement is coarsely executed, and yet the players excite considerable interest and produce unlimited merriment. Sometimes in connection with the performing of theatrical plays, and sometimes in idol processions, playing with the artificial lion forms a conspicuous part. Occasionally men come forward with spears or other weapons and pretend to fight and conquer the lion, as shown in the illustration. The sham fight with the lion is a kind of amusement which pleases and excites the common people to no small extent when well done.

THE GAME OF THE DRAGON.

The other sport is that of manœuvring with an image representing a dragon, of which the above drawing gives a vivid idea. This image as regards its framework is made out of bamboo splints, some of them tied so as to be nearly circular. This framework of hoops is covered with cloth, and is so arranged that it can be lighted up in the inside. To the underpart of the whole, when completed, several short poles are affixed in such a manner that it can be elevated several feet above the heads of the men who carry it. It is sometimes several tens of feet long, and can be turned and twisted into various shapes on account of the nature of its framework not being stiff and straight, but consisting of hooplike preparations of bamboo covered with a flexible material.

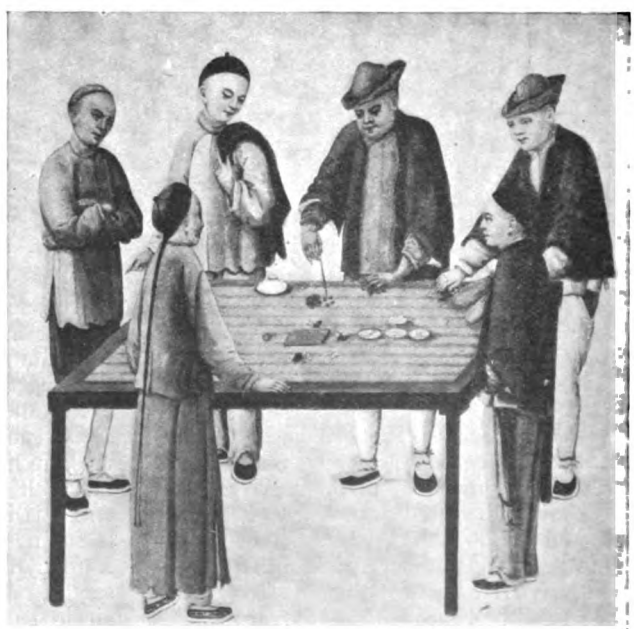
Manœuvring or playing with the dragon is quite common in the festivities connected with the celebrations in the first Chinese month, and it often appe rs as part of an idol procession in the night time. When used in the latter way it is illuminated and carried several feet above the heads of the people, those who carry it making it bend and wind about in the same manner they are pleased to imagine the dragon goes. When brightly illuminated on a dark night it presents a singular spectacle. The head of the dragon, according to Chinese ideas, is very large and ill-favoured, and when illuminated as represented it adds an unearthly and fiendish character to the sight.

The game of shuttlecock in China is subject to the usual topsy-turvydom arrangement of most things in that strange land of contrarieties, and, instead of being more especially a game for girls, is played chiefly by men and boys. No girls ever play it. It may almost be said to be the national game of China, and kite-flying the national pastime. There is no battledore used in China, but the shuttlecock is kept in the air by the foot, as the illustration shows. Two, three, four, or more players get together, and, if two, stand opposite each other; if three or more, they form an irregular ring and kick the shuttlecock up in the air in such a manner that it may fall near another player. If a foot stroke is impossible when the shuttlecock is falling near one, then it is allowable to keep it up by hitting it with the hand and thus send it to another player, or bang it into the air in such a way that it may return in a position to be easily hit by the foot. There are several foot-strokes, the most common being with the inner side of the sole of the

CHINESE SHUTTLECOCK, PLAYED CHIEFLY WITH THE FOOT.

right foot. Another hit that requires considerable dexterity is given with the inner side of the sole of the right foot from under the calf of the left leg. The most usual form of this stroke is as follows. The left leg is doubled round so that the foot is in front of the body and about ten or twelve inches from the ground; this is done while the shuttlecock is descending; and when it is almost near enough to hit a spring is taken off the ground with the right foot last, and the shuttlecock is immediately hit by the inner side of the sole of the right foot from under the left calf. Another variety of this stroke is to stretch the left leg out in a sloping direction downwards from the body with the foot a few inches above the ground, and then a similar stroke is made as described above. Another stroke is made with the sole of the right foot from behind the body, the foot in delivering it being kicked backwards and upwards. With many of these strokes delivered with the foot the shuttlecock is knocked up some ten, twenty, or more feet into the air, though occasionally a forward kick is given, which directs it towards another player, with perhaps a slightly rising direction. The play begins by one player tossing the shuttlecock with his hands up in the air towards another player opposite him, and the object of the game is to keep the shuttlecock up as long as possible.

The next picture shows the most common game of luck in China. It is called Fan-Tan, or quadrating cash, and is the game most widely known by the Europeans resident in China. The keeper of the table is provided with a pile of bright cash, of which he takes a double handful and lays them on the table, covering the pile with a bowl. The persons standing around guess the remainder there will be left after the pile has been divided by four, whether one, two, three, or nothing, the guess and stake of each person being first recorded by a clerk; the keeper then carefully picks out the coins, four by four, all narrowly watching his movements. Cheating is almost impossible in this game, and twenty people can play at it as well as two.



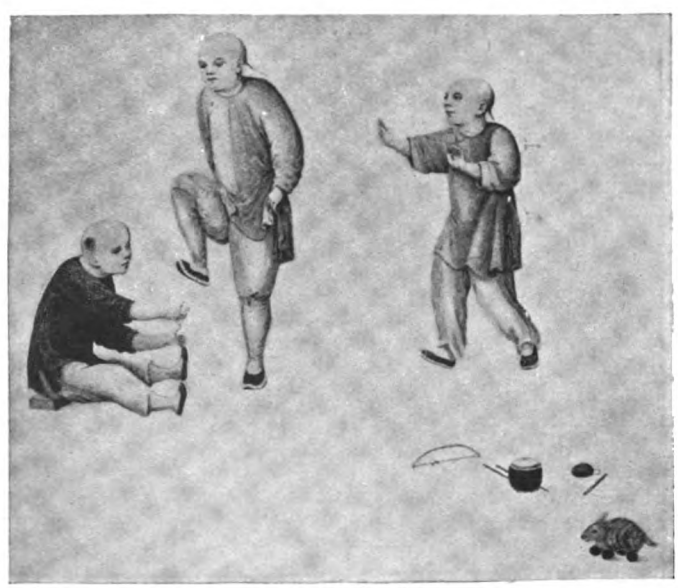
THE GAME OF FAN-TAN.

Boys in China have no such games of ball as are common and popular in the West. Their sports do not require much physical exertion, nor do they pair off or choose sides and compete in order to see who are the best players. Their chief game of ball, although called football, is a very different game to the healthy and invigorating game of the West. In China it is played with two iron balls, which, instead of being delivered by the hand, are pushed in dexterous manner with the sole of the foot, the object being to strike each other's ball most times in a given distance. As will be seen in the above representation of this game, the gambling element enters into this as well as all other sports of the Chinese. Each man has his hands full of cash, with which he backs his movements as the game proceeds. This renders an otherwise quiet and somewhat monotonous game exciting and causes an amount of emulation, and much skill is shown in the use of the foot.

THE GAME OF "IRON FOOTBALL."

The Chinese, as before stated, are naturally averse to any game that requires much physical exertion, and would certainly disapprove of the amount of energetic action which leap-frog requires as played in England. The game in China is played in a much more sedate and becoming manner, according to Chinese ideas, and the question of "giving a back" does not enter into it, for, instead of the stooping posture, it is customary for a boy to sit sedately on a small block of wood and first to advance one foot, and, as succeeding leaps, or, rather, a hop, skip, and a jump, are taken, to increase the height of it by placing his other foot on the top of the first, and subsequently his hands; this continues until one of the leapers fails to clear the top, when it becomes his turn to take a seat upon the block. The following illustration shows the whole proceeding very clearly.

One common form of the gambling of the Chinese, illustrated on the next page, is with a round board some fifteen or sixteen inches in diameter, the circumference of which is divided into eight or sixteen equal parts. From the centre of each of the dividing points is drawn a straight line. A standard or post eight or ten inches high is erected in the centre, coming to a point small enough to allow of cash being placed upon it. A slender stick of wood is provided, nearly as long as the diameter of the board, having a small hole in the centre of it sufficiently large to allow it to fit loosely upon the perpendicular standard and to turn round easily in a line parallel



CHINESE LEAP-FROG.

with the surface of the board. Near one end of this horizontal piece is tied one end of a string, so that its other end will come down nearly to the surface of the board. The game consists of guessing where the string will point after the horizontal piece to which the string is attached, having been made to revolve, stops. The one who wishes to stake some cash upon a certain spot places the amount of his wager on the top of the upright in the centre and specifies the particular division, and then gives the horizontal piece a whirl round, with greater or less velocity, as he pleases. If the string stops pointing down to the particular division he selected he has won, and is paid by the proprietor of the stall eight or sixteen times as much as he ventured, according as the face of the board is divided into eight or sixteen parts. If the string stops over any other space than the one he bets upon he loses his wager. The owner often has a quantity of candies or sweetmeats with which to pay wholly or in part his forfeit, provided those who are successful in their ventures are willing to accept of such currency; if not he must pay them in cash.

SPINNING FOR CAKES.

Guessing the number of pips in an orange is a very curious game, and one often seen in the streets of China. If a number of Chinese are seen surrounding a fruit-vender's stock of oranges in Hong-Kong, it will generally be found that this game is the attraction. Each player has a good look at the orange, a loose-skinned one, and makes a guess at the number of seeds in it, staking his money accordingly. After all have staked, the fruit-dealer skins the orange and opens each division so as to count the pips carefully. The one that guesses right wins treble the amount of his stake, whilst the two nearest in their guesses to him win double theirs.

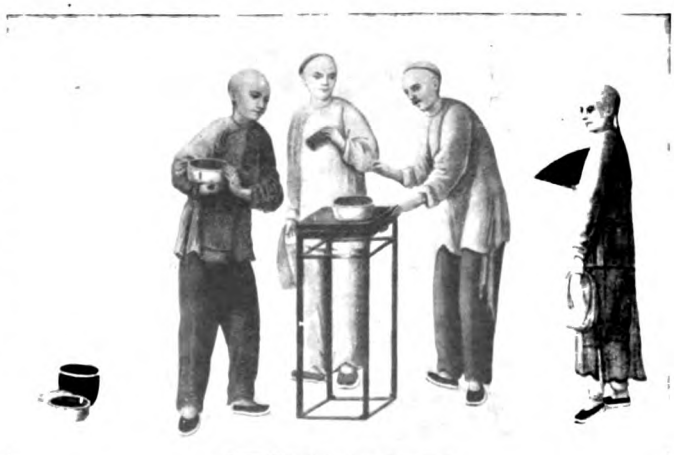
During the winter months quail-fighting is a favourite sport. The pits in which these birds fight are like the cock-pits once so popular in England. Great pains are bestowed upon the quails by those who train them. The birds are daily washed in warm water to make them lean and active. The quail-pits are generally very small; they are provided with two or three tiers of galleries, in which the spectators have to stand in a stooping posture. In the centre of the pit on a table is a tub with low sides — as

GUESSING THE NUMBER OF PIPS IN AN ORANGE.

QUAIL FIGHTING.

shown in the drawing—into which the quails are put. Before the struggle begins two birds are placed, the one in a blue and the other in a yellow bag, and put upon the table, to give the company an opportunity of judging of their respective merits. The spectators are then called upon to make their bets, which are carefully registered by a secretary. The stakes are placed in the hands of an umpire, who hands them over to the winner when victory has been declared. Whenever the birds find themselves facing each other in the tub a fierce encounter takes place. The fight, however, does not last long, the vanquished bird invariably seeking safety in flight.

Combats between crickets are often seen in the south, where the small field sort is common. The insects are found in large numbers on the hills there, and men capture them by night. Crickets which chirp loudest are regarded as the best fighters. When captured they are kept singly in earthenware pots, at the bottom of which is a small quantity of fine mould and a tiny cup containing a few drops of water for the insects to drink out of or bathe in. Their food consists of two kinds of fish, and they have honey given them to strengthen them; other items of their diet are boiled chestnuts and rice. Smoke is supposed to be injurious to their health, and the rooms in which they are kept must be perfectly free from it. If they are ill from over-eating, red insects called hung-chung are given them. If the sickness arises from cold they get mosquitoes; if from heat, shoots of the green pea plant. Chuk-tip or bamboo butterflies are given for difficulty in breathing. At the cricket-pit the insects are matched according to size, weight, and colour; the stakes are in some cases very large. Two well-chosen combatants are put into the arena and irritated with a straw until they rush upon each other with the utmost fury, chirruping as they make the onsets, and the battle seldom ends without a tragical result, in loss of life or limb. A cricket which wins many victories is called shou-lip, or conquering cricket, and when it dies is placed in a small silver coffin and buried; the owner believing that the honourable interment brings him good luck, and that good fighting crickets will be found the next year in the neighbourhood where the cricket lies buried. The excitement manifested at the matches is very great, and considerable sums of money change hands. Crickets which display great fighting powers are not unfrequently sold for large sums.



FIGHTING CRICKETS.

The Great White Moth.

By Fred M. White.

CHAPTER I.

THE thing savoured of mystery and possible adventure, and Drenton Denn, Special Commissioner, was ready for the fray. Anything was better than loafing in the forest behind Shaz waiting for the transports that never seemed to come, in company with Glasgow, who was engaged in the up-country trade and had just returned from one of his adventurous expeditions.

"Here is the back door of Central Africa," remarked Glasgow. "There is no occasion to knock. Will you come in?"

"Got anything fresh on show?" Denn asked.

Glasgow smiled. Not in vain had he taken his life between his teeth for the last five years. The brawny Scot was burned a deep copper bronze; his beard was ragged as a goat's.

"I can promise you the sight of a thing or two you have never seen in your life before," he said. "And this is about the last trip I shall make through the great forest of Ulu. It has been dangerous work, but I have done pretty well. What do you think of this?"

From a cowhide bale amongst his stores Glasgow produced a feather. It was a magnificent white plume, some two feet in length and of the most perfect texture. It was soft, almost elusive, to the touch, and as Glasgow shook it out the thing gleamed like a gossamer spray of falling water.

"FROM A COWHIDE BALE AMONGST HIS STORES GLASGOW PRODUCED A FEATHER."

Denn was loud in his admiration.

"My word," he cried, "the finest ostrich tail in the world is a mere scrubbing-brush compared with this. Got any more?"

"Got ten thousand of them in that bale. Oh, you can laugh. Though that feather when shaken out covers a small table-cloth, you can put half-a-dozen of them in your waistcoat pocket easily. See."

The exquisitely beautiful plume was rolled up into a ball no larger than a marble. When

shaken out the shimmering gloss and dainty loveliness of its down were absolutely unimpaired.

"Takes eight of them to weigh an ounce," Glasgow went on. "Nothing injures it. I calculate these things will make a sensation in England."

"You can pile up the stamps on that," Denn replied. "I'd give a trifle to see the bird that feather came from."

"Man, that feather came from no bird at all. What kind of creature it belongs to I know no more than the dead. The Ulu natives are on the best of terms with me now; they bring me these feathers, but whence they come I can get no information. My man Chan will do anything for me, but one question touching feathers sends him muttering an incantation to some Obi god and reduces him to sulky silence for the day."

Denn sat up briskly, despite the heat that beat down in waves.

"Bully for you," he said. "I'll come to Ulu with you and I'll see that bird, or whatever it is. This is going to be an adventure after my own heart."

Glasgow was quite agreeable. He little realized the peril and danger his volatile companion was breeding for him, otherwise the cautious Scot would have traversed the forest alone.

"Have you never tried to see the bird?" Denn asked.

"Not I," Glasgow replied. "I came out here for money, and I have made it by leaving the natives alone. There are queer things, evil things, out yonder, and there are bones of white men bleaching in the sun who have sought to know too much. Curiosity doesn't pay yonder."

They started at dawn the next morning, leaving the camp in charge of two trusty natives, and taking Chan, Glasgow's faithful servant, with them. The latter was a fine specimen of his class, yellow of skin and lithe of limb, with hair straight and black as ebony.

It was cooler in the forest, but the track was narrow, and there were many snakes about. Denn could hear them writhing and wriggling in the dry scrub, and caught the sullen flash of scales from time to time. He had no regret for his leather gaiters.

"That chap of yours will get into trouble in a moment," he muttered to Glasgow. "Seems like asking Providence to tread on the tail of one's coat to come through a snake-infested jungle like this with nothing on but a loin-cloth. Hanged if that isn't a cobra."

It was. The wicked head was raised, the hood uplifted to strike at Chan as he strode carelessly on at the head of the procession. Denn felt the hair pricking and bristling on the back of his scalp.

"Look out, you fool!" he yelled. "Don't you know a cobra when you see it?"

Chan turned with a sweet yet pitiful smile. As he did so the cobra struck, and Chan caught him coolly by the throat. The next instant the slimy back was broken and the limp body cast aside.

"Well, I'm dashed!" Denn exclaimed. "But the brute struck you."

The statement was correct. There were two red punctures in the thick of Chan's thigh. Already the limb was commencing to swell. Half an hour at the most and Chan would cease to be. Denn's face was expressive of sickening horror. Glasgow smiled, and Chan showed two glistening rows of teeth in the grin of the man who courts approval successfully.

"No make fuss," he said; "me all lite in minit gone by."

From his loin-cloth he took a tiny brown substance about the shape and hue of a dried bean. This he wetted with his tongue, and proceeded to rub the bean more or less carelessly on the punctures, after which he resumed his onward march with absolute easiness.

"Some fetich, of course," Denn muttered. "But nothing can save him."

Denn resigned himself to melancholy and the development of the tragedy. But, in his own vigorous metaphor, the tragedy didn't develop worth a cent. The hours went on and the camp was fixed for the night, and, like the monks and the friars at Rheims, Chan did not seem one penny the worse. Denn watched Chan with a glassy eye. Pipes once lighted and the native moved out of earshot, Denn began to speak.

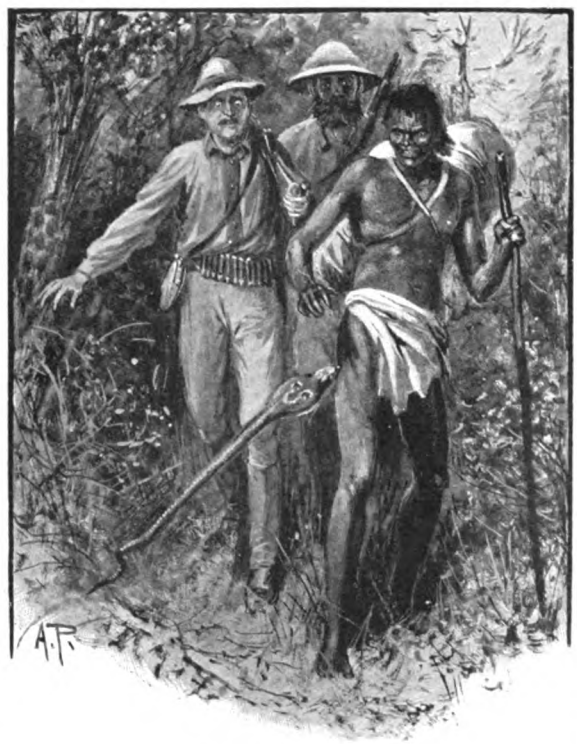
"It seems to me you have missed a pretty short cut to fortune," he said. "Chan's got an infallible cure for snake-bites. If you could get hold of the recipe, you could afford to give those feathers away."

"*If* I could get hold of it. But I can't. All the Ulu natives carry one of those little brown beans; in fact, I have one myself. Chan gave it to me, and he took his life in his hands in so doing, let me tell you. The thing is mixed up in a way with the feathers, and some religious ceremony with a little tin god of sorts tacked on to the end of it. It's

a kind of freemasonry. I'd give all I possess to obtain that recipe, but I know when I am well off, and so keep my fingers out of that pie. If you take my advice you will keep this discovery to yourself."

Denn fell back on a policy of silence. As a matter of fact, he had not come all this way to see and be dumb. The *New York Post* did not pay him the salary of an ambassador for that. Besides, it was a distinct duty to humanity to obtain that recipe.

A six-bladed knife and a promise of an apocryphal revolver later on shook Chan's dense religious fanaticism to the marrow. Denn was fishing for secrets it was peril to the soul to reveal, and Chan was troubled. Still, Heaven was far off as yet, and the revolver was so near.



"THE COBRA STRUCK."

"No dare tell," said Chan. "God Gnew make the juice that keep the snake fangs out. God Gnew have the papyrus in um belly and the priests guard it in the temple at Ulu. Every full moon they make more juice in the temple, then um put papyrus back in Gnew belly again."

"Let me have a squint at that show and you shall have a silver watch, Chan."

Chan shivered and his lips grew grey. His bony knees clattered together and his mouth watered.

"Say that again and me kill you," he said, hoarsely. "Big fool white man; he not know what he talk about palaver so."

And Chan flatly refused to say any more. Still, he was clearly shaken to the pith of his soul, and many a longing glance did he cast at the chain Denn had displayed across his canvas shirt. That the poison was getting in its work the astute Yankee knew well. He had quite made up his mind to see that ceremony. Secret rites, freemasonry, and papyrus in the internal economy of a god called Gnew! The smartest "special" on earth was not to be baffled by a fanatical native with no clothes on. Denn said no more till over in the valley towards night on the third day the huts and stockades of Ulu rose in sight.

Denn stood up alongside Chan.

"What about that watch?" he whispered.

Chan's teeth clicked and his lips quivered with a sort of nervous paralysis. His eyes gleamed as a cat's might in the dark. Then he fell to sobbing, and the big tears rolled down his cheeks. It was not a pretty spectacle, and Denn was not without a sense of shame.

"So it's to be," he said. "The question is, when?"

Chan's lips framed rather than said, "Tomorrow afternoon."

CHAPTER II.

GLASGOW lay in the hut assigned to him with the air of a man who mourns for wasted hours and yet bears the loss of them philosophically.

"No business done to-day," he said. "They've got one of their bobberies on, some fool nonsense or other at the temple, which takes place once a month. They're quiet and peaceful chaps as a rule, but when the periodical madness comes on they are apt to be dangerous. It is only by lying low and not evincing the slightest curiosity that I have got on with the Ulus so well."

"I should have pulled all the inside of the business out by this time," said Denn.

"Yes, and by this time you wouldn't have

any inside to pull out," Glasgow replied, drily. "I'm going to have a siesta."

A minute later and Glasgow was asleep. Denn crept quietly out of the hut and made his way to the spot where he had arranged to meet Chan. Not a single Ulu was in sight anywhere.

Chan was looking downcast and troubled, with a furious gleam in his eyes that caused Denn to slap his hip-pocket significantly.

"None of your confounded nonsense," he said. "This is a case of no song, no supper. The question is, how are you going to disguise me so that I can watch the circus procession without any chance of being fired out of the show?

"You go as pilgrim," Chan explained, sullenly. "Pilgrim come from beyond Shaz to the shrine of Gnew. Holy things for pilgrims to do like Mahomet fellows down Cairo way say of what call Mecca."

"That's all right. But I don't look like a pilgrim to any considerable extent. What are you going to do with my face?"

Chan proceeded to unfold a long robe made of coloured grasses fashioned like a sack. This he placed over Denn's head, leaving him with two holes wherewith to see. A pair of moccasins of the same material completed his outfit.

"There pilgrim's dress for you," Chan remarked. "Taken from a dead pilgrim, un had cholera. No other one get. Perhaps you die cholera too."

Denn shuddered slightly. A natural desire to tear the flimsy structure in fragments came over him.

"There is a drawback to every pleasure," he said, grimly. "What time do the doors open?"

With a swift critical glance at his companion, Chan pointed the way. Up to the present a strange silence had been observed, and no single Ulu could be seen. Then a queer, grotesque figure came forth into the main street of the village and commenced to blow vigorously on a horn.

From the huts, up from the grass, out of the shelter of the forest, men and women seemed to rise as from the dead. The fierce mob, uttering yells and cries, pushed forward. Their gleaming eyes and set faces were eloquent of the frenzy of fanaticism that possessed them.

An ugly crowd—no mistake about that; a crowd drunk with religious fervour, which is a dangerous thing to the scoffer even in civilized climes. No reason to warn Denn that he would be torn limb from limb on the slightest suggestion of his presence.

It was therefore some comfort to find that there were hundreds of pilgrims besides himself. He and Chan were soon in the thick of the stream, and a greasy, evil-smelling stream it proved to be. As the crowd surged along the cries and yells ceased and a strange, strained silence followed. They were eager and yet strangely reluctant, as a man who is compelled to witness an execution. Fear and curiosity were mingled. Denn could hear his companions breathing heavily, like runners who have come far and fast.

Presently the procession arrived at a huge mass of rocks that thrust themselves out from the hillside. Carried on by the living stream, Denn found himself hustled down a flinty gorge and thence through a pair of massive bronze gates, beautifully modelled and finished.

"Well, this beats everything," he muttered. "Now, where on earth do those magnificent gates come from? Nothing finer was ever cast in Greece or Rome. It seems to me I'm going to have value for my money."

The gates closed right up to the rugged arch of the roof. Inside was a huge natural temple, faintly illuminated by a dozen or more windows cut through the living granite. And each one of the windows was filled with the most delicate bronze tracery.

The place was so vast that there was room and to spare. Denn found a gloomy corner, where he stood with Chan by his side so that he could observe everything without being seen. No previous adventure had been more fascinating than the present one.

Denn's keen eyes took everything in. One surprise tripped over the heels of another so fast that the American grew quite accustomed to the whirl of sensations. He looked down from the roof to the floor at his feet. He saw that he stood ankle-deep in some white feathery substance that glistened purely in the filtered light.

The whole temple was carpeted with the marvellous feather that Glasgow had shown him a day or two before. There were literally hundreds of them, the pilgrims and Ulus trampling them under foot as if they had been grass. As Denn bent for closer inspection Chan grasped his arm.

"Nothing touch; dead certain fool white man," he whispered.

Denn accepted the hint. And, indeed, there was something else to occupy his attention beyond the beautiful feathers. At the back of the temple there stood a gigantic idol of unusually repulsive aspect. In the centre of the forehead was one

gigantic eye behind which a lamp had been lighted. The whole thing was grotesque to the last degree.

At the feet of the idol on a platform a mass of priests, or medicine-men, had gathered. They were old and withered, every one of them, and clad from head to foot in some coarse white cloth. On a table at the foot of the idol Denn could see a wicker basket containing a dozen or more cobras in a state of lively indignation.

Then the priests began to sing, grouped in a semi-circle. At first their chant was low and wailing and monotonous, and to Denn's great surprise he recognised it as familiar and Gregorian. A dreamy sensation of having been there and having done it all before came over him.

"Nothing new under the sun," he muttered. "White men must have been here before. Otherwise, how on earth did those gates get here?"

Presently the chant grew louder and more fierce. Up and up it rose until there was one screaming cry of passion and supplication, till finally the rocking, reeling priests prostrated themselves before the altar.

Instantly the whole assemblage did the same. Denn felt himself dragged down by Chan's powerful hand. After the fearful din the silence was strange and almost painful. And yet Denn had never seen anything more thrilling and impressive before.

Denn lay half smothered in those luscious clinging feathers, soft as down and diaphanous as sea-foam, wondering what was going to happen next. He had some dim conception of the way in which the ceremony pointed. This music was doubtless an incantation and an appeal for mercy from the god. They were waiting before they had courage to proceed.

A quarter of an hour passed, and then the leader of the priests raised his head cautiously. Another and another, till at length they were all on their feet once more. Loud yells of triumph followed.

Slowly, by reason of the weight of his years, the chief priest proceeded to climb up the frame of the great idol. He looked like a white fly on the head of a Sphinx. The action was nothing in itself, apart from the feebleness of the chief performer, and yet it was followed by almost painful silence. Then the arm of the priest was plunged up to the elbow in an orifice in the idol, to emerge a moment later waving a faded strip of parchment.

Instantly the throbbing silence was broken by a manifestation of mad delight. The pilgrims tossed, and rocked, and yelled in a species of intoxicated delirium. Denn knew enough to grasp the meaning of this. The parchment was doubtless the sacred papyrus containing the recipe for the snake cure. Probably these poor folk always gathered there under the impression that some day the great god might destroy the papyrus in a fit of rage.

However, here it was, passed from one priest to another and perused eagerly. Then fires were lighted on the platform, and upon them gourds were placed, and filled with some liquid that caused a great and acrid smoke to rise. Whilst the gourds were boiling and bubbling the priests danced around them with a solemn, stilted step that tried Denn's gravity to the utmost. The absolute wooden stolidity of those around him did not tend to seriousness on the part of the volatile American.

Presently the dance ceased and no further smoke arose from the gourds. The contents of the whole of them were poured into a large brass vessel to which water was added. A big reddish lump like putty was extracted from the brass pot and handed from priest to priest for inspection.

A great burst of triumph followed. The religious function had been eminently successful. Denn felt that the end had come. Then, as he looked about him, he became conscious of the fact that night was coming on. A minute later and it shot down like a blanket on the place.

As if in a paroxysm of fear the whole of the audience made a rush for the gates. Chan plucked at Denn's sleeve.

"Come!" he whispered, hoarsely. "The white dumb devil! Quick!"

Denn eluded the grasp. If there was anything more to be seen he made up his mind to see it. He drew back into a dark corner so that the stream of frantic, perspiring humanity might pass him by and leave him high above the flood.

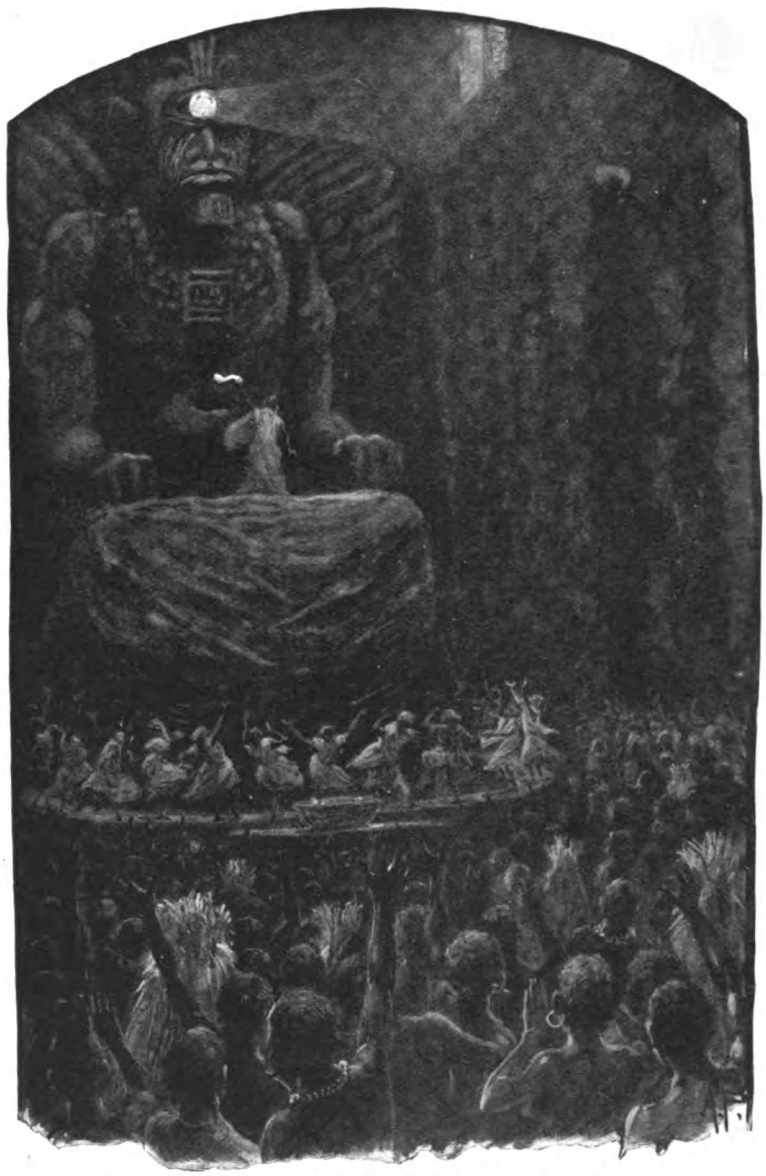
The flood went roaring on. Denn, by the feeble light in the eye of the idol, watched the stream ebb away. He saw the papyrus restored to the body of the god, and the stuff the priests had made carried away. And he also saw as the pilgrims hurried out that every eye was turned upwards with shuddering fear.

"Something gone wrong with the works," Denn said, *sotto voce*, "or why should they clear out like that with the darkness? Doubtless the ceremony took more time

than usual. If I do happen to come across the white dumb devil I shall have had a pleasant afternoon."

By this time the place was absolutely quiet. Denn felt no uneasiness. Chan, of course, would imagine that he had been swept out with the crowd. Even when Denn discovered that the great bronze gates were fast and that he was a prisoner he felt no fear.

If the worst came to the worst he could remain there for the night and trust to luck to slip out when the temple was open in the morning. That nobody would molest him till dawn he felt certain, for the fear of the darkness had been on priest and layman alike.



"THE ARM OF THE PRIEST WAS PLUNGED IN AN ORIFICE IN THE IDOL."

Therefore Denn felt at leisure to explore about him as he pleased. It did not take him long to discover that behind the great

idol was a huge cavern going right away into the hillside. So far as he could see the whole floor was carpeted with those peerless white feathers. They had been trodden under many a score of grimy feet, and yet they were still as light as thistledown and seemed to shake off corruption as water runs off a rose.

"I never saw anything more exquisitely lovely," said Denn. "I would give a trifle to see the creature they came from. Now, I wonder if this bird or beast lives in the cavern behind me? It looks like it."

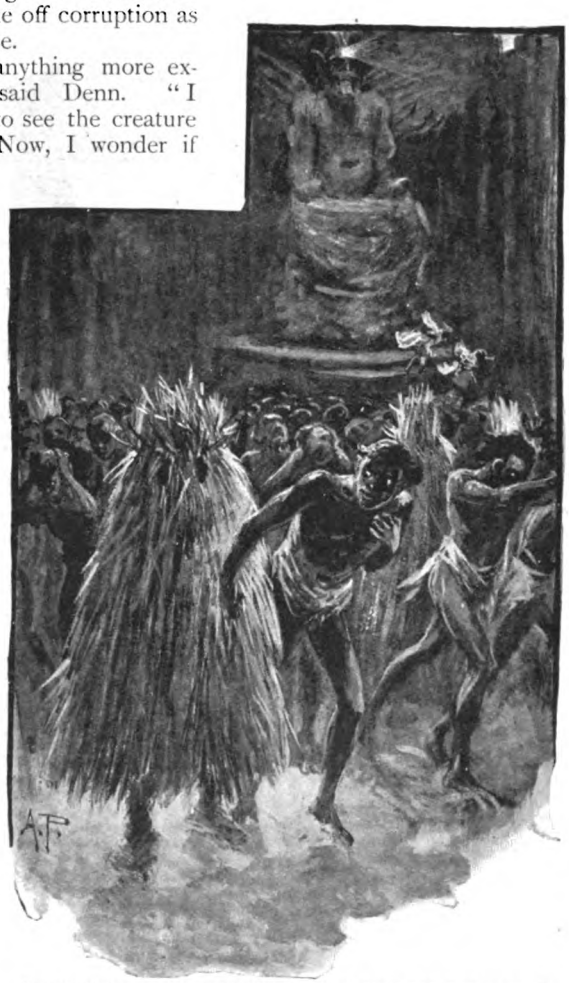
It did indeed, for high above Denn's head, where no human being could possibly go, one of the feathers hung on a jagged ledge of rock.

"Extraordinary thing," Denn went on. "It *must* be a bird, unless there is such a thing as a flying beast. Upon my word, it begins to look like it. If the creature is here I shall most assuredly drop a card on him."

The idol still glared down at Denn. The idea of taking possession of the papyrus instantly possessed him. It might be useless; on the contrary, it might be in a formula known to science. There was just the chance.

As Denn started forward to carry out his intention something seemed to glide by him and brush his cheek softly, gently, as the touch of a mother's hand. And yet the rush of air that followed was as a strong breeze. In the feeble light of the gleaming eye high overhead something darted like a swallow in the twilight. It was vague, ghostly, yet tangible.

Denn forgot all about the papyrus. A treasure was there beyond rubies, but it slipped from the American's mind. The great white shadow swooped down and stood still in the air quivering before Denn's astonished eyes.



"THE WHOLE OF THE AUDIENCE MADE A RUSH FOR THE GATES."

What was it? Something greater than an albatross, more massive in the body and wider across the wings, which vibrated so swiftly that their motion was impossible for the eye to follow. Not a bird or a beast, but a great white moth with an eye soft and mournful, and yet so vaguely terrible that Denn stood paralyzed before it.

This, then, was the dumb white devil that Chan had spoken of. But surely the thing was harmless. The soft, mournful eye, the noiseless, snowy wings, pointed to a gentle, timid thing. Yet as it quivered closer and closer to Denn he backed away. He had heard before of a huge moth unseen by any white man's eye, and here it was.

He backed farther and farther away. The thing followed in the same terribly noiseless manner as if it were floating on the air. Denn could see into the soft, mournful grey eye, he could catch a faint perfume like musk, and with a flash the wings were about him.

There was no pressure, no cruel claws cut into the flesh, no serried teeth met in the flesh of the affrighted man. A certain weight bore him to the ground, and then his eyes and throat and ears seemed to be filled with something that seemed like warm snow,

exquisite and glowing to the touch and yet soft as satin.

Denn fought it off as best he might. As a matter of fact, he knew quite well that he was being suffocated to death in a mass of feathers. Try as he would he could find no way out of the white sea surrounding him. He gripped for the body, but only succeeded in burying his arm to the shoulders in the tangle of silken plumes. He could hear a heart beating under it all. Still, it was no time for speculation. A little longer of this and Denn's interest in mundane matters would be finished.

He fought and gasped and struggled for breath. His heart was hammering painfully against his ribs, a cold sweat broke out over him. He began to feel himself floating away on a boundless sea towards oblivion. The strong man was growing weak as a little child.

Then, without warning, the white, fluttering mass lifted. Denn, dazed and confused, lay on his back, looking upwards. He saw the cause of this diversion. High over his head he could see, not one of the great moths, but two of them. They were darting round one another in dazzling flashes faster than a swallow cleaves the air, and yet without the slightest noise. Denn crept away to the shadow and made his way on all fours to the gates.

"A CERTAIN WEIGHT BORE HIM TO THE GROUND."

He looked up again. As he did so he saw the two moths come with a flashing wheel and dazzling circle in full contact with each other. For an instant it seemed as if they had burst like two bombs, for a white cloud, growing wider, enveloped them. As the cloud commenced to fall it resolved itself into a shower of feathers.

The moths were fighting a duel. Great as the rain of plumes had been, there was no sign of loss of plumage in either insect. Again and again they came together with the same wheeling motion, and again and again the showers of diaphanous plumes flecked downwards. Then, as they charged once more, one of the moths avoided the other and darted with amazing swiftness into the purple gloom beyond the great idol. A

fraction of a second later and the other moth had disappeared also.

Denn crouched there, gasping and panting. Idol, papyrus, the boon to mankind, everything was forgotten in the mad desire to be beyond those bronze gates. Tangible dangers Denn knew and appreciated—dargers he could grapple with and hold on to; but the silent terror of this danger frightened him. Small wonder that the Ulus had fled at the coming of the night.

Doubtless in the caverns beyond were hundreds of those ghostly moths. And they might return to the attack at any time. One was bad enough, but to be beset by a score of them—to be buried under the crushing weight of those white plumes that filled eyes and throat and ears——

Denn cast the thought shuddering from him. The thing was to get away now before danger returned. Still, that was easier said than done. There was no escape save by the great bronze gates, glittering now in the moonlight that bathed the whole place in a silver flood.

Denn looked outside as a prisoner does through his bars. As he did so a figure crept out of the long grass. To Denn's delight he saw the white, fearful, sweat-bedabbled face of Chan.

"White dumb devil not there?" he whispered.

Denn hastened to reassure the other. Chan pressed on one of the ornaments of the great gates, and they slowly yawned open far enough for Denn to step through. There was no further danger now.

"Fool white man no want any more go yonder," said Chan, recovering himself, as the temple was left behind. "Guess you stay there when others gone. White dumb devil stay in, hide in daylight, and only come out at night. Lots um in cavern yonder. You see um?"

Denn responded that he had done so. Then he fell to asking questions. Some years before, he found, the big white moths had come to this temple. More than one priest had been found mysteriously suffocated before the real truth had come to light. Then it was discovered that the big white moths only dared to come out after sundown, and there was consequently no occasion to leave the temple. After dark it was a different matter. Hence the flight of the Ulus and pilgrims at the fall of night, the ceremony having taken longer than usual.

"But where do those moths come from?" Denn asked.

Chan pointed towards the distant hills.

"Over there," he said, "in the valley of caverns. No dare go there after dark. Many mans killed there. Sen um self every times. No go there time some more not for revolver; no, not for *silver watch.*"

Denn laughed at the pointed speech. He laid upon Chan's shoulder a hand that still shook slightly.

"No occasion for the hint, my simple savage," he said. "You shall have the best watch and the best revolver that money can procure."

Chan smiled and he sighed. For he was fearful for the anger of the gods, and his soul was heavy within him.

Through the Straits by Submarine.

By Yves Madec.

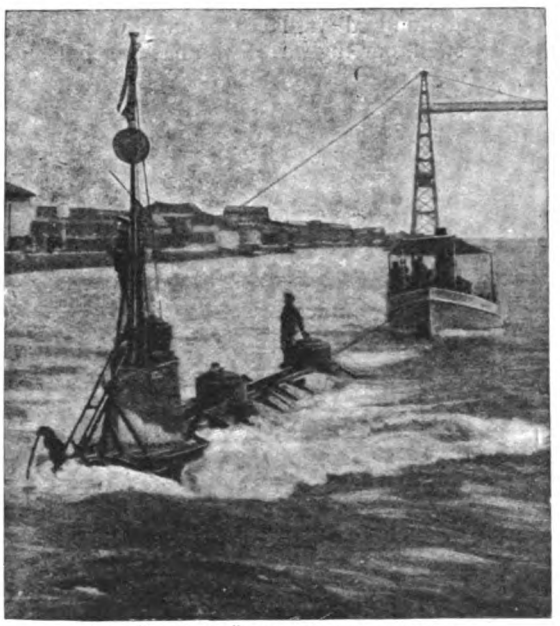
[The following extremely interesting and vivid account of an actual experience of a trip on a Submarine —the *Korrigan*—was written by a young French officer, and has been specially translated for the benefit of the readers of The Strand Magazine. The photographs of the vessel, and the drawings made from the writer's descriptions, will greatly aid the reader to realize the scenes.]

LITTLE did I expect that I, the quiet man *par excellence*, the philosopher well read in affairs generally and theoretical navigation in particular, should be put under the orders of the commandant of one of those submarines which for a month had been ready to start for Algeria! Yet here I was, a volunteer about to serve as third officer on board the submarine which lay beside our tug, about to travel under water from the mouth of the Tagus through the Straits of Gibraltar to Oran, in Algeria.

Let me introduce my two comrades. The commandant, Ship's-Lieutenant R——, was a tall, fair fellow, with a serious and energetic face; one would class him as an exceptionally smart and well-read officer. His comrades nicknamed him "The Encyclopædia." Always calm and cool, he treated everybody with the most exquisite politeness. His second, Ensign Destrait, was a merry-faced youth, whom I had already met twice on my maritime excursions. I knew him to be a thoroughly good worker, which, nevertheless, did not prevent his being a jolly comrade. As for myself, I had never been on board a submarine in my life, and the experience which was to follow came upon me with all the charm and force of absolute novelty, and was one which I can never forget.

The weather was fine. A slight breeze was blowing from the north-west, with the inevitable swell from that quarter. Our tug rolled a little, but what astonished me was the behaviour of the submarine behind us. Her tow-line was scarcely stretched, she rose gently to the waves, her conical bow, while sinking into the hollow of the swell, threw off long lines of foam, and the sea passing easily beneath her round shell caused nothing beyond a very slight roll. Even in such fine weather, with such a moderate sea as at present, a torpedo-boat would dance like a young kid.

The submarine ran alongside and her crew descended on to her shell. While some opened the hatches, others began to remove from the stern the canvas cover which hid the screw of the submarine, the short and strong wings of which glittered through the water.



THE "KORRIGAN" IN TOW BEFORE STARTING.
From a Photo.

On passing through the hatchway into the interior of the vessel I found all its accumulators in position; long files of them to starboard and port, with still more in the central portion. All around me copper and steel shone brilliantly beneath the rays of the electric lamps. The sailors worked silently, handling enormous commutators or uncoiling thick electric cables.

"Stand by for the dive! Couple up the motors! Turn on three hundred amperes!"

The commandant's voice was not raised above ordinary pitch, but in the long tube formed by the interior of the vessel it resounded with extraordinary force. The sailors went to their posts, and kept their eyes fixed on the commandant or the machinery under their charge.

Seeing that I was paying attention to a hissing sound which, slight at first, rapidly increased in intensity, my comrade observed, "That is the air escaping from the ballast chambers, which are being gradually filled with water. We are sinking; just take a glance at the periscope while the commandant is busy. Very soon he will never take his eyes away from it."

I must confess that at the words "We are sinking" I felt a slight tremor down the whole length of my spine, and my heart began to beat with increased rapidity. Let others who for the first time in their lives descend into the depths of the Atlantic make me, if they please, the butt of their ridicule! My emotion, at all events, was of short duration. This little tremor did not hinder me, however, from proceeding to the eye-piece of a sort of telescope, which my comrade pointed out, on looking through which I was struck with amazement. Several hundred yards away, rolling gently on the swell, our tug was coming round to our stern, according to the instructions which I had heard given to the commandant. I saw her as if I had myself been on the bridge of another boat. Far away were the high mountains of the Spanish coast. There was not a sound; nothing but absolute calm. "How is it that, being so little above water, we do not hear the sea against our shell?" I inquired of my obliging companion. "That is because we have already six feet of water over us," he replied; "you can see yourself we do not roll nearly so much as we did just now."

From a] THE CREW OF THE SUBMARINE. *[Photo.*

That was a fact, but, occupied as I had been with all that was taking place around me, I had failed to notice it.

"You see," said the commandant, as he took his place at the periscope, "manœuvring a submarine is not plain sailing! However, one wants several weeks' practice to make sure of oneself, so look about, learn what you can, question the lieutenant and the crew; in a word, serve your apprenticeship for the future. You will not want a quarter of what is needful on the surface." I did not require to be twice told, and just as up to the present I had devoted my attention to gunnery, astronomy, and the various branches of open-air navigation, I threw myself heart and soul into a study which speedily became absorbing.

For the greater part of that day, sunk level with the surface of the sea, we continued our journey. I had an opportunity of admiring at leisure the calm self-reliance and keen perception of the man on whom depended fifteen other lives, and it was clear that I was not quite able to conceal my feelings.

"Look," he said, indicating by a gesture the sailors who, each at his post, sat on their little stools like so many scholars; "these are the men to admire. I am at the periscope, I see everything that passes outside, and I can judge what it is right to do. My second, who has the control of the apparatus, knows, or can guess, what I wish to be done; but those—whether we are on the surface or twenty yards down, whether we are stopped or whether we are passing rapidly under a ship, they do not know, and you can see by the impassibility of their features that they care little. Don't you think such a state of mind, indicating as it does the blind confidence they have in us, their chiefs, is a fine trait? And is it not one of our chief rewards? If——"

At this moment a severe shock interrupted the commandant, and almost immediately the quartermaster appeared and reported calmly, "Fore rudder will not work, sir!"

The commandant, who had turned to me while speaking, hurriedly looked through the periscope as he cried, "Stop, and prepare to empty the ballast!" Then, turning to his lieutenant, he said, "I can see nothing above. We must have struck some timber floating between two waves. I only hope that our rudder has not been damaged."

He had scarcely finished speaking when a second and equally severe blow was felt, but, curiously enough, while at the first the submarine had slightly heeled over, at the second it dipped considerably, as if struck from above.

"Empty the ballast-tanks! Turbines at work!" cried the officer.

But a few seconds later a voice forward exclaimed, "Turbines disabled, sir!"

I caught a glance of astonishment between my two companions.

"Very well. Empty the ballast-tanks by compressed air." And almost immediately a very appreciable ascent showed that the boat was returning to the surface, where shortly, in fact, we heard the lapping of the waves against the outer shell.

The commandant had held his eye to the periscope, and all at once he began to laugh. "Very curious indeed!" he exclaimed. "We have run into a whale—a cachalot!"

We hastened to the lunettes, and saw to port the flukes of a large whale disappearing in the sea.

"He does not seem very happy," said the commandant, "but if he charges us again it will be worse for him. Half speed ahead! Port all!"

A slight vibration indicated that our vessel was again moving, while bearing to port in the direction of the last appearance of our strange adversary.

"Commandant," suddenly exclaimed Destrait, "the whale is coming!"

"I see him," replied the chief, to whom the height of the periscope gave the benefit of a much more extended field of vision than we could enjoy from the lunettes. "Full speed ahead!"

It was, in fact, a superb cachalot, which, no doubt furious in consequence of being disturbed so rudely in his sleep, was rushing upon our submarine with all his force. The water flashed rapidly along his shining sides, and the long trail of foam behind him showed that he was putting on all the speed he knew. But this time it was the submarine, all its power well under control and no longer in the unstable position of a balloon in the air, which, with all the force of her engines, advanced upon her antagonist. The shock was terrible, but this time for the whale, which, receiving full in its head the blow of our pointed prow, sprang bodily several yards out of the water, bleeding terribly from a wound which had torn open one flank, and presently floundered in its death agony before the eyes of our crew, furiously lashing the waves with its mutilated tail.

"Good business for the Spanish fishermen out to-night," said our chief. "Let us see what damage the brute has done to our prow and turbine."

A few minutes sufficed to show us that the damage to the fore rudder consisted only in the twisting of the bars of iron which protected it, and which, pressing against the rudder itself, hindered its action. This was soon remedied, but it was necessary to take the turbines to pieces, which would require some little time.

All at once we were startled by roars of laughter, and Destrait called out: "Commandant, we are certain of plenty of fish for supper! The turbines are simply choked by a shoal of little fish!" In fact, one of the sailors who had been unshipping the turbines brought up a wooden sieve three parts full of mullet. Some few were even of respectable size, and among them a fine eel, wounded spirally along its whole length by the turbine, was on the point of expiring. All was explained. Our submarine had by chance run into a shoal of fish chased by the whale; thence the first shock. The startled beast, resenting the attack of what it doubtless took to be an enormous fish, hence a competitor, had struck the prow of our boat a violent blow with its tail, suddenly beating it downward, as already explained, and meanwhile the numberless little fish, finding the draught-holes of our turbines open, had entered in their fright, causing the speedy stoppage of their revolutions. All being well that ends well, we speedily had our submarine once more in good order and in a fit condition to dive again. However, the chief kept ahead on the surface, and there being now nothing unusual to an ordinary navigator I relieved watch.

I need not say that as I walked the bridge I plumed myself not a little upon having been so lucky as to be present at a hunt—or should I not rather say a combat?—so uncommon.

Meanwhile I noted that the roll of the vessel increased considerably. The weather became really bad, the swell broke freely into waves whose lofty crests swept the bridge, and I was soon compelled to shelter in the look-out.

In case of bad weather our goal was Vigo Bay. To pass the night at sea would have thus been a useless fatigue. We turned our prow, therefore, towards that magnificent bay.

I expected to see our captain moor his vessel at the ordinary anchorage for ships of

war. But I had reckoned without the orders he had received on leaving France to conceal absolutely his sailing, and was, therefore, somewhat surprised to hear the order to stop when we were hardly in the mouth of the bay, and where, although somewhat moderated, we still felt the effects of the open sea.

"Here we are," said the chief. "We will have a nice, quiet night, and be quite fresh and ready to go on to-morrow morning."

A nice, quiet night in this open passage-way, exposed as we still were to the waves and also to be run down by the first ship coming in, which our position, so near sea-level, would prevent our seeing till she was upon us! I must confess that for a moment, or for some seconds at most, for I soon repented my thoughts, I mistrusted the ability of the chief.

"What soundings, Destrait?" he inquired, as soon as the anchor held.

"Twenty-five yards, commandant," was the reply.

"Good! Fill the ballast-tanks; we will sink!"

A light flashed upon me. I understood. Wishing neither to be seen at the anchorage nor stuck in the entrance the chief quickly settled down to the bottom of the sea, where he was sure that neither storm nor stray ship would disturb him. In fact, after several minutes, our boat reposed peacefully at the bottom of the Vigo anchorage, and shortly after all the crew, with the exception of the watch, were enjoying a well-earned sleep.

Worn out by the toil of the previous day, I don't know when I should have awaked if Destrait had not done that duty for me when the clock struck six. One of my first occupations was to look out, but my eyes, accustomed to the brilliancy of the electric light within, could distinguish nothing. Outside it seemed absolute night, although at that season the sun had already risen some time. However, after several moments, I perceived a dull, semi-opaque light, which darkened from time to time and at almost regular intervals. I was not long in understanding that these recurrent shadows arose from the passage of big waves over the surface. Most absolute silence reigned around, and it was not without a sudden spasm at the heart (at which I soon smiled) that I remembered we had over twenty yards of water above our heads, and that the door of our little hatch-way was our sole protection against a weight of about twenty thousand pounds!

The crew had stowed away hammocks, and after our morning ablutions we breakfasted, our excellent coffee being heated on an electric stove, dispensing with the horrible smell of cookery, which would speedily have rendered the ship uninhabitable. Then came the order to remount to the surface. Throwing a last glance round through the lunettes, I found the water somewhat less opaque, the sun's rays probably reaching the surface over the heights of Pontavedra. All at once my attention was attracted by a large black mass lying to starboard and a little in our front. I pointed it out to the commandant, for its regular shape, cubical or cylindrical, absolutely prevented its being taken for a rock. Somewhat mystified, the chief gave the order to lift the vessel from the bottom, by partially discharging the water, and to approach the object by a turn or two of the screw.

It proved to be a cylinder of about eight feet in height by three feet in diameter, the top of which was made of a thick sheet of metal. At its upper and lower edges were two short projections, and Destrait translated our thought when he compared it to a big petroleum can. We saw presently, by glittering lights, as our vessel moved, that part of this object was closed in by glass, and that from its upper portion hung two strong chains.

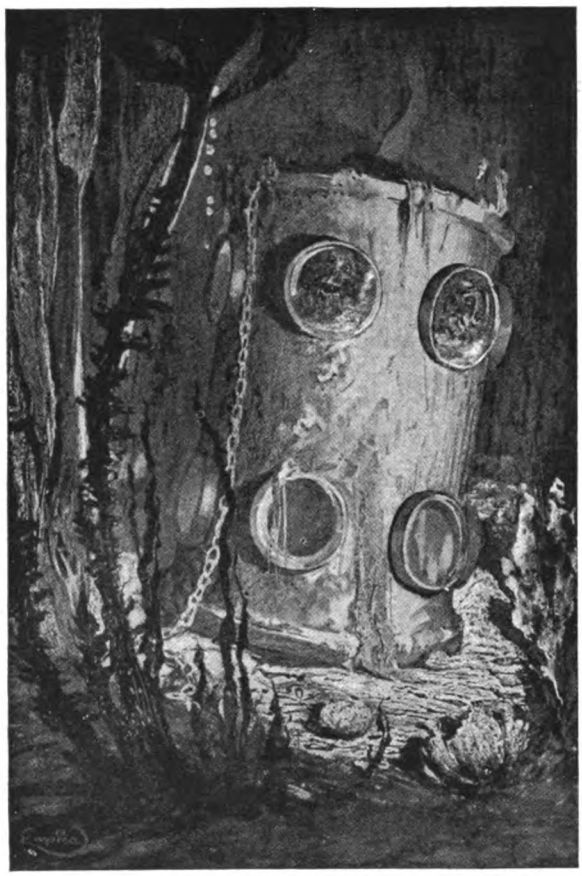
We were all three much puzzled, and, search our memories as we might, nothing indicated the possible origin or use of such an apparatus. A caldron? Neither fireplace nor chimney could be fitted, no orifice being visible. Diving-bell? The same integrity of the case would prevent either entry of air or liberation of the divers. Our commandant decided to clear the matter up.

We had taken on board at Rochefort an electric lamp of a new pattern, which, applied to the interior of our lunette, lighted up the surroundings of the ship for a considerable distance. While this apparatus was being prepared, the chief, by a series of clever manœuvres, succeeded in turning the ship almost in its own length, and proceeded round the cylinder. Then, the new lamp being in readiness, he directed it upon what seemed to serve as a window to this strange apparatus. With his face pressed against the neighbouring window, the chief gazed eagerly upon the exterior of the object, now bathed in brilliant light. "Nothing! I see nothing!" he exclaimed.

All at once he fell back, and we could see that the face of this man, generally so self-contained and calm, was full of anguish and terror. "Oh! poor wretches!" he exclaimed. And when in our turn we were able to see

into this mysterious cylinder through the thick glasses of the lunettes, we were seized with unspeakable horror. With their faces turned towards the window facing us, peering through the glass in the full light of the electric torch, two hideous spectres, once human beings, grinned upon us with long, glistening teeth. And what still increased the horror of that moment was that these two bodies, swayed gently by the movement of our screw, which affected the water in the interior, by some fissure which had escaped our notice, seemed to waft us to them.

"Put out the light!" said the chief. His face had regained its composure, but a slight tremor in his voice manifested the emotion he experienced. Long, long afterwards we were haunted by the terrible vision of those two unhappy wretches imprisoned for ever in their steel cell at the bottom of Vigo Bay.



THE MYSTERIOUS CYLINDER AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

We proceeded with our periscope only above water. This enabled me to witness an event which makes me laugh when I recall it.

We were approaching Cape St. Vincent, the heights of which appeared above the horizon, when Destrait, who had been taking his turn at the periscope, asked me to replace him for a moment while he consulted with the commandant.

"You see yonder," he said, gaily, "a three-master to which I propose to transfer a little of the inconvenience we have already experienced from other vessels." And he proceeded to the stern, while, in accordance with my duty, I went forward.

At the surface it was what our sailors called a "white" calm, the waters seeming like an immense sheet of lead. The slight mist which had followed us for several hours had now passed away; on our starboard the sun was sinking. For the first time since we passed Cape Finisterre no steamer was in sight. The three-master indicated by Destrait lay about two miles off on our port bow, motionless in the great calm, her white sails hanging idly from the yards, and when we approached sufficiently near I distinguished her, by the escutcheon in the centre of her flag, to be an Italian.

At this moment Destrait returned with the commandant, who said to him rather satirically, "Well, if the boys must play—so be it! *Dulce est desipere in loco!*"

"Many thanks," said Destrait, and then, turning towards a big fellow standing by, he added: "Get your cornet, André, and be ready to play. This fine fellow has a real talent on his instrument," Destrait continued to me, "and has had some successes in his time, but I venture to think he has never created such a furore as that which he is about to produce now. Go to the periscope and judge for yourself!"

Somewhat mystified by what I had just heard, I took my place at the instrument.

We were now within two hundred or three hundred yards of the sailing vessel, and orders had been given to slow down as much as possible, so that we were making little or no headway. No one was visible at the bulwarks or on the poop of the stranger,

which virtually seemed deserted, the crew having doubtless profited by the calm to enjoy rest or relaxation.

Suddenly a prolonged cry was heard, which presently resolved itself into a medley of howling sounds, which, at times attaining the most ear-piercing and agonizing pitch, would descend to a gentle modulation and recommence a sequence of strange arpeggios.

I comprehended that Destrait was working our siren by compressed air, which on submarines replaces the steam power employed on ordinary craft.

At the first howl numbers of startled heads appeared, and the bulwarks of the Italian were rapidly crowded with sailors peering anxiously out to sea. All at once the siren's song ceased. "Dive, Mr. Destrait!" said the chief; and after we had proceeded some four hundred yards he ordered, "Rise to two yards from the surface and signal!"

I observed by the periscope that, whereas we were formerly to starboard of the Italian, we stood now to port of her. The crew, mystified at the reappearance of the sounds from a strange quarter, were eagerly following them, and hung over their port railings, chattering and gesticulating wildly, endeavouring in vain to detect the origin of those superhuman cries, which they might well attribute to some gigantic and unknown sea-monster. Two sailors, each armed with a rifle, scaled the masts, while on the bridge the captain, thin and withered like a dried chestnut, fiercely brandished his revolver and shrieked his orders.

Then followed a remarkable demonstration of the ease with which our commandant could control the movements of his vessel. In instant obedience to his every sign the submarine, advancing always, and signalling with weird cries or horrible yells whenever her periscope appeared above the surface, would rise and sink now to right, now to left, now ahead and now astern, of the bewildered Italian, playing with her, in fact, as a mouse might play with a chained cat.

Thus Destrait pestered these unhappy sailors, whose astonishment speedily gave place to real expressions of alarm.

"After a storm comes a calm," said he, signalling to André, and, being some yards astern, almost beneath the poop of the Italian vessel, which bore the name, "*Santa Margherita*, Genova," the cornet suddenly struck up the air, "Salve, dimora!" from "Faust." By reason of the excellent conductivity of our steel shell and the surrounding water the beautiful sounds reached the ears of the Italians with perfect clearness. Far from being charmed, as we had expected, at the first well-known notes, the astounded sailors, leaping from yards, ratlines, and bulwarks, vanished below, and, as we gradually increased the distance between the vessels, we could perceive the whole crew with their captain at their head supplicating the Madonna.

Doubtless these poor fellows in their terror-stricken amazement felt that the antique legend of the siren had been (as was, in fact, the case) renewed to their ears, those fabulous beings, half angel, half fish, which, by the sweetness of their songs, enticed strangers into unknown perils, being replaced by more modern devices.

Some thirty-five minutes later we passed close by the high lighthouse of Cape St. Vincent. On the parapet of the old fort, built years ago by the Portuguese to survey and control the operations of Moroccan pirates, one man, doubtless the watchman, was on his knees. And assuredly neither this fine fellow nor the guardians of the lighthouse commanding the harbour, nor the signalman at the semaphore of the Pointe de Sagres, could for a moment suspect that, under their very feet, so to speak, there passed for the first time, silent and invisible, the most formidable engine of destruction created by modern science.

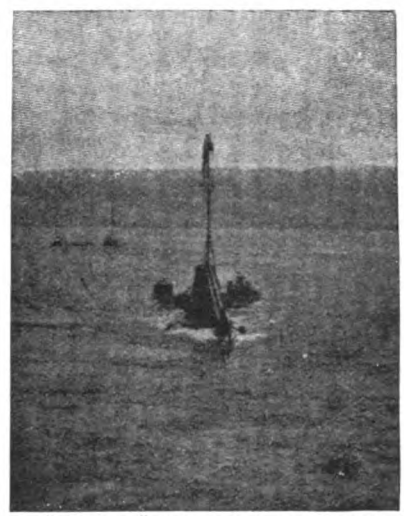
Eight o'clock was striking as the last rays of the St. Vincent lighthouse disappeared beneath the horizon. Night had completely fallen—a fine summer night, gemmed with stars. I therefore fully expected to hear the chief give orders to ascend to the surface, and enjoyed in anticipation a quiet, open-air evening on the bridge. But the commandant had other ideas, since, far from raising the boat to the surface, he gave orders to proceed at thirty feet depth and "keep her so."

"By this means," he explained, "we shall have a quiet night, for at such depth we run no risk from a ship's keel, and we might very easily meet with several to-night, since the westerly winds which have prevailed of late must have kept many sailing ships and others in the Mediterranean."

At a depth of thirty feet there is not much to be done on a submarine beyond the ordinary routine of sailors' work, and most of us had sufficient leisure to devote some time to our own personal concerns. The chief, Destrait, and I rehearsed our adventures thus far, and enjoyed over again the various incidents which had already diversified our journey.

While we were laughing over Destrait's latest joke of some hours earlier, I remarked, "You have, therefore, the honour of being the pioneer of submarine concerts."

"Undeceive yourself on that point," said the commandant; "you had an illustrious predecessor two years after the fall of Sebastopol. A German engineer named Bauer, a man of rare energy and talent, who turned his attention to submarine work on behalf of the Russian Government, first had the idea which Destrait so comically put into practice yesterday. On September 6th, 1856, the Coronation Day of Alexander II., Bauer went below the surface in his submarine in Cronstadt harbour, taking with him four of the band of the Imperial Guard. As soon as the first cannon of the batteries proclaimed the commencement of the ceremony of consecration, then taking place at Moscow, Bauer caused the National Hymn to be played by these performers, the chords of which, proceeding from an invisible source, struck with amazement all the persons who chanced to be within a radius of some two hundred yards. You see, therefore, that our comrade has simply been a modest plagiarist of the German engineer."



THE "KORRIGAN" GOING EASILY ON THE SURFACE.
From a Photo.

It was now growing late, and, however attractive might be the charms of our chief's conversation, it was needful to think of our repose.

When I awoke next morning it was with the greatest astonishment and confusion that I observed it was past eight o'clock, and that Destrait also was still in his cabin. As I roused him, and he started up rubbing his eyes, the chief called out, "Do not be surprised, gentlemen, that I have allowed you to sleep well into the morning. I had a few special observations to make, so had myself called early, and the watch being mine there seemed no reason why you should not enjoy a little extra rest. As soon as you are ready," he went on, addressing Destrait, "fit up the electric projector, and give all the pressure-gauges and fittings a thorough test. I have just been up to the surface to corroborate, by an inspection of the coast, the exactitude of the position indicated by my calculations and the log."

At this moment I became aware that a combined movement was in progress among the men, some of whom were rolling steel cables, while others were fixing in position steel baulks, which ran some in a horizontal and some in a vertical direction throughout the entire length and width of the vessel. I questioned Destrait by a look.

"Yes. They are hauling up the lead-line with which we have been taking soundings," he said, "and it is probable, by these stays being put in position, that the chief means us to take a deep dive"

Pretty well accustomed by this time to the unforeseen in connection with the remarkable voyage which had now lasted for five days, I was, nevertheless, unable to repress a slight shudder.

The chief, who, it seemed to me, wore an aspect of unusual gravity, evidently surprised my thought, and called out, "Muster the crew for parade, and let every man pay attention!"

As by enchantment at the firm tones of this man whom I had always seen to be so thoroughly master of himself and his surroundings, all my doubts and dismal anticipations vanished like moths before sunlight. I was ashamed of my movement of trepidation, transitory though it was, and my confusion increased when, as his address continued, I remarked his evident emotion, and could appreciate the feelings which had prompted him to stay for awhile the progress of his vessel.

"Friends," he said, "we are at this moment upon the scene of one of the great events of the world, and one of the most tragic dramas known to our marine history. Several miles away is Cape Trafalgar. Below us lie some three thousand of our ancestors who fought on this spot a heroic struggle, and, meeting the death of the brave, passed in glory to their eternal sleep. I have thought it but right," he continued, "that the crew of the first submarine which ever disturbed these waters should descend to pay homage in the name of France to these

valiant men and to bid them a supreme farewell.

"Men, in a few seconds more you will see a sight not only hitherto invisible, but inconceivable to humanity—the remains of those old French vessels which bore our flag so proudly, tombs which we may well envy to those immortal heroes who fell in the presence of the enemy for the defence and honour of their country."

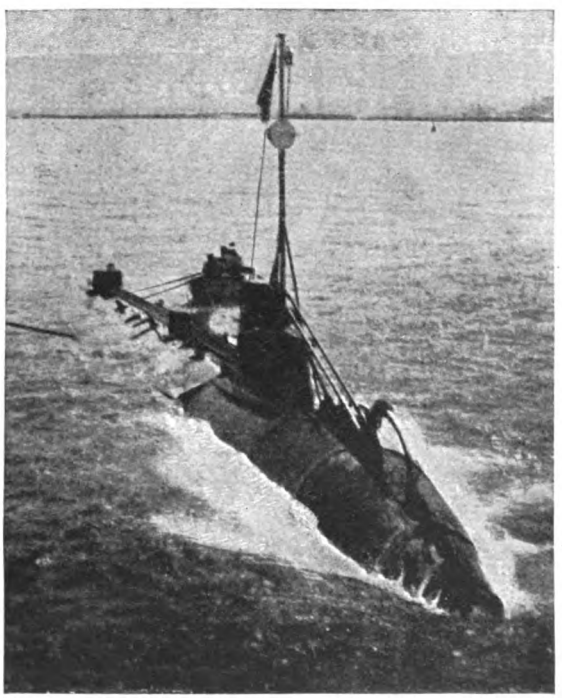
The sailors listened in solemn silence to the words of their chief, remaining at attention in their respective stations, and more than one countenance among them bore witness to intense emotion. For my part, moved to the very heart by our commandant's pious thought and struck by the anxiety to fulfil a duty of which none of us without doubt had even dreamed, I recalled the terrible events of that fatal day, October 21st, 1805.

The commandant's voice roused me from my meditations.

"Is all ready, Destrait? High-pressure sponsons properly fixed? Double doors of hatchways secured? Lead ready to heave? Tension indicators and electric projector in position?" And receiving replies in the affirmative he ordered the division bulkheads to be closed, and presently we three were shut up alone in the manœuvring-room.

"You need hardly be surprised," said the commandant, "that I am taking all these precautions. We are going to try to descend to a depth of seventy yards. The lead, in fact, indicates seventy-five, and I am going to keep about five yards above the bottom, if," he continued, with a slight smile, "the strength of our shell will bear it. The indicators seem to show that it will, and M. Mangas, the celebrated engineer who built these ships, assured me they would go to a depth of eighty yards in safety. I trust, therefore, to accomplish the task I have marked out for ourselves. Dive at the rate of ten yards per minute."

Destrait issued the necessary orders, and shortly, by the movement of the manometric needles, I saw we were descending at a moderate rate. Twenty yards, thirty yards, forty yards were indicated in turn, and a pressure of ten pounds per square centimètre was recorded. "The critical moment approaches," said the chief. "The plates are beginning to bend. Test the flexion of the central shell, Destrait." And presently, in reply to our lieutenant's summons, a voice which, although proceeding through an acoustic tube, gave the impression of being at our very side, reported in succession, "Half millimètre" (this at forty-five yards depth) — "two millimètres"— "four millimètres" —"five and a half millimètres."



From a] FULL SPEED AHEAD! [*Photo.*

"Fifty yards" —"fifty-eight yards"—"sixty-five yards," cried Destrait at the same moment.

"Much better than I thought," said the chief. "Our shell resists admirably. You will see we shall not exceed seven millimètres of flexion, which leaves a margin of three millimètres before attaining the point of danger."

And as he spoke Destrait reported, "Ship running at a depth of seventy yards, sir!" and the voice from the acoustic tube cried, "Six and a half millimètres!" We were thus running at a depth five yards only from the bottom of the Atlantic, and supporting the frightful pressure of eighteen pounds per square centimètre!

"This figure itself is not very eloquent," said the commandant, "but it will give you a better idea of the power of the liquid

surrounding us to know that the lid of the hatchway is actually supporting a weight of thirty-two tons three hundredweight! You may therefore guess what is being borne by the entire shell."

But we were here for another purpose than to discuss questions of hydraulic pressure. Our shell was equal to the burden, that was the essential point.

"Open the partitions and turn on the electric projector!" exclaimed the chief, and, mounting into the kiosk, he applied his eyes to the lunette. He had scarcely done so before, in a voice full of emotion, he summoned us to his side.

"Were I to live for ages," he exclaimed, "I could never forget such a spectacle of sublime horror as I see yonder!"

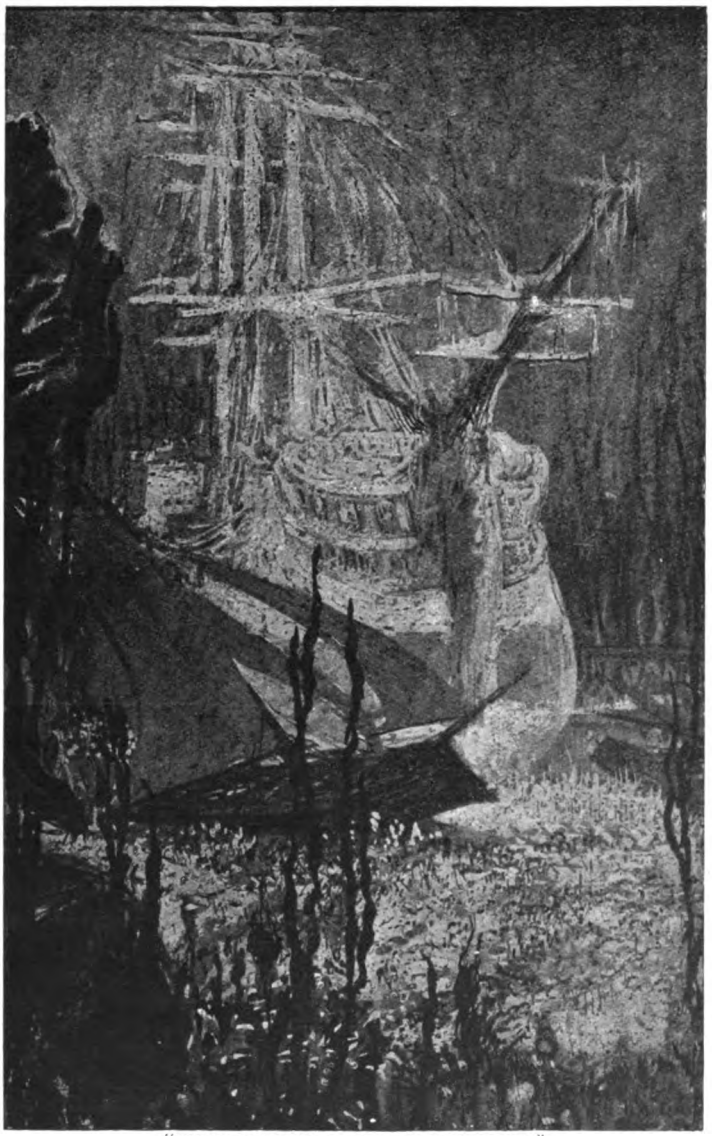
By some extraordinary phenomenon, which we could only explain on the supposition of some intense phosphorescence in the marine herbage covering the sea bottom, and which was intensified a hundredfold under the glow of our electric projector, the sea, instead of being dimly lighted up within a small radius, seemed luminous as far as the eye could carry. And in that area, giving the appearance of a vast aquarium, was a veritable virgin forest with its moss-covered stems, its lianes, its creeping weeds, and tangled undergrowth extending in all directions—a sight at once grandiose and terrifying! But, fine as was the spectacle, not on that were our eyes fixed.

Some lying on the starboard side, some on the port, some torn by shot or battered by rocks, some apparently intact, some mere mastless hulks, others with masts and spars, in some instances shattered, in others all but perfect, the wrecks of the sunken warships of Trafalgar, like wounded mastodons, lay before our eyes, and filled the watery forest to the limits of the submarine horizon. And it was not only the vessels of Trafalgar, recognisable chiefly by their bulk, which lay strewn before us. As the result doubtless of some deep-sea current, a reflux possibly from the collision of the Mediterranean waters with the profound mass of the Atlantic, vessels of all kinds and sizes, the records and representatives of centuries, were here, sad evidences of the frightful tribute which man has paid in all time to the remorseless sea since first the foundations of the mighty deep were laid! All types, all sizes, all styles, from the noble three-decker to the simple shallop; French brigs, English smacks and sloops; Algerian xebecs, Dutch barges, Channel fishing-boats, Spanish balancelles and galleons, Portuguese caravels, Mediterranean polacres, Levantine galleys—these and many another whose very names are to-day forgotten—melancholy records of centuries of death and disaster, mingled with stately frigates and men-of-war. Some had been there so long that their shape was hardly recognisable under the mass of marine growth, others seemed as if petrified into blocks of graven granite; here and there emerged the funnel of some more modern steamer. And, as we approached a hull the special form of which indicated a man-of-war, the chief remarked, "That is, I believe, the shell of the Spanish cruiser *Isabel II.*, which went down in these waters ten years ago." Those only of the iron vessels which were recently sunk could be recognised, the others, owing to the rust, having more or less disappeared; while, on the other hand, the wooden masts and spars of vessels long entombed for ages were almost all in a wonderful state of preservation. "This fact was evidently well known to the ancients," said the commandant. "The remains of the trenches in which they soaked their timber in sea-water are still visible in many of our ports."

While contemplating with eager eyes the spectacle of tragic sublimity which surrounded us, and exchanging our ideas in a low voice as in the presence of Death itself, it was necessary to keep a keen watch upon our course and to steer with care between those immense hulls. Some of these, indeed, probably containing air in some compartments, hung suspended in the water. All at once we recoiled from the lunette and exchanged glances of astonishment.

Straight before us, upright on even keel, immeasurably magnified by the submarine refraction, arose a huge vessel, overtopping us by the height of her three decks, above which towered her apparently perfect masts and yards. And by some optical illusion arising from the fact that we had no means of measuring our own speed, this vast bulk seemed to be launching itself upon us, precipitated by some invisible power. Its prow and elevated poop indicated a vessel of the seventeenth century, and, as we rounded under her stern, overcharged with the heavy carvings of that period, which sometimes made of these vessels veritable objects of art, we distinguished the name, *Le Sage*.

"Salute, gentlemen!" said our commandant. "Here is another morsel of our Fatherland. This fine ship of seventy guns sailed from Toulon in the early months of



"STRAIGHT BEFORE US AROSE A HUGE VESSEL."

1692, was spoken on April 16th of that year in the Straits of Gibraltar, and disappeared with all hands, and was never afterwards heard of. Thus we can pay our tribute to our buried comrades, victims to their duty, on the very spot where they perished over two hundred years ago."

The *Sage* had scarcely disappeared behind us when we entered into a vast forest of algæ, which twined round our conical prow like huge stalks of corn. It was prudent to slacken speed, and we did so. It was fortunate we took this precaution, for in a few hundred yards our way was choked by the marine herbage, which hindered our sight in every direction. Suddenly we felt a shock which stopped us dead.

"Some submerged hull," cried the chief. "Full speed astern!" The blades of our screw revolved with violence, and the vibration was great; but no progress was made. For a good fifteen minutes we backed and filled, but without disengaging ourselves from the mysterious object. Our boat remained fixed as before.

"Well," said the commandant, "we must try another plan. Stop her!"

The position had become critical. What would become of us, supposing that we found it impossible to disengage ourselves? I glanced at my comrades, and noticed that Destrait even, in general so careless, had become slightly pale. The commandant, calm and serious as ever, was thinking seriously, and a deep wrinkle athwart his forehead indicated the tension of his mind.

All at once he raised his head.

"Let the men in charge of the motors and ballasts come amidships. I wish to give them orders direct."

And when the sailors designated were assembled before him, he continued: "My friends, you will have understood that we are in a very critical position, from which we must escape with the utmost possible dispatch. I count, therefore, on your close attention to my orders and perfect coolness in carrying them out. At the sound of my whistle, the men in charge of the motors will start the engines full speed astern instantly. I repeat, *instantly*, you understand! The ballast-hands at the same signal will *instantly* open the pipes admitting the compressed air, and at the same time those for the ejection of the

water. I shall repeat this manœuvre as many times as may be needful to disentangle us, stopping and refilling our ballasts as often as may be necessary, and resuming the movement immediately. We must not disguise from ourselves that while acting in this manner, especially considering the extraordinary pressure we are sustaining at our present depth, we are going to place an extreme strain upon our shell, one indeed that is dangerous. But we must risk it! Do not be disturbed," he went on, "if you notice some percolation, or even some slight leakage. Attend only to my orders!"

While the commandant spoke I glanced round at those brave fellows whom he addressed, but could remark no trace of disquietude upon their features. Attentive and respectful as ever, they listened to the orders given as calmly as if upon ordinary manœuvres, and not as if in an extremity of danger, upon their special promptitude in which depended the safety of us all!

The operations now commenced. At the first sound of the whistle the sudden opening of the ballast-tanks caused a sharp pressure from above downward upon our stern, which remained free, while the wild revolutions of the screw, endeavouring to draw us out of our prison, gave such a vibration to the whole structure that it seemed as if the whole body of the submarine was struggling in a desperate effort of leverage upon the encumbrance which stopped our way. And when the order to stop and refill ballast had been again given I marvelled how the rivets of our shell could possibly withstand the terrible strain to which they had been subjected.

Twice—thrice the same orders were given and carried out with the same promptitude. At length, as for the fourth time the whistle was sounded, a violent shock threw us one against the other, and almost immediately Destrait's voice was heard to exclaim: "We are rising, commandant!"

A rapid flash passed over the face of our chief, but in place of any word or exclamation of satisfaction, which I—very naturally under the circumstances, one must admit—had looked for, he simply remarked: "This is something curious! We are rising very slowly." And, indeed, this was the fact. Although our ballast-chambers were nearly empty of water and we ought to have risen almost as swiftly as a balloon in the air, the delicate manometric needles, working in reverse direction to their movement of an hour ago, showed a regular but very gradual approach to the surface. Sixty-five yards, sixty yards, fifty-five! At the same time we observed that our vessel was not rising on a horizontal plane, but with a considerable lift astern. Only one explanation occurred to us, and we were unanimously of opinion that our submarine bore with it some considerable part of the obstruction disentangled by the formidable shocks we had given to it.

The minutes passed, all too slowly for our liking, and the gentle ascent of the submarine steadily continued. At last, while a pretty lively clatter was heard above us, a ray of sunlight pierced the lunette of our kiosk, and we were once more in open day! I humbly confess, and I do not think anyone can blame me, that I could not restrain a great sigh of satisfaction—of relief.

Our first care was to mount to the bridge, to discover the cause of our having risen so slowly. We found we had not been mistaken.

Surmounting our bow was a great shapeless mass of woodwork covered with decaying weeds, into an opening of which the nose of our vessel had driven. This opening strongly resembled a ship's porthole, and even from the first cursory examination some traces of ornamentation among the shapeless timbers gave the impression that the mass of planks had formed part of some vessel of war, and that the opening had been one of her rear ports for firing stern-chasers.

"It would be interesting," said the commandant, "if we could discover the name of the vessel to which these remains belong!"

"I will try, commandant," said Destrait, and my comrade, steadying himself by the stays of the bridge, slowly descended the sloping shell of our vessel, and at length gained the wreckage, which he at once attacked with a knife.

"It is certainly some portion of a ship's stern," he called out, after several minutes' work. "Here is a bit of the scroll work of the poop, and part of a carved angel's head blowing a shell. If this lump of mud were not—so—hard, I might discover——Why, what is this—a letter? D?—B?—no, it is R!"

At the announcement of Destrait that he had deciphered a letter our curiosity became extreme, and, when our chief heard him pronounce it to be the letter R, a movement of surprise escaped him, and I could not fail to notice a slight tremor in his voice as he added: "Try to find out the other letters, Destrait!" continuing, in a low voice, "Could it be possible?"

Destrait carried on his scraping for some time, and at length exclaimed, "There is one! And now for another." Presently he reported that the newly-found letters were E and D.

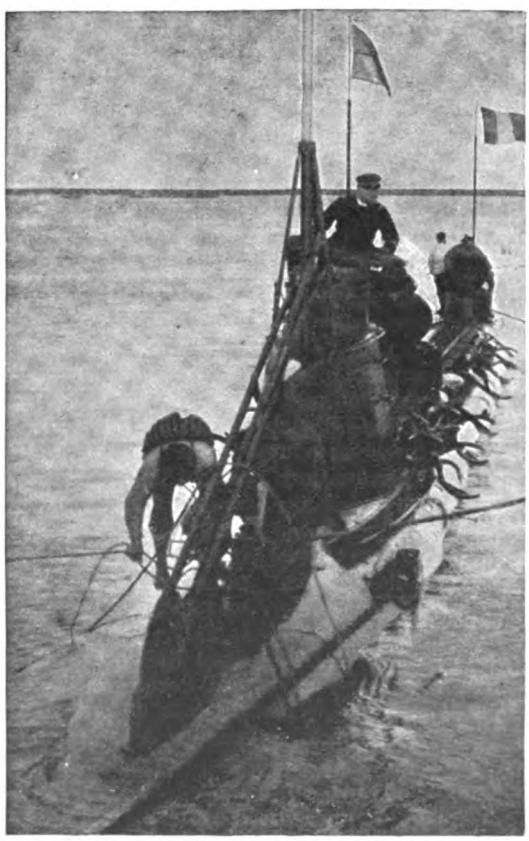
"R E D!" said the commandant, his voice trembling with an emotion which I did not then comprehend; "the *Redoutable*, gentlemen—I thought as much. The only French vessel lost to my knowledge in these waters whose name commenced with R was the *Redoutable!*" Then, with increasing excitement, he continued, "Go on, Destrait! Another!" and presently Destrait reported, "Here are O and U!"

"There can now be no question," said the chief, with emotion, his eyes shining with a strange light. "What an honour for us to have under our eyes such a relic! The *Redoutable* of Trafalgar! That sublime vessel, the very pearl of our maritime glory!" Then, leaning over the parapet, he cried, "All hands to the bridge," and a few moments later, the whole crew being assembled round him, he removed his hat.

"Heads bare, gentlemen, if you please," he continued. "This mass of shapeless wreckage which you see is a portion of the stern of the *Redoutable*, Captain Lucas, who, after the break up of the formation at Trafalgar, did as much as all the rest of the fleet together to preserve the national honour. She it was who fired the first shot at the English Fleet. And when, crippled by shot, she sank to the bottom, two hundred and thirty of her wounded descended with her to the abyss. My men, may the heroic spirit of sacrifice which animated the sailors of the *Redoutable* survive in you!"

Unhappily a disappointment was in store for us, owing to a change in the weather. At the moment we regained the surface a fairly strong breeze from the east ruffled the water, and during the moving scene I have just described it had freshened sufficiently to raise a swell which gave our submarine a perceptible roll. However much we desired to retain upon our prow all that remained of the glorious *Redoutable*, the medley of baulks and planks comprising it, disturbed no doubt by the swaying of our vessel, slipped by degrees from our shell, in spite of all the efforts of our crew to bind them, and disappeared for ever. Thus, to our great regret, was lost that precious relic which we should indeed have been proud to display before the eyes of our comrades in France.

What more shall I say? The important records of our interesting voyage are now ended. After passing the Straits of Gibraltar sixty feet below the surface, to avoid the crowd of vessels which incessantly pass between the Pillars of Hercules, as well as to escape the heavy seas which roll in from the Atlantic, we entered the Mediterranean, and from that moment our voyage became a yachting trip pure and simple.



DISEMBARKING AT THE END OF THE TRIP.
From a Photo.

On reaching Oran we had to part from our submarine, it being necessary to carry out the orders formally issued by the Ministry of Marine, and not to navigate under our own powers off the French coasts, in order to prevent irresponsible observation and comment. We had therefore regretfully to remove our belongings and go once more on board the escort.

I must confess that it was not without real emotion that I quitted the submarine, on board of which I had passed days which will always remain fresh in my memory.

How I Won the Seat.

By Amelia Hutchison Stirling, M.A.

UP to the time of the Parliamentary election which took place in Oldport when I was sixteen, my sister Emily and I had seen almost no one. My father—a gentleman and a scholar, who had been forced by delicate health to retire from the Indian Civil Service after only a very few years' service, and to bring up his two motherless little girls in surroundings much inferior to what he regarded as his natural environment—had shut his door to almost everyone, and forbidden my sister and myself to make friends with our neighbours. We knew no one, went nowhere, saw nothing; so that at sixteen my ignorance of the world in which I lived would have made most schoolgirls of my age stare.

The election, however, did a great deal to break down the barriers with which we were surrounded. The Unionist candidate for Oldport at that time was the son of a member of the large shipbuilding firm in which my father had accepted a post as foreign corresponding clerk when he came home from India, a broken-hearted widower, with a nominal pension. When a women's association was formed in Oldport to support the Unionist candidate, my father, though reluctant to do so, had sufficient worldly wisdom to see the necessity of permitting Emily to join it.

Emily, who was some five years older than I, threw herself into the work of organizing and canvassing with a zeal due partly to the sudden expansion of her long-imprisoned energies, but still more perhaps to the fact that John Barclay was deeply interested in the contest. John Barclay was the only one of my father's fellow-clerks who had ever been permitted to cross the threshold of our house. He was a young man of more than average talent and ambition, who was confidently expected by all who knew him to make his way to a partnership in the firm, and had already made up his mind that Emily was to share it with him—which, indeed, she was quite willing to do.

From the very beginning of the political campaign in the constituency John Barclay had displayed such unusual gifts in organizing and canvassing that a week or two before the day fixed for the election he had been requested by his employers to abandon for the time his desk in the office, and devote all his energies to the fight. Never in my life had I seen anyone work as he worked during these exciting weeks. It seemed to me that he never rested. Occasionally he found time to rush in for a few minutes to see Emily; but even these minutes were devoted to the work that absorbed him, for they were spent chiefly in advising Emily as to how she might help.

As for Emily, she was scarcely less willing

to receive than he to give advice. For her, as well as for him, the absorbing interest of the moment was the coming election. Morning after morning she set forth with leaflets and note-book and pencil, to return looking thin and worn and exhausted, but with an eager light in her eyes which awoke in me a longing to take part in the exciting struggle going on outside the narrow limits of our home.

This longing I felt with more than usual intensity one evening two or three days before the election, when John Barclay flashed in upon us for a few hurried minutes, exhaling such excitement from his whole person that even the stuffy air of our dull little sitting-room seemed to be thrown into vibrations as he entered. Now that the great day was so near at hand he was working like ten men. His form, always muscular, had grown lean and spare as that of a greyhound; his eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, blazed with feverish light.

He was in the wildest spirits. Things were going well—better than anyone had expected.

"Of course, we have never hoped to get our man in," he said. "It's his first fight, and Seton-Spencer" (the late M.P. for the constituency, who was seeking re-election) "is an old campaigner. Besides, Oldport has always returned a Radical. But we're going to take down Seton-Spencer's majority by hundreds, and serve him right too! He's a poor sort of chap, only a rather clever man about town, who would never have been where he is if it had not been for his connection with Lord Windlestraw. Lately, too, he has not been giving satisfaction to his Irish supporters, and he is very dependent on the Irish vote. They say that he has not kept his promises about Home Rule; that he is sitting on the fence; that he neglects business, and is very seldom in the House."

All this I unconsciously retained in my memory, without quite understanding it. In fact, I must admit that, though I was as eager as anyone that our candidate should succeed, I was extremely hazy regarding the political questions on which the campaign was being fought.

Emily listened eagerly to all John had to say, her eyes reflecting the light in his; and by-and-by, when he told her, with a softened look and tone, of an interview he had had that day with the head of the firm, she forgot my presence altogether.

"He thanked me for what I am doing," John said, shyly, "though I told him it was all good fun to me; and—and—he as good as said that, after all this was over, I shall have a step up; and then, Emily——" He stopped abruptly with a break in his voice.

"Oh, John!" Emily sprang to her feet, letting the piece of sewing she held fall to the ground, and then——

I turned away my head.

The following morning Emily was tied to her bed with a racking headache. When I carried her breakfast into her room I found her almost in tears at being forced to lie in bed when there was still so much to do and so short a time in which to do it.

As I stood at the side of the bed looking down on her a bold idea sprang into my head, but it was some little time before I had courage to express it.

"Emily——" I began, and then stopped abruptly, while my heart beat wildly. "Emily, would—would you—might I not go instead of you for once?" I brought the daring question out with a desperate rush.

"You! You look such a child, Daisy." But there was a note of reflection in my sister's voice that increased my courage.

"If—if—you were to put my hair up?" I suggested, timidly.

"Bring the comb, brush, and hairpins quick," she commanded, and I did not require a second bidding.

"There!" she exclaimed, thrusting me away from her after a few minutes, during which her deft fingers had been busy with my girlish locks. "Now put on my hat—my Sunday one, with the feathers—and my cape."

"No," she decided, with satisfaction, "no one would ever guess that you are only sixteen—especially from the back view. You must try to let them see your back first."

Then she proceeded rapidly to give me instructions.

"It is just nine o'clock," she wound up, in a tone of eagerness. "If you go at once to Mrs. Wallace's, she will take you with her to call on some voters whom she is to see at the breakfast hour. You will see what she does, and then you will be able to do it yourself."

Mrs. Wallace, who was the wife of another clerk in the office, and quite unknown to us until the political campaign threw her and Emily together, readily consented to initiate me into the mysteries of canvassing. As we walked along together to the street of tall tenements which was to be the scene of her labours that day, she gave me a few hints for my guidance.

"YOU MUST TRY TO LET THEM SEE YOUR BACK FIRST."

She had just concluded her instructions when we arrived, breathless, at a door up three long flights of stairs, which was opened by a respectable elderly woman. In answer to Mrs. Wallace's inquiries she informed us that her husband was not in, and that she believed that he intended to vote for Seton-Spencer.

Mrs. Wallace's face grew solemn, not to say tragic.

"What!" she exclaimed, in a horrified tone. "He is going to vote for Seton-Spencer, and yet you tell me that you are members of the Established Church! Mrs. Brown, are you aware that, if the Radicals get into power, they intend to *disestablish* the Church?"

"Eh, mem!" exclaimed the good woman, who was, perhaps, even more impressed by the solemnity of her visitor's tone and manner than by the fact stated. "Would they really do that? Disestayblish the Church that's been frae the beginning o' the warld!"

"Yes," with a solemn emphasis; "that is what they will do, unless we all do our best to keep them out of power. Mrs. Brown, will you help to save your Church?"

It is needless to say that Mrs. Brown promised to do what she could.

Triumphant with the success of her eloquence, Mrs. Wallace swept me off to the next house on her list, where we had the good fortune to find the elector himself engaged on a breakfast of fried bacon and tea, between the mouthfuls of which he carried on a political discussion with Mrs. Wallace.

Finding that he did not belong to the Church, she this time employed her second weapon — the Home Rule argument. Did Mr. Forbes (that was the voter's name) realize that the result of giving Home Rule to Ireland would be war—Civil War? The men of Ulster ("who are as good Scotchmen as yourself, Mr. Forbes") would not submit to an Irish Government. They would rise against it.

"In fact, it just comes to this, Mr. Forbes." Here the speaker gathered herself up, so to speak, for her peroration, the impressiveness of which was perhaps slightly diminished by the fact that her hat had gone considerably to one side of her head, and her hair and eyes were rather wild. "It just comes to this—will you have Peace or War?"

After this visit Mrs. Wallace decided that I had now been sufficiently initiated into the mysteries of canvassing to be trusted to canvass on my own account; and we therefore parted company, I making my way with a wildly beating heart to a small iron-works, where there was an overseer whose vote Emily was particularly anxious to secure.

On arriving at the works I was conducted to a small office-room, before the empty grate of which a man was standing. Not to give my courage time to evaporate, I plunged at once breathlessly into my business, without even looking at the person I was addressing.

When I ceased speaking he did not at once reply; and, glancing anxiously up at him, I saw that he was engaged in blowing his nose. For an instant a horrible suspicion crossed my mind; but it was dispelled at once when he removed the handkerchief—a very fine and white one, I observed—from his

face, revealing an unusually serious countenance.

"Excuse me," he said, in a politely respectful tone, "but are you the regular canvasser for this district?"

"Oh, no," I answered, simply. "I have only come to-day instead of my elder sister, who is not well."

"'EXCUSE ME,' HE SAID, 'BUT ARE YOU THE REGULAR CANVASSER FOR THIS DISTRICT?'"

"I see," he observed, gravely; but I caught, or fancied I caught, a glimpse of a twinkle in the corner of his eye that sent a hot flush over me.

I felt like a detected criminal. In spite of Emily's hat and cape, I had been discovered for the impostor that I was. Why had I not remembered her advice and let him see my back view first? The reflection that, under the circumstances, that had not been possible gave me but little comfort.

It was at this moment that there entered the room a middle-aged man with the appearance of an artisan.

"I am sorry to keep you waiting, sir," he said, addressing the gentleman with whom I had been conversing, "but there's an important job on that needs attending to at once. I'll be free in a few minutes if you can wait."

"Oh, all right," was the careless reply. "I am in no very great hurry." And then, turning to me as the other left the room, the speaker asked, "And you are canvassing for Farquhar? Would you mind telling me why?"

Here was my chance of showing that, in spite of my youthful appearance, I knew what I was about. With breathless eagerness I poured out all the arguments I had heard from Mrs. Wallace. Disestablishment, Home Rule, Ulstermen came pouring in an impetuous torrent from my lips.

"But your man has no chance of winning the seat," remarked the person whom I was addressing, emerging from behind the handkerchief with which he had again been blowing his nose, when, flushed and breathless, I at last ceased speaking. "Oldport has always returned a Radical — with an overwhelming majority, too. You are wasting your energies, Miss ——"

"Erskine," I put in, with a comforting sense of the dignity of my name, at least—"Margaret Ermyntrude Delamere Erskine."

He uttered an exclamation of surprise. "Was your mother a Miss Delamere?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes," I replied, not without some pride in my tone, for I knew that my mother had belonged to a good family, though they had broken off all connection with her on her marriage, which was regarded as a *mésalliance*.

"Why," he ejaculated, "you must be a cousin of m—Seton-Spencer's! Look here, I say, it isn't right of you to be working against your own cousin! You ought to be canvassing for Seton-Spencer—especially as he is certain to get in. Farquhar hasn't a ghost of a chance."

"We don't expect to get Mr. Farquhar in," I said, in what I considered a particularly "grown-up" tone of voice; "but we mean to take down Seton-Spencer's majority by hundreds."

"Oh, I say, that's too bad of you! What has the poor man done to deserve it?"

The question recalled to my memory all that John Barclay had said the night before regarding the late member for Oldport.

"He has not been giving satisfaction to his constituents of late," I replied, with much gravity and *aplomb*. "He is only a rather clever man about town, who sits on

the fence and is hardly ever in the house." (I am afraid I spelled the last word in my own mind with a small "h.") "His Irish supporters——"

But instead of finishing the sentence I stopped abruptly, and sprang to my feet with burning cheeks. The person I was addressing had been seized with a sudden fit of coughing, but not soon enough entirely to cover what—to my supersensitive ear—sounded suspiciously like a laugh.

"You are not going yet!" he exclaimed, in a tone of some anxiety, as I began moving towards the door. "What you were saying is" — cough — "extremely interesting and instructive."

"I did not come here to be laughed at," I said, in what was meant to be a tone of freezing dignity, though in truth the tears were not very far from my eyes.

"Laughed at!" in a tone of horror. "Miss Erskine, I assure you nothing was farther from my mind. I am troubled with a wretched cough that is most inconvenient at times."

Without speaking, I continued moving towards the door. He followed me, with an air of entreaty.

"But you came to ask for my vote, did you not?" he asked, eagerly. "And I have not promised it yet.'

I hesitated a moment or two. Dignity drew me to the door; the thought of Emily made me linger. It would be so nice to be able to go home and tell her I had got the promise of the vote she was so anxious to secure!

My voter took advantage of my hesitation.

"Look here," he said, in the tone of a man making a plunge. "I'll be quite frank with you; I shouldn't think for a moment of promising it to you if I did not know that it won't do you a bit of good. Seton-Spencer is so safe that he can spare you my vote. You may have it if you like."

Still I said nothing; but I remained standing uncertainly just within the door, my back turned to the speaker.

"You'll shake hands on it, won't you?" he said, persuasively; and, with a sudden impulse, I turned and put my hand in the one extended towards me.

During the day or two that elapsed before the polling-day I found myself wondering often whether "my voter," as Emily and I called him, would keep his promise; and it was largely with the hope of satisfying myself on this point that I begged to be allowed to accompany my sister in the wagonette adorned with red, white, and blue ribbons which was put at her service on the great day for bringing up voters to the various polling-booths.

The excitement of that day was a revelation and an intoxication to a young girl who had lived such a life as mine. Everyone with whom Emily and I came in contact seemed to be infected with a sort of frenzy of activity; John Barclay, whom we saw only for an instant or two in the street, most of all.

He had been working all night, and was strung up to that point at which the tense spirit is unconscious of the flesh with its weakness and weariness.

"Don't lose a vote you can possibly secure," he besought Emily, in a tone of feverish eagerness. "Things are looking better than our wildest dreams. The Irish voters had a meeting last night and passed a resolution against Seton-Spencer. There's a chance now—just a chance, you understand"—here he lowered his voice to an

"'YOU'LL SHAKE HANDS ON IT, WON'T YOU?' HE SAID."

impressive whisper —"that we might get our man *in*."

It was not long after this meeting with John Barclay that, as we set down a load of voters at one of the polling-booths, I gave a violent start and pulled Emily by the sleeve.

"Look!" I exclaimed, in an excited whisper. "There — there he is!"

"Who? Where? What do you mean?" demanded my sister, in some surprise.

"My voter — there. Don't you see him? He is coming towards us."

As I spoke, a man whose air of distinction made him conspicuous among the crowd was crossing the pavement from the door of the polling-place towards a handsome carriage and pair, which was drawn up immediately behind our wagonette. He was almost close upon us before, happening to glance up, he caught sight of me, and a smile—a somewhat comical smile—broke over his face. For a moment he seemed to hesitate; then, stepping to the door of our vehicle, he looked up at me with a twinkle in his eyes, and said in a voice too low to be heard by anyone but myself:—

"I've kept my promise, little cousin."

"I'VE KEPT MY PROMISE, LITTLE COUSIN."

The next moment we were driving off, and I turned to my sister beaming with pride and gratification, which quickly changed to amazement when I saw the expression in her face.

"Why, what's the matter?" I asked.

Emily's eyes seemed to be starting out of her head, and her mouth was open as if she were gasping for breath.

"It's impossible," she panted; "quite impossible! Of course, he *has* a vote in this ward, but it's quite impossible!

"What is impossible?" I asked, bewildered.

"Do you know who that man is that you call 'your voter'?" she demanded, almost fiercely. "*He is Seton-Spencer himself!*"

That night about half-past eleven our peaceful household was startled by a violent ringing of the door-bell. In spite of my entreaties that I might be allowed to remain up until John Barclay came to report the result of the poll, as he had promised to do, I had been sent to bed by my father at my usual hour. I was still wide awake, however, when the bell rang, and, springing out of bed, I slipped into my dressing-gown and rushed downstairs, just in time to see John Barclay and Emily clinging to each other wildly like a pair of lunatics, while the tears ran down Emily's cheeks.

"Why, what—what's wrong?" I demanded, blankly.

"Wrong!" And John Barclay tore himself away from Emily, and faced me with a pair of eyes that glittered like electric lamps. "Wrong! Why, the most splendid—the most astonishing—the most *wonderful* thing has happened that ever happened before! He's *in*—Farquhar's in—by one vote! Hip-hip-hip hurrah!" And, regardless of the lateness of the hour, he raised his voice in a ringing cheer.

"By one vote!" I exclaimed, thoughtfully, when the echoes had died away.

"By one vote!" almost shrieked Emily. "Why, John, it is *his own*—Seton-Spencer's own vote; and Daisy—our own little Daisy—has won the seat!"

A Military Court-Martial and How It Is Conducted.

By Horace Wyndham.

THE statement contained in the "General Annual Report on the British Army for 1903," to the effect that during the first nine months of that year as many as ten thousand seven hundred and forty-seven courts-martial were held in the English Army at home and abroad, is one that would certainly seem calculated to come as a surprise to civilians. As, however, the information in question appears only in the pages of a "Blue-book" and is not (for obvious reasons) reproduced in the more widely-circulated placards treating of "The General Advantages of the Army," it is not likely to be generally known among non-military men. Recruiting sergeants, too, ever observe a pronounced reticence on the subject when being interviewed by would-be candidates for enrolment in the profession of arms. Accordingly, it is not a matter for much wonder that so little knowledge on the subject of military courts-martial is possessed by the majority of people. To remove, therefore, a portion of this want of information is the object of the following article.

Speaking generally, military courts-martial are of three descriptions. These, according to the seriousness of the particular cases with which they deal, are known respectively as Regimental, District, and General, and are practically analogous to the Petty Sessions, Quarter Sessions, and Assizes of civil procedure. In order of importance the third form occupies the chief place, as it is a tribunal which is empowered to inflict sentences of death or penal servitude. For this reason it is only called upon to adjudicate in cases of extreme gravity. It may be mentioned, however, that in 1903 (the last year for which returns are available) sixty-one of such trials were held on men of all arms. The president of a Court of this nature (which, by the way, is the only one before which a commissioned officer can be arraigned) is almost invariably a colonel, and he is usually assisted by eight other officers (at least five of whom must not be under the rank of captain) as members. As a rule a staff officer also attends in the capacity of judge advocate.

District courts-martial are composed of not fewer than three members, of whom the senior—a major—acts as president. The highest sentence which this Court can order is one of two years' hard labour. In the third form of tribunal, the Regimental, there are three members, and its punitive powers are limited to a maximum award of forty-two days' imprisonment with hard labour.

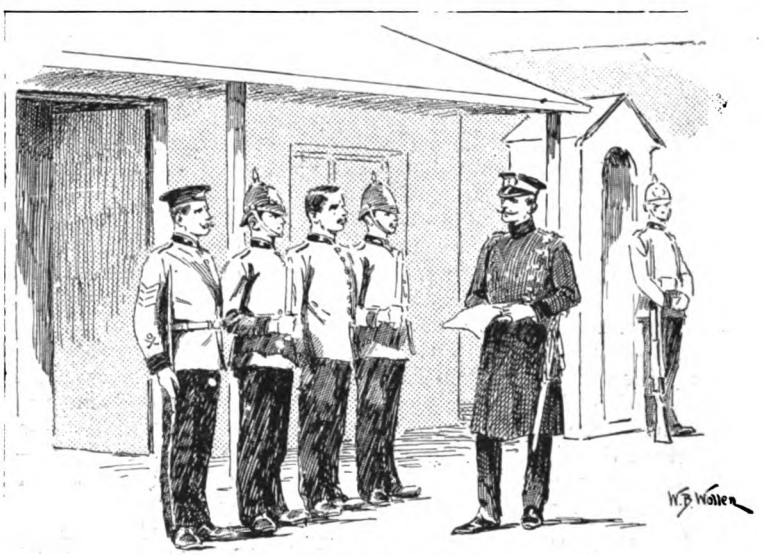
In 1903 the total number of courts-martial of all descriptions in the English Army was ten thousand seven hundred and forty-seven. As of these eight thousand seven hundred and twenty-nine were of the "District" form, it will at once be seen that it is by tribunals of this nature that the majority of courts-martial are held. Accordingly, for the purpose of giving the civilian reader some idea of the manner in which military law is administered on such occasions, it will be as well to describe a trial of this nature. There is also so very little difference (so far as the mode of procedure goes) between this and the other forms that it is not really at all necessary to dwell upon these in detail. Suffice it to remark that the main variation between the three forms is confined to the number of members composing them and the severity of sentence awarded.

The different processes that take place before a soldier—or "other person subject to military law"—finds himself in the unenviable position of being required to answer the peculiarly searching questions of the president of a court-martial are as follows. Let it be presumed in the first place that he has committed an offence against the legal code under which, as a soldier, he is serving. This action will not, it may be observed, present much difficulty, for (as Kipling has sung) "Single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints," and on the business side of the barrack-gate the temptations to err against the exacting requirements of military regulations here in force are exceptionally numerous. Especially is this the case with the newly-joined recruits, for upon them the iron hand of discipline (to which they are now introduced for the first time in their lives) ever proves particularly irksome. Even with the best intentions in the world, it takes a man some time to master the great military maxim that "instant and unquestioning obedience is the first duty of a soldier." Consequently, it is not really to be wondered at that for breaches (often unintentional, by the way) of this law so many young soldiers are punished during their first few months in their new life. Indeed, with reference to this, the statistics in the Blue-

books on military prisons reveal the fact that by far the greater proportion of offences among soldiers is committed by recruits with less than two years' service.

Of the remarkable ease with which a man who has once embarked on the career of glory (so alluringly painted for him by the enlisting sergeant) finds himself liable to incur punishment, the lay reader can have but little idea. The fact is, there is (and must necessarily be) a different law for either class of the community. To take an instance or two in point. If a civilian watchman happens to go to sleep or to leave his post while on duty, a fine or dismissal is the utmost penalty he can fear on discovery. This, however, is by no means the case with the soldier, for "quitting or sleeping on post" is, in the service, regarded as an extremely serious offence, and annually there are held about two hundred and twenty courts-martial on this account. Similarly with regard to charges of drunkenness or disobedience to orders, both of which are offences that, where civilians are concerned, are wont to be treated with a leniency that is absolutely unknown to the military code. Indeed, by this such breaches of discipline are usually visited by the award of a very severe penalty. The "Manual of Military Law" reveals most clearly how differently offences are regarded in the Army from what they would be in civil life. Thus it is here laid down that when on active service a sentence of death may be passed on a soldier who strikes a sentinel, while one of penal servitude may be incurred for "using words creating alarm or despondency." By the civil code, it need hardly be pointed out, the second offence would be unrecognised altogether, while the first would merely resolve itself into an action for assault.

For the sake of illustrating the procedure observed at an ordinary court-martial case, we will say that a soldier has committed an act of disobedience. He has, let it be supposed, been instructed by a corporal to sweep the floor of his barrack-room and has refused to do so. Without further altercation the N.C.O. whose authority has thus been set at defiance instantly orders the offender to be confined in the guard-room on a charge of "refusing to obey an order." On the following morning, soon after breakfast-time, the accused is paraded before the officer commanding his company to answer this indictment as best he may. If the officer making this preliminary investigation is (after hearing the evidence on either side) of opinion that



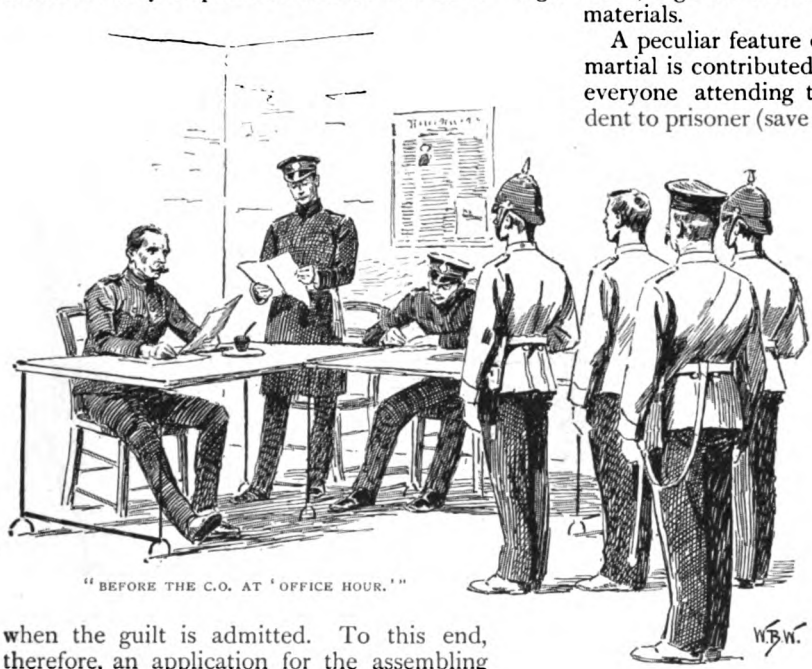
"PRELIMINARY INVESTIGATION AT THE GUARD-ROOM."

the charge has been borne out, he refers the case to the higher authority of the colonel. Accordingly at "office hour" (as is known the time—ten a.m.—at which such business is daily transacted) the offender—together with a number of companions in misfortune—is brought up under charge of an escort at the regimental orderly-room.

Here the sequence of events is as follows. At the word of command from the sergeant-major the prisoner takes off his cap, and, between a file of men armed with bayonets, is marched into the presence of the colonel. The different witnesses connected with the case follow and take up a position on the left. When the preliminaries are thus arranged the commanding officer signs to the adjutant, who is seated beside him, to read the charge. This, which is contained on the day's "crime report," is probably to this effect: "Number 2,147, Private John Jones, 'A' Company, 2nd Battalion the Rutland Rangers, refusing to obey an

order.—Corporal Thompson, Lance-corporal Smith." The testimony of the two N.C.O.'s is then given (but not on oath), and Private Jones is asked in turn what he may have to say in the matter. Should the weight of evidence be strongly against him, he will probably content himself with admitting the charge and expressing due contrition on account thereof. The only other course open to him is to plead "not guilty."

We will suppose the latter to have occurred in this particular instance. The colonel has now no choice but to order the accused to be tried by court-martial, as he himself is only empowered to deal with cases



"BEFORE THE C.O. AT 'OFFICE HOUR.'"

when the guilt is admitted. To this end, therefore, an application for the assembling of a District court-martial is sent by him to the general officer commanding the station. Accompanying the request is a document containing a "summary of evidence" for the information of this officer. If, when he has read it, he considers the case a fitting one to engage the attention of a "D.C.M." he grants the necessary permission for its convening. In the meantime the accused is kept in confinement in the regimental guard-room.

As a rule, only an interval of two or three days will elapse between a man being ordered for trial and the assembling of the Court which is to dispose of the case. Before it meets, he is informed by the adjutant of the exact nature of the charge upon which he is to be arraigned, and is also given an opportunity to procure the attendance of such witnesses as he may desire. On the appointed day he is marched (under the escort of a sergeant and two privates) to the garrison court-martial room. Here he takes his place, outside the door, in company with such other military offenders as are to appear before the same tribunal, until the Court shall be declared open. The members thereof have probably assembled a few minutes before the appointed hour (usually ten a.m.), and taken their seats in order of seniority at one side of a table in the centre of the room. It is covered with green baize, upon which is placed a pile of legal books, together with a supply of writing materials.

A peculiar feature of military courts-martial is contributed by the fact that everyone attending them—from president to prisoner (save in a few instances)—must be in full dress. The result of the enforcement of this regulation is that the customary gloom of the court chamber is at such times brightened up by a brave array of scarlet and gold uniforms, with plumed helmets and heavily-laced accoutrements, furnished by the different officers present. These, in order to avoid any suspicion of partiality to the prisoners, are as far as possible selected from various regiments in the garrison.

As soon as the members have arrived and taken their seats the warrant for the convening of the Court is read by the president. The names of the other officers are then called over, and, on their being found correct and everything considered to be in due order, the prisoner is marched in under escort and halted, bare-headed, immediately opposite the president's chair. He is then asked by him if he objects to the presence of any of the members of the Court. As such protests can only be admitted when they are based upon the allegation that a member has a personal interest in or is prejudiced against

the case, objections are very rarely advanced. It is on record, however, that on one occasion a recruit not only stated that he objected to everyone present, but that he also objected to being tried at all. We will suppose, though, that on this occasion the accused is sufficiently accommodating to express his entire satisfaction with the arrangements made on his behalf.

The first matter which is then attended to is the administering of the oath to the president and members of the Court. This is to the effect that each of these persons will "well and truly try the prisoner (or prisoners) before the Court, according to the evidence, and that they will undertake both to administer justice without partiality, fear, favour, or affection, and to refrain from divulging the sentence of the Court until it is duly confirmed." Arraignment of the accused then follows. This consists in his being called upon by the president to answer to the charge or charges that he now reads to him. Should he plead guilty, his judges have merely to pronounce sentence, and the proceedings are then practically ended.

As a general rule, however, the plea of "not guilty" is raised. It then becomes the duty of the officer conducting the prosecution to prove, by sworn testimony, the substance of the charge that he is bringing before the Court's consideration. To this end he calls in such witnesses as he may desire. After each of these has individually sworn that "the evidence which he shall give before the Court shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help him God," he is ordered to state what he knows about the case. As the whole of such statements at courts-martial—together with any cross-examination to which they may be subjected by the prisoner—are taken down in writing, the proceedings are often rather prolonged. The document recording such testimony is then read out to the Court and signed by the person making it. When he has done this he withdraws, and the prosecution intimates whether it is prepared to bring forward additional evidence or not.

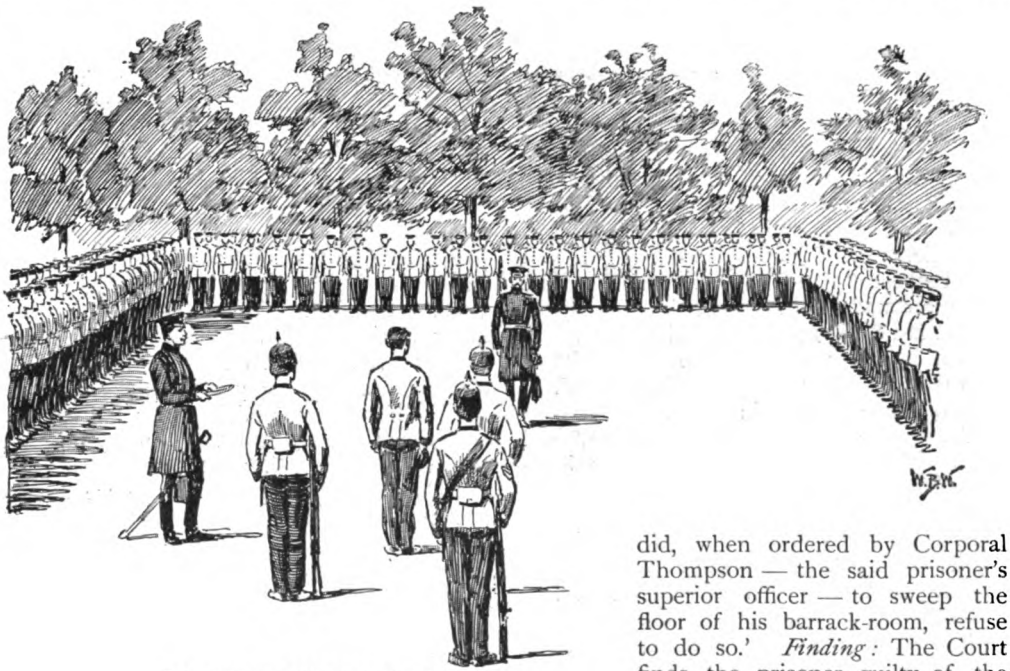
After this the testimony of the prisoner's witnesses is given in the same manner and carefully recorded for future consideration. Should he elect to do so, the prisoner may give evidence on his own behalf, while he may also employ counsel to defend him. As a rule, however, he contents himself with handing in a written statement. This brings the first part of the proceedings to a termination. What the Court is now concerned with is its "finding." As this has to be determined in private, everyone—except the president and members—withdraws.

"TRIAL BY DISTRICT COURT-MARTIAL." W. B. Wollen

In the meantime the guilt or innocence of the prisoner is debated upon by these officers. In order to arrive at a decision thereon, the opinion of each member, commencing with the junior in rank, is individually taken. By this provision the possibility of the senior officer unduly influencing the less experienced members is effectually guarded against. If, after consideration, it is decided that the case for the prosecution has been made good, it

then but remains for them to pass sentence, the members deliberating among themselves as to the nature and amount of punishment which the circumstances of the case justify their pronouncing. It will thus be seen that a court-martial is required to act in the dual capacity of judge and jury.

As in determining the "finding," the opinion of the junior member is taken first when awarding sentence. Each suggestion as to the amount that is thus put forward is carefully discussed, and when a certain term shall have been finally approved by the whole of the Court it is recorded on the proceedings by the president. All the papers connected with the trial are then sent to the general officer commanding the district (or his deputy) for approval and confirmation. When this is granted a notification to the effect, together with the court-martial papers, is sent to the commanding officer of the prisoner's battalion.



"READING OUT SENTENCE ON PARADE."

On receipt thereof preparations are immediately made for carrying the sentence into execution. As soon as possible a parade is held, at which the result of the trial is publicly communicated to the offender's regiment. In order to carry out this the troops are formed into a square (the fourth side of which is occupied by the prisoner and his escort), while the proceedings are announced by the adjutant. Breaking the seal of the envelope containing the official papers, he calls the battalion to "attention" and delivers himself of a short speech, which, in this case, will run as follows :—

"Pay attention to the proceedings of a District court-martial held at Aldershot on the 2nd day of August, 19—, for the trial of (here the prisoner removes his head-dress and takes two paces to his front) Number 2,147, Private John Jones, 'A' Company, 2nd Battalion the Rutland Rangers. The prisoner is charged with 'refusing to obey a lawful command given him personally by his superior officer, in the execution of his office, in that he, at Barrosa Barracks, Aldershot, did, when ordered by Corporal Thompson — the said prisoner's superior officer — to sweep the floor of his barrack-room, refuse to do so.' *Finding:* The Court finds the prisoner guilty of the charge. *Sentence:* The Court sentences the prisoner, Number 2,147, Private John Jones, 'A' Company, 2nd Battalion the Rutland Rangers, to be imprisoned with hard labour for six calendar months. Confirmed — Charles Carbine, Major-General, Commanding Infantry Brigade."

As soon as the sentence has been thus notified the accused is removed to the guard-room to await committal, later on in the day, to the military prison where his punishment is to be undergone. The papers connected with the case are forwarded to the office of the Judge Advocate-General for safe custody, remaining there for a term of three years, and the episode is concluded.

A Splendid Rogue.

By Max Pemberton.

I.

SOMEONE in a jocular vein told me down at Malaga that the train to Granada ran once a day, and added that it was an "express." I knew a little about travelling upon Spanish railways, and my heart did not beat unduly. We were three hours getting to Bobadilla, and two hours in the station there. It certainly was an "express" if the language of its English passengers were taken into account.

And yet we were not without importance. If we went at the dangerous speed of fifteen miles an hour down the hills and five miles an hour up them, at least we had a dozen soldiers on board, and that was something. A gentleman in a gold-laced hat, of whom I asked questions at Bobadilla, informed me that the squad would protect the passengers, he did not say from whom. His information helped me to a considerable sense of self-importance. The English after all, then, were of some account in Spain.

There were two of us upon the "car," and a Spanish general in a first-class smoking-carriage. He surely did not want protection. It must be the charming, black-eyed girl in the Paris gown, I said; and I fell to wondering what she did in that galley, and why she went to Granada when the sun still burned upon the hills of Alhama!

Had she friends in the ancient city? Was she half a Spaniard? Why did she travel without escort? Americans do that, and the old world stands aghast. She was dark enough for a gipsy and stately enough for a Fifth Avenue girl. Then why did I not make friends with her? Set it down to the old-fashioned English reticence which does not thrust acquaintanceship upon casual strangers, and particularly does silent homage to women who travel alone. I admired her over the top of a Spanish newspaper, and took good care she should not catch me at it. After all, the hours did not matter much while she was in the train.

They shunted us about at the wayside station of Bobadilla, and many men in gilt hats came out and quarrelled, first with the guard and driver of the train, then amongst themselves. The Spanish general, from the carriage ahead of us, expressed, firstly, aspirations for the eternal punishment of the staff; and, secondly, a desire in particular to sabre the station-master. When the train at length started, it was merely having a joke with us. We pulled up in a hundred yards to attach a horse-box, the horse within it apparently being the property of the angry soldier. This proceeding occupied us no more than thirty minutes, and with a last joyful blast from the guard's tin trumpet we steamed from the station and were lost finally to the joys of Bobadilla.

Now, I have told you that I travelled alone with a very charming companion in a kind of saloon car upon this famous express. We had not spoken a single word to each other during the long journey from Malaga to Bobadilla; but no sooner did we quit the latter station and approach the desolate country which lies between that dismal place and the famous old city of Granada, than she put her book down and began to talk to me both about herself and the country through which we were passing.

"Could you tell me what time we are to arrive at Granada?" she asked.

I answered her that it was quite impossible.

"The trains in Spain," I said, "do not arrive at any time; they get there by accident. If we were in England, the journey would take us an hour—we shall very likely be three."

She smiled at the pessimism of it, and indeed a very pretty smile it was.

"Do you really think it matters?" she asked. "Are we Americans and English any better off for being in such a hurry? If we were at Granada now, we should be trying to kill time before dinner. Isn't it just as nice to be here, looking at this pretty country?"

I would gladly have assured her that that particular carriage was, for the time being, a terrestrial paradise; but this seeming a little premature, I admitted the beauty of the country.

"It certainly is worth seeing," I said; "I

do not suppose in all Spain there is a finer spot than the Alhama Hills. You might stay there for a month and find nothing more exciting than a mule. If you were a geologist you would go into ecstasies over it; but I do not suppose that you are anything so terrible," I added, with a dreadful fear that she might contradict me.

Her answer was reassuring.

"No," she said, "I am nothing so terrible as that. To be candid, I think Spain a horrid place."

"Then you do not travel in it for pleasure?"

"From any other reason but that. I am going to Granada to see my sister-in-law, who is not able to come and see me."

"And you are not afraid to travel alone?"

She laughed, as though the idea amused her.

"We Americans always travel alone," she said, still laughing; "they do not think it necessary in my country to send soldiers with us."

"I had forgotten the soldiers. Heaven grant that they do not sabre us on the way."

"Seriously, is it necessary to have them?"

"I am told that it is quite necessary. The Alhama Hills are as dangerous as anything in Europe. You surely do not want to dance with a brigand?"

"YOU SURELY DO NOT WANT TO DANCE WITH A BRIGAND?"

"I should go mad about it. Would he wear pistols and a sombrero hat?"

"Undoubtedly; and having assassinated the men of the party he would thumb you a *cachucha* on an unnameable instrument."

"I should just adore him," she said, with decision.

A sudden stop at a wayside station diverted the course of this very serious argument. We bought water of an elderly lady who had seen many suns; and further regaled ourselves with the cakes of the country, which might be accounted sudden death at twopence a time.

Once the ice was broken, if such a term could be used upon such a sunny day, I found my little American friend as charming a travelling companion as Europe had yet shown me. She, too, had been a traveller in many countries, and could speak intimately of many great people, and always with the delicate irony of observation inseparable from a keen intellect. I gathered that she was an American by birth, and that her brother was the head of that very firm of engineers whose business now carried me to the city of Granada. The most perplexing thing, however, was that her face seemed quite familiar to me. I could swear that I had seen her before, not once but many times, and this in spite of the fact that I knew her to be a stranger. Nothing in her conversation helped me to the solution of this enigma; and presently the wild country, which we had entered again, recalled her attention and arrested my own pursuit of her identity.

"It's just like the end of the world, isn't it?" she said.

I answered that so far as the end of the world was known to me, this was the very spot.

"Are these what they call the Alhama Hills?" she asked.

I said that it was so.

"And the brigand in the sombrero hat, where is he?"

"We are about to pick him up; the train is stopping on purpose. Admit that I am an excellent prophet."

It certainly was a most surprising thing that the train should have answered so politely to my amiable anticipation. No sooner were the words out of my mouth than

I became aware that we were slowing down unmistakably; and a minute had not passed before the carriage came to a stand in as desolate a place as my travels have shown me.

One glance from the window of the car told me in an instant what had happened. The couplings of our magnificent train had broken on the hillside, and the engine-driver, supremely unconscious of his loss, went careering on without a single thought of us. More than this, the steam brake evidently had been fitted but to three or four of the leading coaches, and we ourselves should have run backwards down the incline but for the wits of the guard, who applied a hand-brake vigorously before he descended from his van to inform us of the whole extent of our misfortune.

I have little of the Spanish tongue, and much of this immortal rigmarole was lost to me for ever. So far as I could understand the fellow, we were fifteen miles from the nearest station and at least twenty from any civilized place. The hope which springs eternal in the breast of man now rested upon the very frail foundation of the driver's probable return. If he missed us, well and good; if he did not miss us, not well, and bad. We might spend the night upon that bleak hillside, or sleep in the car until the up express conveniently ran into us—all of which I faithfully conveyed to my troubled companion.

"Do you mean to say," she exclaimed, with just a suspicion of alarm in her tone, "that we may have to spend the night here?"

"It is undoubtedly possible," I answered.

"Here, in this car?" she reiterated.

"If you are fond of railway accidents, yes; otherwise there is the hillside."

Her amused despair was delightful to see. Certainly it was a ridiculous situation. There we were, two coaches, a van, and a horse-box, on a single line of rails with great bleak stone hills all about us, stunted trees the only vegetation, and for our companions a Spanish guard and the escort of half-drunken Spanish troopers. These men made right merry from the very beginning of it. Clambering out of the carriage on to the track, they celebrated their release by loud cries of satisfaction and those gymnastic exercises in which men indulge who have sat long in a cramped attitude. Their officer evidently had gone on in one of the lucky carriages. They were alone and unrestrained, and I was far from liking the looks of them.

The position was certainly an awkward one. Had we been quite sure the detached carriages were safe, it would have been the easiest thing in the world to prepare to pass the night in them; but of this no one could be certain. On an English road such a mishap would have been impossible, but in Spain it is the impossible one expects; and I began to see that if the driver did not miss us at once, and another train were allowed upon the section, then the danger would be considerable. So much I told my companion, and found her in entire agreement with me.

"It will certainly have to be the hillside," I said.

"At least let us take the cushions," she replied.

"Robinson Crusoe was less fortunate," I suggested; "there was only one of him."

"But he had biscuits and rum," she said.

Her annoyance had passed by this time and she seemed to enjoy the fun of it. An American woman is slow to believe that she is in any danger when men are near her; and wild as this place was, desolate and remote from civilization, I think the presence of the escort and of a friend reassured her.

I myself, however, was far from being reassured. A more unlikely dozen of men I had never set eyes upon, and when they began to break open the door of the luggage-van, in spite of the remonstrances of the fat guard, and to drag the baggage out upon the line, I quite anticipated that trouble might be in store for us.

Now, my lady perceived none of these things at the beginning, and for my part I was not sorry that the men had found a diversion. It occurred to me that if by any chance drink were found in the van, then there would be something more in the air than ribald jests and coarse horse-play. At the same time it was not prudent to get far away from the train, to which the engine and the missing coaches might return at any time. The middle course lay out upon the hillside, perhaps a hundred yards from the scene of the mishap, and one that led us to a stunted chestnut tree which offered a shabby patch of broken shade and a suspicion of withered grass to serve for a couch. Here my companion sat with all the ease and good humour of her countrywomen, while from the distant line there came up to us the raucous shouts and heavy jests of the braves who were to protect us from the brigands.

"How light-hearted they are," she said, as we sat down.

I admitted it.

"They are also light-fingered," I added.

She looked at the van, and I think she understood what was happening there.

"'THEY ARE ALSO LIGHT-FINGERED,' I ADDED."

"Do you mean to say that they are pillaging the luggage?" she asked.

"It is more than probable," I said.

"The brigands! I have three gowns from Paris in my trunk."

"You will have three less to-morrow. I can foresee honest joy in humble homes when Inez or Catalina tries on the *dernier cri* from Paquin's."

"You are detestable, Mr. ——"

"Mr. Wallace Armenger, of Armenger and Holt, engineers, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Age, thirty-two. Born of poor but honest parents. Recreation, getting a living and riding in Spanish trains."

The flippancy pleased her as much as the news.

"Mr. Wallace Armenger! Are you really, now?" she exclaimed. "Then you are going to see my brother, Harry Elsinar, in Granada!"

"I was going to try and cheat him out of a contract for the new power-house in that same city."

"We shall see something of each other, I hope."

"May I say that I trust it will be very much?"

She looked at me out of the depth of her eloquent black eyes, and I seemed to read something more than a coquette's glance therein. An American girl, she was like and yet unlike her pretty countrywomen. Her dark hair, parted upon a very white forehead, came about her tiny ears in pleasing bands of silky brown. Her teeth were exquisite, her mouth shapely if not above criticism, her lips full and crimson; but her figure was matchless, and she had the most perfect neck I have ever seen upon a woman.

That which still perplexed me greatly was the conviction that I had seen her before—not once, but many times. Her name gave me no clue, and yet I was sure that I could not be mistaken.

"You may say it, Mr. Armenger," she exclaimed, when the black eyes had quite finished with me; "I am a woman and alone, and the soldiers are stealing my dresses. Now, do you think you are a very brave man to sit here and permit it?"

"I may not be a brave man; but if these fellows tap any more brandy bottles they will certainly be lively companions. It's a pity the stuff is on board. I saw it at Malaga—directed to one of the hotels. They are evidently connoisseurs."

A shadow of alarm crossed her handsome

face; I think that she understood my own uneasiness and shared it.

"It seems incredible that they have not missed us by this time," she said—referring to the driver and those in the lucky coaches.

"Nothing but the obvious is incredible in Spain," I replied.

"And are not these men afraid of punishment?"

"They are fortifying themselves against the day of reckoning. I am sorry, however, that it is brandy. Wine would have made them merely polite. This may make them dangerous."

"Then you do not think we are wise to stay here?"

"My dear lady, are we not in the wilderness? Where should we go to? As well talk of a refuge in the Sahara. No, we must take the chances—the train against the brandy. I think it will be the train."

She said nothing, but her quick glance of alarm made me turn my eyes again toward the railway, and I perceived instantly that her uneasiness was not without reason. The soldiers, having broken open the cases, were now rambling toward us, some with bottles in their hands, some already half intoxicated; others in that maudlin state of good humour which can as quickly become anger. Had it been possible at this moment to have found any sane method of flight, I should not have hesitated a moment; but I have already said that the scene was a desolate hillside with vast stone mountains above us and a ravine below, and only this barren ridge for an open road. Moreover, flight would have meant the abandonment of the train and the final acceptance of an impossible position. Better, I thought, to face the known worst than the unknown in the heart of the desolate gorges. And so I waited for the gallant army, and when its leader approached I offered him my best congratulations in execrable Spanish. He answered me with a ribald oath, and thrusting a bottle upon me he bade me drink.

It was clear, I say, that they meant mischief and as clear that this was but the beginning of it. Two or three sulky-looking troopers gathered about the leader, and when I had made a pretence of drinking from their bottle, one of them thrust it upon my companion and laughed loudly at her look of disgust and repulsion. She would have been wiser, no doubt, to fall in with it; but American girls have a spirit of their own and don't need any from other people's bottles; and no sooner had this fellow thrust his dirty hands into her face than she gave him as sound a box upon the ears as ever was heard in an ancient infant school.

II.

OUR colours were nailed to the mast now, and there was no mistake about it. Scarcely was this foolish thing done when I seemed to have half the company on top of me and to be striking right and left at the ugly faces which glared into my own. What happened to Miss Elsinar in that fierce minute of the affray it was quite impossible for me to see. The troopers did not stop to threaten us or to indulge in menacing preliminaries; but all together, as it seemed to me, they hurled themselves upon us, and there I was, hammering at ugly jowls, knocking the wind out of substantial bodies, and telling myself all the while that a bayonet thrust would certainly be the end of it. That it did not do so must be set down to the most cheerful accident I have yet experienced, for it chanced that a young soldier, drawing his bayonet to thrust at me over the shoulder of his corporal, cut that worthy upon the cheek and instantly turned the mad attack upon himself. More than this, the guard of the train, frightened out of his wits at the *melée*, came running up and implored the men for Heaven's sake to have done with it or they would all be shot to-morrow. Such wisdom at least brought a momentary truce. I could hear the savage brutes consulting together and evidently telling each other that it would not be wise to go too far; but this was merely momentary, and when their courage came back and one of the youngsters made a coarse jest about Miss Elsinar and myself, a great shout of laughter went up, and the whole of them ran helter-skelter toward the train which they had just deserted. What they intended to do; what new scheme of devilry moved them, I was quite unable to imagine. It was well enough for the moment that they had gone, and I turned to my companion and told her so.

"It will have to be the wilderness after all," I said. "We must not risk it a second time."

"We are safer where we are," she said, quietly. "I do not think they will return."

I did not reply. Her flushed cheeks and quivering lips told me how much the affray had excited her. Perhaps she meant to say that by flight we should have brought the ruffians upon us again; but the event denied her wisdom, and I had yet to answer her when a low cry of surprise expressed her

"THEY HURLED THEMSELVES UPON ME."

own astonishment, and an answer became unnecessary.

"They are opening the horse-box," she said.

I would have laughed it off as a new freak of their drunken humour.

"Perhaps they are hungry," I suggested.

"They are certainly quite mad," she replied.

"And this is not what one would call a hunting country."

"I envy you your *sang froid*, Mr. Armenger."

"Another name for cowardice sometimes, Miss Elsinar."

"Do you mean to say that you are afraid?"

"Hardly that—I am much interested and quite perplexed."

"There seems to be a bridle on the horse but no saddle."

"The corporal apparently has the saddle; he is now putting it on."

"And they are coming over here again; now, what do you make of that, Mr. Armenger?"

"I make little, unless someone is going for a ride."

It was very true; I could make nothing of the madmen or their actions. There they were, capering about the general's horse and leading him up to us joyfully, as though he must be the scapegoat for their indiscretions. What, then, did they intend to do? Their leader answered that question without any loss of time whatever.

"Señor," he cried, with a bow which brought his forehead almost to his knees, "the company of these honourable gentlemen is not welcome to the señorita. Here is a horse. Pray be good enough to mount upon it. Our general would wish it, señor. He has a big heart. We shall not permit you to refuse us, señor; we shall insist——"

It was done in an instant, before a man could lift a hand to defend himself or utter a word by way of protest. Throwing themselves upon me, all together, the troopers had a rope about my arms and had lifted me to the horse's back while I was still asking myself what answer could be made to this impudence or how it might be avoided. Nor was this more than the beginning of it, for with like swiftness they caught up my companion; and, lashing the ropes (taken from the packages in the van) they bound us literally in each other's arms upon the horse's back; and then, instantly, with wild shouts and discharges from their muskets, they sent the beast careering along the dangerous ridge at all the speed he could command.

I am a good horseman, as horsemen go nowadays, and five years in Australia had taught me much where a good seat in the

"THEY SENT THE BEAST CAREERING ALONG THE DANGEROUS RIDGE."

saddle is concerned. This ride would have had no terrors for me but for the brave girl I held in my arms, and the need and desire for her safety; but my thoughts were chiefly for her, and, making a supreme effort to save her, I got my hands at the dangling reins and found that I could touch them with my fingers. It had been part of the rogues' plan to put my feet in the stirrups, the more securely to bind us on the horse; and to this I owed it that I kept an upright seat and could at the worst make some attempt to guide the brute down the steep hillside. The danger lay in the boulder-strewn path, in the great rough rocks that lay all around us, and the terrible ravine upon our right hand. A false step and we were down and the horse upon us. perhaps to be dragged by him in mad flight toward that vast pit whose profound depths the eye could not so much as measure. Already the shouts had sent the brute careering wildly upon his way, and, while I had Spanish enough to cry halt to him, it was rather the light hand upon his mouth than the spoken word which checked the gallop and brought him back to a canter, sufficiently dangerous as it was upon that unnameable road. Going more steadily now, he began to show his mettle and to pick his way with all the cleverness of a trained troop-horse. Once, indeed, he stumbled heavily, but, throwing myself back and my captive with me, I eased the weight from his shoulders and he scrambled up again. And the way became easier as we left the bleak stone hills behind us; there were even meadows and bare woods, stunted trees, but trees nevertheless, which seemed to speak of men and their habitations. Could we but come upon a house the end would be at hand, I thought. It was a foolish hope, as you shall see.

I had not spoken so far to my fellow-captive during this amazing venture, but, when the road became a little easier and the good horse was content to amble along it, I began to think of the embarrassment she must have suffered and to endeavour to release her from it. My own hands were a little free of the ropes now, and by drawing them up through a loose knot I could work my fingers into my waistcoat pocket and feel my knife there, though to get it out needed an acrobatic effort which nearly threw me from the saddle. Between us we opened the blade of it, and perhaps to our astonishment, so easy it was, I managed to sever the main rope which knotted my arms about her and to free us somewhat from the meshes of that embarrassing net. Now quickly I had the horse under control, and leaping from the saddle I lifted Miss Elsinar to the ground and tried to set her at her ease. She told me that she was not hurt, but her eyes met mine shyly, and I began to understand that the ridiculous side of that adventure was not lost upon her.

"I should not be surprised," said I, "if this is a Spanish fashion. They are execrable horsemen—out of a bull-ring."

"And this is not a bull-ring," she said,

quickly; "we seem to be a hundred miles from anywhere."

"And that is just nowhere at all. Shall I suggest that we ride again—without the assistance of ropes this time?"

She blushed scarlet.

"I am fond of walking," she replied.

"But not at sundown in a Spanish wilderness. We must really try to find an inn."

"I hope those wretches will be punished," she said.

"I doubt it. Don't you see that they will declare we went off with the horse to get assistance? That was their game—to get rid of awkward witnesses to a debauch."

"Do you think there is likely to be a house near?"

"The horse will tell us when we are on his back."

I sprang to the saddle and held out my hand. It was the prettiest thing in the world to see her blush when she climbed up before me and I had my arms about her. The road, moreover, became kinder to us; for we had not ridden a mile when we perceived an old white house upon the hillside; and within half an hour we had passed its ancient gate and were sitting with its master to an excellent dinner in a room which might have been the baronial hall of a Norman castle.

III.

IT was a lucky chance, we said. So prematurely pleased we were.

A finer house, a more genial host one might not have found in Spain. I remember well the noble figure, the flowing brown beard, the merry blue eyes of Señor Xamete, as he introduced himself to us in the courtyard behind his gates.

"This house is at your disposal," he said, in the Spanish fashion. It certainly was, since we were five days its prisoners.

For myself, I had no suspicion whatever of this benevolent old man until dinner was done and Miss Elsinar, confessing her fatigue, said that she would retire. Then, with a suavity which was indescribable, Señor Xamete declared himself.

"Not until you have sung to me, Mlle. Dolores," he exclaimed.

I looked at her in blank amazement. "Miss Elsinar" had been unknown to me; but "Mlle. Dolores"—was she not the singer about whom half Europe raved? Why, I had heard her at Covent Garden in the spring, and, of course, her face was familiar to me.

"You will sing to me twice, mademoiselle," said the old man, still suavely, but with something in his voice which almost might have been a menace. I never saw anyone look more surprised than Miss Elsinar, but so curiously masterful was his invitation that she sang to him twice, as he desired.

"SEÑOR XAMETE."

"I heard you in Madrid," he said, blandly; "never did I imagine that you would honour me by becoming my guest."

I laughed outright.

"We must catch an early train to-morrow, señor," I said.

He regarded me with the face of a cunning lion.

"Are you a relation of mademoiselle's?" he asked.

I confessed that I was not.

"Then she will catch what train she pleases," he replied.

It was really a study in expressions to see the look upon Miss Elsinar's face when he said this.

"Indeed," she said, "I am leaving by the first train possible, Señor Xamete."

He shook his shaggy head pleasantly.

"It is fifteen miles to the station of Forgas," he said; "I will procure horses, mademoiselle, and drive you there myself."

She shrugged her pretty shoulders and said "Good-night" to me with a pitiful expression of wonder in her amazed black eyes. In truth, one could quarrel no longer with the old man, and when I entered a splendid bedroom and looked out upon a magnificent panorama of mountain and valley and a moonlit scene, I thought that one

might laugh at such eccentricity. For she, be it seen, was Mlle. Dolores, whom kings had honoured, and he was her lucky host.

I rose betimes in the morning and found the old gentleman in the courtyard. When I asked him of the horses and the train to Forgas, he turned upon me the most cunning look I have ever seen in all my experience with men.

"My servants are seeking them," he said; and then, quickly, "a few days in this mountain air would do you good, señor."

"Mademoiselle must leave this morning," I said, peremptorily; "if you cannot find horses, we will ride as we came."

"Pardon me," he said, "I have restored the horse to its owner—that is to say, it is returned to the railway."

"Then, if your horses do not come, we shall walk."

"As you please, señor, but pray breakfast first."

I could make no answer to this. It would have been absurd to confess the very real doubts which had come to me; nor did I say anything of them to Miss Elsinar. The breakfast, certainly, was beyond criticism—we had been served with chocolate in our bedrooms at seven o'clock, and at eleven we had fish and fruit and meat, with that most excellent red sherry which alone makes Spain worth visiting. When the meal was over we asked again if the horses had come.

"My servants are not yet returned," the old man declared, with a delicious pretence of distress. "While we wait, perhaps mademoiselle will sing to us—in the garden if she pleases. I will have the piano carried there."

"I will not sing a note," Miss Elsinar said, with fire in her dark eyes, and I applauded her resolution.

"We shall walk, since horses are so scarce in this country," I said.

Señor Xamete merely bowed.

"When my steward returns he will open the gate to you," he said, blandly, and with that he stalked from the room.

I looked at my companion, to learn that she had ceased to be amazed.

"The man is certainly a madman," I said.

"I knew it when he asked me to sing last night," she replied.

"We must get away somehow—I'll see the servants."

"My dear man, are there any servants to be seen?"

It was only too true. We went out into the courtyard of the house and did not discover a single human being. The gardens, situated upon the edge of a perpendicular cliff, were absolutely deserted. As for the tale of the horses, the old scoundrel might as well have told us that he had sent for the moon. I did not believe a word of it. And I could see that Miss Elsinar was beginning to be really alarmed.

"He is a madman," she repeated; "he can be nothing else."

"With a certain method in his madness."

"I will not sing a note," she ran on.

"I certainly do not advise you to do so."

In truth, I knew not what to say. The country about this desolate house was the bleakest imaginable. We stood upon the cliff-side with but one narrow path from the main gate to the high road; unless that gate were opened or a man cared to risk his neck down the precipice, escape must be but an idle word. Nor could we imagine any stratagem by which flight might be arrived at, and we sat there frankly helpless until the sun began to set behind the hills.

"I will not sing a note," Miss Elsinar said, and she repeated it when we returned to the house and the benevolent old gentleman met us upon its threshold.

"Mademoiselle," he said, suavely, "we shall dine when you have sung," and I think that at this we laughed together.

"Do you mean to say that you keep us here as prisoners?" she asked, stamping her little foot in amused anger.

"Mademoiselle, your safety is precious to me," was the answer. "No one can cross these mountains on foot who does not know the road. I forbid you to do so until my servants bring the horses."

"Oh, amiable hypocrite," she retorted, in real anger now; "I will have you punished for this."

"Indeed, no, mademoiselle; they will not punish me for taking care of you."

I put in my word for the first time.

"Your account will be a heavy one," I said.

"My dear sir," he answered, "you shall be angry with me after dinner."

It was too ironical. We were both as hungry as any boy and girl let loose in the mountains for the first time; and it was plain that dinner depended upon mademoiselle's complaisance. None the less I was glad that she would not sing, though I could have eaten the very table-cloth. This battle must be one of the will. I did not believe that the old rogue would go to extremities; but I was quite wrong, as one is often wrong in measuring the folly of an eccentricity which borders upon madness.

"'MADEMOISELLE,' HE SAID, SUAVELY, 'WE SHALL DINE WHEN YOU HAVE SUNG.'"

Let it be said in a word that four-and-twenty hours passed and we had eaten nothing but a little loaf of bread served to us at midday. The jest, then, had passed, and the real menace of a madman's humour lay before us.

In the garden that afternoon mademoiselle and I discussed a dozen ways out of the house, but found none. The supreme mystery was the disappearance of the servants. Not a soul appeared about that desolate place, not a sign of any human thing was there. And yet I believed that there were men in numbers hidden away and ready to the old man's hand if violence were attempted—a futile attempt as it must be, and little to my liking when I remembered the man's age. For the rest, our minds were little better than a blank.

"What in Heaven's name shall we do?" Miss Elsinar asked me; and I, seeing that her courage was breaking, could give her no better answer than a commonplace.

"We must try patience if obstinacy fails."

"Then you want me to sing to him to-night?"

"It depends upon your mood. I am all right; he won't starve me out."

"Oh, for just one little outlet," she cried, with a brave laugh—and I knew she would sing for her dinner. Alas, poor humanity!

We ate ravenously at dinner-time, and Señor Xamete was delighted.

"I promise the horses, on my honour, in a week's time," he said.

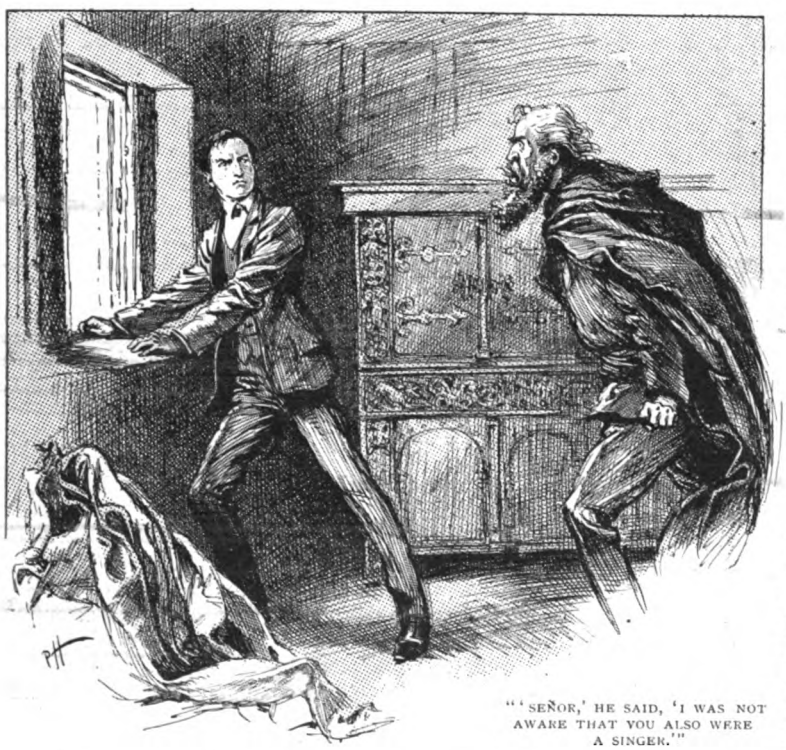
Miss Elsinar said nothing, and I began to understand plainly what another week would mean to this high-strung girl, who had faced it all with such courage.

Now, this amazing state of things lasted two days more, but upon the fifth night of it I could not sleep, and the early morning found me looking out of my window over the bleak valley to the road by which we had come upon the scene of our misfortunes. If all that had happened had been a melancholy jest until this moment, the serious nature of it could no longer be hidden; and I told myself that, whatever befell, I would have it out with that venerable humbug, our host, before the day was done. This was strongly in my mind to the exclusion of all else when, chancing to look over the ravine again, I suddenly observed someone moving upon the opposite side of the valley, and following the figure with my eyes I made it out to be that of a soldier who had just got up from the ground and was about to speak to a comrade who still lay upon the scrubby grass.

In an instant it occurred to me that these two men had come on from the railway, perhaps having boldly deserted the train or more possibly come after the general's horse. Could I but signal to them, I thought, at least they would visit the house; and it was a reflection indeed upon our venerable host that I could imagine their company to be infinitely preferable to his own. The difficulty was how to signal to them. A sheet held out to the morning breeze appeared to

be utterly wasted upon them. The gaudy counterpane of my bed, displayed effectively, failed to move them a jot. Both were standing up by now, and appeared about to go as they had come, at which I halloaed with all my lungs and still failed to stop them. A second attempt was attended by no better results, but before I could shout to them a third time what should happen but that the door of my room was opened violently, and there stood the venerable one himself, with the ugliest look upon his face I had yet found there.

"Señor," he said, coming up to my side, "I was not aware that you also were a singer."



"'SEÑOR,' HE SAID, 'I WAS NOT AWARE THAT YOU ALSO WERE A SINGER.'"

"I sing to my friends, who are going away with my message, señor."

The half-truth was an inspiration. Looking out of the window he perceived the *men who had not heard me*. I saw his expression change suddenly—he turned and left the room without a word, and a minute had not passed when that old house, so silent, apparently so deserted, seemed to become a very haven of noise and activity.

Whence did they come, these servants, who now crowded into the courtyard and shouted the orders one to another? From the very bowels of the earth, you might have said. I did not trouble to ask, for I perceived that they were bringing out a carriage and putting the horses to as though their very lives depended on it. Fright had cured the old man of his humour; I knew that he was now as anxious to get rid of us as formerly he had been to keep us.

IV.

It was a long drive to the railway, and we had eaten nothing that morning. When Miss Elsinar complained that she was hungry I reminded her of her gift.

"Sing to me and we shall eat," I said.

"Oh," she said, "but freedom is sweet even when one is hungry."

"It depends upon whom one shares captivity with," said I.

"Would it be necessary to ride?" she asked, with a pretty blush.

"It would be indispensable," I answered.

And then I think that she knew; and perhaps, for even that I dared to hope, did not regret.

I learned in England a month later that of the soldiers who pillaged the derelict train but one was caught by the Civil Guards and punished, as Spaniards punish, heavily for his debauch. For all that is known to the contrary, the others have joined the roving bands of ruffians who haunt the Alhama Hills. As to the general's horse, the venerable one told us the truth when he said that he had restored him upon the day following our adventure. Undoubtedly he would have risked much had he not done so.

We often speak of this splendid old rogue. It is not, I think, without a sense of his humour, certainly not without gratitude. For Mlle. Dolores and her English friend are still of the opinion that they owe him much.

The Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt.

CHAPTER VIII.—A VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

THE ship which was to convey me to the scene of other hopes, other sensations, and other successes was named *L'Amérique*. It was like the unlucky boat of the fairy story—the boat that was haunted by a gnome. All kinds of misfortunes, accidents, and storms had been its lot. It had been beached for months, with its keel out of water. Its stern had been staved in by an Iceland boat, and it had foundered on the shoals of Newfoundland, I believe, and been set afloat again. At another time fire had broken out on board while in the Havre roadstead, but no great damage was done. The poor ship had met with a celebrated adventure which had made it ridiculous. In 1876 or 1877 a new pumping system had been adopted, and, although this system had been in use in England for a long time, it was previously unknown aboard French ships. The captain, very wisely, decided that his crew should practise at these pumps, so that in case of danger the men would be ready to manipulate them easily.

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT.
From a Photo. by H. Walter Barnett.

While practice was going on, one of the men came to inform the captain that the hold of the ship was filling with water and no one could discover the cause.

"Go on pumping!" shouted the captain. "Look alive! Pump away!"

The pumps were worked with frantic energy, with the result that the hold became entirely full and the captain, after seeing the passengers safely off in the boats, was obliged to abandon the ship. An English whaler met the ship two days after and tried the pumps, which worked admirably, but in the contrary way to that indicated by the French captain. He had been driving his pumps backward and filling the hold instead of emptying it! This slight error cost the Compagnie Transatlantique forty-eight thousand pounds salvage money, and when they wanted to start the ship again and passengers refused to go by it they offered my impresario, Mr. Abbey, excellent terms. He accepted them, and very wisely, in spite of all forebodings. The boat had paid her tribute to fortune and knew no more disasters.

I had hitherto travelled very little, and I was wild with delight. On the 15th of October, 1880, at six o'clock in the morning, I entered my cabin. It was a large one and was hung with light red repp embroidered with my initials. What a profusion of the letters S. B.! Then there was a large brass bedstead, brightly polished, and flowers everywhere. Adjoining mine was a very comfortable cabin for my "*petit dame*," and leading out of that was one for my maid and her husband. All the other persons I employed were at the farther end of the ship.

The clearing of the deck for the departure

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upset everyone and everything. The rumbling of the engine, the boatswain's call, the bell, the tears and laughter, the creaking of the ropes, the shrill shouting of orders, the terror of those who were only just in time to catch the boat, the "Look out!" of the men who were pitching the packages from the quay into the hold, the sound of the laughing waves breaking over the side of the boat—all this mingled together made the most frightful uproar, tiring the brain so that its own sensations were bewildered. I was one of those who up to the last moment enjoyed the good-byes, the hand-shakings, the plans for return, the farewell kisses — and when it was all over flung themselves sobbing on their beds.

For the next three days I was in utter despair. Then I began to grow calm again; my will power triumphed over my grief. On the fourth day I dressed at seven o'clock and went on deck to enjoy some fresh air. It was icy cold, and as I walked up and down I met a lady dressed in black, with a sad, resigned face. The sea looked gloomy and colourless, and there were no waves. Suddenly a wild billow dashed so violently against the ship that we were both thrown down. I immediately clutched the leg of one of the benches, but the unfortunate lady was flung forward. Springing to my feet with a bound I was just in time to seize the skirt of her dress, and with the help of my maid and a sailor we managed to prevent the poor woman from falling head first down the stairs. Very much hurt though she was, and a trifle confused, she thanked me in such a gentle, dreamy voice that my heart began to beat with emotion.

"SHE SAID IN A MOURNFUL VOICE, 'I AM THE WIDOW OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.'"

"You might have been killed, madame," I said, "down that horrible staircase."

"Yes," she answered, with a sigh of regret; "but it was not God's will. Are you not Mme. Hessler?" she continued, looking earnestly at me.

"No, madame," I answered; "my name is Sarah Bernhardt."

She stepped back and drawing herself up, her face very pale and her brows knitted, she said in a mournful voice, a voice that was scarcely audible, "I am the widow of President Lincoln."

I, too, stepped back and a thrill of anguish ran through me, for I had just done this unhappy woman the only service that I ought not to have done her—I had saved her from death. Her husband had been assassinated by an actor, Booth, and it

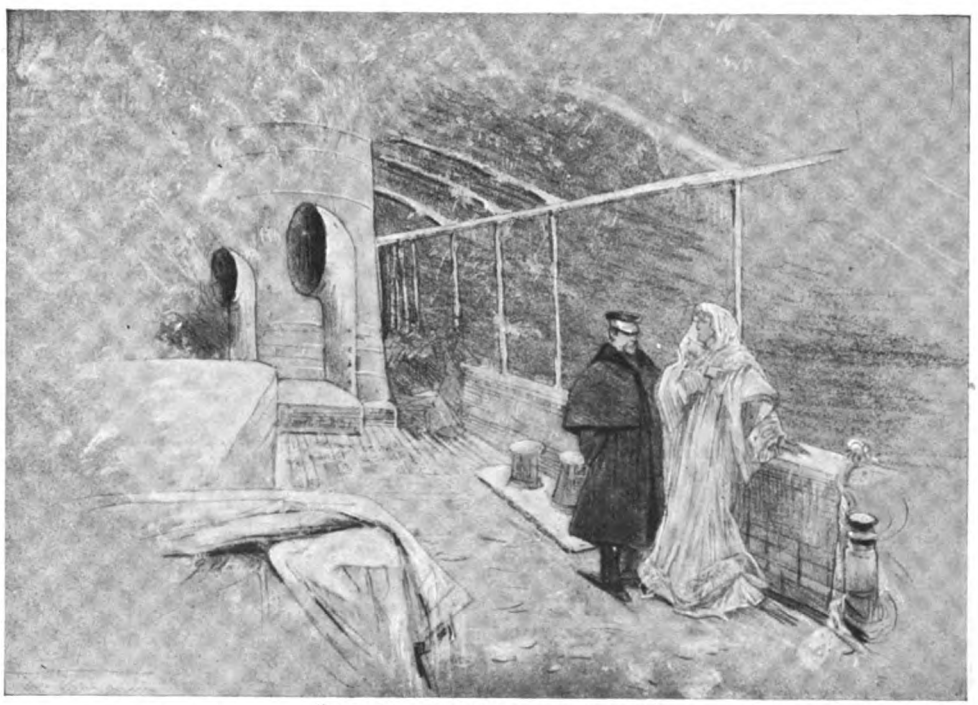
was an actress who had now prevented her from joining her beloved husband.

I went back again to my cabin and stayed there two days, for I had not the courage to meet the woman for whom I felt such sympathy and to whom I should never dare to speak again.

On the 22nd we were surprised by a violent snow-storm. I was called up hurriedly by Captain Jonclas. I threw on a long ermine cloak and went on deck. It was perfectly stupefying, yet at the same time fairy-like, as the heavy flakes met each other in their mad waltzing. The sky was suddenly veiled from us by their white avalanche, completely hiding the horizon. I was facing the sea, and, as Captain Jonclas pointed out to me, we could not see a hundred yards in front of us. I then turned round and saw that the ship was as white as a sea-gull—the ropes, the cordage, the nettings, the port-holes, the shrouds, whalers, the deck, the sails, the ladders, the funnels, the air-holes—everything was white. The sea was black and the sky black. The boat alone was white, floating in this immensity. There was a contest between the high funnel, scarcely able to pour forth its smoke through the wind rushing wildly into its great mouth, and the prolonged shrieks of the siren. The contrast was so extraordinary between the virgin whiteness of this boat and the infernal uproar which it made that it seemed to me as if I had before me an angel in a fit of hysterics.

In the evening of that strange day the doctor came to tell me of the birth of a child among the emigrants, in whom I was deeply interested.

I went at once to the mother and did all I could for the poor little creature who had just come into the world. Oh, the dismal moans in that dismal night in the midst of all that misery! Oh, that first strident cry of the child affirming its will to live in the midst of all these sufferings, of all these hardships, and of all these hopes! Mingled together in this medley were men, women, children, rags and preserves, oranges and basins, heads of hair and bald pates, half-open lips of young girls and tightly-closed mouths of shrewish women, white caps and red handkerchiefs; hands stretched out in hope and fists clenched against adversity. I saw revolvers half concealed under the rags and knives in the men's belts. A sudden roll of the boat showed us the contents of a parcel that had fallen from the hands of a rascally-looking fellow, and a hatchet and something like a tomahawk fell to the ground. One of the sailors immediately



"THE SHIP WAS AS WHITE AS A SEA-GULL."

seized the two weapons to take them to the purser. I shall never forget the glare of the man's eyes. He had evidently made a mental note of the features of the sailor, and I breathed a fervent prayer that the two might never meet in a solitary place.

When the young mother had fallen asleep I wanted to go back to my cabin. The doctor helped me, but the sea was so rough that we could scarcely walk among all the packages and the emigrants. Some of them, who were crouching on the floor, watched us silently as we tottered and stumbled along like drunkards. I was annoyed at being watched by those malevolent, mocking eyes.

"I say, doctor," one of the men called out, "the sea-water goes to the head like wine. You and your lady look as though you were coming back from a spree!"

seemed to echo in the distance like the laughter behind the scenes on the stage. I drew nearer to the doctor, and he saw that I was uneasy.

"Nonsense," he said, laughing; "we should defend ourselves."

"But how many *could* be saved," I asked, "in case we were really in danger?"

"Two hundred—two hundred and fifty at the most, with all the boats out."

"But the purser told me that there were seven hundred and sixty emigrants," I insisted, "and there are only a hundred and twenty of us passengers. How many do you reckon for officers, the crew, and the servants?"

"A hundred and seventy," the doctor answered.

"Then there are a thousand and fifty on

"HE CONTINUED, IN A DEFIANT TONE, 'THE RICH FOLKS WILL GO INTO THE SEA!'"

An old woman clung to me as we passed. "Oh, madame," she said, "shall we be shipwrecked with the boat rolling like this? Oh, Heaven! Oh, Heaven!"

A tall fellow with red hair and beard came forward and gently laid the poor old woman down again. "You can sleep in peace, mother," he said; "if we are shipwrecked I swear there will be more saved down here than up in the saloons." He then came closer to me and continued, in a defiant tone, "The rich folks will go into the sea, the emigrants into the boats!" As he uttered these words I heard a sly, stifled laugh all round—in front of me, behind, at the side, and even from under my feet. It

board and you can only save two hundred and fifty?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I can understand the hatred of these emigrants, whom you take on board like cattle and treat like negroes. They are absolutely certain that in case of danger they would be sacrificed!"

"But we should save them when their turn came."

I glanced with horror at the man who was talking to me. He looked honest and straightforward, and he evidently meant what he said. And so all these poor creatures, who had been disappointed in life and badly treated by society, would have no right to

life until after we were saved—we, the more favoured ones! Oh, now I understood the rascally-looking fellow, with his hatchet and tomahawk! How thoroughly I approved at that moment of the revolvers and the knives hidden in the belts! Yes, he was quite right, the tall, red-haired fellow. We want the first places, always the first places—and so we should have the first places. Into the water with us!

"Well, are you satisfied?" asked the captain, who was just coming out of his cabin. "Has it gone off all right?"

"Yes, captain," I answered, "but I am horrified."

Jonclas stepped back in surprise.

"Good heavens, what has horrified you?" he asked.

"The way in which you treat your passengers——"

He tried to put in a word, but I continued, "Why, you expose us in case of a shipwreck——"

"We never have a shipwreck."

"In case of a fire, then."

"We never have a fire."

"In case we founder."

"I give in," he said, laughing. "But to what do we expose you, madame?"

"To the very worst of deaths—to a blow on the head with an axe, to a dagger-thrust in our back, or simply to be flung into the water."

He attempted to speak, but again I continued:—

"There are seven hundred and sixty emigrants below, and there are scarcely three hundred of us, counting the first-class passengers and the crew. You have boats which might save two hundred persons, but even that is doubtful."

"Well?"

"Well, what about the emigrants?"

"We should save them before the crew."

"But after us?"

"Yes; after you."

"And you fancy that they would let you do it?"

"We have guns with which to keep them in order."

"Guns! Guns for women and children?"

"No; the women and children would take their turn first."

"But that is idiotic!" I exclaimed; "it is perfectly absurd! Why save women and children if you are going to make widows and orphans of them? And do you believe that all those young men would resign themselves to their fate because of your guns? There are more of them than of you, and they are armed. Life owes them their revenge, and they have the same right that we have to defend themselves in extremity. They have the courage of those who have nothing to lose in the struggle and everything to gain. In my opinion it is iniquitous and infamous that you should expose us to certain death and them to an enforced and perfectly justified crime."

The captain tried to speak, but again I persisted.

"Without going so far as a shipwreck, only fancy if we were to be tossed about for months on a raging sea. This has happened before, and might happen again. You cannot possibly have food enough on board for a thousand people for two or three months."

"No, certainly not," put in the purser, drily. He was a very amiable man, but very touchy.

"Well, then, what should you do?" I asked.

"What would *you* do?" asked the captain, highly amused at the annoyed expression on the purser's face.

"Oh," I answered, "I should have one ship for emigrants and another for first-class passengers; I think that would be only just."

"Yes, but it would be ruinous."

"No; the one for wealthy people would be a steamer like this and the one for emigrants a sailing vessel."

"But that, too, would be unjust, madame, for the steamer would go faster than the sailing boat."

"That would not matter at all," I argued; "wealthy people are always in a hurry and the poor never are. And then, considering what is awaiting them in the land to which they are going——"

"It is the Promised Land."

"Oh, poor things, poor things, with their Promised Land!—Dakota or Colorado. In the daytime they have the sun which makes their brains boil, scorches the ground, dries up the springs, and brings forth endless numbers of mosquitoes to sting their bodies and try their patience. The Promised Land! At night they have the terrible cold to make their eyes smart, to stiffen their joints, and ruin their lungs. The Promised Land! It is just death in some out-of-the-world place, after fruitless appeals to the justice of their fellow-countrymen. God will have mercy on them, however, for it is piteous to think that all these poor creatures are delivered over, with their feet bound by suffering and their hands bound by hope, to the slave-drivers

who trade in white slaves. And when I think that the money is in the purser's cash-box which the slave-driver has paid for the transport of all these poor creatures!—money that has been earned by rough hands or trembling fingers; the poor man's money, scraped together, copper by copper, tear by tear—when I think of all this it makes me wish that we could be shipwrecked and that we first-class travellers could be all drowned and that the steerage passengers could all be saved."

With these words I hurried away to my cabin to have a good cry, for I was seized with a great love for humanity and intense grief that I could do nothing—absolutely nothing!

The following morning I rose tardily, as I had not fallen asleep until very late. My cabin was full of visitors, and they were all holding small parcels, half concealed. I rubbed my sleepy eyes, and could not quite understand the meaning of their invasion.

"My dear Sarah," said Mme. Guérard, coming to me and kissing me, "don't imagine that this day, your birthday, could be forgotten by those who love you."

"Oh," I exclaimed, "is it the 23rd?"

"Yes, and here is the first of the remembrances from the absent ones."

My eyes filled with tears. There were some presents from friends, pieces of work from humble admirers. The baby of the previous evening — I was afterwards his godmother—was brought to me in a basket with oranges, apples, and tangerines all round him. He had a golden star on his forehead, a star cut out of some gold paper in which chocolate had been wrapped. My maid Félicie, and Claude, her husband, who were most devoted to me, had prepared some very ingenious little surprises. Presently there was a knock at my door, and on calling out, "Come in," I saw to my surprise three sailors carrying two superb bouquets, which they presented to me in the name of the whole crew. I was wild with admiration, and wanted to know how they had managed to keep the flowers in such good condition. The bouquets were enormous, but when I took one of them in my hands I let it fall to the ground in an uncontrollable fit of laughter. The flowers were all cut out of vegetables, but so perfectly done that at a little distance the illusion was complete. Magnificent roses were cut out of carrots, camellias out of turnips, small radishes had been transformed into sprays of rosebuds stuck upon green leeks, and all these relieved by carrot-leaves artistically arranged to imitate the grassy plants used for elegant bouquets. The stalks were tied together with a bow of tricoloured ribbon. One of the sailors made a very touching little speech on behalf

"THE FLOWERS WERE ALL CUT OUT OF VEGETABLES."

of his comrades, who wished to thank me for a trifling service I had rendered them. I shook hands cordially and thanked them heartily, and this was the signal for a little concert that had been organized in the cabin of my "*petit dame.*" There had been a private rehearsal with two violins and a flute, so that for the next hour I was lulled by most delightful music, which transported me to my own dear ones, to my hall which seemed so distant to me at that moment, and for the first time since my departure I regretted having set out. This little *fête*, which was almost a domestic one, together with the music, had evoked the tender and restful side of my life, and the tears that all this called forth fell without grief, bitterness, or regret. I wept simply because I was deeply moved, and I was tired, nervous, and weary, and had a longing for rest and peace.

Finally, the boat stopped on the 27th of October at half-past six in the morning. I was asleep, worn out by three days and nights of wild storms. My maid had some difficulty in rousing me. I could not believe that we had arrived, and I wanted to go on sleeping until the last minute. I had to give in to the evidence, however, as the boat had stopped, and I heard a sound of dull thuds echoing in the distance. I put my head out of my port-hole and saw some men endeavouring to make a passage for us through the river. The Hudson was frozen hard, and the heavy boat could only advance with the aid of pickaxes cutting away the blocks of ice. This sudden arrival delighted me, and in a moment everything seemed to be transformed. I forgot all my discomforts and the weariness of the twelve days' crossing. The sun was rising, pale but rose-tinted, dissipating the mists and shining over the ice, which, thanks to the efforts of our pioneers, was splintered into a thousand luminous pieces. I had entered the New World in the midst of a display of ice-fireworks. This was something quite new and original, and it seemed to me that it must be a good omen. I am so superstitious that if I had arrived when there was no sunshine I should have been wretched and anxious until after my first performance. It is a perfect torture to be superstitious to this degree, and unfortunately for me I am ten times more so now than I was in those days, for, besides the superstitions of my own country, I have, thanks to my travels, added to my stock all the superstitions of other countries. I know them all now, and in any critical moment of my life they all rise up in armed legions for or against me. I cannot walk a single step or make any movement or gesture, sit down, go out, look at the sky or the ground, without finding some reason for hope or for despair, until at last, exasperated by the trammels put upon my actions by my thought, I defy all my superstitions and just act as I desire.

Delighted then with what seemed to me to be a good omen, I began to dress gleefully. Mr. Jarrett knocked at my door.

"Do, please, be ready as soon as possible, madame," he said, "for there are several boats with the French colours flying that have come out to meet you."

I glanced in the direction of my port-hole and saw a small steamer, black with people, and then two other small boats no less laden than the first one. The sun lighted up all the French flags and my heart began to beat more quickly. I had been without any news for twelve days, as, in spite of all the efforts of our good captain, *L'Amérique* had taken twelve days for the journey. A man had just come on deck, and I rushed towards him with outstretched hands, unable to utter a single word. He gave me a packet of telegrams. I did not see anyone present and I heard no sound. I wanted to know something. And among all the telegrams I was searching first for one, just one name. At last I had it, the telegram I had waited for, feared, and hoped to receive. Here it was at last. I closed my eyes for a second, and during that time I saw all that was dear to me, and felt the infinite sweetness of it all. When I opened my eyes again I was slightly embarrassed, for I was surrounded by a crowd of unknown people, all of them silent and indulgent, but evidently very curious. Wishing to go away, I took Mr. Jarrett's arm and went to the saloon. As soon as I entered, the first notes of the "Marseillaise" rang out, and our Consul spoke a few words of welcome and handed me some flowers. A group representing the French colony presented me with a friendly address. Then M. Mercier, editor of the *Courrier des États-Unis*, made a speech as witty as it was kindly. It was a thoroughly French speech. Then came the terrible moment of introductions. Oh, what a tiring time that was! My mind was kept at a tension to catch the names. Mr. Pembers-s-tin—Madame Hart-sund-er. With great difficulty I grasped the first syllable, and the second finished in a confusion of muffled vowels and hissing consonants. By the time the twentieth name was pronounced I had

given up listening; I simply kept on with half-closed eyes, and held out mechanically the arm at the end of which was the hand that had to shake and be shaken. I replied all the time—"*Combien je suis charmée, madame! Oh, certainement! Oh, oui! Oh, non! Ah! Oh! Oh!*" I was getting dazed, idiotic—worn out with standing. I had only one idea, and that was to get my rings off the fingers that were swelling with the repeated grips. My eyes were growing larger and larger with terror, as they gazed at the door through which the crowd continued to stream towards me. There were still the names of all these people to hear and all these hands to shake. My muscles must still go on working more than fifty times! I could feel the beads of perspiration standing out under my hair, and I began to get terribly nervous. My teeth chattered, and I commenced stammering, "*Oh, madame, oh! Je suis cha-cha*——" I really could not go on

"Quick!"—"Air!"—"A doctor!"—"Poor thing! How pale she is!"—"Take her hat off."—"Loosen her corset."—"She doesn't wear one."—"Unfasten her dress!"

I was terrified, but Félicie was called up in haste, and my "*petit dame*" would not allow me to be touched.

The doctor came back with a bottle of ether. Félicie seized the bottle.

"Oh, no, doctor, not ether! Even when madame is quite well the odour of ether will make her faint."

This was quite true, and I thought it was time to come to my senses again. The reporters were coming forward and there were more than twenty of them, but Jarrett, who was very much affected, asked them to go to the Albemarle Hotel, where I was to stay. I saw each of the reporters take Jarrett aside, and when I asked him what what was the secret of all these "asides" he answered, phlegmatically:—

"I DECIDED TO FAINT."

any longer. I felt that I should get angry or burst out crying—in fact, that I was about to make myself ridiculous. I decided, therefore, to faint. I made a movement with my hand as though it desired to continue but could not. I opened my mouth, closed my eyes, and fell gently into someone's arms.

"I have made an appointment with them from one o'clock. There will be a fresh one every ten minutes."

I looked at him petrified with astonishment. He met my anxious gaze and said:—

"*Oh, oui; il était nécessaire!*"

(To be continued.)

The King of the Other Garden.

By Tom Gallon.

"IS it possible, Patience Venning, that I behold you in the very act of gorging—for I can use no other term—the contents of a book, when you should, by the rules so strictly laid down for you, be employed with your needle?"

The speaker stood—a grim, angular figure, without one tender roundness, or line of softness anywhere in her face or form—in the doorway of the bare room; the child she addressed, after vainly trying to hide the book behind a very large pinafore, rose slowly from her seat and waited, with timid, pleading eyes turned to the woman, in the attitude of one expecting punishment.

"If I could believe that you were engaged upon the perusal of an instructive work, your offence might be less heinous, but I know your perverse nature only too well," pursued the woman. "However, I wish to be strictly just, as I have always been; what are you reading?"

"If you please, Miss Chipp," said the childish voice—and what a soft, pretty little voice it was, and how easily it might have melted a heart more attuned to tenderness!—"'The Frog Prince.'"

The austere lip of Miss Chipp curled in contemptuous scorn. "I have endeavoured, Patience Venning," she said, "to instil into you some of the most elementary principles of logic, but apparently without success. Furthermore, your studies in natural history should have taught you that a frog is a common amphibious reptile, of the batrachian tribe, and has four legs; a Prince is a being of exalted rank, and invariably a biped; how, then, I would ask you, can the two have anything in common?"

"If you please, Miss Chipp, the frog was really and truly a Prince, and had been changed into a frog by a wicked fairy; and then the Princess dropped her golden ball into the fountain, and the frog——"

"Silence!" exclaimed Miss Chipp, sternly. "Your ignorance is at times positively immoral. It is now the hour when you take your daily exercise in the garden for the sake of your health; and on this occasion you will carry with you an improving work, a portion of which you will repeat to me on your return to the house. I will not waste time in asking you where you have obtained the pernicious literature you are endeavouring vainly to conceal; you have refused to answer that question on previous occasions. Suffice it that it is confiscated. Come with me, and I will give you your task."

"THE CHILD WAITED, WITH TIMID, PLEADING EYES TURNED TO THE WOMAN."

The precious book—the gift of a young and sentimental and sympathetic maid-servant—was taken from the child's reluctant fingers, and

she followed Miss Chipp to another part of the house—going out presently, with a huge, unwieldy, sombre-looking volume tucked under one arm, into the dingy, high-walled place dignified by the title of garden—there to meditate upon her many offences.

Now it happened that the day was particularly cold—that a keen east wind was blowing—and that the wholesome literature provided by Miss Chipp was heavy, both in substance and in matter. Moreover, the dreams of this small girl-child would not, somehow or other, to-day come right; the high, uncompromising brick wall was no longer a fairy structure, which vanished, in the easiest fashion, if one shut one's eyes, and so left the mental vision clear for a sight of golden palaces and pleasant lands beyond; it was, indeed, in the humour of the hour, nothing but a brick wall, with a dreary highway beyond. No beauteous beings, with floating hair, and with no particular amount of clothing to trouble them, appeared to look up at the solitary child from the depths of the muddy and neglected fishpond; no dainty elves perched lightly on the withered and stunted bushes. Poor little Patience Venning set down the book, in the driest part of the garden, well away from the windows of the house, putting it on end to form a seat (and it was quite tall enough for that), propping her chin on her hands and her elbows on her knees.

"I wish," said little Patience Venning, slowly, "that Miss Chipp was a real dragon, with fire and blue sulphur and curly legs—and that a Prince would suddenly hop over the wall, and stick his bright sword right through — well, the middle of her, and carry me away from Dorcas House for ever."

And then a most wonderful thing happened. Somewhere up above her a voice suddenly cried, "Halloa!"—and Patience, looking up quickly, saw over the top of the wall the strangest-looking head and face one could well imagine.

It was the face of an old man—because the hair, which fell loosely about it, was grey, and in places almost white; and yet it was the face of a child—because its expression was so mild and bright and boyish, that it was like the face of one to whom Time had cried "Stop!" in some long-forgotten hour—some hour when care and trouble were not; at least, so it appeared to the child.

But the most singular thing about it was a certain gay and incongruous head-dress, a paltry thing of coloured paper, cut in the form of a crown, and tied securely under the chin by means of a piece of faded ribbon. The figure, so far as she could see it, was so altogether unlike life and reality, as she had known it, that it might almost have been one of those mythical beings of which she had dreamed.

"Halloa!" said this extraordinary man again, and smiled, in a friendly fashion, down at her.

Patience, not knowing what other response to make, said "Halloa!" also, though a little shyly.

"SOMEWHERE UP ABOVE HER A VOICE SUDDENLY CRIED, 'HALLOA!'"

"What are you doing there?" asked the man.

"I am supposed to be reading, sir," replied the child, truthfully, "but I'm only thinking at present."

"Don't; it's a bad habit," said the man; and for a moment his voice fell a little, and his face was quite sad. "Don't do it; it mixes you up terribly inside here"—he tapped the top of his head with one finger and nodded with great gravity.

"Indeed, sir?" said Patience, politely.

"Yes. And don't address me as 'sir'; I am something much better than that."

Patience immediately got up from her seat on the book and murmured something about being sorry. The man very kindly waved aside the apology and proceeded to explanations. "Of course, everyone doesn't know it, but I am really a King, and I like to be addressed in a becoming manner. If you had been as observant as a child of your years ought to be you'd have noticed my crown, I should think."

He waggled his head with so much mock seriousness that the poor crown came all down over one eye; but he hastily readjusted it and began to smile again.

"I am very sorry, your Majesty," said Patience. "I thought, when I first had the pleasure of seeing you"—she had heard Miss Chipp use that form of words to a visitor and it sounded polite—"that you must be something really special because of the crown. Very few people wear them nowadays."

"I should think not, indeed," replied the King, bridling a little. "I am very pleased with you because you understand the matter so well. There are people I could name who will not recognise my authority or pay me that homage which is due to me." He said it with so pathetic an air that the child felt quite sorry for him, and rather indignant as regarded the other people. "Even my Chamberlain is not so careful as he should be, and—this between ourselves, of course—takes rather too much upon himself."

The child took the whole matter with such beautiful seriousness that the crown the poor King wore might have been of the finest gold, and glittering with gems, so surely and perfectly did she believe what he said. She had been brought to that desolate place when she was little more than a baby—and indeed she was little more than that now—and had grown up into childhood with her childish dreams as her sole possession. During all that time, for some reason she did not understand, she had never gone beyond the confines of the dreary garden—although her imagination, taking airy wings, had flown out beyond the walls and peopled the rest of the world with the creatures of her dreams—more real to her than any real things could ever have been. So now, when this strange creature peered at her over the wall which shut in her actual world, she saw in him little that was actually surprising or beyond the normal. For the moment Miss Chipp and Dorcas House and the daily, weary round of life had all gone, and she stood talking to one who had brought absolute enchantment within her grasp.

"Don't you think," she ventured, "that you might cut off his head?" This with no bloodthirsty intent, but rather as the correct thing to do under the circumstances.

"There are difficulties in the way," replied the King, with equal seriousness. "They have an awkward way of taking away my dinner, or of sending me to bed, if I attempt to assert my rightful authority."

"Why, dear King—I mean, your Majesty—that's exactly what they do to me," cried Patience, in some excitement.

The King observed her with renewed favour. "Strange," he observed; "there is evidently a plot afoot against both of us. By-the-bye, what do they call you?"

"Patience Venning, if you please, your Majesty," she replied.

He suddenly stretched one arm over the wall; it never occurred to her to notice that the sleeve which covered it was frayed and ragged. He held it out over her, in a species of benediction. "Out of our Royal favour," he said, solemnly, "we do create thee Princess Patience. A crown shall be made at the earliest opportunity."

Quite overcome with gratitude, the child smiled up at him. "It is really very kind of you, your Majesty," she said.

"Not at all; don't mention it, I beg," he replied, smiling blandly. Then he added in a confidential whisper, "By the way, the Royal coffee was not at all to our liking this morning; muddy, Princess—distinctly muddy."

"I am very sorry, your Majesty," said the child. "But I always thought that Kings could do just as they liked—and have what they liked."

"Don't you believe it, Princess," replied the King, shaking his head sadly. "You see—it's this way," he went on, folding his arms comfortably on the top of the wall, and speaking with much deliberation, "there are a great number of my subjects who

would be very glad to see my face—I should say *our* face; but a single sight of it would make them long to have another look, so that, if they all came peering and peeping at me, from round corners, and under doors, and over doors, and through cracks and down chimneys, and such-like places, I should never know any peace of mind at all. In fact—quite between ourselves, of course—so many of them used to come peeping at me—mostly at night, when I couldn't help myself, and couldn't drive them away—that they made me quite ill; and so my Chamberlain and some others brought me here to keep me away from them. This"—he indicated the garden behind him with one hand—"this is but a small portion of my kingdom, and I do not keep up much state; but when I come into the whole business, as it were, it will be quite another affair. And I think we'll have a smaller throne made for you, beside our own—just for company, as it were. By the way, while I think of it, is there anyone you particularly dislike?"

Patience thought of Miss Chipp, and nodded slowly. "Yes, a lady."

"Good—or rather, bad," said the King, nodding darkly. "What is her chief offence?"

"I'm afraid she has a great many," said the child, after a moment's pause.

"I understand. She shall be delivered over to our chief tormentor, with instructions to use his own discretion," said the King. "But, perhaps," he added, "you would like to see our kingdom?"

Little Patience, forgetful of Miss Chipp, and the task, and everything else, in the beautiful prospect opening before her, replied quickly that she would be delighted. The King, after scratching his head in some perplexity, so that he pushed the crown all over on one side, suggested that she should place the big volume against the wall, and, standing on it, should reach up her hands and let him hoist her up. But when she had done this, and he had grasped her fingers, he occasioned some little delay by stopping to explain, with great gravity, that he would not do that kind of thing for all his subjects, Princesses or not; and begging her to be careful not to touch his crown. "Because that, you know," he said, "is high treason."

She promised to be very careful, and he easily pulled her up to the top of the wall, with great care and tenderness, and seated her upon it. The garden into which she looked was quite as desolate in appearance as that from which she had come; but as he pointed out beauties which were wholly imaginary, she seemed to see, with childish eyes of faith, through the mad eyes that gazed so appealingly into hers, praying not to be undeceived; so that every mound of rubbish became a mountain—every scanty bush, or group of withered herbage, a forest—and all the poor, mean place a dainty pleasure garden, wherein a King might fittingly take his ease.

"I'm glad you like it," he said, when she had duly expressed her admiration. "It really stretches much farther than one would imagine, and it really proves that I have not been mistaken in making you a Princess, and that you are of the true Royal blood, to be able to appreciate it so fully. Why sometimes," said the poor King, speaking almost as if to himself, "I can look out in the early morning, and then the walls have been thrown down, and a wonderful pathway—wide and splendid—leads away out, and up, and up"—he lowered his voice to a whisper—"until it comes to some other kingdom, far beyond the skies." He turned to her, with a glowing face. "One of these days, when the walls are down like that, I'm going to set out to find it. I think—in fact, I'm sure—they'll understand there what I want."

Just at this moment a voice sounded below, from the King's garden; and a rough, dark, common-looking man appeared, who beckoned unceremoniously to the King to descend.

"'Ere, wot's your little game?" he exclaimed, angrily. "You know this is agin all orders, don't yer? Come down out of it!"

The poor King, with a hurried whisper to Patience that this was the much dreaded Chamberlain, scrambled down into the garden; while the child, for her part, slipped down her own side, not without some grazing of hands and knees. Standing trembling on that side of the wall, she heard the King driven towards his house, and apparently submitting with much meekness. And at that moment, too, her own dreams of greatness seemed to fly; for the voice of Miss Chipp was heard calling shrilly in the distance.

But that was not the end of the matter by any means. The child had a sudden new interest in life—a strange, beautiful feeling that nothing mean or common could touch her again, for all her dreams had seemed to come true. A real and wonderful King had come into her life, and had created her a Princess in her own right. There was some satisfaction in the thought of how

"'ERE, WOT'S YOUR LITTLE GAME?' HE EXCLAIMED."

terribly she could have confounded Miss Chipp if necessary, and of how that estimable lady would in the future behave under the attentions of the chief tormentor, who was to use his own discretion.

She discovered an early opportunity for interviewing the King again—climbing to the top of the wall and greeting him, with proper deference, as he walked in the garden on the other side. But he was not a happy King that day; complained, indeed, that, with the rising of the sun, the walls had failed to go down as usual, and he had been unable to see that glorious road which stretched onward to the skies. It was then that a brilliant idea occurred to Princess Patience—an idea which seemed a quick and easy solution of their joint difficulties.

The King had climbed upon an old barrel so as to be near to the child as she sat on the top of the wall, and had gallantly kissed her hand when he was near enough to do so with comparative ease. He began by expressing a polite regret that her crown was not yet ready.

"Oh, please don't mention it," she said. "I have been very anxious to see your Majesty, because I have been thinking a great deal about your Chamberlain. I don't like him."

"You are a lady of great perception," said the King, joyfully shaking hands with her. "We are so pleased with you that we have decided to have a double throne made in order that you may reign beside us. For the present, of course, we are much in the power of our Chamberlain, but the time will come when he will join that lady of whom you spoke, and when our chief tormentor will be remarkably busy. For the present, as I have said, we are in his power."

"But don't you see, your Majesty," cried Patience, eagerly, "that that is just as it should be? All the Princes and Princesses and Kings and Queens I have ever heard about have always been under the power of a wicked fairy or a dragon, or something of that kind. Now, your Chamberlain is your wicked fairy, and Miss Chipp is my dragon."

"I dare say you're right," replied the King, pushing his crown up from the back of his head in some perplexity, and wrinkling his brows. "But it's decidedly unpleasant, isn't it? The question is, What ought we to do about the matter? You are so much wiser than I am, Princess Patience, that I should really be glad to take your advice upon the matter. Books make my head ache, but you have evidently accumulated a vast store of learning which will prove extremely useful when we begin to conduct our kingdom. Might I ask if any of it fits the present occasion?"

"Well, your Majesty," said Patience, after considering deeply for some moments, "I believe that the proper thing to do under the circumstances is to run away. Then it generally happens that the wicked fairy or the dragon, as the case may be, comes running after you——"

"That would be dreadful," said the King, shuddering, and glancing uneasily towards the house. "Couldn't that part be left out?"

Patience shook her head. "I'm afraid not," she replied. "It always happens that way. But then the King, or the Princess, or whoever it is, always wins in the end——"

"That sounds better," broke in the King, with a sigh of relief. "And what happens after that?"

"Oh—after that the dragon generally dies in agony——"

"Good; I like that," said the King, rubbing his hands.

"And the King and the Princess live happily ever afterwards," added Patience, feeling that she had summed up the situation very nicely.

The King was silent for a long time, and was evidently pondering the matter deeply. Presently he looked up and spoke with almost an air of decision. "I am convinced, Princess, that what you say is correct, and that, if I submit myself to your wise judgment, all will be well. I suppose it is not necessary to make any provision when we take this step?"

"I have never heard that they do anything but just—just walk away," said Patience, a little doubtfully.

"Well, I dare say it will be all right," said the King. "You see, I am rather young and inexperienced in these matters; and so I must leave everything in your hands. But the first difficulty is this: they lock me in at night."

"Is there ivy outside your window by which you could climb down?" asked Patience, after thinking deeply for a few moments, during which the King watched her anxiously.

"No, but there's a rain-water pipe," replied the King.

"I never heard of a King coming down a rain-water pipe," said Patience, slowly; "but I don't suppose that it will matter very much. The great thing is to get away."

With that plain and simple idea in their minds, they made their plans and set about to carry them out. The child was to slip from her room, immediately after being sent to bed, as she usually was in the early dusk of a late winter afternoon, and to get away from the house; the King was to be waiting on the top of the wall. They had mutually decided upon an earlier hour than that first planned, because the King was a little tremulous about the rain-water pipe; they felt it would be better to start immediately the sun had set, when there would be small chance of their being observed.

True to the moment, Patience discovered the King sitting on top of the wall, blowing on his fingers to keep them warm. But his crown was very nicely adjusted, and she felt rather proud of him. He slipped down softly beside her, and they crept out, in the shadow of the wall, to the gate, and in a moment were on the high road. Then—two happy children in the midst of a great world which did not understand them—the poor King and Princess Patience set out together.

All roads were alike to them; each led to freedom. For them, fairies flitted along the commonest path their feet trod; for them, the swollen brooks sang a welcome; and the trees bent to them, and whispered things which they alone heard. Avoiding, by instinct, any place where common mortals dwelt, they came out into what was really a bleak and desolate country, far away from villages or scattered houses, and went cheerfully along. As the night came on, faint light flakes of snow began to fall, and a bitter wind sprang up, so that they wrapped their thin clothing about them and shivered a little as they went on more hurriedly.

Presently, too, as the darkness grew heavier, huge flaring lights shone vividly against the sky, belching flames from great furnaces where iron was smelted—fires which never went out. The King stopped, drew himself erect, and pointed to the nearest of them.

"See!" he cried. "They know that we are coming, Princess Patience, and they have lighted the beacons for us. See how they flare, one after another, right down through the night! Why, when such a welcome is given us, what dragons or wicked fairies need trouble us? And it can't be very far now," he added, though with a little shade of anxiety on his face; "we must keep on bravely."

But the time came when the poor King complained querulously that the journey was a long one, and that he was tired; saw, too, piteously enough, in the flaring fires, not beacons to welcome him home, but lights set on high to guide pursuers to him; the time when he crouched, and trembled, and wept, and pleaded to her to save him.

But that mood passed, as all other moods passed with him, and he was quite contented and happy again, when they sat down in the shelter of some trees near the roadside, and drew together for warmth. Presently the child fell asleep; and the King, after watching her for some time, pulled off his coat, and even his waistcoat, and wrapped her closely in them.

"See," he whispered, drowsily, "I put upon her my kingly robes; no harm can

"'SEE,' HE CRIED, 'THEY KNOW THAT WE ARE COMING.'"

come to her then; they are a sure protection."

In a little while he, too, was nodding to slumber, as he sat there in his shirt and trousers, and with his poor paper crown tumbling over his brows. Once he started half awake, and muttered something about a journey he must go, and about a light he saw in the sky before him; yet the lights of the furnaces were all behind. Then his head sank lower and lower, and he slumbered with the child.

Scarcely half an hour had elapsed after those two children—the great child and the little one—had crept out of the gate, when a fly drove up to it and two men alighted. The one was quick and dark and impatient; the other, smiling and easy and bland; the one flung himself out of the vehicle and dashed impetuously at the garden gate, and gave the bell a jerk which shook it as it had surely never been shaken before; the other descended daintily and leisurely, and stood quietly drawing off his gloves with something of a professional air, while they waited for the gate to be opened.

"My dear Venning," said the cool man, with a smile, "why be so impetuous? If you have managed to wait for nearly six years with comparative philosophy, why not wait six seconds with greater philosophy?"

"Bah!" ejaculated the other. "I'm a man of blood, not of ice! If I hadn't been a man of blood, I shouldn't have done half the mad things I have done. In a mad moment I sent this child away from me—why the deuce don't they open this gate?—because I couldn't bear the sight of her; because she had the eyes of the woman I had loved—the woman who had brought shame upon me. Now the woman's dead — died in the arms of her lover; and a mad desire is upon me to see her child — my child. They must all be dead or asleep, I should think!"

"And—having seen her?" asked the other man.

"I shall leave her where she is. She sha'n't steal into my heart, with her baby airs and graces, as her mother did; let her expiate that mother's offences; there's a sort of justice in that—eh, Martin?"

"I'm sorry you think so," was the reply. "It's rather a grim law—this visiting of the sins of the fathers—or the mothers—on innocent children. However, I expect you'll have your own way, as you've always done. Here's someone at the gate at last."

The gate was opened slowly by a scared-looking servant-maid bearing a lantern. Venning, pressing forward, found himself suddenly in the midst of a strange group, of which the centre appeared to be Miss Chipp, who, immediately on catching sight of him, gave a loud scream and covered her face with her hands. Venning stepped forward

and caught her wrists and pulled her hands down.

"Now then, what's this? What's the matter here? What's happened?"

"Oh, sir—oh, Mr. Venning! That sweet child—my darling Patience!" She gave another scream, even louder than the first, and showed unmistakable signs of violent hysterics.

By dint of much questioning and threatening, and by picking up a phrase here and a word there among the frightened servants, they got at last to something of the truth: how the child had been missed, and, almost at the same instant, how the man from the adjoining house had come to them to make inquiries concerning the gentleman who was under his charge; of how he had seen this gentleman and the child engaged in earnest conversation but a few days before; and of how it was conjectured that the two had gone off in company.

"And who the deuce are you?" asked Venning, turning impatiently to the man.

"Hooper's my name, sir," replied the man. "And I've been in charge of this 'ere gent some time now. Scientific gent, 'e was, sir, as went off 'is 'ead with too much book-learnin', and 'as got a idea 'as 'e's a King, or summink o' the sort, an' 'as to be looked arter pretty strict, accordingly."

"A madman!" ejaculated Venning, in a sort of breathless whisper. "And with that baby! Come, Martin, there's not a moment to be lost; they can't have gone far, and we must search the countryside for them. You" —turning to Hooper—"had better come with us; you know this man, and may be useful."

In less time than it takes to write he had gone plunging out of the garden, dragging his friend with him, and had jumped into the fly. The man Hooper got upon the box to give directions to the driver, and they set off at as great a pace as the antiquated vehicle could sustain.

Twice they turned back and took other roads; many times they stopped to make inquiries—and Venning was always first out upon the road, threatening, pleading, bribing—but apparently all in vain. At last, however, the horse was pulled up with a jerk, and springing out they saw a countryman with a lantern in his hand, bending over something by the roadside; he had hailed them excitedly, crying out to know if they had a doctor with them.

"Yes, my man, I'm a doctor," said Martin, pressing forward. "What is it?"

There was scarcely any need to ask. The two figures lay huddled close together, with the snow all about them and partly covering them. The child was alive and warm, and turned sleepy, smiling eyes up to them; but the poor King, like another tired old child, had gone out silently, through the night, in search of a new Kingdom.

Venning had his daughter held close in his arms; he seemed as though he would never have done looking hungrily at her, and as though he could not hold her closely enough.

"The King!" she whispered, drowsily; "where is the King of the other garden?"

"It's all right, baby," Venning answered, softly; "the King of the other garden has gone Home."

"HE HAD HAILED THEM EXCITEDLY, CRYING OUT TO KNOW IF THEY HAD A DOCTOR WITH THEM."

LXXX.—A MASQUERADE OF CATS.

THERE were others besides pussy in this gay masquerade, but pussy dominated everything. It was first place to her and second to all the rest. The rabbit and the frog, the noisy chanticleer, and the hairy bear, to say nothing of pierrot and harlequin, bowed beneath her sway on this night of nights; and tabby made a splendid queen, cajoling her courtiers with a silvery purr or ruling them with velvet paw.

The masquerade of cats was the idea of the bright president of an association known to popularity as the "C.C.C." These mystical letters stand for the Connecticut Cat Club, whose efforts are centred in the city of Stamford, in that well-known State. The ball was intended to aid a local day-nursery, and the public were only too glad, at a reasonable price per ticket, to enter the charmed gates of the Casino, where the ball was held, there to mew and purr with the tabby queen until the midnight bell had rung. Several months were occupied in preparation for the great festival, with gratifying results to the charity in question.

MISTRESS TABBY AND MASTER WEE PUSS IN THE CATS' MASQUERADE.

The invitations were sent out by card to members and their friends, merely stating that masks were required to be worn until twelve o'clock, and, as the ball was given by the Cat Club, the predominance of pussy in the masquerade is naturally explained. Accordingly, there was a run upon the local *costumiers*, and the more widely celebrated mask-makers of New York City, for cat faces and other animal masks. How well the work was done is shown in our numerous illustrations, particularly the one given below, which represents Mistress Tabby and Master Wee Puss, two of the best-dressed figures at the ball.

As it was not expressly stipulated that the feline face only should be represented, there were Maltese cats, Persian cats, Angora cats, and plain everyday cats treading the mazes of the dreamy waltz, or doing the two-step in stately style, amongst a crowd of others in dominoes, extravagant in design and lending diverse colour to the glittering scene.

The main feature of the decoration was a lovers' lane, a shady grove of pine and evergreen, where the masqueraders pirouetted and, as a local reporter put it, "basked in the sunshine of one another's presence 'neath the glow of twinkling electric lights, and before the gaze of curious eyes seeking to penetrate their several disguises."

Besides the cats and kittens, the pullets and roosters, there were rabbits and other well-known members of the animal kingdom. There were, to mention one or two only, Miss Bunny Cottontail and Mistress Mopsy Cottontail, whose masks hid the personalities of two charming young sisters of Stamford. That they were pretty beneath their rabbit faces we dare not, in ignorance, assert, but that they were effective exponents of the genus *Lepus* was proved to the satisfaction of all.

The "frog who would a-wooing go," personated by one of the well-known young gentlemen of the town, achieved some

notoriety by his elaborate attentions to the tabbies of the carnival. His costume was so extremely natural that when he was photographed later behind a rock in the garden he looked as much like a frog as could be expected in such an environment. It is said that considerable amusement was created by a set-to between this sentimental batrachian and a big rooster, who was deputed by the feline victims of the frog's perfidy to see that he was fully punished. The combat was short, indeed, for the rooster had the advantage of his spurs, and Mr. Frog took refuge in an imaginary pool of water behind a lounge, where he remained until all ill-feeling had passed away.

MISTRESS MOPSY COTTONTAIL.

Many brought with them their little pets, escorting them round the floor in leash. An ex-vice-president brought a beautiful silver Persian cat, which drew some attention on account of its intelligence; and a litter of kittens, owned by the president, had a fine time amongst themselves in a corner of the room. According to one account, many of these little aristocrats came, like their elders, in fancy dress, with embroidered caps and pretty gowns. Some of them, not content with their surroundings, caused merriment when they got loose from their little silver chains and mixed up promiscuously with the dancing crowd, and not a few of the pseudo cats shed tears behind their masks over the temporary loss of their darlings. On the whole, however, those thus admitted on a free ticket to the festival behaved themselves quite admirably, and we venture to say that not one of them would refuse a second invitation if asked.

MISS BUNNY COTTONTAIL IN FANCY DRESS.

A PIERROT IN THE CATS' MASQUERADE.

There was as much ingenuity shown by the members in dressing these feline pets as there was in their own costumes. Here, for instance, was to be found a smiling pussy with a tricksy cap of colour on her head, and there a wily old tabby with a ferocious air, warranted to scare any mice to be found within the neighbourhood. That, by the way, reminds us that there *were* mice within the neighbourhood, for several of the ladies present wore them as ornaments upon their clothes. There were fifty on the bodice of a beautiful gown worn by Mrs. Cummings, the president of the club. But let us hasten to add that they were not live specimens of the genus *Mus*. They were imitation rodents, with brass feet, rubber ears, and elastic tails.

MR. COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO IN FANCY DRESS.

One of the most striking costumes was that of Mr. Cock-a-doodle-doo. His dress was a brilliant red, with black trimming, and he wore long brass spurs at his heels, which, so the local gossip says, clanked heavily or, when they didn't clank, entangled themselves in passing gowns.

The masquerade was distinctly a *succès de curiosité*, for those who bought tickets little knew what was before them in the way of merry-making except that they were asked to appear in fancy dress. The club itself had on a previous occasion amusingly drawn the attention of the public, even to the extent of gaining a temporary notoriety and the antagonism of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It came about in this way. It was announced, and the report spread with unexpected rapidity, that the club was arranging for a mouse-killing function at which two thousand specially-selected mice were to be put to death, and special cards were issued to polite society asking them to come and witness this terrible scene. Immediately the president became the recipient of numberless protests from well-wishers of the cat, and the society with the long name served notice on the mayor for allowing such a startling banquet to take place within his jurisdiction. The mayor thereupon wrote to the president making official protest, and received in reply an invitation for a force of police to be upon the ground, and a hint by post that "a mouse-protecting mayor as a feature of the cat show would tend to promote levity in the community."

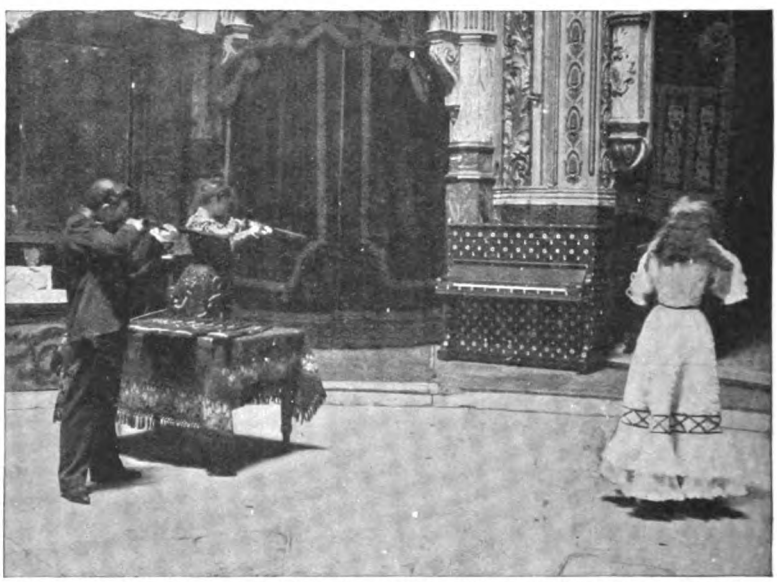
A GROUP OF MASQUERADERS.

This awful behaviour on the part of respectable Stamford ladies, with its flaunt against the law, added to the consternation of the community. The public suspense was finally relieved just before the function took place by an announcement of the executive committee, affirming the truth of the report that two thousand selected mice were to be put to death, but adding that all were made of candy.

LXXXI.—PLAYING A PIANO WITH A RIFLE.

THERE have been seen on the variety stage many queerly-made musical instruments, and many artists producing melodies more or less sweet from ordinary instruments in most extraordinary manners; but it has remained for a Frenchman to come forward with the most wonderful of all, and play upon it in a fashion never witnessed or heard of before. Colonel Bordeverry, expert rifle and pistol shot, who scores nine different bull's-eyes in half as many seconds, and sends a threepenny-piece flying from between finger and thumb without touching either, has produced a piano on which he plays tunes by firing at it with an ordinary Winchester repeater!

He is seen in the first illustration in the act of firing at the instrument, playing that sweetest of selections, the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." What readers will first notice from this photograph is that the piano appears to all intents and purposes just an ordinary instrument—it is a cottage upright grand—save that it bears a most curious pattern of circles and notes. The circles are bull's-eyes—at least, some of them are—not larger in circumference than a shilling.



COLONEL BORDEVERRY AND HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER PLAYING ON THE PIANO WITH RIFLES.

When mention of playing a piano with a rifle is made one naturally thinks that it is done in the ordinary way—by firing at the keys.

Unassuming in appearance so far as its exterior goes, its interior is a mass of marvellous mechanism. But to explain it a start must be made at the outside and attention drawn to that portion immediately beneath the key-board. This is the target at which the colonel fires. Like the rest of the instrument it is covered with tiny bull's-eyes, but it is only at certain of these that aim is taken; the remainder are there for decorative purposes—to make the harmonious whole.

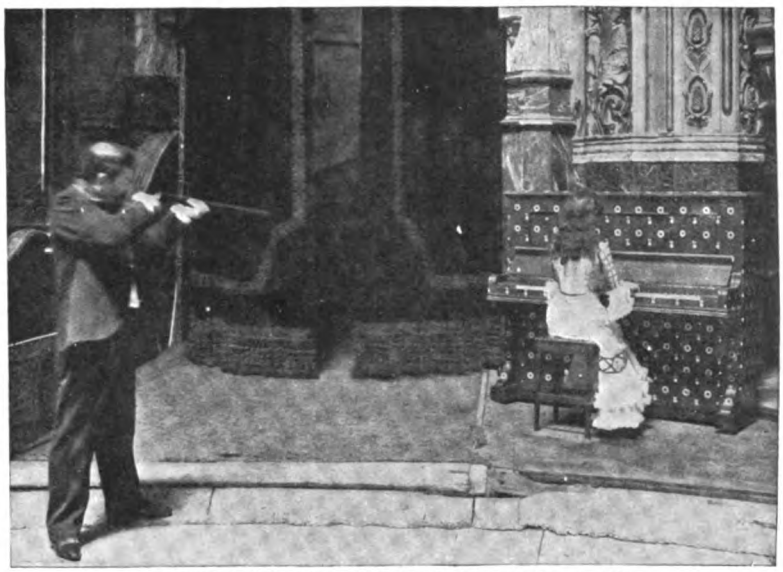
The target is cardboard, and movable, of course, for every two or three days it has to be replaced. It will be noticed that the colonel rarely misses his mark, and seldom is it he goes outside the circle. Still, should he do so, he could hardly fail to strike the box behind and sound the note.

Far more interesting, perhaps, than the technical description of the piano will be found the story of how it came to be built. It owes its origin to Colonel Bordeverry; its creation to that gentleman working in conjunction with M. L. Burgasser, the well-known Parisian manufacturer of pianos.

English makers passed the chance of inventing the instrument. It was too much trouble, and they did not believe in its feasibility. Nor did the piano-makers of Paris prove more enterprising, until, after trying nearly every firm in that city, he chanced to call upon L. Burgasser and Co., Boulevard du Temple. In M. Burgasser he met a kindred spirit. By that strange intuition which all understand and none can explain, he recognised the moment he saw the piano-maker that here was the man he had been seeking, the man who at least would attempt the "impossible" task.

And so it proved. Night and day neither

M. Burgasser nor Colonel Bordeverry ever had the instrument out of their minds. Often the former rose from his bed at two in the morning, when some idea concerning a certain part struck him, and hurrying to his workshop worked there the round of the clock. And from London, Berlin, Lucerne, and elsewhere where he was performing, Colonel Bordeverry every now and then took flying trips to Paris to experiment with this or that part of the piano. Leaving Hanley at eleven o'clock one Saturday night for London, he caught the Sunday morning train for Paris, arriving there at five o'clock ; practised firing at the targets to find out what weight they required to be, how hard they should be struck, and what weight the bullets should be, until 8.30 p.m., and left again at nine o'clock. He arrived in Birmingham on Monday night, not having had his boots off for over fifty hours, and immediately gave his show of shooting threepenny-bits off his wife's head !



READY TO CONTINUE THE MUSIC WHEN THE PERFORMER STOPS.

Three times the targets were finished, five times the piano was finished, and yet things were wrong. To detail all the troubles and trials that were passed through ere the piano stood finished in the workshop—the dream of Colonel Bordeverry realized—would take too long. Only when it had been made and pulled to pieces and remade no fewer than six times could it be said to be really finished.

And the piano completed, it was yet one thing to have it so and quite another to be able to play it. Colonel Bordeverry has no idea of music, and never had beyond playing by ear. First he had to learn the position of the notes below the key-board—that had to be committed to memory, so that when he looked at the targets he saw the note-boxes behind. To assist him in acquiring this, he carried a plan in his pocket, and above his bed he erected a larger one. Day and night, in the street and in bed, he studied them.

Then, not reading music, he had to learn the tune by ear, and, having mastered that, get into his mind the position of the note-boxes used in the tune. That he hummed it over in the street while he walked, hummed it even while he slept, it is easy to believe. And when he had reached perfection in this stage came the firing part. It took him five clear months to play the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," in doing which he fires no fewer than sixty-six shots into the piano, and the shots must hit the bull's-eyes so as to strike dead true in the box, otherwise there is the danger of the target being broken or the wire being bent.

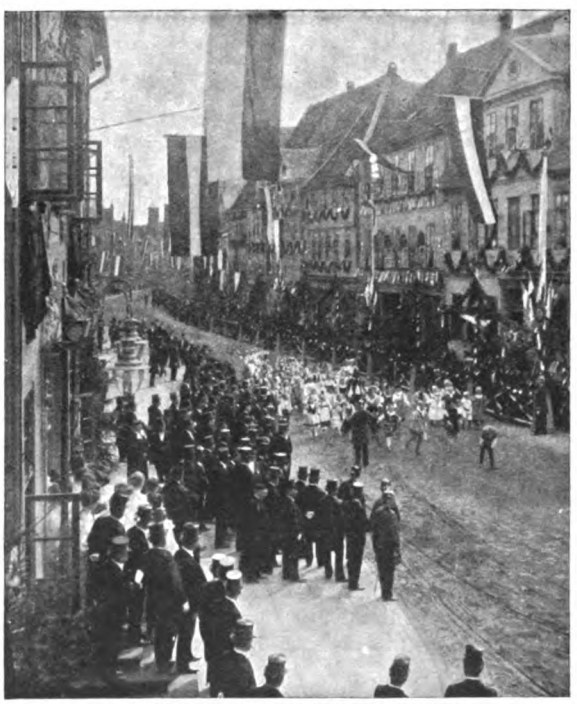
Special bullets are used, it may be mentioned, and here again the colonel brought his genius into play. They had to be noiseless when they struck the box, and the report of the rifle and the smoke from the discharge of it had to be done away with. So Colonel Bordeverry prepared a special powderless bullet in which a secret chemical compound takes the place of the powder. With what force the projectile strikes the interior of the box may be gathered from the fact that it ploughs its way easily through a one-inch-thick plank.

One of our photographs shows Miss Bordeverry seated at the piano playing, her father being behind ready to take up the tune the moment she ceases. This is done to demonstrate the remarkable fact that it can be used even as an ordinary piano and that it is a piano in every sense of the word.

LXXXII.—THE NEW PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

ON the walls of the famous "House of the Rat-Catcher" in Hamelin is to be found inscribed the equally famous legend of the Pied Piper of 1376. In olden script it recounts the terrible calamity which befell the ancient town on the Weser, its deliverance from the plague, and the greater calamity which immediately followed. The story is almost as old as the Koppelberg, which looks down upon the town from the west, and is writ large on the memories of legend-loving youth.

As, in this year of grace, another Pied Piper has appeared in Hamelin, it may be permitted to recall in some detail the quaint story of his first appearance over five hundred years ago. "There came into the town of Hamel," so the records run, "an old kind of companion, who, for the fantastical coat he wore being wrought with sundry colours, was called the Pied Piper. This fellow, forsooth, offered the townsmen, for a certain sum of money, to rid the town of all the rats that were in it (for at that time the burghers were with that vermin greatly annoyed). The accord, in fine, being made, the Pied Piper, with a shrill pipe, went thorow all the streets, and forthwith the rats came all running out of the houses in great numbers after him; all which he led into the river of Weaser, and therein drowned them. This done, and no one rat more perceived to be left in the town, he afterwards came to demand his reward according to his bargain; but being told that the bargain was not made with him in good earnest—to wit, with an opinion that he could be able to do such a feat—they cared not what they accorded unto, when they imagined it could never be deserved, and so never be demanded."



THE PIED PIPER FOLLOWED BY THE CHILDREN.
From a Photo. by Atelier Blesius.

Is there a child who cannot tell the rest—how the poor man in piebald, who had freed the Cham of Tartary from huge swarms of gnats, demanded the fulfilment of the bargain which they utterly denied? "He threatened them with revenge," the records continue. "They bade him do his worst, whereupon he did take him again to his pipe, and going thorow the streets as before was followed by a number of boys and girls out of one of the gates of the city, and coming to a little hill there opened in the side thereof a wide hole, into the which himself and all the children did enter; and being entered, the hill did close up again and became as before. A boy that, being lame, became somewhat lagging behind the rest, seeing this that happened, returned presently back and told what he had seen; forthwith began great lamentation among the parents for their children, and the men were sent out with all diligence, both by land and by water, to inquire if aught could be heard of them; but with all the inquiry they could possibly use nothing more than is aforesaid could of them be understood."

And nothing has been known of them since that time. Even the great Browning, who immortalized, for our little ones, the legend in verse, suggested no solution; and the sober inhabitants of Hamelin city, their mayors in chain and ermine, and their children's children have been wondering about it ever since. No rodents, except those which in small quantities bother every

respectable city, have since appeared to annoy its burghers, and no Pied Piper has since passed inside its mossy walls.

Last summer, however, on the occasion of the visit of the august Emperor to the town, was celebrated, by a quaint procession, the undying legend. The Piper, in motley, again appeared, drawing behind him, by means of his fascinating pipe, the children of the town. As the poet writes:—

> All the little boys and girls
> With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls
> And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
> Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
> The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

But he led them not to the Koppelberg, had been searched with care by the costumiers in order that the old legend might be pictured with exactness. Old prints were made use of, for the rat-catcher of the Middle Ages was a well-known figure, and many drawings exist showing how he dressed, mightily fanciful, in the pursuit of his calling. The Pied Piper of 1904 and the children who followed him were built up upon these lines. In addition to his many-coloured clothes he wore a sword, a box at his side, and a stave over his shoulder on which hung a small flag, ornamented with a rat, much like the well-known design of the Dutch rat-catcher, pictured by Vischer of Haarlem.

From a Photo. by] THE PIPER AND HIS FOLLOWERS GREETING THE KAISER. *[Paul Vogt.*

being content, with the Imperial eye upon him, to lead them through the principal streets to a stated place where the Emperor and Empress, with two of their children, were waiting to view them.

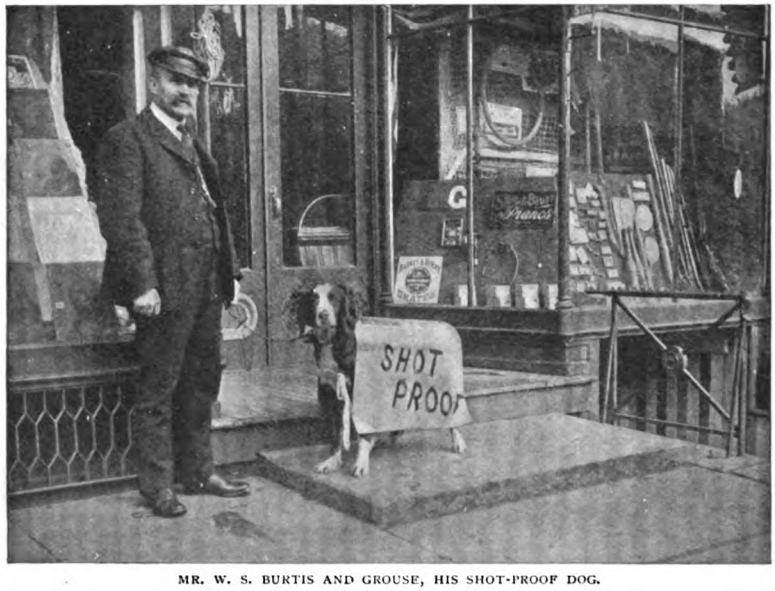
For the occasion Hamelin, of course, was *en fête*. Never before had it been honoured by such a visit. The school children of the town and its immediate neighbourhood, who were not taking part in the procession of the Pied Piper, were marshalled along the route over which the visitors passed. All, including the Piper and his willing victims, were dressed in the picturesque costume of the Middle Ages. The dusty tomes of the local library

On the old bridge over the Weser, gaily decorated with bright streamers and festoons of green, the children were reviewed. When the Emperor saw the prettily-clothed youth of Hamelin in front of him, he humorously remarked upon the slight damage done to the town when the Pied Piper enticed the children away, and himself bore testimony to the immortality of the legend. Throughout Germany it was known, in the hut of the peasant and the palace of the prince. He voiced his pleasure at the commemoration of the honoured legend by the people of Hamelin, and complimented the citizens on the treasure they possessed.

LXXXIII.—A SHOT-PROOF DOG.

By an ingenious and practical method Game Warden William S. Burtis, of Freehold, New Jersey, U.S.A., has baffled the town commissioners, who recently issued an order directing duly authorized officials to kill on sight all unmuzzled dogs found roaming about the town.

Fearing that his pet dog, a valuable English setter named Grouse, would meet an untimely death at the hands of the authorities, Warden Burtis encased the canine in a shot-proof blanket of heavy tin, only the head being uncovered. With this effective overcoat the dog roams at will through the principal streets of the town without fear of untimely destruction, attracting considerable attention.



MR. W. S. BURTIS AND GROUSE, HIS SHOT-PROOF DOG.

The commissioners were prompted to issue the order to kill all dogs observed walking the streets, as the result of a mad dog scare which took place in Freehold quite recently. The official killers have since been very busy carrying out the order with a vengeance, and many dogs have been killed and put out of harm's way.

Warden Burtis became much worried about the safety of his dog, for whom sixty pounds had been offered and refused, fearing it would fall a victim to the sure marksmanship of the "official killer," and he determined to invent some manner of covering for his pet which would safeguard it against any harm. The invention of the shot-proof overcoat was the result of his earnest deliberations on the subject.

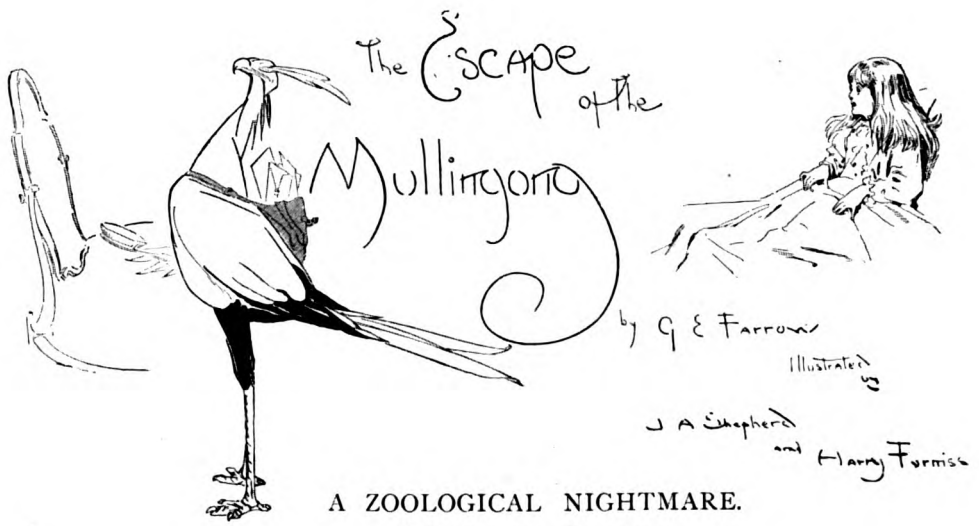
After the commissioners had passed this unpopular method of exterminating the dogs of the town, the good with the bad, Warden Burtis shortly after appeared on the streets of Freehold followed by Grouse, who was encased in his armour-proof blanket—attracting considerable attention and thus gaining considerable notoriety.

Grouse, who is seven years old, is widely known throughout the State of New Jersey and in cities of adjoining States, having been trained to do things that an ordinary dog will not do.

He has been broken to trot in a little bike sulky and has trotted a quarter of a mile on the track in one minute, being driven by the young son of Warden Burtis, the exhibition being witnessed at different times by thousands of people.

Grouse is also considered one of the best-broken bird dogs in the United States. He will retrieve on land and water. When his owner shoots from horseback, Grouse will retrieve and rise up on his back feet with his front feet against the saddle, and hand his master the quail.

So valuable is this dog to Warden Burtis that he has refused to part with him for any sum of money.



A ZOOLOGICAL NIGHTMARE.

A Story for Children.

CHAPTER I.

AN INVITATION.

OF course, you will say at once, "What *is* a mullingong?" for I don't suppose, unless you happen to have been to Australia, that you have even so much as heard of the name before. That was exactly Girlie's position, until she had been through the extraordinary adventures of which I am going to tell you.

Girlie lived near Regent's Park, so near, indeed, that from her bedroom window, when the wind was in a certain direction, she could distinctly hear the laughing hyenas and other noisy animals when they made a disturbance, as they very often did, in the Zoological Gardens.

On the particular evening on which my story opens, Girlie had gone up to her room in a great state of excitement, for she had heard her father reading in the drawing-room about a strange new creature called a mullingong, which had just been presented to the Zoo by an Australian gentleman.

So Girlie had puzzled her head about it all the while she was getting into bed.

"I wonder," she thought, "if it's a bird, or an animal, or a reptile? Mullingong sounds something like a reptile, I think."

And she was still considering the matter when she fell asleep.

I don't quite know how long it was before a noise in the direction of her dressing-table caused her to awaken, but when she did so she found that the moon was shining so brightly in at the open window that the room was bathed in a flood of light, and all the objects about her were as distinct as by daylight. To her utter amazement a tall bird was standing before the glass, gravely using her hair-brush and posturing and prinking before its reflection in the mirror in a most absurd way. Girlie sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes.

Yes, there was no doubt about it. It was really a bird, with rather long legs, and a curious tuft of long white quills sticking out at the back of its head.

While she was still wondering what she ought to do the bird turned round, and immediately dropped the brush which it had been using.

"Oh, you're awake at last, are you?" he said, coming towards the bed.

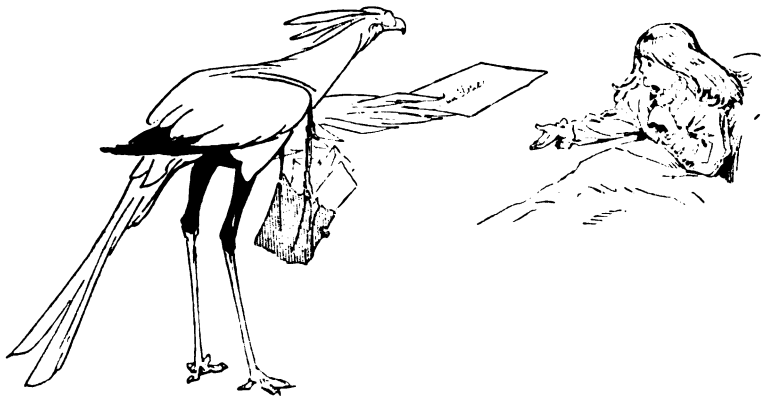
Girlie gasped with astonishment.

"Ye-e-s-s," she faltered, "but—but——"

"I've got a letter for you in my pocket."

"A letter for me, in his *pocket*," thought Girlie, and looking down she discovered that the bird had a little leather wallet slung over his shoulder, from which several envelopes protruded.

"Yes," said the bird, searching amongst the packet of envelopes, and at last handing her one addressed, "Miss Girlie." "Beautiful



"'BEAUTIFUL WRITING, ISN'T IT?' HE ASKED."

writing, isn't it?" he asked, gazing at it affectionately.

Girlie hastily tore open the envelope.

"Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park.—Mr. and Mrs. Leo present their compliments to Miss Girlie and request the pleasure of her company at a garden-party to be held at midnight in above Gardens—to meet the distinguished visitor from Australia, Mr. Mullingong."

"Oh, how perfectly lovely!" cried Girlie, clapping her hands. "Just what I wanted to do—to see the mullingong. Who or what is he, do you know?" she cried, excitedly.

"No, I can't say I do," said the bird. "But why they are making this ridiculous fuss about him I can't conceive. I'm sure the amount of extra work I've had to do sending out invitations and that sort of thing nobody would believe. I'm the secretary, you know, and——"

"Oh, yes, of course, the secretary-bird. I must have often seen you at the Zoo. Do you know, I thought your face seemed familiar, somehow."

"H'm! Yes, it's a pleasant face, isn't it?" said the bird. "Well, now I must be off," he cried. "There's no end of things to do. I suppose I may say that you will come?" he added.

"Oh, yes, certainly," cried Girlie. "I shall like it above all things."

And so the secretary-bird flew out at the window.

Girlie hastily scrambled out of bed. She was soon dressed, and, with her eyes sparkling with excitement and her cheeks rosy red from the same cause, she looked a very pretty little girl indeed.

"Ah! I think you'll do," cried a critical voice at the window, and, turning, Girlie saw the secretary-bird standing on the window-sill with his head thrust into the room. "I've just flown back to ask you to be *sure* and bring your own mug," he added; "the keepers are so mean they have locked everything up, and there may be a little difficulty—with the crockery, you know—so perhaps it will be advisable to bring your own. Good-bye! See you later!" and he was off again.

CHAPTER II.

THE PIXIE'S GIFT.

"TAKE my own mug," thought Girlie. "Dear me, that means going down into the kitchen, I suppose, unless—oh, yes, of course; I can get my little silver one out of the pantry, that will do even better"; and no sooner had Girlie thought of this than she crept as softly as she could out of her room and down the thickly-carpeted stairs.

It was not quite so light downstairs, but Girlie had no difficulty in finding her way to the pantry, and as soon as she got there she espied her little silver mug standing on the second shelf.

She had to get on to the plate-chest to reach it, and had just taken it into her hand and was getting down when she heard an impatient little voice calling out:—

"What *are* you doing? Put me down instantly!" and in her fright she nearly dropped her mug, for the voice seemed to proceed from inside it.

As it was, she set it down on the plate-chest and looked about her curiously.

Not a creature was in sight, till presently, after a great deal of struggling, a little man scarcely bigger than one's finger emerged from the mug itself. He carried a piece of wash-leather, which was nearly as big as he was, and was covered all over with a kind of red powder.

"Well, aren't you ashamed of yourself, disturbing me at my work in this manner?" he began, angrily.

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, sir," said Girlie, humbly. "May I ask who you are?"

"I am a pixie," replied the little man, standing with his arms akimbo and his head on one side. "And I am helping Charles. He had to go home to-day to see his poor old mother, who is ill, and didn't get back in time to do the silver properly; so, as he is a very good-tempered man and does his work carefully as a rule, I and my mates are helping him."

Charles was the man-servant, and Girlie remembered hearing that he had been given a holiday that afternoon.

"Oh!" exclaimed Girlie, "are you really a pixie? I've read such a lot about you, but I've never seen any of you before. I'm so glad to meet you. Oh! And, of course, I've just remembered," cried Girlie, speaking in a state of great excitement. "Anyone who really sees a pixie can have one wish, whatever it is, granted. Oh, may I—may I have a wish, please?"

The pixie considered for a moment, then he replied, "You may have three."

"Three wishes!" cried Girlie, excitedly. "Do you really mean it? Can I have anything I like in the whole wide world? Oh, how delightful! But, dear me!" she exclaimed, suddenly remembering the invitation she had received, "I am afraid I must be going. I am invited to a garden-party at the Zoo, and I ought to be there by midnight." She said this quite importantly, for she thought it was a very grand thing to be going out at that hour.

"It's past that now," declared the pixie, drawing a tiny little watch out of his fob. "Look!" he cried, holding it up for Girlie's inspection.

"Why, I can scarcely see the watch itself, let alone the hands," exclaimed Girlie; "it's such a tiny little thing."

"We'll soon alter that," cried the pixie, giving the watch a shake. As he continued shaking it so the watch grew in size, till at last it was nearly as big as the little man himself, and Girlie could see quite well that it was ten minutes past twelve.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in dismay, "I shall be late; I wish I was there now."

There was a sudden darkness and a curious feeling that she was being rapidly whirled through the air, and in an instant Girlie found herself just inside the well-known entrance to the Gardens.

She felt a trifle bewildered just at first, and then, after thinking for a moment, realized that one of the three wishes granted her by the pixie had been fulfilled. "And I was going to wish something so very important with each of the three chances," she thought, regretfully. "Never mind, there are two more left and I am here anyhow, and shall not be so very late after all," and she hurried down the path leading from the entrance.

CHAPTER III.

A PARTICULAR PORCUPINE.

GIRLIE hurried along down the familiar path in the direction of the lion house.

"For," she argued, "the 'Mr. and Mrs. Leo' on the invitation must mean Mr. and Mrs. Lion, I suppose." You see, Girlie knew enough of Latin to understand this.

Suddenly she heard a curious scratching sound proceeding from one of the side paths, and on going a little out of her way she could see that a rather large porcupine was hurrying along, muttering and grumbling to

"A RATHER LARGE PORCUPINE WAS HURRYING ALONG."

itself, and that the long quills with which it was covered, dragging on the ground behind him, were what had caused the curious noise which she had noticed. Girlie hurried up to it. "For I am certainly not going to be frightened by a porcupine," she thought. "I suppose it must have broken loose somehow."

The porcupine was still chattering to itself in a nervous, discontented sort of way when she reached his side.

"Such a bother," it was saying; "just as I had arranged it so very nicely, too, and now I haven't time to go back for any more. I shall be late as it is, I am afraid."

Girlie hurried past and turned round to catch a glimpse of the strange little creature.

"Bless me!" it cried. "There goes a child; perhaps she has some. Here! Stop! Stop!" it cried.

Girlie turned round and walked slowly back again.

"How does my hair look?" demanded the creature. "Am I very untidy?"

"Well!" replied Girlie, who could not help smiling. For the creature's long quills were sticking about in all directions, and it certainly could not be truthfully described as being neat in appearance. "You see, those quills must be so very difficult to arrange, and——"

"*Don't* call them quills," cried the porcupine, angrily stamping its foot. "As though I was a bird," it added, scornfully. "Whoever heard of an animal with quills? It's hair. Don't you see how beautifully I've parted it? I fixed it down with hair-pins," the creature explained, "only they've most of them come out. I suppose you haven't one or two you could spare?" it added, looking up enviously at Girlie's wavy hair.

"No, I don't wear them," said Girlie, laughing; "you see, I haven't begun to do my hair up yet, so I don't use them."

"Oh!" said the porcupine, discontentedly. "How old are you, then?" he added, as an afterthought.

"Nearly twelve," replied Girlie, who began to think the little animal rather rude.

"Oh!" it said. "And is it considered the correct thing to wear your hair loose when you're as old as that?"

"Of course," said Girlie.

"HOW DOES MY HAIR LOOK?"

"Well, I'm not nearly twelve yet, so I sha'n't bother any more about mine," declared the porcupine, in a tone of relief.

"Are you going to the garden-party," asked Girlie, who thought it was time to change the subject.

"Of course. Why not?" demanded the little creature, setting up its bristles and looking so very fierce that Girlie was quite alarmed.

"Oh! There's no reason why you should not go that I know of," she hastened to say. "I only asked for information."

"Well, you wouldn't ask for any other reason, would you?" snapped the creature. "Are you going?" it asked, a little more graciously.

"Yes," said Girlie, "and I must hurry on, if you don't mind excusing me, for it's getting very late, I'm afraid."

"We may as well walk together," said the porcupine, coming closer, so close, in fact, that its quills brushed against Girlie and made her give a frightened little gasp.

"Take my arm," said the creature. "It will make us look more important."

Girlie hesitated an instant, but the porcupine began to look angry again, so she thought that she had better humour it, though it was most uncomfortable to have to reach down to take the little creature's arm, and at the same time to avoid the long quills, which every moment threatened to prick her.

"It must be very awkward for you not knowing whether you are a bird or an animal," said her companion, suddenly, after a long silence, during which Girlie had been puzzling her brain as to what would be the most interesting topic of conversation upon which to enter with a porcupine.

"Why, I haven't the slightest doubt on the subject," said Girlie, smilingly. "Of course, I know I'm not a bird—and," she added, after a moment's consideration, "I'm equally certain that I *am* a kind of animal."

"I'm not so sure of that," said the porcupine; "you don't seem to have a sufficient number of legs, somehow, to be an animal."

"I've two," said Girlie, in surprise.

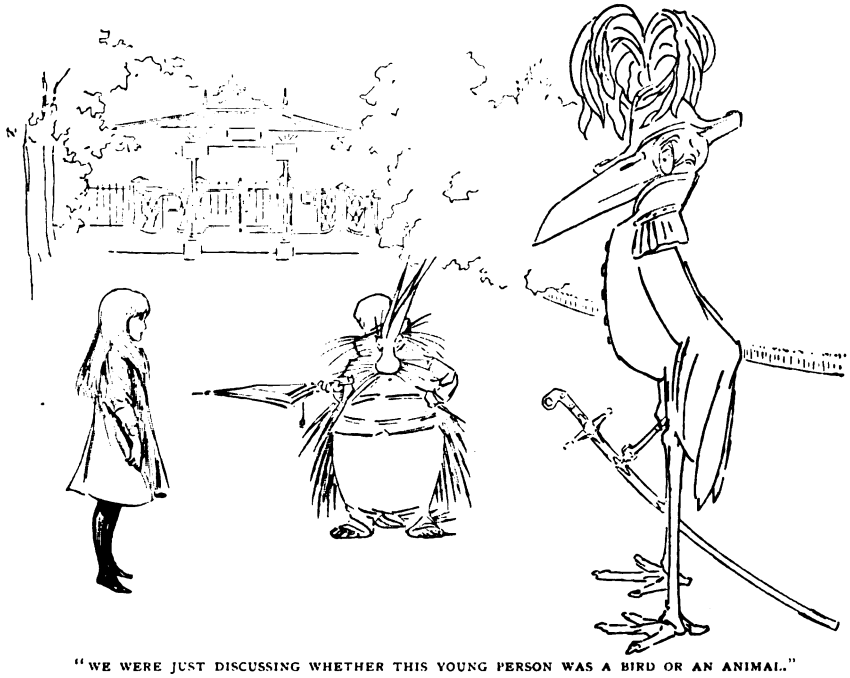
"Yes, that's just it," declared the porcupine. "I've never known a proper animal with less than four. Now, a bird has only two—at least, I've never seen one with more, so I shouldn't wonder if you were a kind of bird, after all. And that brings us round to what I remarked before, that it must be very absurd not to know properly whether you are a bird or an animal."

"But I tell you——" began poor Girlie, when an enormous and very distinguished-looking bird in levée dress, and with a sword dangling between his legs, came clattering down the path.

"Ah! the adjutant," observed the porcupine. "We were just discussing," it said, as the bird was about to pass them, "whether this young person was a bird or an animal."

The adjutant paused and fixed an eye-glass, which he wore attached to a black cord, into his eye.

"R-e-ally!" he drawled, "I c-can't say—don't you know—I've—ah—nevah—thought about it—ah—in fact—ah, I nevah—think about—anything, ah," and he began to giggle in a foolish manner.



"WE WERE JUST DISCUSSING WHETHER THIS YOUNG PERSON WAS A BIRD OR AN ANIMAL."

"Awfully stupid to think—ah—don't you know," he went on. "Takes up such a lot of time, and it's no use after you've done it, ah. By-the-bye—ah, sha'n't we be awfully late for the garden-party? I—ah—I've had an accident, you know, and it's upset me—ah—vewwy much. Had to walk all the way from my—ah—bungalow."

"Well, now that you are here we'd better

step along pretty sharply," said the porcupine; "don't you think so?"

"Well, yes—ah, perhaps we had," replied the adjutant. And so, with her strange companions, she continued her journey towards the lion house.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE PROGRAMME.

A SOUND of strange music in the distance caused them to quicken their pace.

"There! the band has commenced," said the porcupine. "I knew we should be late."

"I don't think—ah—it weally mattahs," said the adjutant, languidly. "It's rathah bettah form to be a little late, you know; besides, we are not by any means the last to arrive—I can heah some people behind us."

The porcupine turned round. "It's the elephant family," said he. "My eye, what swells!"

a straw bonnet gay with ribbons and flowers. They evidently recognised Girlie, for they nodded pleasantly to her as they passed, and the baby elephant said, in a funny, squeaky little voice: "Oh, mamma, dear, that's the little girl who gave me a bun yesterday. She——"

"Hush, my dear," interrupted the mother. "You mustn't make remarks," and the three hurried on in front.

By this time they had nearly reached the lion house, and the music which they had noticed grew more and more distinct every moment, till presently they turned the corner and came upon the strangest sight that Girlie had ever seen.

On the band-stand a number of animals were playing various instruments. A couple of seals were banging away on drums ("just as they did at Barnum's," said Girlie, delightedly, clapping her hands). A hippo-

"'IT'S THE ELEPHANT FAMILY,' SAID THE PORCUPINE. 'MY EYE, WHAT SWELLS!'"

Girlie looked round eagerly, and saw three elephants, two large ones and a baby. They were certainly dressed in a very remarkable manner.

The baby elephant wore a large sun-bonnet and a pinafore; the father a pair of trousers which were much too long for him, and which seemed rather troublesome to walk in, a blue tailed coat with brass buttons, and an old beaver hat; the mother was resplendent in a brightly-coloured gown and

potamus was tootling with a big trombone. A chimpanzee and an orang-outang were scraping away at two big violoncellos, while a jerboa and a chinchilla stood on their hind legs striking triangles.

A camel with a very serious face was conducting. At least, he was waving a bâton about in an erratic manner and gazing intently at the same time at some music in front of him. Various other animals were strolling about the grounds or sitting in little

"THE LIONESS HURRIED FORWARD AND HELD OUT A PAW."

groups on chairs under the trees, and last, but not least, the lion and lioness, both most fashionably dressed, stood side by side receiving their guests as they arrived.

The secretary-bird was bustling about, and directly he saw Girlie he hurried forward.

"Come along," he said. "You're all late. There have been several inquiries about you already. Go and pay your respects to the host and hostess and then come back to me. There's a toucan under the trees over there who is very anxious to make your acquaintance."

Girlie was a little flurried at having to go up to a real live lion, but overcoming her fear with an effort she stepped forward.

An alligator wearing a kind of green livery came hurrying up and held out a silver salver.

"Where's your card?" he asked, breathlessly. "You haven't been announced yet."

"I—I'm afraid I haven't one," stammered Girlie.

The alligator looked blank.

"Shocking want of manners," he declared. "What's your name?"

"Girlie," was the reply. "At least, that's what I'm called at home. Of course, it's not my real name."

"Don't prevaricate," interrupted the alligator. "Is it your name or not?"

"Well, yes," said Girlie, "but——"

"The adjutant; Ebenezer Porcupine, Esquire; and a person who doesn't know her own name," announced the alligator, in a loud voice.

Of course, everybody turned round and stared, and even the musicians left off and gazed curiously at Girlie, as being the person who didn't know her own name, making her blush terribly and feel very nervous and confused.

The lioness hurried forward and held out a paw.

"*So* pleased to see you," she said, effusively; "so *good* of you to come," and immediately turned to welcome some other guests, while the lion, running a paw through his mane, of which he was evidently very proud, came up and spoke to Girlie in a very gruff, husky voice.

"Delighted to see you," he said; "we are looking forward to your singing very much. So glad you were able to come."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand," said Girlie.

"Oh, yes, you're going to sing, you know," said the lion; "it's down on the programme. Or is it a recitation?" he added, referring to a gilt-edged card which he drew from his pocket.

"But——" began Girlie.

"Oh, yes, it is a recitation, I see," said the lion—"'The Pelican and the Pie.' I'm sure it will be sweetly pretty. Dear me, yes, and a solo on the bagpipes later on. Why, what a highly-accomplished young lady you must be! I shall look forward with great interest to your performance, but now you must excuse me, please. I see some fresh guests are arriving. I hope you'll enjoy yourself,"

and with a pleasant nod the lion hurried off, leaving Girlie in a state of great bewilderment. From what the lion had said she was evidently expected to contribute to the entertainment by reciting "The Pelican and the Pie." "Why, I've never even heard of it," thought the child, her head in a perfect whirl; "and as for playing upon the bagpipes," she went on, "I'm *certain* I could never do that; there must be some mistake."

"Come along," said the secretary-bird, hurrying up just at this moment. "I told you to come back to me, and here you are standing still and gazing about as though you had lost your wits."

"Oh, have you a programme, please?" cried Girlie, eagerly.

"A programme?" said the bird, in surprise. "Of course I have. What do you want to know for?"

"Am I expected to recite, or anything, do you know?" asked Girlie, anxiously.

"Oh, yes; that's in the *first* part, you know," said the secretary-bird, referring to his card. "In the *second* part you are to sing and perform on the musical glasses, and give a conjuring entertainment to finish up with."

"But," expostulated Girlie, in a horrified voice, "*I'm* not supposed to be going to do all these things, surely?"

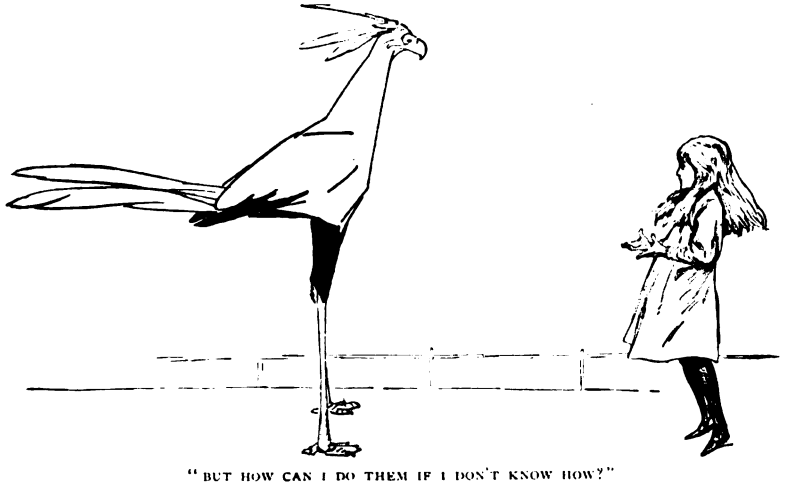
"Of course you are," replied the secretary-bird. "Why not?"

"But—but I don't in the least know how to play on the musical glasses, nor the bagpipes either, and I'm sure I couldn't possibly do any conjuring tricks if I tried ever so long," cried poor Girlie, who was getting terribly alarmed at the prospect before her.

"That's nothing to do with me," said the secretary-bird, shrugging his shoulders. "All *I* know is you're down on the programme for those things and you'll be expected to *do* them."

"But how *can* I do them if I don't know how?" said poor Girlie, hopelessly.

"I can't say, I'm sure," said the bird. "The recitation is first," he said, referring to his card. "I suppose you can manage *that* all right?"



"BUT HOW CAN I DO THEM IF I DON'T KNOW HOW?"

"I'm supposed to say 'The Pelican and the Pie,' I believe, am I not?" asked Girlie.

The secretary-bird nodded.

"Well," said Girlie, hopelessly, "I've never even heard of it before. Do you think it would matter if I recited something else instead? I might manage 'Mary Had a Little Lamb,' you know, or 'The Wreck of the *Hesperus*.'"

"They don't like the programme altered," said the secretary-bird, dubiously. "Why don't you recite 'The Wreck of the *Hesperus*' and *call* it 'The Pelican and the Pie'? I don't suppose anybody would know the difference much. And if I were you I should try and learn the bagpipes somehow or other. People won't like to be disappointed, I can tell you. But come, let's go and see the toucan; he wants particularly to see you, and perhaps he will be able to suggest a way out of the difficulty.

Girlie tried to persuade herself that this might be the case, as she somewhat ruefully followed the bird towards the shrubbery.

(To be continued.)

"Minding Baby."

By H. J. Holmes.

Photos. by J. Godfrey Ancell, Sandown, I.W.

A MAN who is given a baby to mind has his work cut out. It won't do to sit down and try to get it to go to sleep. The baby objects. He wants amusement—plenty of it. Were he in his mother's arms he would probably

BABY LIKES MUSIC.

curl up and go to sleep; but when father is the nurse more is required—a great deal more. Only a man of infinite resource and muscular activity can hope to please a baby for half an hour. In doing so he is bound to relinquish, for the time being, the full-blown dignity of his sex. He must be satisfied to regard himself as a cross between a circus clown and a lunatic, and to act like both.

It is wonderful what devices a truly resourceful man will employ to please the baby.

Of course, baby is fond of music—of a particular sort. Softly-played symphonies and dreamy waltzes are all very well in their way. But the piano soon palls on the infantile ear. So one of the family dish-covers, a walking-stick, and a flat iron are called into requisition. A terrific success ensues. There is nothing like the "Washington Post" played on a dish cover with a flat iron. And a good job too! What if the dish-cover is pounded into a shapeless mass and the flat-iron loses some of its pristine smoothness? It doesn't matter. The baby is so pleased.

Then, perhaps, the harmony becomes stale, flat, and unprofitable to baby. He signifies the same in the usual manner. But the resourceful Edwin does not find himself at a loss for further means of amusement. The paternal watch and chain fill the gap—that is, the baby's mouth.

Curious, the fondness babies usually exhibit for chewing up watches! Nothing seems to give them more pleasure than an imaginary lunch off a gold or silver timepiece. You can easily prove this by giving your baby one to munch. His face will express the degree of bliss he is realizing. A toothsome experiment with time, however, may sometimes end in a broken dome and a post-mortem. But so long as he can bite,

BABY AS A WATCH-SWALLOWER.

the baby won't complain. Besides, manufacturers and importers thoughtfully insist on men's watches being too large to be comfortably swallowed by even the biggest baby. If fathers are careless enough to let go the

end of the watch-chain, it does not follow that the watch is irretrievably lost. It can nearly always be extracted from the child's throat.

Extraordinary, also, how the starched decorum of office and street gives way under the gentle influence of a wish to please the baby! The staid Edwin would almost faint with mortification if someone told him that his necktie was travelling up on the edge of his collar behind. But he never hesitates to make himself look ludicrous—at home—to win the baby's appreciation. For instance, a millinery experiment that always

"THE FIERY, UNTAMED STEED."

A MILLINERY EXPERIMENT.

pleases the baby is when a father puts on his little one's bonnet, and he thinks he is adequately rewarded by the croon of delight that is always sure to be aroused. What greater recompense can a married man expect?

Relief is sought in playing "horse and rider." In this, the father becomes the horse. Down on hands and knees he drops. Baby is soon in the saddle, and, with a preliminary jump over an imaginary fence, the noble animal speeds along the course — the strip of carpet around the dining-table—with the baby holding on, like grim death, to the fiery, untamed steed. Playing at "horse and rider" is an old game, but its age in no way mitigates the amount of physical exertion necessary to keep up a pace fast enough to please the baby.

A less exhaustive method of make-believe equestrian exercise is that in which the baby sits astride the father's instep, the extended leg being moved, leverlike, rapidly up and down, to simulate the galloping motion of the real article, to the tune of "Ride a Cock-Horse."

The introduction of a new Brownie to his future master, Edwin regards as a most favourable opportunity for putting the baby in the best of humour. With airy freshness the fond father pretends to make the Brownie jump from his hand into the baby's lap, and perform other wonderful feats.

"RIDE A COCK-HORSE,"

Or again, the obliging father may be seen down on his knees in front of the baby, intoning the classical lines which reveal the story of a domestic tragedy :—

Father bought eggs in the market,
And broke 'em before he got home !

The pathetic incident of the smashed eggs is illustrated by the parental cheeks, blown out prodigiously, being banged with the closed fists, the sound of the air forced outwards between the lips proving a source of supreme delight to the baby. About forty bags of eggs are broken in this fashion (at the imperative demand of the baby), until the exhausted father thinks of some other plan less disastrous to the human frame.

THE PERFORMING BROWNIE.

At what a marvellous stage of fatherly enthusiasm must a man have arrived when he is satisfied to half-strangle himself by squeezing his head through the frame of a chair or other seat, just to give the baby the extreme bliss of pulling unmercifully at the obliging parent's moustache or "wool"! But, then, baby is always so pleased with such delicate little attentions ! And he is such an exacting tyrant, too ! The performance can only be regarded by unsympathetic Philistines as an act for the preservation of domestic peace.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL METHOD OF AMUSING THE BABY.

But what would the neighbours think of Mr. Brown if they happened to peep through his study window on certain occasions when he performs a series of remarkable acrobatic feats ? I am afraid nothing would convince them that his mental equilibrium was still maintained, if they saw him in the act of maintaining his bodily equilibrium, his boots where his head ought to be ! And their decision would be still more pronounced and emphatic if they failed to observe, at the other side of Mr. Brown's reversed body, Mr. Brown's baby boy quite enjoying the unusual view of his parent upside down !

It is just as well, perhaps, that "minding the baby" is confined to occasions more rare than common, otherwise the average Edwin would speedily be reduced to a state bordering on chronic lunacy. And if the modern married Angelina imagines for one moment, when she says, "Edwin, take the baby," that she is bestowing on her spouse an inestimable favour, I should like to point out the very great injustice she is perpetrating. The average man cannot mind a baby except at a tremendous sacrifice of his dignity, and by a superhuman effort of physical endurance.

Curiosities.

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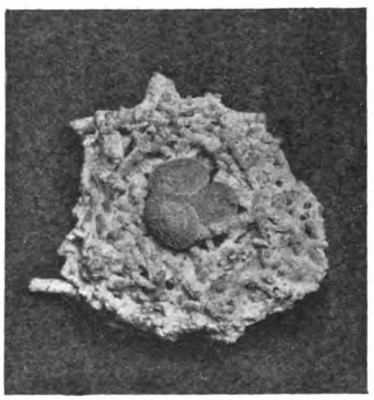
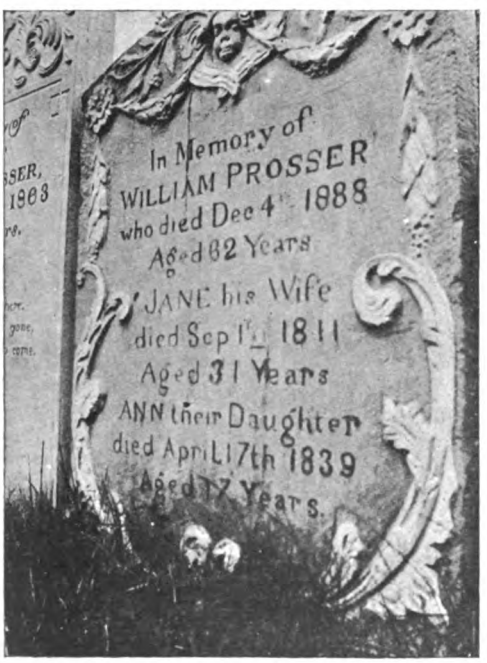
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

A PETRIFIED NEST.



"This photograph is that of a petrified bird's nest, presumably some species of water-fowl, containing three eggs. It was found by a gentleman many years ago in the Vale of Neath. The nest belongs to a Neath surveyor, who kindly lent it to me to be photographed, and the picture was taken by Mr. Henry Jones, Bridge Street Studio, Neath."—Mr. H. C. Lloyd, Jun., 9, Windsor Road, Neath, South Wales.

AN EXTRAORDINARY EPITAPH.



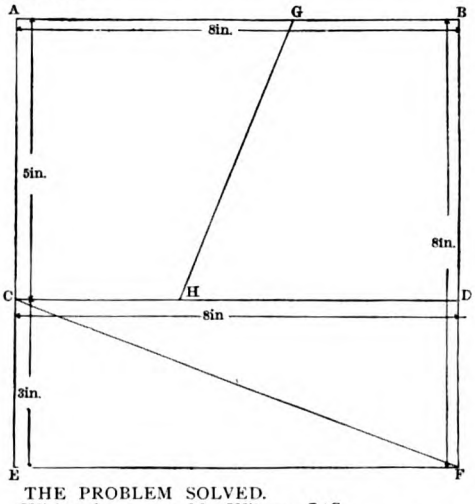
"I came across the stone shown in the photograph in the graveyard of the little parish church of Llangattock. Although the stone has been in its present position for some years, no one noticed the somewhat odd inscription on it until a short time ago, when the stones were being cleaned. There can be no mistake about the figures or words, for they are cut into the stone. I have asked several people the meaning of it, but can get no satisfactory explanation. It would be rather interesting to know how a man could have a wife who died fifteen years before he was born; also, how the daughter could be born eleven years after her mother's death and four years before her father's birth."—Mr. Fred S. J. Stephens, Post Office, The Hendre, Monmouth.

SAILING ON THE RAILWAY.

"On the north-east coast of England, at the entrance to the River Tees, there has been built a breakwater which is some two and a half miles long, and at the end of which there is a lighthouse to guide vessels in or out of the river. On the west side of this breakwater (which is known as the South Gare) is stationed a detachment of what are locally called 'Submarine Miners,' otherwise Royal Engineers, who act as trainers to the Volunteers in the laying of mines for the protection of the river. Whilst the breakwater was being built a line of railway-metals was laid for the purpose of conveying the material with which the projection was finished. This set of railway-metals was found to be very useful to the Engineers, who, with the aid of a bogie-waggon, on which they rigged a mast and sail, were enabled to pass to and fro quickly. The photograph shows one of them with his wife on their way to the nearest town (Redcar), some four miles distant. The 'sailor' is able, by means of a brake fixed to the wheels, to control the speed at which they travel. When it is remembered that nearly the whole distance is in view of the North Sea, it will be understood how enjoyable is this mode of sailing on the railway."—Mr. W. H. Parkinson, 3, Linden Avenue, Cottingham, East Yorks.

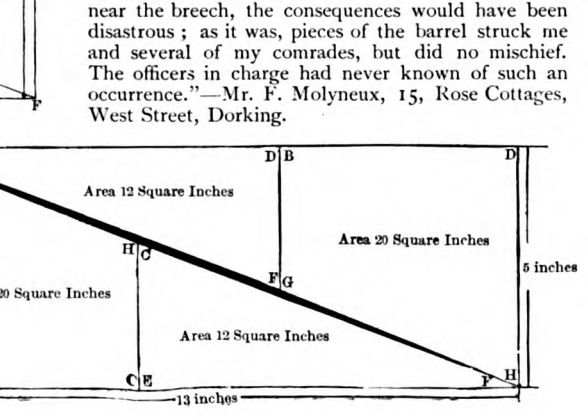
COCKLE-SHELL FIGURES.

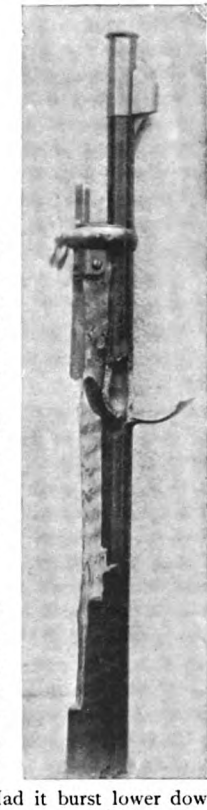
"The curious figures in this photograph are built up of cement and covered with thousands of cockle-shells. They are situated in the village of Parkstone, Dorset, and are the work of an *employé* at the Bourne Valley Pottery. The figure at the left represents Hamlet, the one in the centre his father's ghost. The other is supposed to be a statue of Queen Victoria."—Mr. W. F. Foster, 110, King Street, Southsea.



THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

With reference to Mr. Wilson Shaw's problem in the September issue of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, we select the following solution from the large number sent in: "As will be seen from diagram No. 1, the square is divided up into two rectangles, ABDC and CDFE. ABDC = 40 square inches area, and is cut into two equal portions, A C H G and G B D H, which must each have an area of 20 square inches. The rectangle C D F E = 24 square inches area, and is divided into two equal triangles, C E F and C D F, which must each have an area of 12 square inches. Now, on reference to diagram No. 2 it will be seen that when these pieces are placed together as shown by Mr. Shaw they do not form a perfect rectangle, but there is a space along the diagonal, shown by the black in the enclosed diagram, which is not filled up, and this is easily proved to be the extra inch, as follows: The rectangle contains 65 square inches, and the sum of the areas of the other portions as found above = 12 + 12 + 20 + 20 = 64 square inches. 65 square inches – 64 square inches = 1 square inch, ∴ black portion = 1 square inch. Q.E.D."—Mr. Harold E. Wood, Lanherne, Blenheim Gardens, Wallington, Surrey.





HOW A RIFLE BURSTS.

"This is a photograph of a Lee-Metford rifle. Whilst class-firing at Pirbright ranges the barrel burst. My comrade, who was shooting with it, did not feel any effects; in fact, he did not know it had burst till he was about to fire again, when I drew his attention to it. Had it burst lower down, near the breech, the consequences would have been disastrous; as it was, pieces of the barrel struck me and several of my comrades, but did no mischief. The officers in charge had never known of such an occurrence."—Mr. F. Molyneux, 15, Rose Cottages, West Street, Dorking.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE OPTICAL ILLUSION.

"This curious picture is only the photograph of a favourite horse being led to water, and not that of a weird-looking witch. The illusion, nevertheless, is remarkable." — Mr. Galbraith B. Perry, P.O. Box 17, Bristol, R.I.

TREE-CLIMBING IN QUEENSLAND.

"The following photograph — that of a native of Queensland climbing, or running up, a eucalyptus gum tree—may serve to give your readers some idea of how this athletic feat is accomplished. The 'black fellow,' having made up his mind to climb a certain tree, usually with the object of securing the honey from a wild bees' nest, first provides himself with a length of vine (ten feet or more, according to the girth of the tree). This species of vine or creeper is one possessing great flexibility, strength, and toughness of fibre. The natives are careful in its selection, which may readily be imagined, as the consequences would be very serious to the climber in the event of the vine snapping when he had nearly reached the top of one of the giant eucalypti that abound in Queensland. Having secured the vine, which is cut from the scrub, the *modus operandi* consists of bending it round the tree and gripping it firmly with arms outstretched as far as possible above the head. The legs are now brought into play; the climber, throwing most of his weight on to the vine through the pull of his arms, leaves the ground and takes one or two steps up the trunk of the tree. He then pulls his body in towards the tree, and with a sudden jerk, given very rapidly, the vine is thrown higher up along the tree trunk. Two or three more steps are taken up the trunk, the vine is again jerked upwards, and so the ascent proceeds. In descending, the vine is dropped down instead of being jerked up. A native will climb the highest and biggest trees (having no branches or foothold for a height of sixty or seventy feet) in this manner in a few minutes. The subject of this photo., of spare and supple frame, is an elderly man nearer seventy than sixty, yet anyone seeing the agility with which he ascends might well be excused for judging him to be about thirty-five. It will be seen that the vine passes under the hock of the right knee, round the inside of the calf, and is gripped between the big and second toes of the right foot. In this position he can let go his hold of the vine with his right hand and wield a tomahawk to cut out footholds or a wild bees' nest. It is mere child's play for these natives to stay for a considerable time in this attitude on the side of a tree while using the tomahawk."—Mr. E. Elworthy, 58, Primrose Mansions, Battersea Park, S.W.

A CURIOUS MOTOR-BOAT.

"This boat is made of wickerwork like a basket, about four feet long, with an oval bottom. It was covered with canvas and had two coats of pitch dried on it. The gear shown in the photograph consists of two bicycle-wheels connected by an endless chain, with suitable framing to hold it up. The bottom wheel is connected to the propeller, which drives the boat by a long shaft. A speed of about four miles an hour can be got out of her."—Mr. M. G. Ropley, Sunderland.

ANCHOR CHURCH.

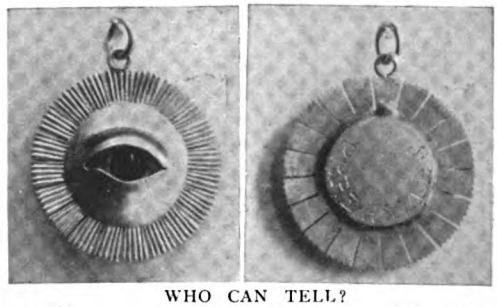
"This curious church is partly natural and partly artificial, being in part a cave and in part excavated, with windows and doorway cut in the rock. The name is due to a tradition that it was once the dwelling of an anchorite. It is in Derbyshire, by the River Trent, about three miles from Repton. The same tradition says that an underground passage led from the Anchor Church to Repton Church. Credence is lent to the tradition by the fact that Repton Church possesses an interesting and unique Saxon crypt seventeen feet square. In the crypt is an arch indicating an entrance to the passage."—The Rev. G. Hugo Heynes, 433, Mansfield Road, Sherwood, Nottingham.

THE CRYSTAL WATERS OF BERMUDA.

"This remarkable photograph shows in a marked degree the wonderful clearness of the water in one of the well-known fish-pools of Bermuda. So clear indeed is the water that the fishes may be seen swimming to and fro, though they may even be at the very bottom of the pool. The photograph shows the fishes most distinctly."—P. J., 13, West Ninth Street, New York.

A PECULIAR SWALLOW'S NEST.

"This is the photograph of a swallow's nest built on a lamp which is hanging in our store-room, and which we have not used for a time. I did not notice the nest on the lamp before I was told of it, and I lifted it down carefully and took a snap-shot of it. This nest was not finished because I think the builders noticed that the lamp was slanting more and more as they built up the nest. As far as I can see they wished to make their nest on the top and enter from the bottom, as they made it broader at the top, providing an entrance at the base."—Mr. J. R. Scholtz, Wilgenhof, Stellenbosch, Cape Colony.

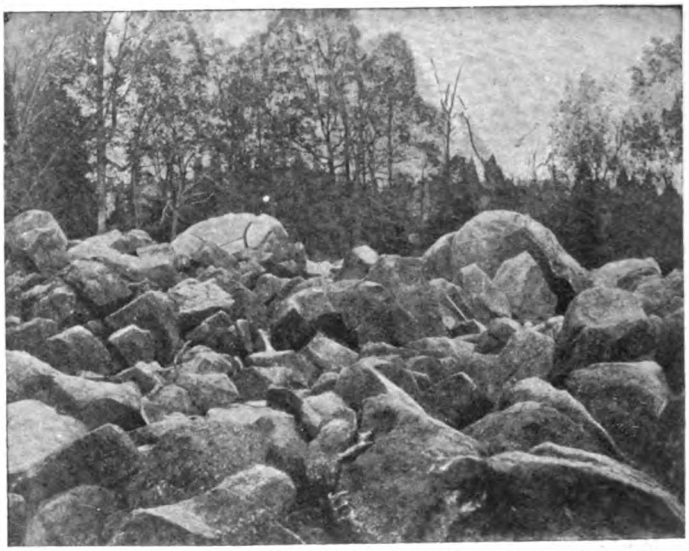


WHO CAN TELL?

"Can any of your readers give me information about the gold pendant shown here, and which I purchased at a jeweller's shop in the West Indies? The original is about the size of a half-crown. Photo. No. 1 is the front view of the pendant, which represents a human left eye *rayonné*, the eye being of glass, brown iris, and removable by opening a small lid hinged like a locket at the back of the pendant, shown in the second photo., the back view. You will notice that in diagram No. 1, the front view, the rays are divided into twenty different sections, each section again being fluted into five different parts and serrated, making one hundred points in all. At the back of the pendant are engraved the following letters: P.R.P.E.R.Y.A.R.S. (See diagram 2.) It may be the badge of some secret society, either political, religious, or occult. I have not been able to trace any Masonic reference thereto."—Mr. J. K. Godwin, The Clock House, Bradford.

RINGING ROCKS.

"About forty miles west of Philadelphia, near a place called Pottstown, there is to be seen a group of rocks which possess peculiar properties. On a hill overlooking the Schuylkill Valley, a short distance north of Pottstown, is located a bed of rocks, some embedded in the ground, while others are lying loose; some being huge ones split in various pieces, with smooth and also with rough surfaces. They are of a dark brown or iron colour, and when struck, particularly with a metal hammer, they ring like bells. This peculiarity is perceptible even when one walks over them. A musician from a town near by came to the place, and after some time he succeeded in selecting a number of rocks that gave forth different notes, and was able to render a number of tunes on this natural 'xylophone.'"—Mr. P. E. Hackman, Room 512, Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.

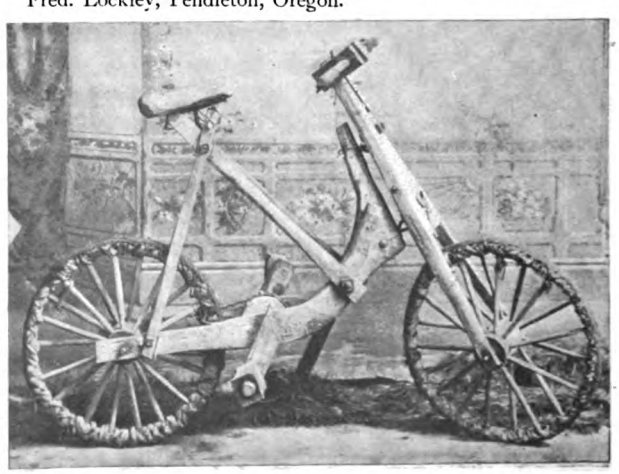


AN AMERICAN REFORMER.

"One of the curious characters of the Pacific Coast of the United States is James K. Buff. For the past twenty years he has been a teacher in the schools of Silverton, Oregon. He disapproves strongly of the prevailing fashions in men's and women's dress, and, to caricature them, wears a most extraordinary costume. On his head he has a cap made of various materials used by milliners, an dadorned with a buckle, a little silk American flag, etc. Wrong side foremost and laced up the front, over a white shirt, is worn a pink satin corset. A cloak of chiffon, fantastically bordered, hangs from his shoulders. He wears baggy pantaloons of brilliant colour, fastened at the knee; also stockings of the gayest colours and most striking design, held in place by ornamental garters. He does not confine his remarkable costume to the quiet streets of his own town, for he has visited the Oregon State Fair at Salem. The rain caused the colour of his bright-blue nether garments to run, and the chiffon cloak suffered considerably. He went barefooted and barelegged while it rained, but when it became fair again he put on bright plaid stockings, shoes, and another pair of brilliant pantaloons. He is an excellent pedestrian, walking in bare feet and putting his shoes on when he reaches his destination. Though he is by no means insensible to the ridicule that his strange dress excites, he perseveres in his purpose of showing the absurdities of modern costume by caricature."—Mr. Arthur Inkersley, San Francisco, Cal.

A HOME-MADE BICYCLE.

"This home-made bicycle was used in Arkansas. When the cycle was purchased for five dollars from its owner he had just finished a ride of thirty-five miles. The sprocket-wheel is formed of a section of tough wood, with wooden pins driven in to form the sprockets, while plaited straw replaces rubber tyres."—Mr. Fred. Lockley, Pendleton, Oregon.



"IT HINGED BACK LIKE THE LID OF A BOX."

(*See page* 613.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.
Vol. xxviii. DECEMBER, 1904. No. 168.

THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

XIII.—The Adventure of the Second Stain.

I HAD intended "The Adventure of the Abbey Grange" to be the last of those exploits of my friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, which I should ever communicate to the public. This resolution of mine was not due to any lack of material, since I have notes of many hundreds of cases to which I have never alluded, nor was it caused by any waning interest on the part of my readers in the singular personality and unique methods of this remarkable man. The real reason lay in the reluctance which Mr. Holmes has shown to the continued publication of his experiences. So long as he was in actual professional practice the records of his successes were of some practical value to him; but since he has definitely retired from London and betaken himself to study and bee-farming on the Sussex Downs, notoriety has become hateful to him, and he has peremptorily requested that his wishes in this matter should be strictly observed. It was only upon my representing to him that I had given a promise that "The Adventure of the Second Stain" should be published when the times were ripe, and pointing out to him that it is only appropriate that this long series of episodes should culminate in the most important international case which he has ever been called upon to handle, that I at last succeeded in obtaining his consent that a carefully-guarded account of the incident should at last be laid before the public. If in telling the story I seem to be somewhat vague in certain details the public will readily understand that there is an excellent reason for my reticence.

It was, then, in a year, and even in a decade, that shall be nameless, that upon one Tuesday morning in autumn we found two visitors of European fame within the walls of our humble room in Baker Street. The one, austere, high-nosed, eagle-eyed, and dominant, was none other than the illustrious Lord Bellinger, twice Premier of Britain. The other, dark, clear-cut, and elegant, hardly yet of middle age, and endowed with every beauty of body and of mind, was the Right Honourable Trelawney Hope, Secretary for European Affairs, and the most rising statesman in the country. They sat side by side upon our paper-littered settee, and it was easy to see from their worn and anxious faces that it was business of the most pressing importance which had brought them. The Premier's thin, blue-veined hands were clasped tightly over the ivory head of his umbrella, and his gaunt, ascetic face looked gloomily from Holmes to me. The European Secretary pulled nervously at his moustache and fidgeted with the seals of his watch-chain.

"When I discovered my loss, Mr. Holmes, which was at eight o'clock this morning, I at once informed the Prime Minister. It was at his suggestion that we have both come to you."

"Have you informed the police?"

"No, sir," said the Prime Minister, with the quick, decisive manner for which he was famous. "We have not done so, nor is it

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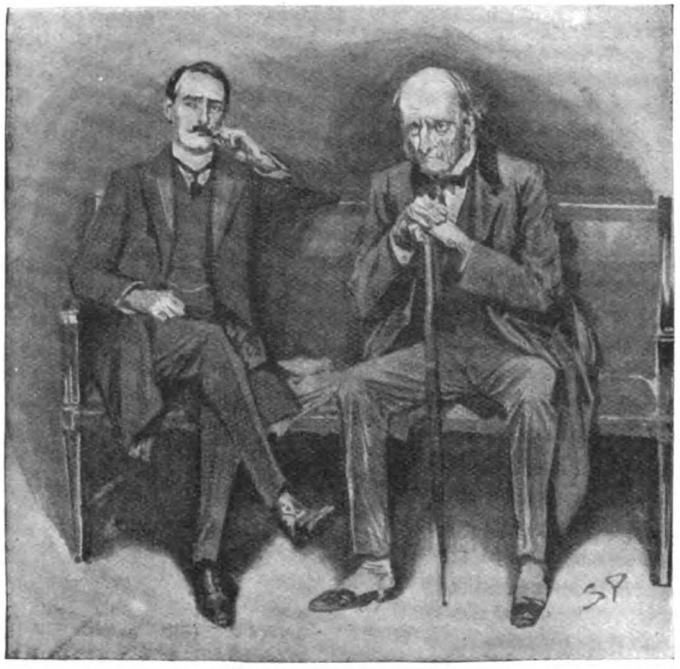


"THEY SAT SIDE BY SIDE."

possible that we should do so. To inform the police must, in the long run, mean to inform the public. This is what we particularly desire to avoid."

"And why, sir?"

"Because the document in question is of such immense importance that its publication might very easily—I might almost say probably—lead to European complications of the utmost moment. It is not too much to say that peace or war may hang upon the issue. Unless its recovery can be attended with the utmost secrecy, then it may as well not be recovered at all, for all that is aimed at by those who have taken it is that its contents should be generally known."

"I understand. Now, Mr. Trelawney Hope, I should be much obliged if you would tell me exactly the circumstances under which this document disappeared."

"That can be done in a very few words, Mr. Holmes. The letter—for it was a letter from a foreign potentate—was received six days ago. It was of such importance that I have never left it in my safe, but I have taken it across each evening to my house in Whitehall Terrace, and kept it in my bedroom in a locked despatch-box. It was there last night. Of that I am certain. I actually opened the box while I was dressing for dinner, and saw the document inside. This morning it was gone. The despatch-box had stood beside the glass upon my dressing-table all night. I am a light sleeper, and so is my wife. We are both prepared to swear that no one could have entered the room during the night. And yet I repeat that the paper is gone."

"What time did you dine?"

"Half-past seven."

"How long was it before you went to bed?"

"My wife had gone to the theatre. I waited up for her. It was half-past eleven before we went to our room."

"Then for four hours the despatch-box had lain unguarded?"

"No one is ever permitted to enter that room save the housemaid in the morning, and my valet, or my wife's maid, during the rest of the day. They are both trusty servants who have been with us for some time. Besides, neither of them could possibly have known that there was anything more valuable than the ordinary departmental papers in my despatch-box."

"Who did know of the existence of that letter?"

"No one in the house."

"Surely your wife knew?"

"No, sir; I had said nothing to my wife until I missed the paper this morning."

The Premier nodded approvingly.

"I have long known, sir, how high is your sense of public duty," said he. "I am convinced that in the case of a secret of this importance it would rise superior to the most intimate domestic ties."

The European Secretary bowed.

"You do me no more than justice, sir. Until this morning I have never breathed one word to my wife upon this matter."

"Could she have guessed?"

"No, Mr. Holmes, she could not have guessed—nor could anyone have guessed."

"Have you lost any documents before?"

"No, sir."

"Who is there in England who did know of the existence of this letter?"

"Each member of the Cabinet was

informed of it yesterday; but the pledge of secrecy which attends every Cabinet meeting was increased by the solemn warning which was given by the Prime Minister. Good heavens, to think that within a few hours I should myself have lost it!" His handsome face was distorted with a spasm of despair, and his hands tore at his hair. For a moment we caught a glimpse of the natural man, impulsive, ardent, keenly sensitive. The next the aristocratic mask was replaced, and the gentle voice had returned. "Besides the members of the Cabinet there are two, or possibly three, departmental officials who know of the letter. No one else in England, Mr. Holmes, I assure you."

"But abroad?"

"I believe that no one abroad has seen it save the man who wrote it. I am well convinced that his Ministers—that the usual official channels have not been employed."

Holmes considered for some little time.

"Now, sir, I must ask you more particularly what this document is, and why its disappearance should have such momentous consequences?"

The two statesmen exchanged a quick glance and the Premier's shaggy eyebrows gathered in a frown.

"Mr. Holmes, the envelope is a long, thin one of pale blue colour. There is a seal of red wax stamped with a crouching lion. It is addressed in large, bold handwriting to——"

"I fear, sir," said Holmes, "that, interesting and indeed essential as these details are, my inquiries must go more to the root of things. What *was* the letter?"

"That is a State secret of the utmost importance, and I fear that I cannot tell you, nor do I see that it is necessary. If by the aid of the powers which you are said to possess you can find such an envelope as I describe with its enclosure, you will have deserved well of your country, and earned any reward which it lies in our power to bestow."

Sherlock Holmes rose with a smile.

"You are two of the most busy men in the country," said he, "and in my own small way I have also a good many calls upon me. I regret exceedingly that I cannot help you in this matter, and any continuation of this interview would be a waste of time."

The Premier sprang to his feet with that quick, fierce gleam of his deep-set eyes before which a Cabinet has cowered. "I am not accustomed, sir——" he began, but mastered his anger and resumed his seat. For a minute or more we all sat in silence. Then the old statesman shrugged his shoulders.

"We must accept your terms, Mr. Holmes. No doubt you are right, and it is unreasonable for us to expect you to act unless we give you our entire confidence."

"I agree with you, sir," said the younger statesman.

"Then I will tell you, relying entirely upon your honour and that of your colleague, Dr. Watson. I may appeal to your patriotism also, for I could not imagine a greater misfortune for the country than that this affair should come out."

"You may safely trust us."

"The letter, then, is from a certain foreign potentate who has been ruffled by some recent Colonial developments of this country. It has been written hurriedly and upon his own responsibility entirely. Inquiries have shown that his Ministers know nothing of the matter. At the same time it is couched in so unfortunate a manner, and certain phrases in it are of so provocative a character, that its publication would undoubtedly lead to a most dangerous state of feeling in this country. There would be such a ferment, sir, that I do not hesitate to say that within a week of the publication of that letter this country would be involved in a great war."

Holmes wrote a name upon a slip of paper and handed it to the Premier.

"Exactly. It was he. And it is this letter—this letter which may well mean the expenditure of a thousand millions and the lives of a hundred thousand men—which has become lost in this unaccountable fashion."

"Have you informed the sender?"

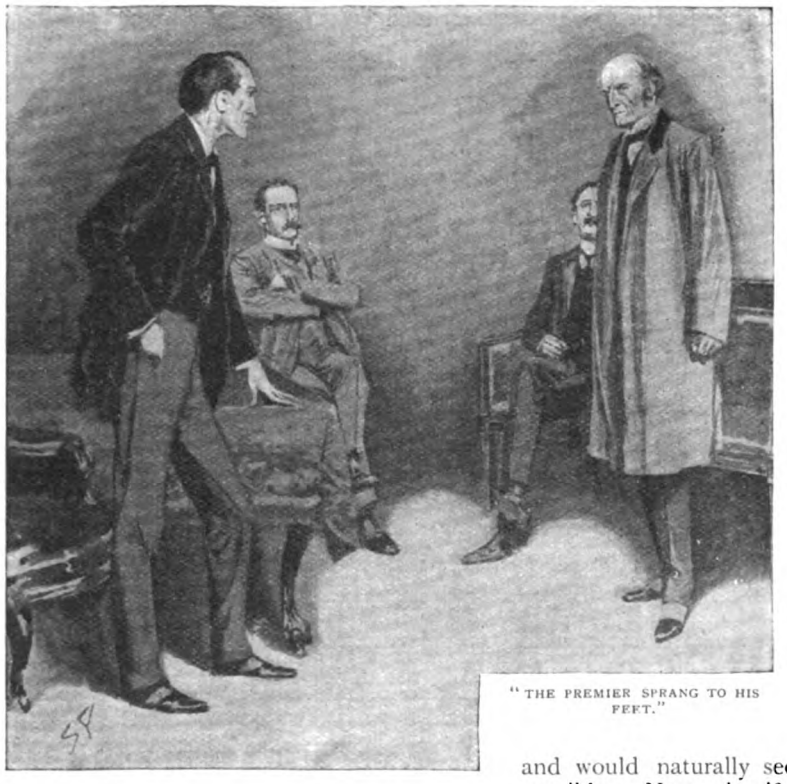
"Yes, sir, a cipher telegram has been dispatched."

"Perhaps he desires the publication of the letter."

"No, sir, we have strong reason to believe that he already understands that he has acted in an indiscreet and hot-headed manner. It would be a greater blow to him and to his country than to us if this letter were to come out."

"If this is so, whose interest is it that the letter should come out? Why should anyone desire to steal it or to publish it?"

"There, Mr. Holmes, you take me into regions of high international politics. But if you consider the European situation you will have no difficulty in perceiving the motive. The whole of Europe is an armed camp. There is a double league which makes a fair



"THE PREMIER SPRANG TO HIS FEET."

balance of military power. Great Britain holds the scales. If Britain were driven into war with one confederacy, it would assure the supremacy of the other confederacy, whether they joined in the war or not. Do you follow?"

"Very clearly. It is then the interest of the enemies of this potentate to secure and publish this letter, so as to make a breach between his country and ours?"

"Yes, sir."

"And to whom would this document be sent if it fell into the hands of an enemy?"

"To any of the great Chancelleries of Europe. It is probably speeding on its way thither at the present instant as fast as steam can take it."

Mr. Trelawney Hope dropped his head on his chest and groaned aloud. The Premier placed his hand kindly upon his shoulder.

"It is your misfortune, my dear fellow. No one can blame you. There is no precaution which you have neglected. Now, Mr. Holmes, you are in full possession of the facts. What course do you recommend?"

Holmes shook his head mournfully.

"You think, sir, that unless this document is recovered there will be war?"

"I think it is very probable."

"Then, sir, prepare for war."

"That is a hard saying, Mr. Holmes."

"Consider the facts, sir. It is inconceivable that it was taken after eleven-thirty at night, since I understand that Mr. Hope and his wife were both in the room from that hour until the loss was found out. It was taken, then, yesterday evening between seven-thirty and eleven-thirty, probably near the earlier hour, since whoever took it evidently knew that it was there, and would naturally secure it as early as possible. Now, sir, if a document of this importance were taken at that hour, where can it be now? No one has any reason to retain it. It has been passed rapidly on to those who need it. What chance have we now to overtake or even to trace it? It is beyond our reach."

The Prime Minister rose from the settee.

"What you say is perfectly logical, Mr. Holmes. I feel that the matter is indeed out of our hands."

"Let us presume, for argument's sake, that the document was taken by the maid or by the valet——"

"They are both old and tried servants."

"I understand you to say that your room is on the second floor, that there is no entrance from without, and that from within no one could go up unobserved. It must, then, be somebody in the house who has taken it. To whom would the thief take it? To one of several international spies and secret agents, whose names are tolerably familiar to me. There are three who may be said to be the heads of their profession. I will begin my research by going round and finding if each of them is at his post. If one is missing—especially if he has disappeared since last night—we will have some

indication as to where the document has gone."

"Why should he be missing?" asked the European Secretary. "He would take the letter to an Embassy in London, as likely as not."

"I fancy not. These agents work independently, and their relations with the Embassies are often strained."

The Prime Minister nodded his acquiescence.

"I believe you are right, Mr. Holmes. He would take so valuable a prize to headquarters with his own hands. I think that your course of action is an excellent one. Meanwhile, Hope, we cannot neglect all our other duties on account of this one misfortune. Should there be any fresh developments during the day we shall communicate with you, and you will no doubt let us know the results of your own inquiries."

The two statesmen bowed and walked gravely from the room.

When our illustrious visitors had departed Holmes lit his pipe in silence, and sat for some time lost in the deepest thought. I had opened the morning paper and was immersed in a sensational crime which had occurred in London the night before, when my friend gave an exclamation, sprang to his feet, and laid his pipe down upon the mantelpiece.

"Yes," said he, "there is no better way of approaching it. The situation is desperate, but not hopeless. Even now, if we could be sure which of them has taken it, it is just possible that it has not yet passed out of his hands. After all, it is a question of money with these fellows, and I have the British Treasury behind me. If it's on the market I'll buy it—if it means another penny on the income-tax. It is conceivable that the fellow might hold it back to see what bids come from this side before he tries his luck on the other. There are only those three capable of playing so bold a game; there are Oberstein, La Rothiere, and Eduardo Lucas. I will see each of them."

I glanced at my morning paper.

"Is that Eduardo Lucas of Godolphin Street?"

"Yes."

"You will not see him."

"Why not?"

"He was murdered in his house last night."

My friend has so often astonished me in the course of our adventures that it was with a sense of exultation that I realized how completely I had astonished him. He stared in amazement, and then snatched the paper from my hands. This was the paragraph which I had been engaged in reading when he rose from his chair:—

"MURDER IN WESTMINSTER.

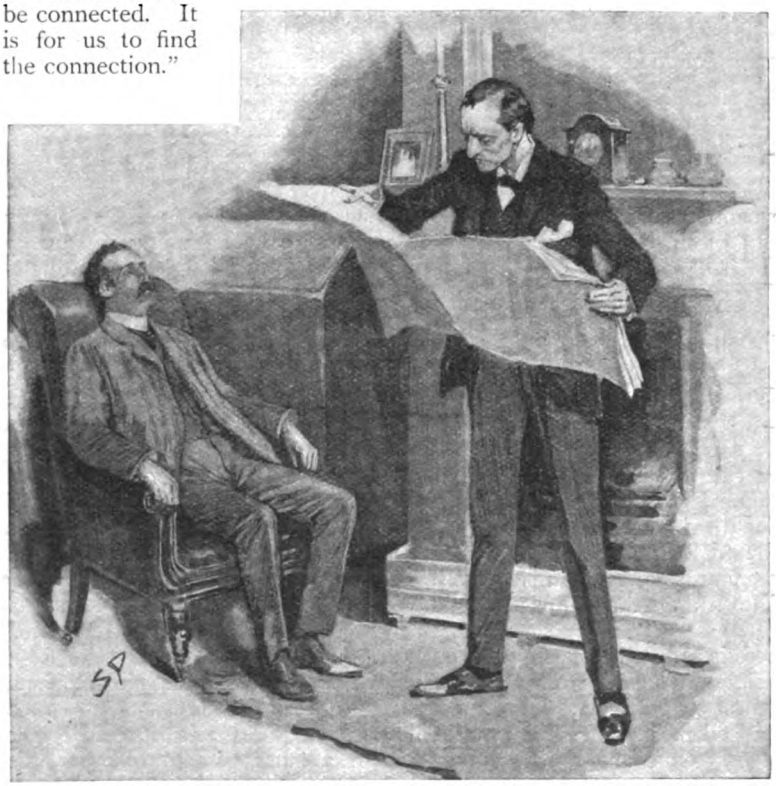
"A crime of a mysterious character was committed last night at 16, Godolphin Street, one of the old-fashioned and secluded rows of eighteenth-century houses which lie between the river and the Abbey, almost in the shadow of the great Tower of the Houses of Parliament. This small but select mansion has been inhabited for some years by Mr. Eduardo Lucas, well known in society circles both on account of his charming personality and because he has the well-deserved reputation of being one of the best amateur tenors in the country. Mr. Lucas is an unmarried man, thirty-four years of age, and his establishment consists of Mrs. Pringle, an elderly housekeeper, and of Mitton, his valet. The former retires early and sleeps at the top of the house. The valet was out for the evening, visiting a friend at Hammersmith. From ten o'clock onwards Mr. Lucas had the house to himself. What occurred during that time has not yet transpired, but at a quarter to twelve Police-constable Barrett, passing along Godolphin Street, observed that the door of No. 16 was ajar. He knocked, but received no answer. Perceiving a light in the front room he advanced into the passage and again knocked, but without reply. He then pushed open the door and entered. The room was in a state of wild disorder, the furniture being all swept to one side, and one chair lying on its back in the centre. Beside this chair, and still grasping one of its legs, lay the unfortunate tenant of the house. He had been stabbed to the heart and must have died instantly. The knife with which the crime had been committed was a curved Indian dagger, plucked down from a trophy of Oriental arms which adorned one of the walls. Robbery does not appear to have been the motive of the crime, for there had been no attempt to remove the valuable contents of the room. Mr. Eduardo Lucas was so well known and popular that his violent and mysterious fate will arouse painful interest and intense sympathy in a widespread circle of friends."

"Well, Watson, what do you make of this?" asked Holmes, after a long pause.

"It is an amazing coincidence."

"A coincidence! Here is one of the three men whom we had named as possible

actors in this drama, and he meets a violent death during the very hours when we know that that drama was being enacted. The odds are enormous against its being coincidence. No figures could express them. No, my dear Watson, the two events are connected — *must* be connected. It is for us to find the connection."



"MY DEAR WATSON, THE TWO EVENTS ARE CONNECTED—MUST BE CONNECTED."

"But now the official police must know all."

"Not at all. They know all they see at Godolphin Street. They know—and shall know—nothing of Whitehall Terrace. Only *we* know of both events, and can trace the relation between them. There is one obvious point which would, in any case, have turned my suspicions against Lucas. Godolphin Street, Westminster, is only a few minutes' walk from Whitehall Terrace. The other secret agents whom I have named live in the extreme West-end. It was easier, therefore, for Lucas than for the others to establish a connection or receive a message from the European Secretary's household — a small thing, and yet where events are compressed into a few hours it may prove essential. Halloa! what have we here?"

Mrs. Hudson had appeared with a lady's card upon her salver. Holmes glanced at it, raised his eyebrows, and handed it over to me.

"Ask Lady Hilda Trelawney Hope if she will be kind enough to step up," said he.

A moment later our modest apartment, already so distinguished that morning, was further honoured by the entrance of the most lovely woman in London. I had often heard of the beauty of the youngest daughter of the Duke of Belminster, but no description of it, and no contemplation of colourless photographs, had prepared me for the subtle, delicate charm and the beautiful colouring of that exquisite head. And yet as we saw it that autumn morning it was not its beauty which would be the first thing to impress the observer. The cheek was lovely, but it was paled with emotion; the eyes were bright, but it was the brightness of fever; the sensitive mouth was tight and drawn in an effort after self-command. Terror — not beauty—was what sprang first to the eye as our fair visitor stood framed for an instant in the open door.

"Has my husband been here, Mr. Holmes?"

"Yes, madam, he has been here."

"Mr. Holmes, I implore you not to tell him that I came here." Holmes bowed coldly, and motioned the lady to a chair.

"Your ladyship places me in a very delicate position. I beg that you will sit down and tell me what you desire; but I fear that I cannot make any unconditional promise."

She swept across the room and seated herself with her back to the window. It was a queenly presence—tall, graceful, and intensely womanly.

"Mr. Holmes," she said, and her white-gloved hands clasped and unclasped as she spoke—"I will speak frankly to you in the hope that it may induce you to speak frankly in return. There is complete confidence between my husband and me on all matters save one. That one is politics. On this his lips are sealed. He tells me nothing. Now, I am aware that there was a most deplorable occurrence in our house last night. I know that a paper has disappeared. But because the matter is political my husband refuses to take me into his complete confidence. Now it is essential—essential, I say—that I should thoroughly understand it. You are the only other person, save these politicians, who knows the true facts. I beg you, then, Mr. Holmes, to tell me exactly what has happened and what it will lead to. Tell me all, Mr. Holmes. Let no regard for your client's interests keep you silent, for I assure you that his interests, if he would only see it, would be best served by taking me into his complete confidence. What was this paper which was stolen?"

"Madam, what you ask me is really impossible."

She groaned and sank her face in her hands.

"You must see that this is so, madam. If your husband thinks fit to keep you in the dark over this matter, is it for me, who have only learned the true facts under the pledge of professional secrecy, to tell what he has withheld? It is not fair to ask it. It is him whom you must ask."

"I have asked him. I come to you as a last resource. But without your telling me anything definite, Mr. Holmes, you may do a great service if you would enlighten me on one point."

"What is it, madam?"

"Is my husband's political career likely to suffer through this incident?"

"Well, madam, unless it is set right it may certainly have a very unfortunate effect."

"Ah!" She drew in her breath sharply as one whose doubts are resolved.

"One more question, Mr. Holmes. From an expression which my husband dropped in the first shock of this disaster I understood that terrible public consequences might arise from the loss of this document."

"If he said so, I certainly cannot deny it."

"Of what nature are they?"

"Nay, madam, there again you ask me more than I can possibly answer."

"Then I will take up no more of your time. I cannot blame you, Mr. Holmes, for having refused to speak more freely, and you on your side will not, I am sure, think the worse of me because I desire, even against his will, to share my husband's anxieties. Once more I beg that you will say nothing of my visit." She looked back at us from the door, and I had a last impression of that beautiful haunted face, the startled eyes, and the drawn mouth. Then she was gone.

"Now, Watson, the fair sex is your department," said Holmes, with a smile, when the dwindling frou-frou of skirts had ended in the slam of the front door. "What was the fair lady's game? What did she really want?"

"Surely her own statement is clear and her anxiety very natural."

"Hum! Think of her appearance, Watson—her manner, her suppressed excitement, her restlessness, her tenacity in asking questions. Remember that she comes of a caste who do not lightly show emotion."

"She was certainly much moved."

"Remember also the curious earnestness with which she assured us that it was best for her husband that she should know all. What did she mean by that? And you must have observed, Watson, how she manœuvred to have the light at her back. She did not wish us to read her expression."

"Yes; she chose the one chair in the room."

"And yet the motives of women are so inscrutable. You remember the woman at Margate whom I suspected for the same reason. No powder on her nose—that proved to be the correct solution. How can you build on such a quicksand? Their most trivial action may mean volumes, or their most extraordinary conduct may depend upon a hairpin or a curling-tongs. Good morning, Watson."

"You are off?"

"Yes; I will wile away the morning at Godolphin Street with our friends of the regular establishment. With Eduardo Lucas lies the solution of our problem, though I must admit that I have not an inkling as to what form it may take. It is a capital mistake to theorize in advance of the facts. Do you stay on guard, my good Watson, and receive any fresh visitors. I'll join you at lunch if I am able."

All that day and the next and the next Holmes was in a mood which his friends would call taciturn, and others morose. He ran out and ran in, smoked incessantly, played snatches on his violin, sank into reveries, devoured sandwiches at irregular

hours, and hardly answered the casual questions which I put to him. It was evident to me that things were not going well with him or his quest. He would say nothing of the case, and it was from the papers that I learned the particulars of the inquest, and the arrest with the subsequent release of John Mitton, the valet of the deceased. The coroner's jury brought in the obvious "Wilful Murder," but the parties remained as unknown as ever. No motive was suggested. The room was full of articles of value, but none had been taken. The dead man's papers had not been tampered with. They were carefully examined, and showed that he was a keen student of international politics, an indefatigable gossip, a remarkable linguist, and an untiring letter-writer. He had been on intimate terms with the leading politicians of several countries. But nothing sensational was discovered among the documents which filled his drawers. As to his relations with women, they appeared to have been promiscuous but superficial. He had many acquaintances among them, but few friends, and no one whom he loved. His habits were regular, his conduct inoffensive. His death was an absolute mystery, and likely to remain so.

"SHE LOOKED BACK AT US FROM THE DOOR."

As to the arrest of John Mitton, the valet, it was a counsel of despair as an alternative to absolute inaction. But no case could be sustained against him. He had visited friends in Hammersmith that night. The *alibi* was complete. It is true that he started home at an hour which should have brought him to Westminster before the time when the crime was discovered, but his own explanation that he had walked part of the way seemed probable enough in view of the fineness of the night. He had actually arrived at twelve o'clock, and appeared to be overwhelmed by the unexpected tragedy. He had always been on good terms with his master. Several of the dead man's possessions—notably a small case of razors—had been found in the valet's boxes, but he explained that they had been presents from the deceased, and the housekeeper was able to corroborate the story. Mitton had been in Lucas's employment for three years. It was noticeable that Lucas did not take Mitton on the Continent with him. Sometimes he visited Paris for three months on end, but Mitton was left in charge of the Godolphin Street house. As to the housekeeper, she had heard nothing on the night of the crime. If her master had a visitor he had himself admitted him.

So for three mornings the mystery remained, so far as I could follow it in the papers. If Holmes knew more he kept his own counsel, but, as he told me that Inspector Lestrade had taken him into his confidence in the case, I knew that he was in close touch with every development. Upon the fourth day there appeared a long telegram from Paris which seemed to solve the whole question.

"A discovery has just been made by the

Parisian police," said the *Daily Telegraph*, "which raises the veil which hung round the tragic fate of Mr. Eduardo Lucas, who met his death by violence last Monday night at Godolphin Street, Westminster. Our readers will remember that the deceased gentleman was found stabbed in his room, and that some suspicion attached to his valet, but that the case broke down on an *alibi*. Yesterday a lady, who has been known as Mme. Henri Fournaye, occupying a small villa in the Rue Austerlitz, was reported to the authorities by her servants as being insane. An examination showed that she had indeed developed mania of a dangerous and permanent form. On inquiry the police have discovered that Mme. Henri Fournaye only returned from a journey to London on Tuesday last, and there is evidence to connect her with the crime at Westminster. A comparison of photographs has proved conclusively that M. Henri Fournaye and Eduardo Lucas were really one and the same person, and that the deceased had for some reason lived a double life in London and Paris. Mme. Fournaye, who is of Creole origin, is of an extremely excitable nature, and has suffered in the past from attacks of jealousy which have amounted to frenzy. It is conjectured that it was in one of these that she committed the terrible crime which has caused such a sensation in London. Her movements upon the Monday night have not yet been traced, but it is undoubted that a woman answering to her description attracted much attention at Charing Cross Station on Tuesday morning by the wildness of her appearance and the violence of her gestures. It is probable, therefore, that the crime was either committed when insane, or that its immediate effect was to drive the unhappy woman out of her mind. At present she is unable to give any coherent account of the past, and the doctors hold out no hopes of the re-establishment of her reason. There is evidence that a woman, who might have been Mme. Fournaye, was seen for some hours on Monday night watching the house in Godolphin Street."

"What do you think of that, Holmes?" I had read the account aloud to him, while he finished his breakfast.

"My dear Watson," said he, as he rose from the table and paced up and down the room, "you are most long-suffering, but if I have told you nothing in the last three days it is because there is nothing to tell. Even now this report from Paris does not help us much."

"Surely it is final as regards the man's death."

"The man's death is a mere incident—a trivial episode—in comparison with our real task, which is to trace this document and save a European catastrophe. Only one important thing has happened in the last three days, and that is that nothing has happened. I get reports almost hourly from the Government, and it is certain that nowhere in Europe is there any sign of trouble. Now, if this letter were loose—no, it *can't* be loose—but if it isn't loose, where can it be? Who has it? Why is it held back? That's the question that beats in my brain like a hammer. Was it, indeed, a coincidence that Lucas should meet his death on the night when the letter disappeared? Did the letter ever reach him? If so, why is it not among his papers? Did this mad wife of his carry it off with her? If so, is it in her house in Paris? How could I search for it without the French police having their suspicions aroused? It is a case, my dear Watson, where the law is as dangerous to us as the criminals are. Every man's hand is against us, and yet the interests at stake are colossal. Should I bring it to a successful conclusion it will certainly represent the crowning glory of my career. Ah, here is my latest from the front!" He glanced hurriedly at the note which had been handed in. "Halloa! Lestrade seems to have observed something of interest. Put on your hat, Watson, and we will stroll down together to Westminster."

It was my first visit to the scene of the crime—a high, dingy, narrow-chested house, prim, formal, and solid, like the century which gave it birth. Lestrade's bulldog features gazed out at us from the front window, and he greeted us warmly when a big constable had opened the door and let us in. The room into which we were shown was that in which the crime had been committed, but no trace of it now remained, save an ugly, irregular stain upon the carpet. This carpet was a small square drugget in the centre of the room, surrounded by a broad expanse of beautiful, old-fashioned wood-flooring in square blocks highly polished. Over the fireplace was a magnificent trophy of weapons, one of which had been used on that tragic night. In the window was a sumptuous writing-desk, and every detail of the apartment, the pictures, the rugs, and the hangings, all pointed to a taste which was luxurious to the verge of effeminacy.

"Seen the Paris news?" asked Lestrade.

Holmes nodded.

"Our French friends seem to have touched the spot this time. No doubt it's just as they say. She knocked at the door—surprise visit, I guess, for he kept his life in water-tight compartments. He let her in—couldn't keep her in the street. She told him how she had traced him, reproached him, one thing led to another, and then with that dagger so handy the end soon came. It wasn't all done in an instant, though, for these chairs were all swept over yonder, and he had one in his hand as if he had tried to hold her off with it. We've got it all as clear as if we had seen it."

Holmes raised his eyebrows.

"And yet you have sent for me?"

"Ah, yes, that's another matter—a mere trifle, but the sort of thing you take an interest in—queer, you know, and what you might call freakish. It has nothing to do with the main fact—can't have, on the face of it."

"What is it, then?"

"Well, you know, after a crime of this sort we are very careful to keep things in their position. Nothing has been moved. Officer in charge here day and night. This morning, as the man was buried and the investigation over — so far as this room is concerned—we thought we could tidy up a bit. This carpet. You see, it is not fastened down; only just laid there. We had occasion to raise it. We found——"

"Yes? You found——"

Holmes's face grew tense with anxiety.

"Well, I'm sure you would never guess in a hundred years what we did find. You see that stain on the carpet? Well, a great deal must have soaked through, must it not?"

"Undoubtedly it must."

"Well, you will be surprised to hear that there is no stain on the white woodwork to correspond."

"No stain! But there must——"

"Yes; so you would say. But the fact remains that there isn't."

He took the corner of the carpet in his hand and, turning it over, he showed that it was indeed as he said.

"But the underside is as stained as the upper. It must have left a mark."

Lestrade chuckled with delight at having puzzled the famous expert.

"Now I'll show you the explanation. There *is* a second stain, but it does not correspond with the other. See for yourself." As he spoke he turned over another portion of the carpet, and there, sure enough, was a great crimson spill upon the square white facing of the old-fashioned floor. "What do you make of that, Mr. Holmes?"

"Why, it is simple enough. The two stains did correspond, but the carpet has

"HE TOOK THE CORNER OF THE CARPET IN HIS HAND."

been turned round. As it was square and unfastened it was easily done."

"The official police don't need you, Mr. Holmes, to tell them that the carpet must have been turned round. That's clear enough, for the stains lie above each other—if you lay it over this way. But what I want to know is, who shifted the carpet, and why?"

I could see from Holmes's rigid face that he was vibrating with inward excitement.

"Look here, Lestrade," said he, "has that constable in the passage been in charge of the place all the time?"

"Yes, he has."

"Well, take my advice. Examine him carefully. Don't do it before us. We'll wait here. You take him into the back room. You'll be more likely to get a confession out of him alone. Ask him how he dared to admit people and leave them alone in this room. Don't ask him if he has done it. Take it for granted. Tell him you *know* someone has been here. Press him. Tell him that a full confession is his only chance of forgiveness. Do exactly what I tell you!"

"By George, if he knows I'll have it out of him!" cried Lestrade. He darted into the hall, and a few moments later his bullying voice sounded from the back room.

"Now, Watson, now!" cried Holmes, with frenzied eagerness. All the demoniacal force of the man masked behind that listless manner burst out in a paroxysm of energy. He tore the drugget from the floor, and in an instant was down on his hands and knees clawing at each of the squares of wood beneath it. One turned sideways as he dug his nails into the edge of it. It hinged back like the lid of a box. A small black cavity opened beneath it. Holmes plunged his eager hand into it, and drew it out with a bitter snarl of anger and disappointment. It was empty.

"Quick, Watson, quick! Get it back again!" The wooden lid was replaced, and the drugget had only just been drawn straight when Lestrade's voice was heard in the passage. He found Holmes leaning languidly against the mantelpiece, resigned and patient, endeavouring to conceal his irrepressible yawns.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Holmes. I can see that you are bored to death with the whole affair. Well, he has confessed, all right. Come in here, MacPherson. Let these gentlemen hear of your most inexcusable conduct."

The big constable, very hot and penitent, sidled into the room.

"I meant no harm, sir, I'm sure. The young woman came to the door last evening—mistook the house, she did. And then we got talking. It's lonesome, when you're on duty here all day."

"Well, what happened then?"

"She wanted to see where the crime was done—had read about it in the papers, she said. She was a very respectable, well-spoken young woman, sir, and I saw no harm in letting her have a peep. When she saw that mark on the carpet, down she dropped on the floor, and lay as if she were dead. I ran to the back and got some water, but I could not bring her to. Then I went round the corner to the Ivy Plant for some brandy, and by the time I had brought it back the young woman had recovered and was off—ashamed of herself, I dare say, and dared not face me."

"How about moving that drugget?"

"Well, sir, it was a bit rumpled, certainly, when I came back. You see, she fell on it, and it lies on a polished floor with nothing to keep it in place. I straightened it out afterwards."

"It's a lesson to you that you can't deceive me, Constable MacPherson," said Lestrade, with dignity. "No doubt you thought that your breach of duty could never be discovered, and yet a mere glance at that drugget was enough to convince me that someone had been admitted to the room. It's lucky for you, my man, that nothing is missing, or you would find yourself in Queer Street. I'm sorry to have called you down over such a petty business, Mr. Holmes, but I thought the point of the second stain not corresponding with the first would interest you."

"Certainly, it was most interesting. Has this woman only been here once, constable?"

"Yes, sir, only once."

"Who was she?"

"Don't know the name, sir. Was answering an advertisement about type-writing, and came to the wrong number—very pleasant, genteel young woman, sir."

"Tall? Handsome?"

"Yes, sir; she was a well-grown young woman. I suppose you might say she was handsome. Perhaps some would say she was very handsome. 'Oh, officer, do let me have a peep!' says she. She had pretty, coaxing ways, as you might say, and I thought there was no harm in letting her just put her head through the door."

"How was she dressed?"

"Quiet, sir—a long mantle down to her feet."

"What time was it?"

"It was just growing dusk at the time. They were lighting the lamps as I came back with the brandy,"

"Very good," said Holmes. "Come, Watson, I think that we have more important work elsewhere."

As we left the house Lestrade remained in the front room, while the repentant constable opened the door to let us out. Holmes turned on the step and held up something in his hand. The constable stared intently.

"Good Lord, sir!" he cried, with amazement on his face. Holmes put his finger on his lips, replaced his hand in his breast-pocket, and burst out laughing as we turned down the street. "Excellent!" said he. "Come, friend Watson, the curtain rings up for the last act. You will be relieved to hear that there will be no war, that the Right Honourable Trelawney Hope will suffer no set-back in his brilliant career, that the indiscreet Sovereign will receive no punishment for his indiscretion, that the Prime Minister will have no European complication to deal with, and that with a little tact and management upon our part nobody will be a penny the worse for what might have been a very ugly incident."

My mind filled with admiration for this extraordinary man.

"You have solved it!" I cried.

"Hardly that, Watson. There are some points which are as dark as ever. But we have so much that it will be our own fault if we cannot get the rest. We will go straight to Whitehall Terrace and bring the matter to a head."

When we arrived at the residence of the European Secretary it was for Lady Hilda Trelawney Hope that Sherlock Holmes inquired. We were shown into the morning-room.

"Mr. Holmes!" said the lady, and her face was pink with her indignation, "this is surely most unfair and ungenerous upon your part. I desired, as I have explained, to keep my visit to you a secret, lest my husband should think that I was intruding into his affairs. And yet you compromise me by coming here and so showing that there are business relations between us."

"Unfortunately, madam, I had no possible alternative. I have been commissioned to recover this immensely important paper. I must therefore ask you, madam, to be kind enough to place it in my hands."

The lady sprang to her feet, with the colour all dashed in an instant from her beautiful face. Her eyes glazed—she tottered—I thought that she would faint. Then with a grand effort she rallied from the shock, and a supreme astonishment and indignation chased every other expression from her features.

"You—you insult me, Mr. Holmes."

"YOU INSULT ME, MR. HOLMES."

"Come, come, madam, it is useless. Give up the letter."

She darted to the bell.

"The butler shall show you out."

"Do not ring, Lady Hilda. If you do, then all my earnest efforts to avoid a scandal will be frustrated. Give up the letter and all will be set right. If you will work with me I can arrange everything. If you work against me I must expose you."

She stood grandly defiant, a queenly figure, her eyes fixed upon his as if she would read his very soul. Her hand was on the bell, but she had forborne to ring it.

"You are trying to frighten me. It is not a very manly thing, Mr. Holmes, to come here and browbeat a woman. You say that you know something. What is it that you know?"

"Pray sit down, madam. You will hurt yourself there if you fall. I will not speak until you sit down. Thank you."

"I give you five minutes, Mr. Holmes."

"One is enough, Lady Hilda. I know of your visit to Eduardo Lucas, of your giving him this document, of your ingenious return to the room last night, and of the manner in which you took the letter from the hiding-place under the carpet."

She stared at him with an ashen face and gulped twice before she could speak.

"You are mad, Mr. Holmes—you are mad!" she cried, at last.

He drew a small piece of cardboard from his pocket. It was the face of a woman cut out of a portrait.

"I have carried this because I thought it might be useful," said he. "The policeman has recognised it."

She gave a gasp and her head dropped back in the chair.

"Come, Lady Hilda. You have the letter. The matter may still be adjusted. I have no desire to bring trouble to you. My duty ends when I have returned the lost letter to your husband. Take my advice and be frank with me; it is your only chance."

Her courage was admirable. Even now she would not own defeat.

"I tell you again, Mr. Holmes, that you are under some absurd illusion."

Holmes rose from his chair.

"I am sorry for you, Lady Hilda. I have done my best for you; I can see that it is all in vain."

He rang the bell. The butler entered.

"Is Mr. Trelawney Hope at home?"

"He will be home, sir, at a quarter to one."

Holmes glanced at his watch.

"Still a quarter of an hour," said he. "Very good, I shall wait."

The butler had hardly closed the door behind him when Lady Hilda was down on her knees at Holmes's feet, her hands outstretched, her beautiful face upturned and wet with her tears.

"Oh, spare me, Mr. Holmes! Spare me!" she pleaded, in a frenzy of supplication. "For Heaven's sake, don't tell him! I love him so! I would not bring one shadow on his life, and this I know would break his noble heart."

Holmes raised the lady. "I am thankful, madam, that you have come to your senses even at this last moment! There is not an instant to lose. Where is the letter?"

She darted across to a writing-desk, unlocked it, and drew out a long blue envelope.

"Here it is, Mr. Holmes. Would to Heaven I had never seen it!"

"How can we return it?" Holmes muttered. "Quick, quick, we must think of some way! Where is the despatch-box?"

"Still in his bedroom."

"What a stroke of luck! Quick, madam, bring it here!"

A moment later she had appeared with a red flat box in her hand.

"How did you open it before? You have a duplicate key? Yes, of course you have. Open it!"

From out of her bosom Lady Hilda had drawn a small key. The box flew open. It was stuffed with papers. Holmes thrust the blue envelope deep down into the heart of them, between the leaves of some other document. The box was shut, locked, and returned to the bedroom.

"Now we are ready for him," said Holmes; "we have still ten minutes. I am going far to screen you, Lady Hilda. In return you will spend the time in telling me frankly the real meaning of this extraordinary affair."

"Mr. Holmes, I will tell you everything," cried the lady. "Oh, Mr. Holmes, I would cut off my right hand before I gave him a moment of sorrow! There is no woman in all London who loves her husband as I do, and yet if he knew how I have acted—how I have been compelled to act—he would never forgive me. For his own honour stands so high that he could not forget or pardon a lapse in another. Help me, Mr. Holmes! My happiness, his happiness, our very lives are at stake!"

"Quick, madam, the time grows short!"

"It was a letter of mine, Mr. Holmes, an indiscreet letter written before my marriage

—a foolish letter, a letter of an impulsive, loving girl. I meant no harm, and yet he would have thought it criminal. Had he read that letter his confidence would have been for ever destroyed. It is years since I wrote it. I had thought that the whole matter was forgotten. Then at last I heard from this man, Lucas, that it had passed into his hands, and that he would lay it before my husband. I implored his mercy. He said that he would return my letter if I would bring him a certain document which he described in my husband's despatch-box. He had some spy in the office who had told him of its existence. He assured me that no harm could come to my husband. Put yourself in my position, Mr. Holmes! What was I to do?"

"Take your husband into your confidence."

"I could not, Mr. Holmes, I could not! On the one side seemed certain ruin; on the other, terrible as it seemed to take my husband's paper, still in a matter of politics I could not understand the consequences, while in a matter of love and trust they were only too clear to me. I did it, Mr. Holmes! I took an impression of his key; this man Lucas furnished a duplicate. I opened his despatch-box, took the paper, and conveyed it to Godolphin Street."

"What happened there, madam?"

"I tapped at the door as agreed. Lucas opened it. I followed him into his room, leaving the hall door ajar behind me, for I feared to be alone with the man. I remember that there was a woman outside as I entered. Our business was soon done. He had my letter on his desk; I handed him the document. He gave me the letter. At this instant there was a sound at the door. There were steps in the passage. Lucas quickly turned back the drugget, thrust the document into some hiding-place there, and covered it over.

"What happened after that is like some fearful dream. I have a vision of a dark, frantic face, of a woman's voice, which screamed in French, 'My waiting is not in vain. At last, at last I have found you with her!' There was a savage struggle. I saw him with a chair in his hand, a knife gleamed in hers. I rushed from the horrible scene, ran from the house, and only next morning in the paper did I learn the dreadful result. That night I was happy, for I had my letter, and I had not seen yet what the future would bring.

"It was next morning that I realized that I had only exchanged one trouble for another. My husband's anguish at the loss of his paper went to my heart. I could hardly prevent myself from there and then kneeling down at his feet and telling him what I had done. But that again would mean a confession of the past. I came to you that morning in order to understand the full enormity of my offence. From the instant that I grasped it my whole mind was turned to the one thought of getting back my husband's paper. It must still be where Lucas had placed it, for it was concealed before this dreadful woman entered the room. If it had not been for her coming, I should not have known where his hiding-place was. How was I to get into the room? For two days I watched the place, but the door was never left open. Last night I made a last attempt. What I did and how I succeeded, you have already learned. I brought the paper back with me, and thought of destroying it since I could see no way of returning it, without confessing my guilt to my husband. Heavens, I hear his step upon the stair!"

The European Secretary burst excitedly into the room.

"Any news, Mr. Holmes, any news?" he cried.

"I have some hopes."

"Ah, thank Heaven!" His face became radiant. "The Prime Minister is lunching with me. May he share your hopes? He has nerves of steel, and yet I know that he has hardly slept since this terrible event. Jacobs, will you ask the Prime Minister to come up? As to you, dear, I fear that this is a matter of politics. We will join you in a few minutes in the dining-room."

The Prime Minister's manner was subdued, but I could see by the gleam of his eyes and the twitchings of his bony hands that he shared the excitement of his young colleague.

"I understand that you have something to report, Mr. Holmes?"

"Purely negative as yet," my friend answered. "I have inquired at every point where it might be, and I am sure that there is no danger to be apprehended."

"But that is not enough, Mr. Holmes. We cannot live for ever on such a volcano. We must have something definite."

"I am in hopes of getting it. That is why I am here. The more I think of the matter the more convinced I am that the letter has never left this house."

"Mr. Holmes!"

"If it had it would certainly have been public by now."

"But why should anyone take it in order to keep it in this house?"

"I am not convinced that anyone did take it."

"Then how could it leave the despatch-box?"

"I am not convinced that it ever did leave the despatch-box."

"Mr. Holmes, this joking is very ill-timed. You have my assurance that it left the box"

"Have you examined the box since Tuesday morning?"

"No; it was not necessary."

"You may conceivably have overlooked it."

"Impossible, I say."

"But I am not convinced of it; I have known such things happen. I presume there are other papers there. Well, it may have got mixed with them."

"It was on the top."

"Someone may have shaken the box and displaced it."

"No, no; I had everything out."

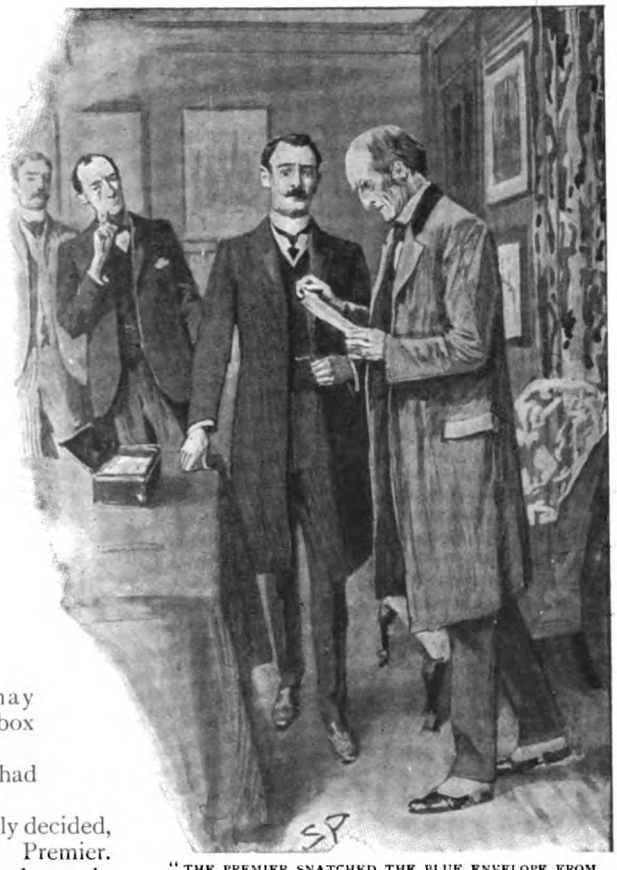
"Surely it is easily decided, Hope," said the Premier. "Let us have the despatch-box brought in."

The Secretary rang the bell.

"Jacobs, bring down my despatch-box. This is a farcical waste of time, but still, if nothing else will satisfy you, it shall be done. Thank you, Jacobs; put it here. I have always had the key on my watch-chain. Here are the papers, you see. Letter from Lord Merrow, report from Sir Charles Hardy, memorandum from Belgrade, note on the Russo-German grain taxes, letter from Madrid, note from Lord Flowers—good heavens! what is this? Lord Bellinger! Lord Bellinger!"

The Premier snatched the blue envelope from his hand.

"Yes, it is it—and the letter is intact. Hope, I congratulate you."



"THE PREMIER SNATCHED THE BLUE ENVELOPE FROM HIS HAND."

"Thank you! Thank you! What a weight from my heart. But this is inconceivable—impossible. Mr. Holmes, you are a wizard, a sorcerer! How did you know it was there?"

"Because I knew it was nowhere else."

"I cannot believe my eyes!" He ran wildly to the door. "Where is my wife? I must tell her that all is well. Hilda! Hilda!" we heard his voice on the stairs.

The Premier looked at Holmes with twinkling eyes.

"Come, sir," said he. "There is more in this than meets the eye. How came the letter back in the box?"

Holmes turned away smiling from the keen scrutiny of those wonderful eyes.

"We also have our diplomatic secrets," said he, and picking up his hat he turned to the door.

The Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt.

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CHAPTER IX.—IN AMERICA.

ON arriving at the Albemarle Hotel, New York, I felt tired and nervous, and wanted to be left quite alone. I hurried away at once to my room in the suite that had been engaged for me and fastened the doors. There was neither lock nor bolt on one of them, but I pushed a piece of furniture against it and then refused emphatically to open it. There were about fifty people waiting in the drawing-room, but I had that feeling of awful weariness which makes one ready to go to the most violent extremes for the sake of an hour's repose. I wanted to lie down on the rug, cross my arms, throw my head back, and close my eyes. I did not want to have to talk any more, and I did not want to have to smile or look at anyone. I threw myself down on the floor and was deaf to the knocks on my door and to Jarrett's supplications. I did not want to argue the matter, so I did not utter a word. I heard the murmur of grumbling voices and Jarrett's words tactfully persuading the visitors to stay. I heard the rustle of paper being pushed under the door and Mme. Guérard whispering to Jarrett, who was furious.

"You don't know her, Monsieur Jarrett," I heard her say; "if she thought you were forcing the door open, against which she has pushed the furniture, she would jump out of the window!"

Then I heard Félicie talking to a French lady who was insisting on seeing me.

"It is quite impossible," she was saying. "Madame would be hysterical. She needs an hour's rest, and everyone must wait!"

For some little time I could hear a confused murmur which seemed to get farther away, and then I fell into a delicious sleep, laughing to myself as I went off, for my good temper returned as I pictured the angry, nonplussed expression on the faces of my visitors.

I woke in an hour's time, for I have the precious gift of being able to sleep ten minutes, a quarter of an hour, or an hour, just as I like, and I then wake quite peacefully, without a shake, at the time I decide to rouse up. Nothing does me so much good as this rest to body and mind, decided upon and regulated merely by my will.

Very often, when among my intimate friends, I have lain down on the bear-skin hearthrug in front of the fire, telling everyone to go on talking and to take no notice of me. I have then slept, perhaps, for an hour, and on waking have found two or three new-comers in the room, who, not wishing to disturb me, have taken part in the general conversation whilst waiting until I should

SARAH BERNHARDT ASLEEP IN HER HALL.

wake up and they could present their respects to me. Even now I lie down on the huge, wide sofa in the little Empire *salon* which leads into my dressing-room, and I sleep while waiting for the friends and artists with whom I have made appointments to be ushered in. When I open my eyes I see the faces of my kind friends, who shake hands cordially, delighted that I should have had some rest. My mind is then tranquil, and I am ready to listen to all the beautiful ideas proposed to me, or to decline the absurdities submitted to me, without being ungracious.

I woke up, then, at the Albemarle Hotel an hour later and found myself lying on the rug. I opened the door of my room and discovered my dear Guérard and my faithful Félicie seated on a trunk.

"Are there any people there still?" I asked.

"Oh, madame, there are about a hundred now," answered Félicie.

"Help me to take my things off quickly, then," I said, "and find me a white dress."

In about five minutes I was ready, and I felt that I looked nice from head to foot. I went into the drawing-room, where all these unknown persons were waiting. Jarrett came forward to meet me, but on seeing me well dressed and with a smiling face he postponed the sermon that he wanted to preach to me.

I should like to introduce Jarrett to my readers, for he was a most extraordinary man. He was then about sixty-five or seventy years of age. He was tall, with a face like King Agamemnon, framed by the most beautiful silver-white hair I have ever seen on a man's head. His eyes were of so pale a blue that when they lighted up with anger he looked as though he were blind. When he was calm and tranquil, admiring Nature, his face was really handsome, but when gay and animated his upper lip showed his teeth and curled up in a most ferocious sniff, and his grin seemed to be caused by the drawing up of his pointed ears, which were always moving as though on the watch for prey. He was a terrible man, extremely intelligent, but from childhood he must have been fighting with the world, and he had the most profound contempt for all mankind. Although he must have suffered a great deal himself, he had no pity for those who suffered. He always said that every man was armed for his own defence. He pitied women, did not care for them, but was always ready to help them. He was very rich and very economical, but not miserly.

"I made my way in life," he often said to me, "by the aid of two weapons—honesty and a revolver. In business, honesty is the most terrible weapon a man can use against rascals and crafty people—the former don't know what it is and the latter do not believe in it; while the revolver is an admirable invention for compelling scoundrels to keep their word."

He used to tell me about wonderful and terrifying adventures. He had a deep scar under his right eye. During a violent discussion about a contract to be signed for Jenny Lind, the celebrated singer, Jarrett said to his interlocutor, pointing at the same time to his right eye: "Look at that eye, sir; it is now reading in your mind all that you are not saying."

"It is not a good thought-reader," said the other, firing his revolver at Jarrett's right eye, "for it did not foresee this."

"A bad shot, sir," replied Jarrett. "This is the way to take aim in order to close an eye effectually."

And he put a ball between the eyes of the other man, who fell down dead.

When Jarrett told this story his lip curled up and his two incisors appeared to be crunching the words with delight, and his bursts of stifled laughter sounded like the snapping of his jaws. He was an upright, honest man, however, and I liked him very much, and I like what I remember of him.

My first impression as I entered the drawing-room, which I had not yet seen, was a pleasant one, and I clapped my hands with delight. The busts of Racine, Molière, and Victor Hugo were on pedestals surrounded with flowers. All round the large room were sofas laden with cushions, and, to remind me of my home in Paris, there were tall palms stretching their branches over the sofas. Jarrett introduced Knoedler to me, who had suggested this piece of gallantry. He was a very charming man. I shook hands with him and we were friends from that time forth.

The visitors soon went away, but the reporters remained. Most of them were seated, some of them on the arms of the chairs, others on the cushions. One of them had crouched down tailor-fashion on a bear-skin and was leaning back against the steam-heater. He was pale and thin and coughed a great deal. I went towards him, and had just opened my lips to speak to him, although I was rather shocked that he did not rise, when he addressed me in a bass voice.

"Which is your favourite *rôle*, madame?" he asked.

"That is no concern of yours," I answered, turning my back on him. In doing so I knocked against another reporter, who was more polite.

"What do you eat when you wake in the morning, madame?" he inquired.

I was about to reply to him as I had done to the first one, but Jarrett, who had had difficulty in appeasing the anger of the crouching man, answered quickly for me: "Oatmeal." I did not even know what oatmeal was, but the ferocious reporter continued his questions.

"And what do you eat during the day?"

"Mussels."

He wrote down imperturbably, "Mussels during the day."

I moved towards the door, and a female reporter in a tailor-made skirt, with her hair cut short, asked me, in a clear, sweet voice:—

"Are you Jewesscatholicprotestantmohammedanbuddhistatheistzoroastertheistordeist?" I stood still, rooted to the spot in bewilderment. She had said all that in a breath, accenting the syllables haphazard, and making of the whole one word, so wildly incoherent that my impression was that I was not in safety near this strange, gentle person. I must have looked uneasy, and, as my eyes fell on an elderly lady who was talking gaily to a little group of people, she came to my rescue, saying in very good French:—

"This young lady is asking you, madame, whether you are of the Jewish religion or whether you are a Catholic, a Protestant, a Mohammedan, a Buddhist, an atheist, a Zoroastrian, a theist, or a deist."

SARAH BERNHARDT AND THE REPORTERS.

I sank down on a couch.

"Oh, heavens," I exclaimed, "will it be like this in all the cities I visit?"

"Oh, no," answered Jarrett, placidly; "your interviews here will be wired all over America."

"What about the mussels?" I thought to myself, and then, in an absent-minded way, I answered:—

"I am a Catholic, mademoiselle."

"A Roman Catholic, or do you belong to the Orthodox Church?" she asked.

SARAH BERNHARDT AND THE LADY REPORTER.

I jumped up from my seat, for she bored me beyond endurance, and a very young man then approached timidly.

"Will you allow me to finish my sketch, madame?" he asked.

I remained standing, my profile turned towards him at his request. When he had finished I asked to see what he had done, and, perfectly unabashed, he handed me his horrible drawing of a skeleton with a curly wig. I tore the sketch up and threw it at him, but the following day that horror appeared in the papers, with a disagreeable inscription beneath it. Fortunately, I was able to speak seriously about my art with a few honest and intelligent journalists, but twenty-five years ago reporters' paragraphs were more appreciated in America than serious articles, and the public, very much less literary then than at present, always seemed ready to echo the scandalous gossip invented by reporters hard up for copy.

I should think that no creature in the world, since the invention of reporting, has ever had so much to endure as I had during that first tour. The basest calumnies were circulated by my enemies long before I arrived in America; there was all the treachery of the friends of the Comédie and even of my own admirers, who hoped that I should not succeed on my tour, so that I might return more quickly to the fold, humiliated, calmed down, and subdued. Then there were the exaggerated announcements invented by my impresario, Abbey, and my representative, Jarrett. These announcements were often outrageous and always ridiculous, but I did not know their real source until long afterwards, when it was too late, much too late to undeceive the public, who were fully persuaded that I was the instigator of all these inventions. I, therefore, did not attempt to undeceive them.

It matters very little to me whether people believe one thing or another. Life is short, even for those who live to a ripe old age, and we must live for the few who know and appreciate us, who judge and absolve us, and for whom we have the same affection and indulgence. The rest I look upon as a mere crowd, lively or sad, loyal or corrupt, from whom there is nothing to be expected but fleeting emotions, either pleasant or unpleasant, which leave no trace behind them.

I took two days' rest before going to the theatre, for I still seemed constantly to feel the movement of the ship; my head was dizzy, and it seemed to me as though the ceiling moved up and down. The twelve days on the sea had quite upset my health. I sent a line to the stage-manager telling him that we would rehearse on Wednesday, and on that day, as soon as luncheon was over, I went to Booth's Theatre, where our performances were to take place.

At the door reserved for the artists I saw a compact, swaying crowd, very animated and gesticulating. These strange-looking individuals did not belong to the world of actors. They were not reporters either, for I knew them too well, alas! to be mistaken in them. They were not there out of curiosity either, these people, for they

seemed too much occupied; and, besides, there were only men.

When my carriage drew up, one of them rushed forward to the door and then returned to the swaying crowd.

"Here she is! here she is!" I heard, and then all these common men, with their white neckties and questionable-looking hands, with their coats flying open, and trousers the knees of which were worn and dirty, crowded behind me into the narrow passage leading to the staircase. I did not feel very easy in my mind, and I mounted the stairs rapidly. Several persons were waiting for me at the top—Mr. Abbey, Jarrett, some reporters, two gentlemen, and a charming and most distinguished woman whose friendship I have kept ever since, although she does not care much for French people.

I saw Mr. Abbey, who was usually very dignified and cold, advance in the most gracious and courteous way to one of the men who were following me. They raised

"Oh, it's nothing," he said; "don't be uneasy," and the way in which my luggage had always been respected in other countries had given me perfect confidence about it.

The principal personage of the ugly group came towards me, accompanied by Abbey, and Jarrett explained things to me. The man was an official from the American Custom-house. The Customs office is an abominable institution in every country, but worse in America than anywhere else. I was prepared for all this, and was most affable to the tormentor of a traveller's patience. He raised the melon which served him for a hat, and, without taking his cigar out of his mouth, made some incomprehensible remark to me. He then turned to his regiment of men, made an abrupt sign with his hand, and uttered some word of command, whereupon the forty dirty hands of these twenty men proceeded to forage among my velvets, satins, and laces.

I rushed forward to save my poor dresses

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE MEN ON THE STAGE OF BOOTH'S THEATRE.

their hats, and, followed by the strange and brutal-looking regiment, advanced towards the centre of the stage. I then saw the strangest of sights. In the middle of the stage were my forty-two trunks. In obedience to a sign twenty of the men came forward and, placing themselves each one between two trunks, with a quick movement with their right and left hands they lifted the lids of the trunks on the right and left of them. Jarrett, with frowns and an unpleasant grin, held out my keys to them. He had asked me that morning for my keys for the Customs.

from such outrageous violation, and I ordered the lady of our company who had charge of the costumes to lift my gowns out one at a time, which she accordingly did, aided by my maid, who was in tears at the small amount of respect shown by these boors to all my beautiful, fragile things.

Two ladies had just arrived, very noisy and business-like. One of them was short and stout, with a nose that seemed to begin at the roots of her hair, round, placid-looking eyes, and a mouth like a pig's; she kept her arms hidden timidly behind her, and her ungainly knees seemed to come straight out of

her body. She looked like a cow sitting down. Her companion was like a tortoise, with her little black, evil-looking head at the end of a neck which was too long and very stringy. She kept shooting it out of her boa and drawing it back with the most incredible rapidity. The rest of her body bulged out flat. These two delightful persons were the dressmakers sent by the Custom-house to estimate my costumes. They glanced at me

THE LADY "INSPECTORS" OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

in a furtive way and gave a little bow full of bitterness and jealous rage at the sight of my dresses, and I was quite aware that two more enemies had now come upon the scene. These two odious shrews began to chatter and argue, pawing and crumpling my dresses and cloaks at the same time. They kept exclaiming in the most emphatic way:—

"Oh, how beautiful! What magnificence! What luxury! All our customers will want gowns like these, and we shall never be able to make them! It will be the ruin of all the American dressmakers." They were working up the judges into a state of excitement. They kept lamenting and then going into raptures, and asking for "justice" against foreign invasion. The ugly band of men nodded their heads in approval and spat on the ground to affirm their independence. Suddenly the tortoise turned on one of the inquisitors:—

"Oh, isn't it beautiful? Show it them! show it them!" she exclaimed, seizing on a dress all embroidered with pearls, which I wore in "La Dame aux Camélias" (Camille).

"This dress is worth at least ten thousand dollars," she said, and then, coming up to me, she asked, "How much did you pay for that dress, madame?"

I ground my teeth together and would not answer, for just at that moment I should have enjoyed seeing the tortoise in one of the saucepans in the Albemarle Hotel kitchen. It was nearly half-past five, and my feet were frozen. I was half dead, too, with fatigue and suppressed anger. The rest of the examination was postponed until the next day, and the ugly band of men offered to put everything back in the trunks, but I objected to that. I sent out for enough blue tarlatan to cover the mountain of dresses, hats, cloaks, shoes, laces, linen, stockings, furs, and gloves. They then made me take my oath to remove nothing (they had such charming confidence in me), and I left my butler there in charge. He was the husband of Félicie, my maid, and a bed was put up for him on the stage. I was so nervous and upset that I wanted to go somewhere far away, to have some fresh air, and to stay out for a long time. A friend offered to take me to see Brooklyn Bridge.

"That masterpiece of American genius will make you forget the petty miseries of our red-tape affairs," he said, gently, and so we set out for Brooklyn Bridge.

Oh, that bridge! It was not yet completely built, and a special permit was necessary to visit it; but carriages could already go out on it a little way. Oh! what a spectacle! Wild as a vision, overpowering and colossal, it fills one with a sense of pride. Yes, one is proud to be a human being when one realizes that a

human brain has created and suspended in the air fifty yards from the ground that fearful structure, capable of bearing a dozen trains filled with passengers, ten or twelve tramcars, a hundred cabs, carriages, and carts, and thousands of foot-passengers, and all moving along together amidst the uproar of the music of the metals, clanging, clashing, grating, and groaning under the enormous weight. The movement of the air caused by the frightful, tempestuous coming and going of machinery, tramways, and waggons that were being tried, caused me to feel giddy and stopped my breath. I made a sign for the carriage to stand still, and I closed my eyes. I then had a strange, undefinable sensation of universal chaos. I opened my eyes again, when my brain was a little more tranquil, and I saw New York stretching out along the river, wearing its night ornaments, which glittered through its dress with thousands of electric lights, like the firmament with its tunic of stars. I returned to the hotel reconciled with this great nation.

BROOKLYN BRIDGE.
From a Photo. by Underwood & Underwood.

I went to sleep, tired in body, but rested in mind, and had such delightful dreams that I was in a good humour the following day. I adore dreams, and my sad, unhappy days are those which follow dreamless nights. My great grief is that I cannot choose my dreams. How many times I have done all in my power at the end of a happy day to make myself dream a continuation of it! How many times I have called up the faces of those I love just before falling asleep, but my thoughts wander and carry me off elsewhere. Yet I prefer that, or even a disagreeable dream, to none at all. When I am asleep my body has an infinite sense of enjoyment, but it is torture to me for my thoughts to slumber. My vital forces rebel against such negation of life. I am quite willing to die once for all, but object to slight deaths, such as those of which one has the sensation on dreamless nights.

When I awoke my maid told me that Jarrett was waiting for me to go to the theatre, so that the valuation of my costumes could be terminated. I sent word to Jarrett that I had seen quite enough of the regiment from the Custom-house, and I asked him to finish everything without me, as Mme. Guérard would be there. During the next two days the tortoise, the sitting cow, and the black band made notes for the Custom-house, took sketches for the papers, and patterns of my dresses for customers.

I began to get impatient, as we ought to have been rehearsing. Finally, I was told on Thursday morning that the business was over, and that I could not have my trunks until I had paid twenty-eight thousand francs for duty. I was seized with such a violent fit of laughing that poor Abbey, who had been terrified, caught it from me, and even Jarrett showed his cruel teeth.

"My dear Abbey," I exclaimed, "arrange as you like about it, but I must make my *début* on Monday, the 8th of November, and to-day is Thursday. I shall be at the theatre on Monday to dress. See that I have my trunks, for there was nothing about the Custom-house in my contract. I will, however, pay half of what you have to give."

The twenty-eight thousand francs were handed over to an attorney, who made a claim in my name on the Board of Customs. My trunks were left with me, thanks to this deposit, and the rehearsals commenced at Booth's Theatre.

On Monday, November 8th, at 8.30, the

curtain rose for the first performance of "Adrienne Lecouvreur." The house was crowded, and the seats, which had been sold to the highest bidders and then sold by them again, had fetched exorbitant prices. I was awaited with impatience and curiosity, but not with any sympathy. The audience was very polite to the artists of my company, but rather impatient to see the strange person who had been announced to them.

The curtain fell at the end of the first act, and Adrienne had not appeared. A man in the house, very much annoyed, asked to see Mr. Henry Abbey.

"I want my money back," he said, "as *la Bernhardt* is not in every act." Abbey refused to return the money to this extraordinary individual, and, as the curtain was going up, the grumbler hurried back to take possession of his seat again. My appearance was greeted by several rounds of applause, which I believe had been paid for in advance by Abbey and Jarrett. I commenced, and the sweetness of my voice in the fable of the "Two Pigeons" worked the miracle.

The whole house this time burst out into hurrahs. A current of sympathy was established between the public and myself. Instead of the hysterical skeleton that had been announced to them, they had before them a very frail-looking creature with a sweet voice.

The fourth act was applauded, and Adrienne's rebellion against the Princesse de Bouillon stirred the whole house. Finally, in the fifth act, when the unfortunate artist is dying, poisoned by her rival, there was quite a manifestation and everyone was deeply moved.

At the end of the third act all the young men had been sent off by the ladies in quest of all the musicians they could get together, and, to my surprise and delight, on arriving at my hotel a charming serenade was played for me while I was at supper. The crowd had assembled under my windows at the Albemarle Hotel, and I was obliged to go out on to the balcony several times to bow and to thank this public, which I had been told I should find cold and prejudiced against me. From the bottom of my heart I also thanked all my detractors and slanderers, as it was through them that I had had the pleasure of fighting, with the certainty of conquering. The victory was all the more enjoyable as I had not dared to hope for it.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S SKETCH OF HERSELF AS "ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR."

I gave twenty-seven performances in New York. The plays were "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Frou-frou," "Hernani," "La Dame aux Camélias," "Le Sphinx," and "L'Etrangère." The average receipts were twenty thousand three hundred and forty-two francs for each performance, including *matinées*. The last performance was given on Saturday, December 4th, as a *matinée*, for my company had to leave that night for Boston, and I had reserved the evening to pay a visit to Edison at Menlo Park, where I had a reception worthy of fairyland.

(To be continued.)

The Temptation of Samuel Burge.

By W. W. JACOBS.

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MR. HIGGS, jeweller, sat in the small parlour behind his shop, gazing hungrily at a supper-table which had been laid some time before. It was a quarter to ten by the small brass clock on the mantelpiece, and the jeweller, rubbing his hands over the fire, tried in vain to remember what etiquette had to say about starting a meal before the arrival of an expected guest.

"He must be coming by the last train after all, sir," said the housekeeper, entering the room and glancing at the clock. "I suppose these London gentlemen keep such late hours they don't understand us country folk wanting to get to bed in decent time. You must be wanting your supper, sir."

Mr. Higgs sighed. "I shall be glad of my supper," he said, slowly, "but I dare say our friend is hungrier still. Travelling is hungry work."

"Brother Simpson used to forget all about meal-times when he stayed here," said the housekeeper, clasping her hands. "I expect Brother Burge will be a similar sort of man."

"Brother Clark wrote and told me that he only lives for the work," said the jeweller, with another glance at the clock. "The chapel at Clerkenwell is crowded to hear him. I'm curious to see him; from what Brother Clark said I rather fancy that he was a little bit wild in his younger days. There he is," he concluded, as the bell rang

The housekeeper went to the side-door and, drawing back the bolt, admitted the gentleman whose preaching had done so much for the small but select sect known as the Primitive Apostles. She came back into the room followed by a tall, stout man whose shaven upper lip and short, stubbly beard streaked with grey seemed a poor match for the beady eyes which lurked behind a pair of clumsy spectacles.

"Brother Samuel Burge?" inquired the jeweller, rising.

The visitor nodded, and, regarding him with a smile charged with fraternal love, took his hand in a huge grip and shook it fervently.

"I am glad to see you, Brother Higgs," he said, regarding him fondly. "Oh, 'ow my eyes have yearned to be set upon you."

He breathed thickly, and taking a seat sat with his hands upon his knees looking at a fine piece of cold beef which the housekeeper had just placed upon the table.

"Is Brother Clark well?" inquired the jeweller, placing a chair for him at the table and taking up his carving-knife.

"Dear Brother Clark is in excellent 'ealth, I thank you," said the other, taking the proffered chair.

"And success attends his efforts?" said the jeweller.

"Success, brother!" repeated Mr. Burge, eating rapidly and gesticulating with his knife. "Success ain't no name for it."

Brother Higgs murmured his admiration. "You are also a power for good," he said.

Mr. Burge shook his head. "Some of it," he said, modestly, "is an eye-opener to them as don't entirely shut their ears. Only the

"'BROTHER SAMUEL BURGE?' INQUIRED THE JEWELLER."

day before yesterday I 'ad two jemmies and a dark lantern sent me with a letter saying as 'ow the owner had no further use for 'em."

The jeweller's eyes glistened with admiration not quite untinged with envy. "It is enough," he sighed, "it is enough to make a man vain."

"I struggle against it, brother," said Mr. Burge, passing his cup up for some more tea. "I fight against it hard, but once I nearly felt uplifted."

Brother Higgs, passing him some more beef, pressed for details.

"It was two policemen," replied the other. "One I might 'ave stood, but *two* came to being pretty near too much for me. They sat under me while I gave it to 'em 'ot and strong, and the feeling I had standing up there and telling policemen what they ought to do I shall never forget."

"I SHOULD THINK I KNEW MORE ABOUT THE INSIDE O' GAOLS THAN ANYBODY IN ENGLAND."

"But why should policemen make you proud?" asked his puzzled listener.

Mr. Burge looked puzzled in his turn. "Why, hasn't Brother Clark told you about me?" he inquired.

Mr. Higgs shook his head. "He sort of—suggested that—that you had been a little bit wild before you came to us," he murmured, apologetically.

"A—little—bit—wild?" repeated Brother Burge, in horrified accents. "*Me* a little bit *wild?*"

"No doubt he exaggerated a little," said the jeweller, hurriedly. "Being such a good man himself, no doubt things would seem wild to him that wouldn't to us; to me I mean."

"A little bit wild," said his visitor again. "Sam Burge, the converted burglar, a little bit *wild*. Well! Well!"

"Converted *what?*" shouted the jeweller, half rising from his chair.

"Burglar," said the other, shortly. "Why, I should think I knew more about the inside o' gaols than anybody in England. I've pretty near killed three policemen, besides breaking a gent's leg and throwing a footman out of window, and then Brother Clark goes and says I've been a little bit wild. I wonder what he would 'ave?"

"But you—you've quite reformed now?" said the jeweller, resuming his seat and making a great effort to hide his consternation.

"I 'ope so," said Mr. Burge, with alarming humility; "but it's a uncertain world, and far be it from me to boast. That's why I've come here."

Mr. Higgs, only half comprehending, sat back gasping.

"If I can stand this," pursued Brother Burge, gesticulating wildly in the direction of the shop; "if I can stand being here with all these 'ere pretty little things to be 'ad for the trouble of picking 'em up, I can stand anything. 'Tempt me,' I says to Brother Clark. 'Put me in the way o' temptation,' I says. 'Let me 'ave a good old up and down with the Powers o' Darkness and see who wins.'"

Mr. Higgs, gripping the edge of the table with both hands, gazed at this new Michael in speechless consternation.

"I think I see his face now," said Brother Burge, with tender enthusiasm. "All in a glow it was, and he patted me on the shoulder and says, 'I'll send you on a week's mission to Duncombe,' he says, 'and you shall stop with Brother Higgs, who 'as a shop full o' cunning-wrought vanities in silver and gold.'"

"But suppose," said the jeweller, finding his voice by a great effort, "suppose victory is not given to you?"

"We can only do our best," said Brother Burge.

Mr. Higgs sat marvelling over the fatuousness of Brother Clark, and trying to think of ways and means out of the dilemma into which that gentleman's perverted enthusiasm had placed him. He wondered whether it would be possible to induce Brother Burge to sleep elsewhere by offering to bear his hotel expenses, and at last, after some hesitation, broached the subject.

"What!" exclaimed the other, pushing his plate from him and regarding the jeweller with great severity. "Go and sleep at a hotel! After Brother Clark has been and took all this trouble? Why, I wouldn't think of doing such a thing."

"Brother Clark has no right to expose you to such a trial," said Mr. Higgs, with great warmth.

"I wonder what he'd say if he 'eard you?" remarked Mr. Burge, sternly. "After his going and making all these arrangements, for you to try and go and upset 'em. To ask me to shun the fight like a coward; to ask *me* to go and hide in the rear ranks in a hotel with everything locked up, or a coffee pallis with nothing to steal."

"I should sleep far more comfortably if I knew that you were not undergoing this tremendous strain," said the unhappy Mr. Higgs; "and, besides that, if you did give way it would be a serious business for me. That's what I want you to look at. I am afraid that if—if unhappily you did fall, I couldn't prevent you."

"I'm sure you couldn't," said the other, cordially. "That's the beauty of it; that's where the Evil One's whispers get louder and louder. Why, I could choke you between my finger and thumb. If, unfortunately, our fallen nature should be too strong for me, don't interfere, whatever you do—I mightn't be myself."

Mr. Higgs rose and faced him gasping. "Not even—call for—the police—I suppose?" he jerked out.

"That *would* be interfering," said Brother Burge, coldly.

The jeweller tried to think. It was past eleven. The housekeeper had gone to spend the night with an ailing sister, and a furtive glance at Brother Burge's small, shifty eyes and fat, unwholesome face was sufficient to deter him from leaving him alone with his property while he went to ask the police to give an eye to his house for the night. Besides, it was more than probable that Mr. Burge would decline to allow such a proceeding. With a growing sense of his peril he sat regarding his guest.

"What time do you go to bed, brother?" inquired that gentleman.

"Any time," said the other, reluctantly. "I suppose you are tired with your journey?"

Mr. Burge assented and, rising from his chair, yawned loudly and stretched himself. In the small room, with his huge arms raised, he looked colossal.

"I suppose," said the jeweller, still seeking to reassure himself, "I suppose dear Brother Clark felt pretty certain of you, else he wouldn't have sent you here?"

"Brother Clark said, 'What is a jeweller's shop?'" replied Mr. Burge. "What is a few gewgaws when you come to consider the opportunity of such a trial and the good it'll do and the draw it'll be—if I do win—and testify to the congregation to that effect? Why, there's sermons for a lifetime in it."

"So there is," said the jeweller, trying to look cheerful. "You've got a good face, Brother Burge. There is honesty written in every feature."

Mr. Burge turned and surveyed himself in the small pier-glass. "Yes," he said, somewhat discontentedly. "I don't look enough like a burglar to suit some of 'em."

"Some people are hard to please," said the other, warmly.

Mr. Burge started and eyed him thoughtfully, and then, as Mr. Higgs, after some hesitation, walked into the shop to turn the gas out, stood in the doorway watching him. A smothered sigh as he glanced round the shop bore witness to the state of his feelings.

The jeweller hesitated again in the parlour and then, handing Brother Burge his candle, turned out the gas and led the way slowly upstairs to the room which had been prepared for the honoured visitor. He shook hands at the door and bade him an effusive good-night, his voice trembling despite himself as he expressed a hope that Mr. Burge would sleep well. He added casually that he himself was a very light sleeper.

To-night sleep of any kind was impossible. He had given up the front room to his guest, and his own window looked out on an overgrown garden. He sat trying to read, with his ears alert for the slightest sound. Brother Burge seemed to be a long time undressing. For half an hour after he had retired he could hear him moving restlessly about his room.

Twelve o'clock struck from the tower of the parish church, and was followed almost directly by the tall clock standing in the hall downstairs. Scarcely had the sounds died away than a low moaning from the next room caused the affrighted jeweller to start from his chair and place his ear against the wall. Two or three hollow groans came through the plaster, followed by ejaculations which showed clearly that Brother Burge was at that moment engaged in a terrific combat with his conscience to decide whether he should or should not rifle his host's shop. His hands clenched and his ear pressed close to the wall, the jeweller listened to a monologue which increased in interest with every word.

"I tell you I won't," said the voice in the next room, with a groan; "*I won't.* Yes, I know it's a fortune as well as what you do; but it ain't *mine.*"

The listener caught his breath painfully.

"Diamond rings," continued Brother Burge, in a suffocating voice. "Stop it, I tell you. No, I won't just go and look at 'em."

A series of groans, which the jeweller noticed to his horror got weaker and weaker, testified to the greatness of the temptation. He heard Brother Burge rise, and then a succession of panting snarls seemed to indicate a fierce bodily encounter.

"I don't want to look at 'em," said Brother Burge, in an exhausted voice. "What's the good of—*looking* at 'em? It's like you; you know diamonds are my weakness. What does it matter if he is asleep? What's my knife got to do with you?"

Brother Higgs reeled back and a mist passed before his eyes. He came to himself at the sound of a door opening, and, impelled with a vague idea of defending his property, snatched up his candle and looked out on to the landing.

"TWO OR THREE HOLLOW GROANS CAME THROUGH THE PLASTER."

The light fell on Brother Burge, fully dressed and holding his boots in his hand. For a moment they gazed at each other in silence; then the jeweller found his voice.

"I thought you were ill, brother," he faltered.

An ugly scowl lit up the other's features. "Don't you tell me any of your lies," he said, fiercely. "You're watching me; that's what you're doing. Spying on me."

"I thought that you were being tempted," confessed the trembling Mr. Higgs.

An expression of satisfaction which he strove to suppress appeared on Mr. Burge's face.

"So I was," he said, sternly. "So I was; but that's my business. I don't want your assistance; I can fight my own battles. You go to bed. I'm going to tell the congregation I won this fight single-'anded."

"So you have, brother," said the other, eagerly. "But it's doing me good to see it. It's a lesson to me; a lesson to all of us."

"I thought you was aleep," growled Brother Burge, turning back to his room and speaking over his shoulder. "You get back to bed; the fight ain't half over yet. Get back to bed and keep quiet."

The door closed behind him, and Mr. Higgs, still trembling, regained his room and looked in agony at the clock. It was only half-past twelve and the sun did not rise until six. He sat and shivered until a second instalment of groans in the next room brought him in desperation to his feet.

Brother Burge was in the toils again, and the jeweller, despite his fears, could not help realizing what a sensation the story of his temptation would create. Brother Burge was now going round and round his room like an animal in a cage, and sounds as of a soul wrought almost beyond endurance smote upon the listener's quivering ear. Then

there was a long silence, more alarming even than the noise of the conflict. Had Brother Burge won, and was he now sleeping the sleep of the righteous, or—— Mr. Higgs shivered and put his other ear to the wall. Then he heard his guest move stealthily across the floor; the boards creaked and the handle of the door turned.

Mr. Higgs started and, with a sudden flash of courage born of anger and desperation, seized a small brass poker from the fireplace, and taking the candle in his other hand went out on to the landing again. Brother Burge was closing his door softly, and his face, when he turned it upon the jeweller, was terrible in its wrath. His small eyes snapped with fury and his huge hands opened and shut convulsively.

"What, agin!" he said, in a low growl. "After all I told you!"

Mr. Higgs backed slowly as he advanced.

"No noise," said Mr. Burge, in a dreadful whisper. "One scream and I'll—— *What were you going to do with that poker?*"

He took a stealthy step forward.

"I—I——" began the jeweller. His voice failed him. "Burglars," he mouthed, "downstairs."

"*What?*" said the other, pausing.

Mr. Higgs threw truth to the winds. "I heard them in the shop," he said, recovering; "that's why I took up the poker. Can't you hear them?"

Mr. Burge listened for the fraction of a second. "Nonsense," he said, huskily.

"I heard them talking," said the other, recklessly. "Let's go down and call the police."

"Call 'em from the winder," said Brother Burge, backing with some haste. "They might 'ave pistols or something, and they're ugly customers when they're disturbed."

He stood with strained face listening.

"Here they come," whispered the jeweller, with a sudden movement of alarm.

Brother Burge turned, and, bolting into his room, clapped the door to and locked it. The jeweller stood dumfounded on the landing; then he heard the window go up and the voice of Brother Burge bellowing lustily for the police.

For a few seconds Mr. Higgs stood listening and wondering what explanation he should give. Still thinking he ran downstairs, and throwing open the pantry-window unlocked the door leading into the shop and scattered a few of his cherished possessions about the floor. By the time he had done this people were already beating upon the street-door and exchanging hurried remarks with Mr. Burge at the window above. The jeweller shot back the bolts and half-a-dozen neighbours, headed by the butcher opposite, clad in his nightgown and armed with a cleaver, burst into the passage. A constable came running up just as the pallid face of Brother Burge peered over the balusters, and going upstairs three at a time twisted his hand in the ex-burglar's neck-cloth and bore him backwards.

"WHAT WERE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT POKER?"

"I've got one," he shouted. "Come up and hold him while I look round."

The butcher was beside him in a moment;

Brother Burge, struggling wildly, called loudly upon the name of Brother Higgs.

"That's all right, constable," said the latter. "That's a friend of mine."

"Friend o' yours, sir?" said the disappointed officer, still holding him.

The jeweller nodded. "Mr. Samuel Burge, the converted burglar," he said, mechanically.

"Conver——" gasped the astonished constable. "Converted burglar? *Here!*"

"He is a preacher now," added Mr. Higgs.

"Preacher?" retorted the constable. "Why, it's as plain as a pikestaff. Confederates: his part was to go down and let 'em in."

Mr. Burge raised a piteous outcry. "I hope you may be forgiven for them words," he cried, piously.

"What time did you go up to bed?" pursued the constable.

"About half-past eleven," replied Mr. Higgs.

The other grunted with satisfaction. "And he's fully dressed, with his boots off," he remarked. "Did you hear him go out of his room at all?"

"He did go out," said the jeweller, truthfully; "but——"

"I thought so," said the constable, turning to his prisoner, with affectionate solicitude. "Now you come along o' me. Come quietly, because it'll be the best for you in the end."

"You won't get your skull split open then," added the butcher, toying with his cleaver.

The butcher and another man stood guard over him while the constable searched the premises and made all secure again. Then, with a final appeal to Mr. Higgs, who was keeping in the background, he was piloted to the police-station by the energetic constable and five zealous assistants.

A diffidence, natural in the circumstances, prevented him from narrating the story of his temptation to the magistrates next morning, and Mr. Higgs was equally reticent. He was put back while the police communicated with London, and in the meantime Brother Clark and a band of Apostles flocked down to his support.

On his second appearance before the magistrates he was confronted with his past; and his past, to the great astonishment of the brethren, being free from all blemish, with the solitary exception of fourteen days for stealing milk-cans, he was discharged with a caution. The disillusioned Primitive Apostles also gave him his freedom.

"HE WAS PILOTED TO THE POLICE-STATION."

A Hundred Years Ago—1804.

By Alfred Whitman.

TO enter at once into the spirit and atmosphere of the year 1804, and to appreciate the mind of the people at that time, perhaps two or three sentences from the Press of the day will be sufficient. January 4th.—"On Sunday night a serious alarm took place at Deal in consequence of a rumour that early in the evening the enemy's flotilla had been actually seen off the Goodwin Sands." February 13th.—"The subject which most naturally occupies the public mind at this crisis is the invasion." February 20th. — "It is said that, in case of a serious invasion, an arrangement has been made for the Queen, the Princesses, and their Royal suite to go to Hartlebury Castle, the palace of the Bishop of Worcester." To guard the King during his stay at Weymouth in the summer, frigates were posted in a line across the mouth of the harbour, and there was a double line of sentinels — one at the water's edge and the other behind the esplanade—every night after eight o'clock. Close by there was a camp of four thousand men.

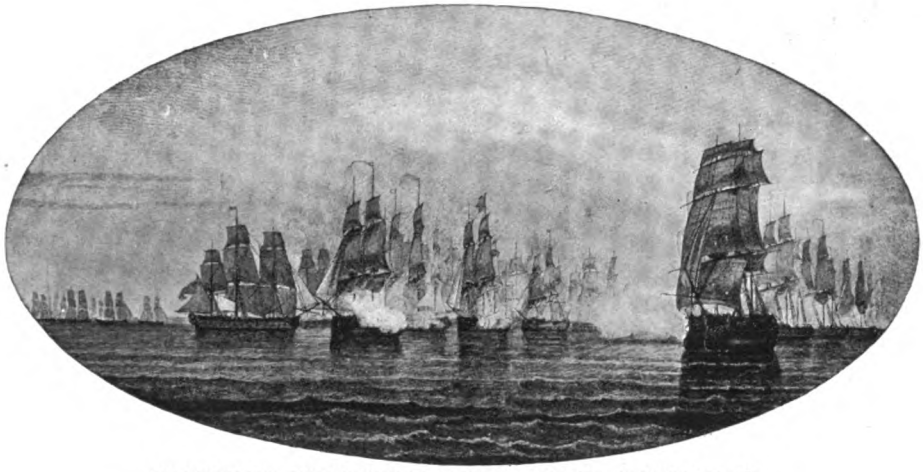
THE HAMMERSMITH GHOST.—JANUARY 4, 1804.

But fears did not entirely absorb public attention during this the first leap-year of the nineteenth century.

A ghost made its appearance in a white sheet at Hammersmith and was attended with tragic consequences. This ghost—a certain John Graham, a shoemaker—walked nightly as shown in our illustration, to the terror of the neighbourhood; and an inhabitant—one Francis Smith—determined to lay it. He loaded his fowling piece on the night of January 4th, and about eleven o'clock sallied forth and took up his position. Soon a man appeared dressed in white, and he was challenged. As Smith received no answer he fired and his man fell dead. The victim turned out to be a bricklayer named Milward, who had no connection with the ghost, but was returning home dressed in his working clothes—a white smock and trousers. Smith was arrested, and on January 13th was tried and sentenced to death, a penalty that was commuted to imprisonment for a year in Newgate.

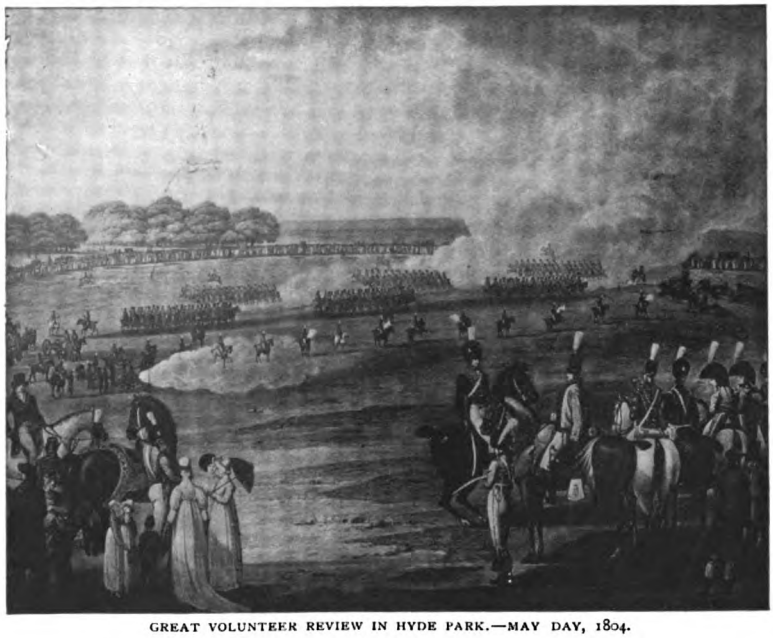
On February 15th Captain Nathaniel Dance, with the China Fleet from Canton, gave an extraordinary instance of gallant conduct, and preserved the ships of his fleet, laden with property valued at six millions sterling, from the French Admiral Linois, who with his squadron endeavoured to intercept and capture him. The issue resulted in favour of the British, and so pleased were the people at home that, on arriving in this country, Dance was knighted and liberal rewards were distributed by the East India Company and others among the commanders of the vessels and their brave crews. This naval action is portrayed on the next page.

One or two other items under the heading of "Law" may here be mentioned. From twelve to one o'clock on March 2nd, two brothers named Hedges stood in the pillory opposite Somerset House for defrauding the Government of money "for cooper's work pretended to be done in the dockyards." On the same day a cooper named Gibson "exhibited himself in a white sheet at St. Andrew's Church, Newcastle, for slandering a female, and was the butt of the whole congregation."



CAPTAIN DANCE ESCAPING FROM THE FRENCH SQUADRON.—FEBRUARY 15, 1804.

The Volunteers were most active during the twelve months, and the contemporary records contain many accounts of reviews, route marches, and camp operations; and the force was the subject of sympathetic debates in Parliament. We therefore devote two illustrations to the Volunteers. One represents the London Volunteer Cavalry and Flying Artillery being reviewed in Hyde Park on May Day; and the other shows the Lord Mayor landing at Greenwich from his State barge, when on his way to Blackheath to present colours to the various regiments of Volunteers of the City of London. This latter was a brilliant function, graced by the presence of Royalty; and all the troops went down the river from London to Greenwich in barges, and from thence marched to the review ground at Blackheath. "The Greenwich Pensioners lined the different corners of the hospital in their holiday clothes," and "the park of artillery from Woolwich gave its repeated discharges." "Very elegant and excellent speeches were made."



GREAT VOLUNTEER REVIEW IN HYDE PARK.—MAY DAY, 1804.

A hundred years ago Church Parade in Hyde Park was most popular, and the follow-

THE LORD MAYOR LANDING AT GREENWICH.—MAY, 1804.

ing reads as though it had appeared only last Monday: "The weather yesterday (Sunday) invited a great concourse of people to the fashionable promenade of Hyde Park. The sprinkling of beauty and elegance was very considerable."

Of trade troubles the year had its share, the hatters and shoemakers causing most attention, "for what they are pleased to call the better regulation of their trades." At the Surrey Assizes, in March, a number of journeymen hatters were convicted of a conspiracy, "by which they restrained the free course of that trade and obliged the masters to dismiss such as were obnoxious to them, and would work with such only as were conformable to the regulations amongst themselves."

There was a change of Ministry on May 12th, Pitt returning to power at the head of a Coalition Government which did not prove very stable, for Addington, the late Prime Minister, was called into conference by Pitt at the end of the year. The crowd in St. James's Park on August 1st, when the King passed to prorogue Parliament, was less numerous than usual, and while His Majesty was in the House of Lords an amusing incident happened. As he was reading, he "turned over two leaves of his speech (which is always written in large character, and consequently occupies several pages) instead of one, and did not discover his mistake till it was too late to rectify it; so that two sentences of the speech were thus accidentally omitted."

We have the good fortune to be able to reproduce a recruiting card that was used in the year 1804, and the quaint wording of it will be read with special interest. Pressgangs were busy for both the Army and Navy, and many curious incidents are recorded. We must content ourselves with one such. June 21st.—"A curious circumstance occurred on Tuesday at Bow Street. A person calling himself John Amos was charged with robbing the garden ground of Mr. Shailer, of Little Chelsea, of a quantity of currants. This offence, however, amounting only to a misdemeanour, and the prisoner appearing to be a stout young man, the magistrate thought he would be a proper object to serve His Majesty, and therefore sent him on board the tender at the Tower, where, on being inspected yesterday by the surgeon, the sup-

THE XVth,
OR,
King's Regiment of Light Dragoons.

THE
Highest Bounty
WILL BE GIVEN
For a few Heroes,
NOW WANTED
To complete this gallant Regiment.

VOLUNTEERS will be genteelly treated, and have many Advantages pointed out to them, on Application to

SERG. COOKE, *White Horse, Oxford-Street.*
SERG. WILLIAMSON, *Flying Horse, Borough.*
SERG. MATHEWS, *Ship, Croydon.*
CORP. WILSON, *King's Arms, Little Chelsea.*

N. B. BRINGERS well satisfied.

A RECRUITING CARD USED IN 1804.

posed John Amos was discovered to be a woman, and was, of course, rejected."

Boxing-matches, prize-fights, and duels were of constant occurrence, and of the last-named perhaps the one most spoken of was the duel in the grounds of Holland House, Kensington, when Lord Camelford, aged thirty, was fatally wounded. Among wagers, the following will serve as an example: July 16th.—"On Saturday a journeyman blacksmith of the name of Settle, a noted gormandizer, undertook, for a trifling wager, to eat a shoulder of mutton of six pounds weight, with a proportionate quantity of vegetables and a threepenny loaf, and to drink a quart of ale, at a public-house in the neighbourhood of Golden Lane. He was to perform the task in an hour; but he completed it in fifty minutes, *and actually bespoke a supper of beans and bacon.*" Of cricket matches we quote one: June 21st.—"Yesterday the Grand Cricket Match at Lord's ground between eight of the Marylebone Club and three others against All England was determined after three days' contest. The odds were very much in favour of All England at the beginning of the game. It was, however, at length won by the Club by two runs."

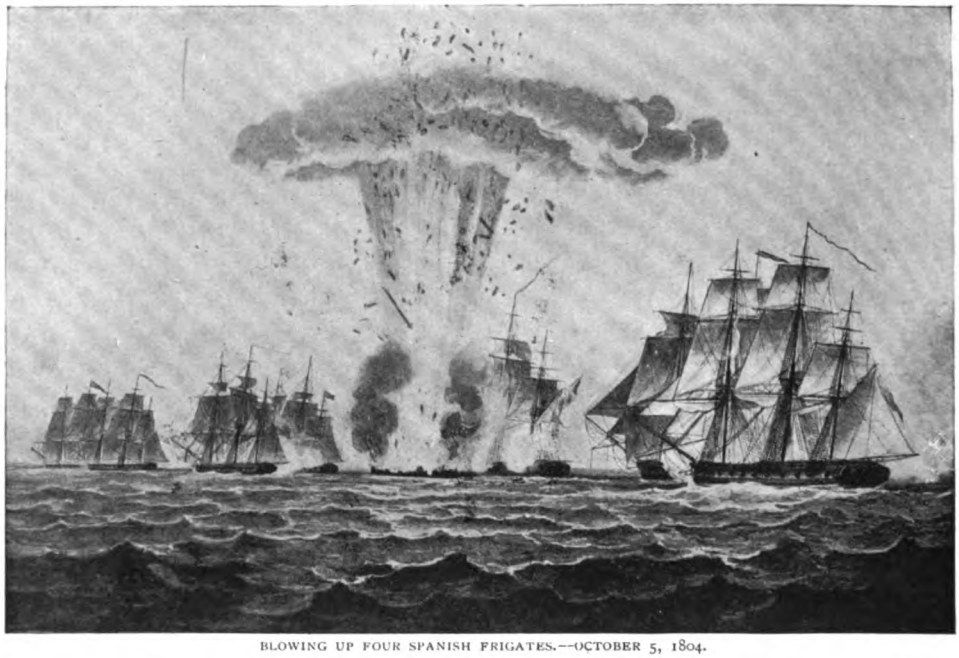
But the sporting sensation of the year was the horse-race, for a thousand guineas a-side, between Mrs. Thornton and Mr. Flint at York on August 25th, a race that attracted a concourse of a hundred thousand people, and upon which two hundred thousand pounds was at stake. A number of the 6th Light Dragoons were on the ground to help to keep the course clear. "The fair equestrienne took the lead for upwards of three miles in a very spirited style. Her horse, however, appeared to have the shorter stroke of the two, and at the beginning of the last mile Mr. Flint got the lead and kept it. Mrs. Thornton now made every possible exertion, but, perceiving that she must inevitably lose, she drew up in a very scientific manner, within about two distances."

THE GREAT HORSE-RACE FOR TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS BETWEEN MRS. THORNTON AND MR. FLINT.—AUGUST 25, 1804.

Nelson was in the Mediterranean and Major-General Arthur Wellesley in India throughout the year. The Major-General took a prominent part in a campaign against a native hostile force; and on September 1st was created a Knight of the Bath for his services.

The Navy returns showed: Ships of all kinds in commission, 1,874; seamen, 84,431; marines, 15,663. The effective land force in the United Kingdom was 380,191; in Ireland, 82,941; making an Army of 463,132 military men.

One day, at the end of September, as the Princess of Wales was taking her seat in her carriage, "the footman, shutting the coach door with great violence, closed it upon the



BLOWING UP FOUR SPANISH FRIGATES.—OCTOBER 5, 1804.

fingers of Her Royal Highness's right hand and crushed them in a most terrible manner." Fortunately the injury was not permanent.

The harvest of 1804 was a good one, and to show the position of agriculture at the time, "At Wisbeach, in Cambridgeshire, there has been a steam-engine erected for grinding corn which possesses the power of eighty horses, and has been finished at the expense of twenty thousand pounds."

Since the beginning of the year the English Fleet had been blockading Boulogne; and at the commencement of October an American system was adopted, and a fleet of fire-ships and catamarans, filled with combustibles and constructed to explode by clockwork, was prepared to destroy the enemy's war-ships. So much was expected of the scheme that Pitt and others went to Walmer Castle to witness the proceedings; but the result was a terrible fiasco, and after twelve vessels had been uselessly exploded the much-talked-of attack was abandoned.

GEORGE MORLAND, THE CELEBRATED ARTIST, DIED OCTOBER 29 IN A SPONGING-HOUSE.

On October 5th Captain Moore fell in with four Spanish frigates containing valuable merchandise and four million dollars off Cadiz, and captured or destroyed them, as shown in the illustration. The result of this action was the declaration of war against this country by Spain on December 12th. Under date November 19th we find: "On Saturday morning at ten o'clock five broad-wheel waggons, drawn by eight horses each, arrived at the Bank with the specie and bullion landed from the Spanish frigates detained at Portsmouth."

A CARICATURE OF THE RECONCILIATION BETWEEN THE KING AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.—NOVEMBER 12, 1804.

The famous painter, George Morland, died on October 29th in a sponging-house in Eyre Street, Coldbath Fields, and his own epitaph on himself was, "Here lies a drunken dog." Morland's life and death exhibit one of those painful tragedies, that combination of genius and weakness, that giving of joy to others and at the same time that reckless destruction of self, which it is the sorrowful duty of history from time to time to record. We give Morland's portrait, taken from a drawing made by that prince of delineators—Thomas Rowlandson. Besides Morland, Neckar the statesman, Haydn the musician, and Admiral Duncan passed away during the year; but among the births were those of Richard Cobden the politician, Sir Francis Grant the artist, Sir Julius Benedict the musician, and Dr. Kitto the theologian.

During the month of August there were rumours of a *rapprochement* between the King and the Prince of Wales; and at last, on November 12th, their long estrangement came to an end, as depicted in the above illustration. The chronicler of the day records that "the long-expected interview took place at one o'clock at Kew Palace, and the Queen and Princesses were present. The meeting of these two personages after a long interval was marked, we understand, by every emotion of kindness and conciliation on the one part, and of filial respect on the other; and the scene is said to have been affecting beyond description." The following week-end was spent by the Prince at Windsor with the Royal Family.

The great theatrical event of the year was the first appearance in London of that world-famed prodigy Master Betty, the Young Roscius, at Covent Garden on December 1st. His coming was the talk of the town; and when the all-important Saturday arrived the audience began to assemble at midday, and before the doors were opened "the multitude stretched out in thick, close-

THE YOUNG ROSCIUS

In the character of Selim in Barbarossa.

Master Betty, this wonderful youth is only thirteen years of age.

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wedged, impenetrable columns to the extremity of the piazza in Covent Garden and quite across Bow Street." The crush was terrible. At the rising of the curtain the audience was too excited to listen, and Kemble could only gesticulate the address in dumb show. But when the young boy, less than thirteen years of age, appeared on the stage, an enthusiastic and admiring audience welcomed him with unbounded fervour, and listened spellbound until the end of the performance. Two days afterwards the child was introduced to the Prince of Wales, then he was presented to the King and Queen, and a week later he supped with the future King, William IV. We give on the preceding page a portrait of Betty as he appeared at this first performance.

The same month witnessed the Coronation of Napoleon I. at Paris ; and for the ceremony Pope Pius VII. came to the French capital from Rome. The weather was peculiarly favourable—"a fine winter's day, the sky lightly clouded, and a slight frost." The event was accompanied with gorgeous *fêtes* and many demonstrations. The illustration we give shows that moment in the ceremony when Napoleon placed the Crown on the head of the Empress Josephine.

THE CORONATION OF NAPOLEON.—DECEMBER, 1804.

The weather during December was very cold. On the 4th of the month the King could not hunt on account of the frost. About a week later "the snow was so drifted by the high wind at Bexhill that a number of newly-erected huts there were literally buried." And by the end of the year the frost had been so intense that the Serpentine in Hyde Park was crowded with skaters, and "we never remember on any occasion to have seen the Park so thronged."

Among odds and ends during the year we note: January 19th.—"A bridge is immediately to be thrown across the canal in St. James's Park." February 27th.—"It is said to be in contemplation to attempt forming a tunnel under the Thames at Rotherhithe." July 9th.—"Mrs. Shaw, of Lambeth Street, Whitechapel, was on Thursday evening seized with a lockjaw in consequence of immoderate laughter. She continued in this state for twenty-four hours." September 20th.—"It was resolved to raise the salary of the Bank of England directors from one hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds a year." December 27th.—"A remarkable miser lately died in the West of Ireland. A few hours before his death he sent for the undertaker, bargained for his coffin, and received twopence-halfpenny discount for prompt payment."

Lady Beatie's Spanish Investment.

By Robert Barr.

"DEAR me, Ronald, this *is* a surprise," cried Lady Beatrice Palmer, as she came to a standstill on the Avenue des Champs Elysées, confronting the bronzed young man who had raised his hat to her. "Who would ever have expected to meet you here in Paris? I thought you were ranching in Spain."

"Building a castle in Spain, Beatie, not by ranching but by mining, which occupation has this advantage, that, if one does not get any metal from the earth, he at least furnishes a cellar for the castle. Spanish castles, you know, are rather unsubstantial structures, so a bogus mine under one of them should form a cellar entirely suitable, it seems to me."

"Is the mine in which you were working bogus, then?"

"Quite so."

"And is that why you are in Paris? Are you now one of the unemployed? Paris is an expensive town for a person out of work. Still, you will notice that my sympathy is as bogus as your mine. You possess a large fortune, so why pose as manager of a mine? I never thought you afflicted with a desire to be known as eccentric, disappearing from London and leaving your friends in anxiety for nearly two years."

"Were any of my friends anxious?"

"One of them was."

"And was that one the dearest of them all?"

"I think not, because that friend was myself."

The young man glanced sideways at her and noticed the rising colour on her fair cheeks. She was gazing straight ahead, and there was the slightest possible suggestion of a frown on her smooth brow. Wherever she had been going that beautiful summer morning she had now apparently forgotten all about her destination, and had turned with him as unconsciously as if he had the right to settle the direction. They had crossed the Place de l'Étoile, and were now strolling together down the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne beneath the trees.

"You speak cynically, Beatrice," he said, at last; "no friend was more dear to me than you, and I am almost sure you were well aware of it."

The girl laughed, musically but unmirthfully. There was a touch of hardness in her tone.

"I shall quote Ophelia from memory, and say, 'Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so'; but you acted Hamlet, and said I should ***not*** have believed it."

"You should have believed it, Beatie."

When first he had spoken this familiar shortening of her name the girl appeared to pay no heed beyond a little quivering indrawing of the breath, but now she stopped in their promenade and turned her eyes upon him with an undoubted glint of anger in them.

"You must not call me by that name," she said, curtly.

"You called me Ronald and I did not forbid it," was his reply, which seemed to disconcert Lady Beatrice more than perhaps she would have cared to admit.

"It is ungenerous of you to say that. Our meeting was unexpected, and I was taken by surprise."

"Well, Lady Beatrice, I can plead no such excuse for using the name of two years ago. Our meeting just now was not accidental. I had been waiting two hours for you. Shall we resume our walk?"

"Waiting for me? Then you knew I was in Paris?"

"Yes; and I knew you were stopping with your Aunt Jane. As the morning was so lovely I knew you would be out bright and early, and I knew if I waited I should be rewarded by seeing you."

"But why on earth did you not come in? If Aunt Jane learnt you were in Paris she could never imagine you hanging round her house as if you were a burglar. Why did you not come in?"

"At this hour in the morning? Impossible. Besides, it was you I wished to see and not your Aunt Jane, much as I esteem her; and it is because I must have a long and serious talk with you that I am now taking you to the Bois de Boulogne, which will be empty at this hour of the day of all but us two."

"You have it thoroughly planned out, haven't you?"

"Yes. I am entering upon a campaign so important that I dare not make a single false move."

"Really!" cried the girl, with an inflection on the word that seemed to indicate both interest and apprehension; then she added, a little breathlessly, "Is it about your mine?"

"Yes," he replied, and the apprehension in her face faded into an expression that was almost one of disappointment.

"Are you in trouble about money? Please excuse the plainness of the question."

"I like plain speaking, as you may remember. Yes, it is a question of money, and of a large amount."

Lady Beatrice sighed deeply and walked on for a few moments in silence; then she said:—

"It seems to me all our troubles turn on money, either directly or indirectly. I myself have been worried a good deal lately."

"IT SEEMS TO ME ALL OUR TROUBLES TURN ON MONEY."

"For lack of money?" he asked, with an eagerness she appeared to resent, for she threw back her head proudly as she replied:—

"Not for lack of it, but because of it. Perhaps you will be gratified to learn that my fortune is intact."

"Yes, I am delighted to hear that, because I want your help—your financial help."

They were now deep into the woods of Boulogne, and the excessive frankness with which the man proclaimed the object of his call upon his companion rather overcame the girl, and she sank upon a park bench as if she were exhausted by their long walk. He sat down beside her, but did not look at her—indeed, a bystander, had there been one near, might have surmised that some consciousness of the sordid part he was playing after his long absence, and the friendly greeting he had received on his unlooked-for return, now filled him with belated shame. His head was bent, and he poked the damp earth at his feet with the end of his stick, prodding nervously; and the bystander, had he been shrewd, would have seen that his strong brown hands grasped the stick with unnecessary tension, as one determined to keep a tight rein upon himself, yet doubting his own self-control.

Although Lady Beatrice was gazing intently at him from where she sat, she saw nothing of this, for her eyes were moist and he appeared wavering before her like a man seen in a dream.

"You arrived from Spain last night?" The question was a triumph of indifference.

"Yes. I caught the ten-thirty first-class Rapide at Bordeaux, took a sleeping-car, reached the magnificent new station on the Quai d'Orsay at seven-thirty this morning, drove across the river to the Continental, had coffee and a wash and brush up, put on fine raiment as you see, and at eight-thirty was gazing at the façade of Aunt Jane's residence, until at ten-thirty the door opened and the angel——"

"Please don't talk flippantly, Mr. Smeaton. I do not in the least care for badinage this morning. You seem to have been dealing in half measures, with your numerous thirties. I think it dangerous for anyone to deal too

much in half measures, so tell me exactly what brought you to Paris."

"Ah, who is talking flippantly now?"

"Please answer my question."

"You want the exact truth, as usual. Well, I shall be perfectly candid with you. The immediate cause of my presence in Paris this morning is an item which appeared in a London paper, which read: 'A marriage has been arranged and will take place between Count Tolosa and Lady Beatrice Palmer.'"

"Your candour is halting, Mr. Ronald. That paragraph may have brought you to Paris, but it did not cause you to wait for two hours outside the house of Aunt Jane."

Ronald laughed with real heartiness, that brought a smile to the serious face of his questioner.

"What a terrible cross-examiner you would have made, Beatie, if you had taken to the law! I did not wish to bring anyone else into our discussion; but I may go so far as to say that I telegraphed to a dear and esteemed friend to discover what truth there was in the announcement, and in the answering letter was the information that you were in Paris."

"Oh, you may easily venture much farther than that, Mr. Smeaton, and say at once that you telegraphed to Aunt Jane, and that you received a long letter imploring you to come immediately and endeavour to persuade me against this marriage."

"My dearest Beatie, what an imagination——"

"Mr. Smeaton, I have asked you twice not to use that name."

"Only once, my dear."

The young lady leaned back wearily, a shadow of pain flitting across her expressive face.

"If you wish to talk business with me—finance, I think, was your word—you must use commercial terms more than you are doing, unless you want this conference to end. I used to think you the embodiment of truth, yet you are now skirting dangerously near its opposite. You speak of poverty, and the next breath tells me you travel in a sleeping-car on the Rapide and drive to the Continental. You say you could not call on an old friend like Aunt Jane, and later it appears you have been in communication with her. Perhaps it may simplify matters if I tell you that nothing you or anyone else can say against the Count will cause me to think ill of him. My life has been made a burden of late by the recriminations of my relatives, who might much better be attending to their own business than to mine. To say that the Count seeks me because of my fortune is not only an insult to him, but it is very uncomplimentary to me. As soon as Count Tolosa heard the rumours that were afloat, he went direct to my solicitors and furnished them with absolute proof that his resources were very much greater than mine. What more can an honourable man do in such circumstances? To charge a person with being a fortune-hunter is an abominable accusation to make, and one that it is impossible to disprove, except in so far as the Count has already disproved the calumny against himself."

Ronald was again prodding the earth with the end of his stick, and the glimpse he allowed himself of her flushed, indignant face was but momentary. He answered as a man who is slowly measuring his words:—

"The action of the Count should have stilled all the gossip about him."

"It has not done so. Why, even good and placid Aunt Jane, who never speaks evil of anyone, sees in the Count's vindication of himself nothing but a trick, although she admits that she cannot show wherein the deceit lies."

"Poor, quiet little Aunt Jane, the very soul of scrupulous honour, in prim black silk; you must remember how much she loves you, and no doubt hates to part with you, even to so highly placed a man as Count Tolosa. You should not treasure anything she may say in this crisis against her. You see now why I waited for you outside the house. You are quite right in surmising that Aunt Jane wrote me a long and imploring letter regarding the case. The fact that I telegraphed from Spain seemed to give her hope at the eleventh hour. She thought that as I appeared to be residing in the Count's part of that country I might know something to his discredit, but I replied quite truthfully that Count Tolosa rarely visited his castle, spending most of his time in London and Paris. However, I did not content myself by merely repeating to her what everybody knew, but added that no one in the district had a word to say against him; that he belonged to one of the oldest and most noble families in Spain; that, moreover, I had been a guest of his at his castle of Tolosa, and could avouch that he was a man of great personal charm. So you see I did not care to meet Aunt Jane so soon after destroying a newly-found illusion."

The girl leaned back and closed her eyes during the latter part of this recital, apparently

"RONALD WAS AGAIN PRODDING THE EARTH WITH THE END OF HIS STICK."

deep in reverie, and if the young man had looked up at her he might have imagined she was not listening. But he did not look, and as she opened her eyes when silence came again she noticed for the first time how haggard and old and worn his gaunt face was. She reached forward impulsively, a wave of sympathy for him surging up within her, and laid her right hand on his, withdrawing it instantly as if the momentary contact hurt her. There had been no answering motion on his part, and it is possible that pride resented this passive acceptance of a slight caress, but before her colder manner returned she had exclaimed, fervently :—

"Then you are not like all the rest, against me in this crisis?"

"Oh, not against you, not against you. I am for you now and always ; in every crisis."

The words spoken were so deep and thrilling, and so utterly out of keeping with the impassive attitude of the man, that they visibly disturbed his listener, whose hand went wavering to her brow as if to rearrange the fascinating tendrils of fair hair with which the summer wind was sporting.

"So you are acquainted with Armand?" she said, very quietly.

"Yes. He was good enough to give me some advice regarding the mine I proposed to purchase. He happened to be in residence at his castle while I was examining the property, and was so courteous as to offer me lodging during my stay. Indirectly, I suspect that I was the cause of your meeting, although for goodness' sake give no hint of that to Aunt Jane."

"What did you say to him about me?"

"Well, you see, we came to talk of the money I then possessed and how I came by it. It was to go into the silver mine, you know; good gold after mythical silver, as one might say. I told the Count that our bachelor uncle, Lord Santimore, had bequeathed his money to us in equal shares, absolutely without restriction. I remember that Count Tolosa was much impressed by the conditionless feature of the legacy, for he said that most people endeavoured to influence the direction of their money, even after they could no longer use it."

"It amazes me that you know Armand," said the girl, very quietly, almost as if she were thinking aloud. "I have often mentioned your name to him, yet he never told me he had met you."

"It is more than likely that Count Tolosa has no recollection of me, or that he does not associate the young man to whom he gave passing hospitality with your cousin. The interview I speak of took place more than two years ago, and doubtless made less impression on the Count's mind than on mine."

"Two years ago! Those words recall your unexplained desertion of us all. Is it permitted to probe into that mystery, or is there some dread Spanish secret behind it all, like the hidden crime of a penny dreadful?"

"No ; the explanation is commonplace enough. It all arose through the reluctance of a conceited ass to acknowledge he had been a fool, but even after the sharp lesson

he had received there remained enough of the original self-esteem in his composition to assure him he might retrieve his error. That belief accounts for two years of hard work, a good deal of anxiety, and even some privation."

"The error, I suppose, was financial?"

"Oh, entirely so. I am sorry there is no fascinating mystery under it all. I warned you it was commonplace."

"And has the error been retrieved?"

"I don't know yet."

"Still in suspense? No wonder you look gaunt and worried. Why did you not apply to some of your friends? To be quite frank, why did you not come to me?"

The young man now looked up at her with a very winning smile on his lips.

"I have just done so, Beatie," he replied.

"You have taken your time, Ronald. For the moment I had forgotten that you wished for help. Tell me all about it, and let me know what I can do to aid you."

"You see, the piece of folly which I dared not admit to my friends, fearing the inevitable and quite just comments on my stupidity, was this. Some City men, knowing I had come into money, endeavoured to interest me in a Spanish silver mine, and they succeeded. At first I intended to go in moderately, but bit by bit I was drawn on until I found myself sole owner of the mine, and whether silver was there or not my good gold was in it, as I have previously remarked. The mine had once been worked, and there were one hundred excellent reasons why the working had been stopped. These reasons were given me, whereas one would have sufficed, which was that the mine had been exhausted, but this reason was not put before me."

The girl inclined forward, listening to the recital with parted lips and absorbed interest.

"Why did you not seek expert advice?" demanded the practical young lady, eagerly.

Ronald Smeaton laughed heartily.

"My dear girl, I took every precaution. I visited the mine in person and brought with me one of the most noted mining engineers in London. His enthusiastic report led me to think that I was coming into possession of a silver Golconda. The Count himself, with whom we stopped, thought the property was worth the money asked. City men are prepared for expert advice. They court investigation, except in the courts, and they took the right measures to prevent my bringing them into court by relieving me previously of all my money. The whole transaction was a beautiful swindle, so legally done that the victim had absolutely no redress."

"I suppose they bribed your mining engineer?"

"I suspected that later on, and yet, curiously enough, I now begin to fear I did him an injustice. Anyhow, that does not——"

"Ronald, let me interrupt with a question which I wish you to answer with candour. Had Count Tolosa any interest in the selling of that property?"

"What an absurd question! The Count is a Spanish noble who could not demean himself with commercial traffic. No. My dealings were entirely with men in the City of London, and my slight acquaintance with Tolosa came about through a friend in my club giving me a letter of introduction to him on hearing I was going to that part of Spain. He warned me that I was not likely to find the Count in residence, but he happened to be paying a visit to his estate at the time, and so was kind enough to put up my mining engineer and myself, as there are no decent hotels in that neighbourhood. Well, to bring this pathetic declamation to its climax, I realized, too late, that I had been rooked. I said to myself, 'If there was enough silver in that hole to keep a company going in past years and pay wages to several hundred men, the remnant of the metal left there may perhaps prevent one fool from starving.' So I purchased pick and shovel, furnished one of the abandoned stone huts with a few books and a primitive cooking arrangement, and disappeared from my club in Pall Mall. I answered the fool according to his folly. 'You have put enough into this excavation,' I said to myself; 'now see if you can sweat some of it out.' Several times I came closer to starvation than was pleasant; but I learned more in the last two years than ever I knew before, which isn't saying very much. I became my own mining expert and practical workman. The property consisted of more than a thousand acres, and I prospected it very thoroughly. I have discovered a lode higher up the mountain that will make the sellers of this property wish they had never parted with it. Even the old mine furnishes me with enough silver to pay for that *train de luxe* to which you objected."

"I did not object, Ronald; I merely could not reconcile the *train de luxe* with the state of poverty you were pleading. I understand the whole situation now. You want imme-

"I CAME CLOSER TO STARVATION THAN WAS PLEASANT."

diate money to open out the new mine; machinery, men, and all that."

"Exactly."

"You shall have it. How much do you need?"

"Beatie, Beatie, you are not profiting by the long story of fraud I have told you. Your question should have preceded your promise. How much do I need? Dear girl, I must have every scrap of security you own. See how rash your promise becomes in the light of this amazing demand."

"Dear me, Ronald, you don't need the whole of my fortune merely to open a mine?" cried the girl, palpably taken aback by the startling proposal.

"Indeed I do. Opening a mine does not mean simply digging a hole in the ground. I've been digging holes in the ground for two years past, and that is very slow progress. When a mine is discovered, a large amount of capital has to be obtained. If a man is known in capitalistic circles as a successful person, he has usually little difficulty in getting the funds. I know but one capitalist, and her name is Lady Beatrice Palmer, therefore I apply to her direct."

When the applicant finished his exposition of a mine's needs the capitalist did not reply, but sat there looking at him, a pretty picture of the woman who hesitates. He saw that her intense gaze was not resting upon him, but was penetrating beyond, and he made the mistake of supposing that she was conning the chances of profit and loss, whereas she was merely wondering how she, betrothed to one man, could properly entrust all her property to another. If she consulted her *fiancé* it was too much to expect that the Count would cordially agree; yet if he did not agree she was so well aware of her own obstinacy—firmness of mind, she called it—that his opposition would but make her the more determined to have her own way. Still, how could she take so important a step without consulting him? Ronald, quite misapprehending the trend of her thoughts, now hastened to mitigate the sweeping nature of his proposal, fearing that by grasping too much he might lose all.

"You see, Beatie, it is not as if I wished to turn your securities into cash and risk that money on the new mine. I shall not venture a penny of it."

"Of what benefit will the securities be to you in that case?" cried Lady Beatie, awaking from her open-eyed reverie.

"The mere fact that I control this large sum will remove all difficulties from my path. The new mine is a project too big for me to handle alone, and I wish to interest certain London people in it. If they think I am after their money I shall very likely fail, but if I can show that I am more than amply provided they will be eager to join me. I hope to return these securities intact to you within a month, and meanwhile you will be amply protected by my making over to you the title-deeds of the mine."

"Ronald, you were wise in coming to me rather than in going to anyone else, for your statements are singularly unconvincing. First, you need ample money to open the mine, and second, you don't need any at all. I am to make over my whole fortune to you, and you are to return it intact within the month. Now, I have quite made up my mind to do what you wish, not because of your arguments, but because I know you to be an honest man. The point I am in doubt about is whether or not I should consult with

Armand. It seems right that I should do so, and yet what is the use of consulting him when I have already made up my mind? And if everything is to be as it was within two or three weeks, why trouble him? I suppose you would prefer this transaction to be kept secret between us?"

"No. I propose to have everything done quite openly and as legally as if we were complete strangers. Then if anything should happen to me you would not suffer. The question of consulting the Count is more complicated. One can hardly ask a man for advice which one has determined beforehand not to follow, should it prove adverse. Yet I think Count Tolosa should know of the transaction, therefore I should give him full particulars after the papers are signed. He cannot object, because he held that the mine was worth the money before I discovered the lode that increases its value a thousand-fold."

"I think that will be the better way. When can I sign the papers?"

"I telegraphed yesterday to solicitors here in whom I have confidence to prepare the documents before twelve to-day, so that I might take the afternoon express for London," said Ronald, rising to his feet.

The young lady stood beside him, laughing.

"You seem to have been very certain I would agree," she said. "And who ever heard of a labourer with pick and shovel having solicitors in Paris and London?"

"Oh, I told you the mine was good security," he replied, jauntily, as they walked together to the entrance of the wooded park. Success in his quest had banished much of the anxiety from his face, as Lady Beatie could not help observing during her frequent sidelong glances at him. Then she sighed to think that the transformation came about because of a fortunate excursion into the money-market.

After the papers were signed and in his possession, while the title-deeds of the mine were in hers, he drove with her to the door of Aunt Jane's residence, but she could not persuade him to come in. He had so much business to attend to in the few hours that remained to him before the afternoon train left; and, besides, he did not wish to meet Aunt Jane until she was at least partially reconciled to his attitude favouring the Count.

When he drove away Lady Beatrice went up the steps in a somewhat thoughtful mood. The totally unlooked-for events of the morning left her confused and bewildered. She wondered if even her aunt, partial as she was to young Smeaton, would quite approve of what she had so impulsively done; and as for the Count, there appeared now no real excuse to offer this imperturbably polite man for the haste in which she had completed an action which might in certain contingencies leave her penniless. It seemed clearly a case of sign in haste and repent at leisure.

"Aunt Jane," she began at once, when that demure little old lady appeared, "Ronald is in Paris and I have had a long talk with him."

"Really! Isn't he coming to see me?"

"Yes; but not until he returns from London. He has most urgent business there which will keep him from Paris for a few days."

"Had he telegraphed to you that he was coming?"

"No. I was never more surprised in my life than when I met him in the Champs Elysées as I went out this morning. We took a long walk together, and discussed the family crisis among other things. Ronald is acquainted with Count Tolosa, and while he did not speak of Armand with any undue enthusiasm, he nevertheless had nothing to say against him, which was quite a relief coming from a member of my family. He was the guest of the Count at his Spanish castle about two years ago."

"It is strange Count Tolosa never mentioned that," was all the comment Aunt Jane made upon the information thus given her, and Beatrice remembered that she herself had made use of almost the same expression.

It was four o'clock when the Count was announced, and after the customary greetings Lady Beatrice at once plunged into the business that occupied her mind to the exclusion of everything else.

"Armand, perhaps you remember my speaking of Ronald Smeaton, a distant cousin of my own, who disappeared from London two years ago?"

"Ah, yes; I recollect."

"I met him this morning and was amazed to hear that he had been your guest at Tolosa Castle."

A shade of perplexity crossed the nobleman's countenance, and he gazed for a few moments at the painted ceiling; then slowly remembrance asserted itself.

"Was that the young man accompanied by an English engineer who was investigating some property in Northern Spain?"

"I think so. He purchased a silver mine in that district."

"THE COUNT WAS ANNOUNCED."

"Ah, yes. I did not recall his name. So he was Mr. Smeaton?"

"He needs money for the development of the property."

"Ah, they all do," intervened the Count, with a laugh; "so he has come to Paris to find it. I fear it will be hopeless."

"No; he *has* found it. I now possess the title-deeds of the mine, and have given him in exchange the money he requires."

The Count was too polite to show how startled he was at this announcement, but nevertheless his effort at self-repression was not altogether so successful as he could have wished.

"I hope it was not a very large amount," he said, in a voice that was almost a whisper.

"On the contrary, it is a large amount; it is everything I possess except a few thousands of ready money in the bank."

The Count's black eyes seemed to narrow as she looked at him and he at her. There was a heightened colour rapidly overspreading his swarthy face, but the lines of anger that marked the middle of the brow between the eyes were partially nullified by a rather set smile that parted the thin lips. There was a long pause. Then he said, slowly:—

"I know so little of business that I am not aware how such things are done. How was this transfer accomplished?"

"My securities are in the custody of my bank in London. I have signed a document giving them into the custody of Mr. Smeaton, and have received these title-deeds as assurance that my securities will be returned."

"My dear lady, the title-deeds are worthless, and no one knows that better than Mr. Smeaton."

"He said that you would tell me the mine was worth the money. Besides, he has discovered a new lode that makes it a hundred times more valuable than has heretofore been supposed."

The Count shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands depreciatingly. The smile that curled his lips became sarcastic.

"You will permit me, dear Lady Beatrice, to know more of the mines of my own country and my own district than you can possibly do, and believe me that, if you do not at once telegraph your bank in London not to deliver up your securities, you will never see them again."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Ronald Smeaton is an honest gentleman."

"Will you telegraph?"

"Certainly not."

"But I will show you this is a trick, a what-you-call job put up. He is very clever, this young man. He threatened me before that he would get even. I was prepared for him at law or to meet him if he sent me a challenge, but he is a coward and he strike at me through a woman."

"Are you quite sure you know what you are talking about, Count Tolosa?" asked Lady Beatrice, coldly.

"It is all humbug," cried the Count, getting excited as the full enormity of the scheme and his own helplessness became more and more clear to him, and as he grew hotter the varnish began to fall off. "It is all cowardly, swindling, humbug. If he had lawful claim against me when I sold him the mine, the courts were open to him in Spain, France, or England. But he dare not. He hides behind the petticoats of a foolish woman, and then runs away. He has been lying to you about me."

Lady Beatrice rose slowly and touched the bell.

"He certainly has," she said, "for it seemed to me he was speaking well of you.

"'IT IS ALL HUMBUG,' CRIED THE COUNT, GETTING EXCITED."

Count Tolosa, this interview and our marriage engagement are ended."

The Count bowed low, and followed the servant who had answered the bell. Lady Beatrice sat there with a frown on her brow, thinking not of the interview just terminated, but of the one which had taken place that morning in the forest, trying to read just what she knew now with what had been spoken then. At last she rose to seek her aunt, when that gentle lady came softly in.

"I was not sure that the Count had gone," said the old lady, timidly.

"Yes, aunt, he has gone, and he has gone for good—or evil."

Poor Aunt Jane gasped once or twice, then flung her arms round her niece's neck and began to weep very tenderly.

"There, there, Aunt Jane, it's all right. I feel like crying too, but you all made it so difficult for me to admit I was in the wrong. And all of you were so very, *very* sure."

With this interesting *tableau* in the middle of the room the door was suddenly flung open and the servant announced:—

"Mr. Ronald Smeaton."

Lady Beatie whirled from her aunt's embrace and faced the intruder, the frown coming back again to her brow.

"I thought you were on the way to London," she said, perhaps a trifle more harshly than she intended.

"I missed my train," explained the young man, innocently.

"Count Tolosa has been here, and I find that you knew all along the kind of a man he was."

"I had the pleasure of seeing his Countship outside, and I took off my hat to him, but he was quarrelling with his coachman, so I fear he did not see my salutation."

"He says the mine was his."

"I have long suspected that to have been the case."

"He says you threatened him."

"I did."

"That you would get even with him."

"I have."

"You have got even with him by shamefully deluding me and making me your cat's-paw when I had nothing but goodwill towards you."

"I did not delude you more than he had done. It was all your own fault. You would not listen to reason; therefore, if you were not to be sacrificed to your own obstinacy, the man had to be compelled to show himself in his true colours."

"Very well. I have dismissed him, and I will never forgive you."

"Quite right in both instances. Let me have my title-deeds and I will return to

Spain. Here is the document you signed a few hours ago."

The girl was standing very erect with her hand on a small table on which lay the title-deeds. The first red flush of anger had given place to a pallor that might have been a sign of more intense anger, and again might not. Without reply she pushed the deeds toward him and he put them in his pocket, laying the paper bearing her signature on the table; then he retreated a few steps. When the girl spoke there was a tremor in her voice and a hesitation in the utterance of her words.

"I should be very sorry—a purely commercial matter, you know—that you should not have the money you need for opening the new mine."

"I don't need the money. That was all part of the general fraud—the deluding of a trusting woman. Please do not attempt to mitigate the heinousness of my conduct."

His farther retreat was arrested by a wail from the side, which caused him to turn sharply to the ignored third party of the conference.

"Oh, Ronald, Ronald, are you going away again without even greeting me?"

"Dear Aunt Jane, pardon a boor from the mining-camp, who is rather unused to the courtesies of a Paris *salon*. You are so little and so quiet, I quite overlooked you. But I do not need to beg for pardon, for you always forgave those who trespassed against you, even before they asked"; and the stalwart young fellow took the fragile old woman in his arms. "I'm a bit excited to-day, Aunt Jane."

"Surely, Ronald, you and Beatie are not going to quarrel after all these long, weary months?"

"Yes, we are, aunt, for I shall never speak to her again unless she both apologizes for what she has said and thanks me for what I have done. And you know she is so stubborn that she will do neither."

"Ronald, Ronald, how can you so misjudge me? I am not stubborn. I *do* apologize and I *do* thank you. Must I go down on my knees to you?"

"No, Beatie, dearest; it is my knees that have been aching to bend before you these two years past."

And Aunt Jane, in spite of being so suddenly forgotten by these two impetuous and unreasonable young people, smiled through her tears.

"I DON'T NEED THE MONEY."

Léon Bonnat.

AN ACCOUNT BY THE GREAT FRENCH PAINTER OF HIS VISIT TO KING EDWARD.

By Alder Anderson.

THE fame of Léon Bonnat, the French Rembrandt, dates back to the Salon of the year 1851, some months before Napoleon, misnamed perhaps "the Little," was proclaimed Emperor of the French; and in 1869, a year before the name of Napoleon III. was ruled out of the list of European monarchs, Bonnat was—even then only a young man of thirty-six—at the summit of the artistic tree. Since then there is hardly a single personage with a name or possessing State secrets who has not "posed" in his studio, and left behind him in the discreet ears of its walls the most hidden mysteries of his despatch-boxes.

M. LÉON BONNAT IN HIS STUDIO.
From a Photo.

Were Léon Bonnat not discretion itself, he could certainly give us one of the most interesting volumes of contemporary history that have ever been written. No man is a hero for his valet, says the proverb; nor for his wife, growls the cynic; nor, it might be added, for anyone who sees him with his mask off; and who, with the exception, perhaps, of a great physician, has better opportunities for doing so than a great portrait painter? Face to face, and alone for hours at a time with a person who may be making history, the artist worthy of the name scrutinizes not merely every line of the features, but the very soul of his model, and often makes strange discoveries. When, as is the case with Bonnat, these opportunities extend over half a century, he should know every hidden wire that regulates the movements of the marionettes of the eternal human comedy.

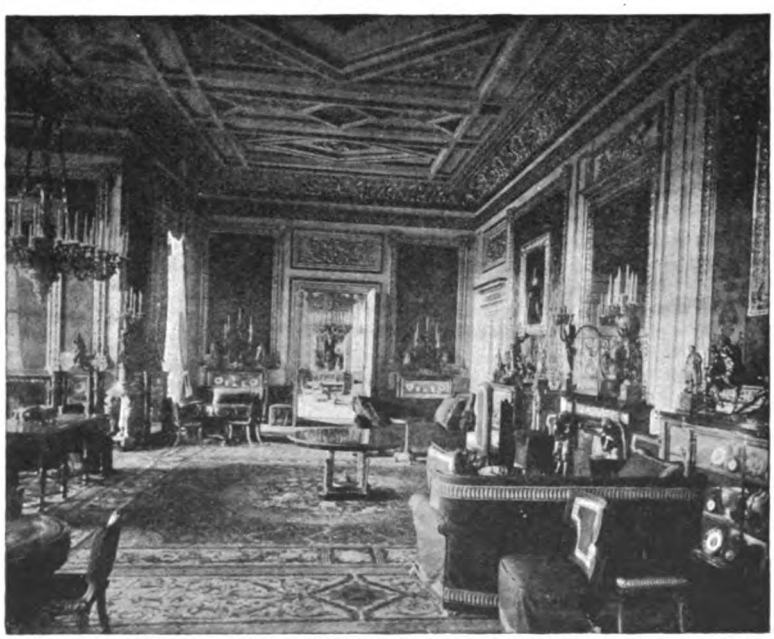
Great portrait painters have ever been *personæ gratissimæ* at Courts, and Bonnat is no exception to the rule. More than one of his predecessors has been entrusted with important State missions, of which they have acquitted themselves as well as if to the manner born. The names of Holbein, Van Dyck, Rubens, Velasquez, Lawrence, and many another at once recur to the memory. Who has not heard the answer of Henry VIII. to a nobleman with a grudge against Holbein? "Should you ever attempt to avenge yourself, I shall look on any injury you may do the painter as done to me. Out of seven peasants I can make seven lords as good as you, but out of seventy times seven lords I cannot make one Holbein." Bonnat's skill in portraiture, if rumour does not lie, is almost equally appreciated by half the present crowned heads of Europe; King Edward assuredly holds it in high estimation.

Shortly after the King's visit to Paris last year Bonnat received an invitation to visit His Majesty at Windsor, and owing to the unique position he occupies in the French capital was able to act as a sort of unofficial

intermediary between King Edward and the French public, already three-quarters won over to the notion of a Franco-Anglo *entente* by the King's smiling diplomacy. Let Bonnat himself recount his visit to Windsor.

"I had promised some of my friends in London to go and see a curious artistic exhibition at the Savile Club. How my intention came to the ears of the King I cannot say. All I know is that, twenty-four hours or so before I was to leave Paris, I received a telegram from Windsor: 'His Majesty the King begs M. Bonnat to do him the pleasure of dining with him the day after to-morrow, Sunday, at Windsor. *Tenue de rigueur*, dress-coat, knee-breeches, and black silk stockings.' An invitation from such a quarter is clearly not to be refused. It was addressed, moreover, less to me personally than to French art as a whole, and I accepted it, therefore, with joy. In the first place, however, I had to set about getting the necessary apparel, for, though a dress-coat forms part of my ordinary wardrobe, knee-breeches had hitherto only been conspicuous by their absence. Without losing an instant, therefore, I summoned my tailor. I was to leave at eight o'clock on the following morning and the breeches must be in my possession by seven o'clock at the very latest. The tailor gave me his promise and kept it, so that I was able to leave Paris at the appointed hour without any misgivings on the score of my costume.

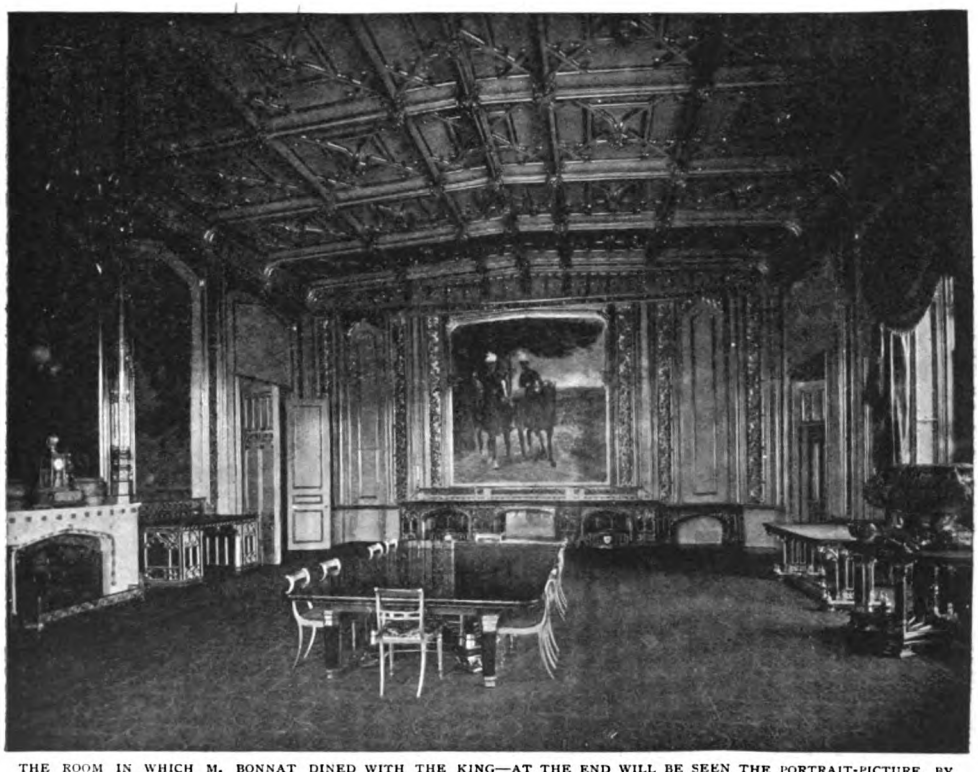
"It was half-past four when I reached Charing Cross, half an hour late, and I had to tell the cabman to drive over to Paddington as fast as possible. An hour later I was at Windsor, and by seven actually in the room reserved for me at the Castle. Dinner was to be at nine o'clock, and when I got into the breeches and had fixed the cordon of the Legion of Honour under my coat I gave a sigh of relief, for I had a good half-hour still in front of me. A few minutes later a footman came to conduct me to the private apartments in which the dinner was to take place, and he found me fully armed for the fray. I was one of the first to enter the drawing-room, where the guests bidden to the Royal table were to assemble. Altogether between thirty and thirty-five persons were soon in the room, including maids of honour, the Russian Ambassador, the Portuguese Minister, the Austrian *Chargé d'Affaires*, and others. In the number, fortunately, I found several old acquaintances of mine, among others Count Seckendorf, formerly Chamberlain to the Empress Frederick, whom I had met on several previous occasions.



THE DRAWING-ROOM AT WINDSOR CASTLE—THIS ROOM AND THOSE SHOWN IN THE FOLLOWING PHOTOGRAPHS ARE REFERRED TO BY M. BONNAT IN HIS DESCRIPTION OF HIS VISIT TO THE KING.
From a Photo. by H. N. King.

"Shortly before nine o'clock all the guests were formed into two lines, ladies on one side, men on the other; and by a delicate attention, which enhanced still more —so unexpected was it—the value of the invitation with which I had been honoured, I was placed first of the men. When their Majesties entered the room arm-in-arm I was thus the first person the King encountered. His Majesty welcomed me in a few cordial phrases, as he did each of the guests in turn, all of whom now formed in the order of

precedence, the men offering their right arms to the ladies as we all passed very ceremoniously into the dining-room. Prior to this, however, I ought to have said that the King did me the honour of presenting me to the Queen. I need not say that, as always, Her Majesty appeared radiantly beautiful, but I would be the most ungrateful man alive were I not to add that she is not satisfied to be merely beautiful. Nobody knows better than she how to enhance the



THE ROOM IN WHICH M. BONNAT DINED WITH THE KING—AT THE END WILL BE SEEN THE PORTRAIT-PICTURE, BY DÉTAILLE, OF HIS MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ON HORSEBACK, REFERRED TO BY THE KING.
From a Photo. by H. N. King.

smile, which is one of her greatest charms, by gracious words. It is equally superfluous to add that the richness of her toilette was quite eclipsed by its refined good taste. The King, like the rest of the men, was in evening coat and knee-breeches, the Order of the Garter at his knee and a row of other Orders on his breast. He took his seat at the dinner-table next to the Queen. I was given a choice seat on the Queen's left hand, between two maids of honour.

"The dinner had scarcely commenced before the King turned towards me with an amiable smile. 'Observe how French art is held in honour here, M. Bonnat. There are only two pictures in the room, and both are signed by your compatriots.' I looked as bidden, and saw, on one side, the portrait of Queen Victoria by Benjamin Constant, and on the other the large canvas where Détaille has represented King Edward, then Prince of Wales, and his brother, the Duke of Connaught, on horseback, on the outskirts of a wood. On several subsequent occasions during the progress of dinner both the King and the Queen addressed me.

"When the dinner was at an end everybody rose, and with the same ceremonial we returned to the drawing-room, where the Queen and the ladies remained, the King leading the way for the men to the smoking-room. It was now that private conversation began. After offering me a cigar and lighting one himself, the King began to speak of Paris, of which he is so fond, and where he possesses so many staunch friends, and then of France in general and of M. Loubet. He referred to the approaching visit of the President to London with the most clearly-marked satisfaction, and then, laying stress on every syllable, as if the better to emphasize

his meaning, remarked, 'We will give M. Loubet a reception such as no head of any State has ever received here.'

"'Now, M. Bonnat,' His Majesty continued, after we had spoken on all sorts of topics, 'what say you to our going over the Castle? I have made all sorts of changes here and at Buckingham Palace, about which I should be very glad to have your opinion. Before leaving the smoking-room, however, I would like you to notice some very fine things in it. Look at this splendid piece of Louis XV. furniture, for instance. It came from the Palace of Versailles. George III., hearing that the contents of the palace were to be put up to auction, after the Revolution, dispatched a French cook he had to Versailles, and this, as well as those two commodes over there, was knocked down to him for a mere bagatelle.' While I was admiring the articles, which are really very fine, the King added, 'How many of those very pretty thousand-franc notes of yours would they fetch to-day, do you think?' 'If Pierpont Morgan pays a visit to your Majesty,' I answered, 'it would be as well not to let him see them, otherwise he would want to have them at any cost, and would no doubt try to tempt you by an offer of several millions,' a remark which the King greeted with a hearty outburst of laughter.

THE WATERLOO CHAMBER, CONTAINING THE LAWRENCE PAINTINGS, AT WINDSOR CASTLE.
From a Photo. by H. N. King.

"Thereupon the visit to the rest of the Castle began. Somebody had gone to bring the Queen from the drawing-room, and all the guests, grouped as they thought best, followed us. I say 'us,' for the King, who had taken the head of the procession, made me walk by his side, and, chatting familiarly with me all the time, did the honours of his residence as any private gentleman might. Noticing that the Queen was close behind me, I several times, at first, attempted to draw to one side that she might pass in front. But she would not hear of this. 'Don't take any notice of me,' she exclaimed, gaily. 'Just go on with the King. He only wants your company this evening.'

"Our excursion lasted fully two hours, and, in spite of the fatigue which His Majesty must certainly have felt, he did not show any outward signs of being tired. Smiling and good-humoured the whole time, it was impossible not to be struck by his strong, healthy aspect.

"The rooms, all brilliantly illuminated by electricity, were overflowing with riches of every description, and not one was skipped. The part of the Castle which made most impression on me was the Waterloo Chamber or Lawrence Gallery. What an admirable artist! What ease in his composition! What freshness in his tones! What dexterity and lightness of touch! In the spacious gallery, where at a ball a few days previously nine hundred persons had moved about with ease, I saw nothing but that score or so of portraits by the English master, all full length, all equal in merit. Which charmed me the most? you will naturally ask. If I must express any preference, I would pick out, among the male portraits, those of Pope Pius VII. and his secretary, Cardinal Gonsalvi; and among the female portraits the copy of the Duchess of Devonshire, by Reynolds. The justly-

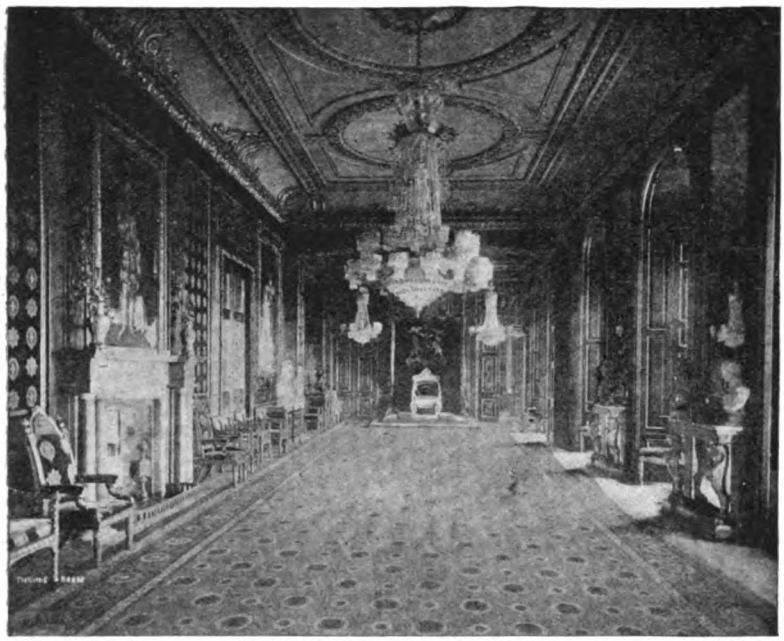
From a Photo. by] THE VAN DYCK ROOM AT WINDSOR CASTLE. *[H. N. King.*

celebrated original is very fine, but I am not sure that the copy is not superior to it, so vaporous is its grace, so delicate and dainty its colour, and so free is its execution.

"After the Lawrence pictures we saw the Van Dycks in another gallery. These are better known, a number of them having been exhibited some years ago at Antwerp. Admirable as they are, however, I am ready to confess that their view did not communicate to me the same thrill of emotion that the Lawrence pictures did. After seeing an unrivalled collection of Sèvres, acquired at the same time as the furniture in the smoking-room, we reached the Throne Room. 'I never enter this room,' said the King, 'without recalling an incident I witnessed here when a mere infant—Louis Philippe receiving the Order of the Garter from my mother's hands. The event marks an epoch in my existence. So great is the impression it must have made on my childish brain that, when I open the big volume of pictures of which my life is made up, I can still discern the smallest and most insignificant details of the scene.'

"Thus speaking, we returned to the smoking-room. While enjoying another most excellent cigar, the King suddenly said to me, in the midst of a conversation on the ancient and modern masters, 'I suppose you know the Wallace collection?' 'But too well, sir. Alas! to think of that marvellous collection of English and French masters—which seemed reserved for Paris—as being in London is for me a source of inexpressible chagrin. When I remember that this came about because some imbecile French official refused Sir Richard Wallace an honorary distinction which he coveted, my rage knows no bounds.' When he saw how indignant I was, the King burst out laughing. 'Come, now, M. Bonnat, don't get too angry, but shake hands once more. It is just upon one o'clock, and high time you took the rest you have so well merited to-day.'

"When the servant charged with the duty of looking after me had taken me back to my room he asked me at what hour I wished to be awakened. 'At eight o'clock,' I told him. I was still in the land of dreams the next morning when I heard under my window some slow and plaintive notes which, in this old feudal palace, brought back to my memory vague reminiscences of Tristan and Yseult. Still only semi-conscious, I ran to the window and perceived a stalwart Scotch soldier gravely blowing into the wooden mouthpiece of his bagpipes. All Walter Scott rushed again into my brain, and I believe it would have taken very little to make me renounce every idea of returning to London and take train instead for the ancient city of Edinburgh. Count Seckendorf, however, was already knocking at my door, offering to act as my cicerone through the Castle. Together we traversed the long corridor that goes right round the interior, and, like the rooms, is covered with pictures. In the library, to which I was at last introduced, Mr. Holmes did me the honour of his charge, and I was able to gloat to my heart's content over the Holbeins. Two days later Count Seckendorf made an appointment to meet me at Buckingham Palace, and here again I was entranced by my visit. On his own personal initiative the King has had all the pictures arranged in such a manner that



From a Photo. by] THE THRONE ROOM AT WINDSOR CASTLE. *[H. N. King.*

each work is placed in the light best suited to it, and so is seen to full advantage. Everything has been carried out so perfectly as to alone furnish a proof that the English Sovereign is a true connoisseur who loves painting for painting's sake."

Six different Presidents of the Republic, beginning with Thiers and ending with Loubet, have sat to Bonnat for their portraits, but it is of the first-named alone, long since an historical figure, that he will consent to speak. Overtures for painting the portrait of Thiers were made to Bonnat through the intermediary of the Duchess Colonna, who took occasion to warn the artist that Mme. Thiers was a woman with strongly developed personal ideas on all matters artistic. "Mlle. Jacquemart, who painted the President, was half worried to death by her," said the Duchess, by way of consolation.

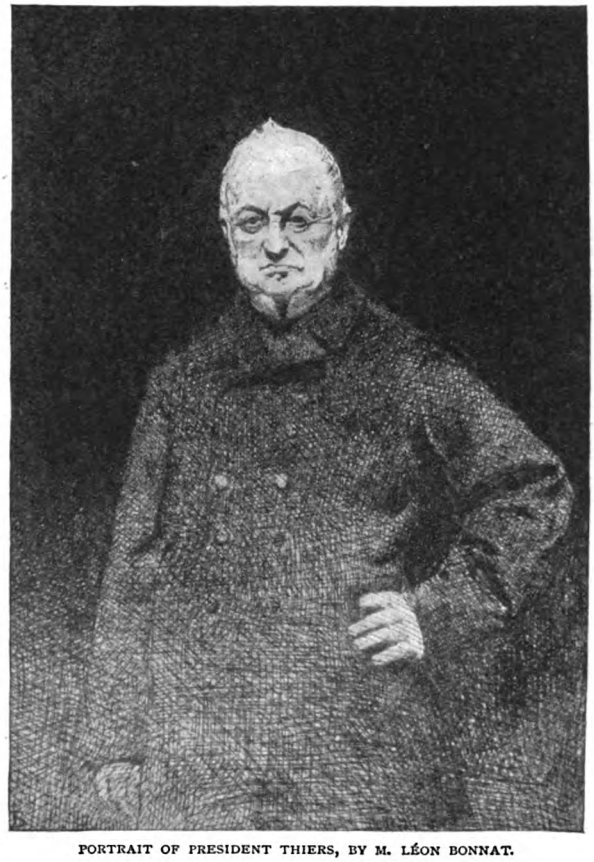
Nor was Thiers himself an easy person to deal with. The little man had strongly-developed personal ideas on every subject under the sun. Is it not recorded that, when crossing the Channel for the first time, while his companions were all writhing below in the throes of *mal de mer*, Thiers was on the bridge, expostulating with the astounded English captain on the way the steamer was being navigated? One of Thiers's greatest fads, however, was on the subject of temperature. Unless the mercury in the thermometer marked precisely sixty-five degrees, he was the most wretched of mortals. At sixty-six degrees he became apoplectic; at sixty-four degrees his blood congealed. After a brief trial in Bonnat's studio, it was clear that some other arrangement was necessary. Painter and model agreed that it would be best to transfer the sittings to a room, to be set apart for the purpose, in Thiers's own house. Remembering the warning he had received, Bonnat stipulated that during the progress of the work nobody was to be allowed to enter the room on any pretext whatever without his consent.

Hardly had the painter settled down to his easel before the door of the room was opened. "Mme. Thiers," piped the President, in his shrill voice, "go away." "But, my dear——" "If I want anything I will ring." "But, my dear——" "Once for all, Mme. Thiers, I beg you to leave us alone."

The door shut with a sharp click, and the interrupted *séance* was resumed. In about an hour's time, however, Bonnat's ears again detected a fumbling sound behind him, and, turning round, he saw another door this time opening very quietly and softly, followed by the intrusion of a venerable white head. On this occasion Thiers became almost convulsed with rage. "For the last time, Mme. Thiers," he shrieked, "I order you to go away, or I will thrash you!"

Once more the door shut with a bang, but not before Bonnat had time to read in the lady's eyes an expression that would have made a less nervous man very uneasy. Thiers himself had a violent fit of laughing. "Suppose I had thrashed her!" he said, when he recovered his equanimity, "what a beautiful story the papers could have made out of it, eh? Can't you fancy you are reading that righteously indignant article in the *Figaro*, which, as it is, always refers to me as 'that sinister old scoundrel'?"

When the picture was finished Thiers summoned the Director of Fine Arts to look at it. "A masterpiece—fit for a museum!" was that functionary's immediate verdict. Without losing an instant Thiers rang the bell. "Ask Mme. Thiers to be good enough to come here," he told the footman who appeared. His wife no sooner entered the room than Thiers ran towards her, and drawing her in front of the canvas, without giving her time to open her mouth, commenced a voluble panegyric on the qualities of the work. "Here is the Director of Fine Arts, Mme. Thiers," he wound up; "the very highest authority on painting we possess in France. Do you know what his opinion is, Mme. Thiers? He declares that this portrait by Bonnat is one of the marvels of the modern school—a *chef-d'œuvre*, fit only for a museum. Those are his very words. Congratulate M. Bonnat; thank him for us both!" There was no help for it, for what was the value of Mme. Thiers's opinion compared to that of the Director of Fine Arts?

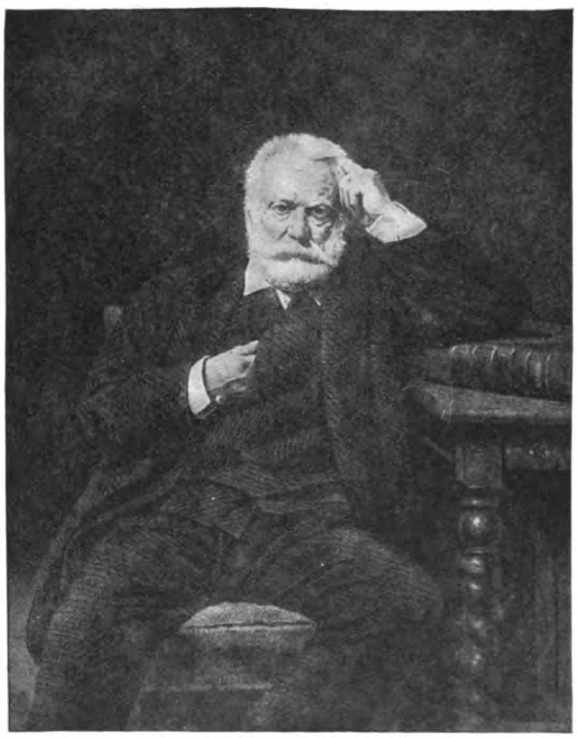


PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT THIERS, BY M. LÉON BONNAT.

It was a proud day in the artist's life when he painted the portrait of Victor Hugo, one of the gods of his earliest years. Englishmen can hardly realize the exalted position Hugo occupied in the eyes of his countrymen. If they imagine what they themselves would think of a Shakespeare, Hampden, Scott, and Dickens with a dash of Tennyson and Milton combined in the same individual, they will get some idea of how Frenchmen regarded their greatest poet. Victor Hugo himself accepted this homage as his due, and knew how to act the part of a semi-divinity to perfection. Of this Bonnat was destined to witness a notable proof. Shortly after Hugo's portrait was begun Lesseps called upon Bonnat and, though informed that the master of the house was occupied, would take no denial. When the painter, who had come out of the studio, explained to the great engineer who the model was, "Le Grand Français," as Lesseps was termed, at once expressed the desire to pay his respects to the poet. Bonnat's remonstrances were of no avail, and the end of the matter was that the constructor of the Suez Canal entered the studio and found himself face to face with the author of "Les Misérables," who was in the well-known Olympian attitude. Lesseps showered compliments on the great man, who hardly deigned to take any notice of them, and, indeed, behaved in a manner that, had he been an ordinary mortal, would have been termed grossly impertinent. Bonnat, on pins and needles all the time, at last managed to get Lesseps away, and then resumed the portrait. The painter's mind, naturally, was running on the strange scene he had just witnessed, for which he could not account. "I wonder what posterity will think of Lesseps?" he at last said, with a view to drawing Victor Hugo out. "Posterity," answered Hugo, to Bonnat's profound astonishment, "will declare that Lesseps was not merely a remarkable man, but that he was one of the two or three real benefactors of humanity." After a moment's pause Bonnat alluded to the supposed relationship

between Lesseps and the Emperor, through the family of the Empress Eugénie. "Ferdinand de Lesseps," burst forth the oracle, "has no relations. His only ancestors are Galileo and Christopher Columbus." Little wonder if Bonnat was sorely puzzled. When trying subsequently to account for Victor Hugo's attitude on this occasion, the only explanation he could hit upon was that the poet desired to emphasize the superiority of the thinker over the man of action, such as Lesseps primarily was.

There would appear to be some special virtue in painting that keeps its devotees youthful, both mentally and physically. Bonnat, though a good deal over seventy, is, like so many of his colleagues in similar case, the very antithesis of all that one generally associates with advanced years. In his outward appearance there is little to denote the artist. He is always carefully attired, and at first sight you would rather take him for some keen business man, always on the alert to snatch an advantage. It is only when he looks straight at you with those bright black eyes of his, that seem to pierce you through and through, that you perceive he is really the man of his works—works that are surely destined to endure, for there is a vigour and solidity about everything he does that seems to bid defiance to time. When he painted his picture of Christ on the Cross for the Paris Courts of Justice, some twenty years or so ago, a celebrated critic of the day remarked that, if ever the menace to remove all religious emblems from the courts were put in force by the anti-Clerical party, the hands of the spoilers would fall powerless at sight of this masterpiece. In spite of this prophecy, however, the picture, as the reader is aware, has been taken away with the others by the present French Government, which considers, as the English Government has always done, that the administration of justice is essentially a civil, and not a religious, function.



VICTOR HUGO, BY M. LÉON BONNAT.

Bonnat has amassed considerable wealth, as the fine house he possesses a few steps from the Champs Elysées in Paris amply testifies. For his portraits he has always received very large fees, but it is by no means on his portraits alone that his fame rests. He is himself a devoted collector of choice works of art, and has presented his native town of Bayonne, close to the Spanish frontier, with a wonderful collection of old masters. Bayonne, when he was a youth, gave him a yearly allowance of sixty pounds, that he might have a chance of proving his talent to the world, and he has since requited this debt a thousand times over by founding in Bayonne the Musée Bonnat, which will long serve to keep his name green. Like everybody who succeeds, Bonnat has bitter detractors; but all such would do well to give Bayonne a wide berth, for the Southerners are hot-blooded and staunch believers in the man who has done them honour.

The Order of the Wooden Gun

BY Morley Roberts.

BERTIE FORTESCUE was twenty-three. He weighed twelve stone, was rather fatter than he should have been, and wore an eye-glass. His father was good to him, his mother spoiled him, he had not been to a public school, and had never had a thrashing in his life. He believed in himself, in clothes and money, and imagined he was born to rule men. He was trying. It was for the first time, in the steamship *Pilgrim*, of six thousand tons register, owners Fortescue and Son, of Liverpool, bound from New Orleans to Table Bay with a cargo of mules and horses for the British Government—and Bertie was the Son. The *Pilgrim* was three days out from the mixed mouths of the Mississippi, and already there was the deuce to pay and no pitch hot.

"Trouble! Didn't I smell trouble like a gasworks?" said Bob Wadd. "It stuck out a foot while we was lyin' at the Picayune Tier. And just as soon as I heerd old Fortescue was took sick and that dear Bertie was goin' to come with us to manage these blighted 'orse-keepers, I knowed cyclones would be nothing to the ructions that was in sight. 'Owsever, 'ere we are, out to sea, and the skipper and mates dunno where they are with this pretty crowd of 'orse-keepers, and dear young Bertie walkin' about among 'em with his revolver out and his eyes starin' and usin' delicate language to 'em. There's trouble abroad on the lee-bow, and hany moment there may be bloodshed."

For once a fore-mast growler hit the situation off to a T. And no one else did, except some of the mixed gathering who had shipped in the *Pilgrim*, one to every seventeen horses, to look after them on the way to the war.

"It's almost peaceful now," said the skipper; "it was a great and blessed relief to send the carpenters ashore. Their hammering drove me mad. How are you getting along with the horse-keepers, Mr. Fortescue?"

The owner's son nodded drily.

"I've got 'em to rights," he said; "they see already they can't impose on me. I let 'em see right off that I carried a revolver and meant to stand no nonsense. With men of their class it's no use being soft sawdery, is it?"

Old Scantlebury might be soft, but he was not quite a fool or without experience.

"I wouldn't be *too* hard on 'em, Mr. Fortescue," he said, anxiously; "they're a very tough lot."

"I'll show 'em I'm tougher," said Bertie, firmly, as he stuck his eye-glass in his eye. "They'll not impose on me. They respect me already. I can see it."

The holy gang that respected him were shrieking for'ard at that very moment over

Mr. Herbert Fortescue, of Messrs. Fortescue and Son. For as it happened there were several humorists among them as well as several that ought to have been hanged, and the jokers leavened the whole lump, so that there was peace at present, if the row was to come later.

"Lord!" said Arizona Bill, "did you ever see such a thing as thishyer Fortescue?"

"I should smile," replied a man from Michigan, "by the holy Mackinaw, he's a daisy. Fortescue! What'll we call him, boys?"

"Oh, call him Bertie; that's his name, too," cried someone from British Columbia. "The next time he gives me taffy I'll say, 'Dry up, Bertie!'"

Arizona grinned.

"Boys, it's Bertie all the time. Did you pipe his gun? That elegant dude with a gun! Bought it for us, boys. And his voice, too. 'Hee'ar, men, pawss this—aw—rope throo this—aw—thing—aw!' Oh, he makes me sick! Does he know a horse from a mewel? Oh, ain't he tender, and so green and juicy! But that thing, and a gun, is what fetches me every time. He'll shorely be pullin' it down on one of us, onless one of these mustangs kindly plants his heels in his stomach and lays him out."

There were plenty of mustangs equal to the job if they hadn't been moored so close. For the *Pilgrim's* twelve hundred mixed rakings and scrapings of Texas included many able equine gymnasts, many supremely skilled kickers, many that looked for someone to bite, as if, indeed, all flesh were grass.

But if the horses were mixed brutes, the men that looked after them were no less a marvellous collection of terrible uniques. Old Bob Wadd reckoned them up.

"There's Texans 'ere, and some from Arizona, and half-a-dozen Mexicans, and three real Dutchmen, and two Danes, and a Finn, and some real Spaniards, and a one-eyed blackguard from Vennyzweela, and seven nigs, and a bally Kanaka, and several English, and three Irish, and two Kanucks, and three Canadian Frenchmen. That's all I've marked off, but bimeby I expects a Greek and a Rooshian and a Prooshian and a Turk and a Chinaman will turn up. Oh, they've the prettiest lot of unhung pirates I ever see on board a ship or on a wharf. And dear, dear Bertie 'as the management of 'em! Shipmates, mark my words: you'll 'ave a tale to pitch when you 'ops ashore out of this horse-packet as'll curl 'air equal to any curlin' tongs. The first time it blows and the 'orses begin to kick and peg out, Bertie and these shinin' gems out of the jool-case they calls Noo Orl'ans will be 'aving awful arguments on the main-deck. I smells trouble afar off, like as I said afore, as from a gasworks or a candle factory."

The two mates said the same. They said it to themselves. They said it to the "old man." The first mate groaned to the second greaser, and even to the third.

"Forder, I opine there will be serious difficulties yet between this young Fortescue and these horse-keepers."

Mr. White always "opined"; it was as favourite a word with him as "exploit" is with a Socialist orator, or as "transpire" is with a third-rate journalist.

"I opine there will be serious difficulty," repeated the chief.

"Would you mind, sir, if I told you my opinion of Mr. Fortescue?" asked the second.

"Not in the least," said Mr. White.

"Then I think he's the biggest ass I ever set eyes on," said the disgusted Forder, "and I hope some of that bally gang will take away that glass eye of his and his revolver and throw 'em both overboard."

"I opine it would do him good," said Mr. White, pensively.

"I'm jolly well sure it would, sir," said Forder. "I could have put up with old Mr. Fortescue—though I never knew any good come from havin' owners on board—but his son and heir gives me the hump. It's bad enough havin' a cargo of horses, and worse havin' these pit-scrapin's to tend 'em; but Mr. Bertie makes me tired."

When there is trouble in a ship there's trouble for all hands. And trouble was certainly breezing up to windward, because the *Pilgrim* struck in on the southern edge of a cyclonic disturbance coming up from the eastward on its way north-west, and the westerly gale that played with them made matters extremely lively for everyone. It was the purest misfortune for all on board the *Pilgrim* that Bertie was not sick, though he had never been in bad weather before. It increased—what stood in no need of any increase—his good opinion of himself. He swaggered as if he were an old salt and had been pickled in the year of Trafalgar.

"All these brutes forward are sick, Captain Scantlebury," said Bertie, haughtily. "They are a lot of useless scum—aw! Those that aren't ill don't know a horse from a mule, and those that know a mule from a horse are too ill to know themselves from a bale of hay."

"Don't be too hard on 'em, sir," urged the old skipper. "This won't last long, and when they get over bein' sick they'll be all right."

"If I was as soft—aw—as you want me to be," said Bertie, "they'd walk over the lot of us. I've just booted three to work, and I'll boot the rest in about three minutes, or I'll know the reason why, confound them!"

He went forward along the main-deck and interviewed some of his men. Among them he interviewed one Arizona Bill, who was in a state of collapse to which he had long been a stranger. As he explained later, sea-sickness was an illness which resembled the results of drink combined with cholera and a few other very fatal diseases, and it took all the stiffening out of a man.

"Get up and go to work," said Bertie, pitilessly.

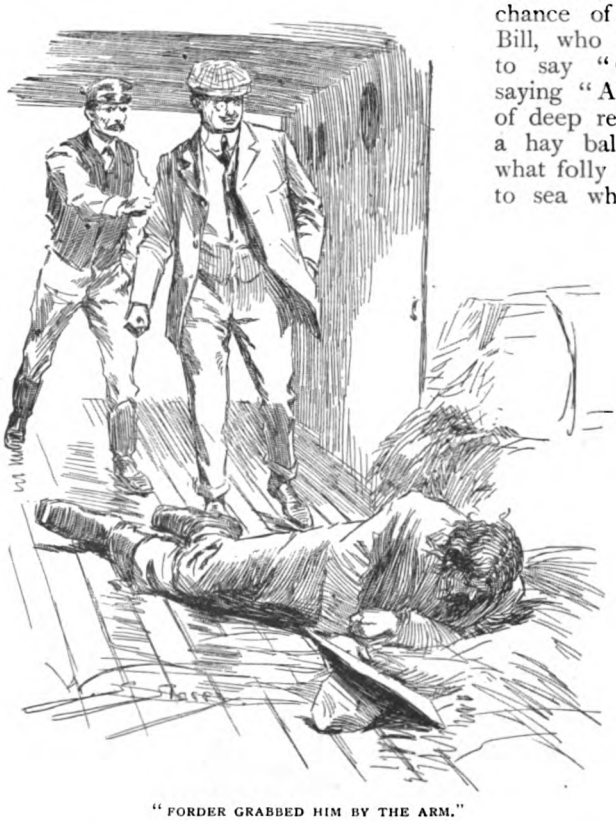
"Not much," said poor Arizona. "I'm dyin'. Oh!"

He said "Oh!" several times.

"Get up, or I'll kick thunder out of you," said Bertie.

Even in collapse a gleam came in Arizona's eye.

"Don't you kick me, Bertie, or I'll kill you when I'm well," he said.



"FORDER GRABBED HIM BY THE ARM."

And Forder came along just in time to prevent Bertie doing what he said. Forder grabbed him by the arm.

"You don't know what you're aimin' at, sir," said Forder. "Do you reckon they'll be sick the whole passage, Mr. Fortescue? If you want to kick anyone, go and pick a Dutchman."

Bertie wrenched his arm loose.

"Confound you, sir; let go my arm. What the deuce do you mean by interfering with me, sir? I'll sack you in Cape Town the very moment we get there. He—he called me *Bertie!*"

"Sack be hanged," said Forder. "And did he call you Bertie? Well, you are Bertie, aren't you? But you're green, too, or you wouldn't threaten to boot an American of that sort."

"You don't know who you're talking to," said Bertie, furiously. "For two pins I'd knock you down."

Forder walked for'ard.

"Oh, go to bed!" he said, contemptuously.

His watch below that night was from eight to twelve, and he took the chance of seeing Arizona Bill, who had now ceased to say "Oh!" and was saying "Ah!" with a sense of deep relief as he lay on a hay bale, and wondered what folly had brought him to sea when there was so much solid prairie in Arizona.

"How are you makin' it?" asked Forder.

Arizona sighed.

"Why, sir, I'm of opinion I sha'n't actuly die this time. But I've a mighty strange feelin' of a void within that I've no rek'lection of experiencin' since I was three days without hash in the neighbourhood of the Californian mountings. Thishyer sea-sick business is a terror, and some new to me. I'd admire to see my enemies takin' a hand in the game while I stood out."

"To-morrow you'll be as fit as a fiddle," said Forder; "it'll do you good—scrape out your limbers, so to speak."

Arizona shook his tousled head.

"Well, sir, I'd ruther be done good to more gently, for if thishyer's a cure for indi-

gestion, as the cook reckons, it should be a root cure and no fatal error. And now I rek'lects it was you as stopped that boy Bertie from doin' suthin' he'd ha' bin mighty sorry for! Sir, I thank you! I was mighty sick at that moment, and I felt near my latter end, and was helpless as a babe."

Forder grinned.

"Excuse my smilin', partener," he said, "but somehow I can't help it when I think of people bein' sea-sick."

Arizona sighed.

"Grin, my son; I ain't complainin'. It makes me smile to see a tenderfoot tackle a buckin' horse. I reckon I'm a tenderfoot at sea."

"But about this Mr. Fortescue?" said Forder. "I want to know what the trouble will be?"

Arizona Bill looked exceedingly disagreeable. He would have impressed a member of the Peace Society very unfavourably.

"Bertie's goin' to die, I reckon," he said, simply. "He cayn't survive long, if my opinion is worth a cent. He kicked three of the boys, though one don't count, bein' a Dutchman, and he used language which the Governor of no State could pardon to Ben Wilkins."

Forder nodded.

"Young ass," he said; "but, Arizona, let him down light. If anyone shoots him he'll be hung. This is a British ship, and he'll be tried at Cape Town."

"If he fell overboard," said Arizona, "there's seventy of us here to try. He don't know what dynamite he's monkeyin' with."

"That's so," said Forder; "he don't know and might be taught. You're the top dog in this crowd, ain't you?"

"I might be," said Arizona, cautiously.

"And you'd oblige me if you could?"

"I would; you're a white man," said Arizona, "even if you are an Englishman."

Forder, who thoroughly understood the Western attitude towards Englishmen, took no notice of the last part of Arizona's declaration.

"Then treat him like the baby that he is."

"Eh, what? Smack him, for instance?" said Arizona, eagerly.

"Anything you like except kill him, my son."

"I see," said Arizona. "Take his gun from him, and so on."

"I'm givin' no advice," replied Forder.

"That's all hunky. I tumble to the racket," said Arizona. "I reckons he sets a high value on that glass eye of his, eh?"

"It looks like it," said Forder.

"We'll *kapsualla* it, as B.C. Bob says, and give it to the Major. He let on he'd worn 'em once. He wuz in your British Army, and now he's the toughest hoodoo on board."

"Oh, give it the Major, then," said Forder, and he went off.

He met Bertie on the main-deck and they passed as if they were strangers in the Strand.

"Oh, go to bed!" said Forder to himself. But he knew he had done a good deed.

"Haw—bumptious ass—haw," said Bertie, who had no notion how grateful he ought to be. He didn't know for several days, and

"THEY PASSED AS IF THEY WERE STRANGERS IN THE STRAND."

the reason of his remaining ignorant was the comic spirit that endures in man in all the strange places of the world and sea, and makes laughter flourish on the barrenest soil.

There were twelve hundred horses and mules on board, and, though they were packed a bit over-closely, there was plenty of ventilation, and at least half the men in charge knew a horse from a harmonium. As the men who knew were naturally the bosses by birth and education, having been mostly born in Texas and educated on the prairie, the unlearned learnt because they had to. It was not an unhappy ship for the horses, even though Bertie knew as much about them as he did about men. What was due to Arizona and Ben Wilkins and half-a-dozen others he put down to himself. And he was much surprised at the peculiar change which came over the whole horse crowd as soon as they ran into good weather and went along on an even keel. For the first ten days everyone had been sick and sorry and savage, and now the main-deck and the 'tween-decks fairly rang with laughter.

"Aw—they've come to their bearings," said Bertie, who liked sea terms, which he sometimes used quite accurately. "I think, Captain Scantlebury, that the men are very amenable after all; my severity—aw—with them when they were complaining of sea-sickness did them good. That fellow they call Arizona Bill has a very good idea of handling horses, and I can see he now thoroughly understands that I am not to be scared or imposed upon."

But after their supper the worst gang of them all was gathered on the fore-hatch on the orlop deck, and they made the horses, who twisted their necks round to see what was going on, wonder more than ever what strange animals men were. Arizona lay on the hatch, and with him was Ben Wilkins. The Major, who indeed had been an officer in a crack cavalry regiment, chewed tobacco while resting against the coamings. Seth Evans and Missouri Jack were among the crowd. So were the Mexicans, though they sat aloof. Manuel, the one-eyed blackguard from Venezuela, was there too. And in the background were the Dutchmen, who included real Hollanders, Danes, a Swede named Hans, and a Finn known as Tubby when he was called anything. A dozen lanterns cast a glimmering and unequal light on this party in Tophet. Arizona had the floor, so to speak. He was very fluent.

"Boys," said Arizona, "air we all in this?"

"To bee sure," said Ben Wilkins. "The man that ain't goes out with the muck next mucking-out, if I'm any authority on the doings in this ole packet."

"Don't discourage any of us," said Arizona. "Ben, you're too fiery. I've known men that'd die sooner than be encouraged your way. Your talk inspires a sperrit of rebellion in the brave. Let us confine ourselves to the programme, which is entitled as a drayma, 'The Takin' Down of Bertie.' Bertie, boys, is the boss. I am talkin'—aw—about dear Bertie—aw—who walks round with a new silvery gun, a forty-five frontier pistol, in his nice clean hands, in order to reduce this unholy crowd to a proper sense o' their subordination. Who is it carries a nice new gun, boys?"

"Bertie carries a nice new gun," said the crowd, shrieking with laughter.

"Bertie's paw owns thishyer horse-packet, and is some sick in Noo Orl'ans right now," went on Arizona; "but if his son, who'll own this *Pilgrim* when he paysses in his checks, was to be filled up with lead, the ole man would be some disgruntled. Who's sick paw would be some disgruntled if Bertie was to stop lead, boys?"

"Bertie's paw would be some disgruntled," answered the crowd.

"Does we, the kind and peaceful crowd that looks after horses, need guns to subdue our bloodthirsty instinks?" asked Arizona. "Far from it, boys. We come from the calm prairies of Texas and sunny Arizona, where peace flourishes for ever and n man dies without askin' for death, except in some fatal instances that may be looked on as accidents. We are all sorts here—Texans, Arizonians, Californians, Henglishmen, Kanucks, Mexicanos—but all serenely devoted to the cause of peace. Who's the disturbing influence here, waltzing round with a gun, boys?"

"Bertie is," said the crowd, unanimously.

"Who is it that says 'aw' to freeborn citizens of the United States, to men from Chihuahua, to down-trodden subjects of the King of England and the Emperor of Prussia?"

"Bertie does," affirmed the crowd.

"And looks at sons of the prairie and the mountain through a piece of glass, which the Major here discarded years ago? Who does that?"

And the crowd said that "dear Bertie did."

"I calls all free men, with a clarion voice, to say nothin' of a bugle, to rise and put him down," said Arizona. "We can endure much, and can endure it long. But the

worm turns at last, and dear Bertie is doomed. Boys, who is doomed?"

"Dear Bertie!" said the crowd. "Dear Bertie is doomed!"

"He is doomed to have his gun taken from him, and his eye-glass, if the Major won't have it, shall be destroyed by the heel of freedom. Boys, I have done."

"Bully for you," said the Major; "I'll take the eye-glass."

And the ingenious orator went on deck with his fellow-conspirators to take the evening air.

"I've a notion," said Arizona, when he was through his second pipe—"I've a notion as it'll be best to decorate Bertie for his doin's hyar."

"I'd decorate him with a bowie, but for your sayin' you'll regard it as a favour if I don't," said Ben Wilkins.

"You're ever too ready with the knife, my son," said Arizona, "but if you'll stand aside with me I'll furnish your barren and uninventive genius with a harmless job for your weapon that you keep in your boot which will amuse Bertie worse than wounds. Let's climb up on what these gentlemen from the fiery depths calls the fiddley deck, and I'll breathe an elegant scheme into your starboard earhole, which is ship's palaver for right ear."

They climbed up, and presently Ben clambered down and went hunting for a piece of board.

"Ter-morrer is the fatal day," said Arizona. "Jokin' will be the death of me. But, oh, dear Bertie would almost make Seth Graves smile; and as for me, who was born with a rich endowment of fun, I kin no more keep off of him than a bear from honey."

The whole ship's company was down on Bertie.

Everything went on wheels next day, and Bertie walked round quite unconscious of his doom. He went his rounds, and at half-past eight was down on the orlop-deck, which was so badly lighted with electric light that the men supplemented the electricity with lanterns. Though there were fewer horses there than on the 'tween-decks or the main-deck, there were more men down on the orlop-deck than on any other. And they were obviously much amused at something. What it was the owner's son did not know, till he came right forward on the starboard side, having begun for'ard on the port side and walked aft. He found quite a gathering on the fore-hatch of No. 1 hold. A lot were sitting and the rest standing about in two groups, with Ben and Arizona in the midst.

"Good-night, Bertie," said someone from the background.

"Who said that?" asked Bertie. He turned to Arizona. "Was it you?"

"No, Bertie," said Arizona, "it warn't me, dear; I wouldn't think of takin' such a liberty with so fine a lookin' young man. Was it you, Ben?"

Ben shook his head.

"Not me, Bill. Would I call a nice young boy like him by such a horrid, insultin' name? No, it warn't me that called him Bertie."

Bertie gasped:—

"H'm!—h'm!——"

And the crowd said:—

"Aw!—aw!"

And then the young fellow, who certainly did not lack courage, made a bolt for the biggest gang and naturally caught the slowest of the lot, who was a very harmless Dutchman. He knocked him down and pulled out his gun. There was a dead silence for a moment, and then Arizona stepped up to him.

"What are you producin' that very fine weepon for?" he asked.

And Bertie roared:—

"This is mutiny, mutiny!"

"Don't get excited, sir," said Arizona; "don't get flighty or flurried. With a tough and horrid crowd like this always keep cool. We wants to know unanimous what your purpose is in wearin' that weepon and pullin' it out and flourishin' it permiscus? For we're very peaceful, and worships peace and hates to die."

"Go—go to the deuce!" said Bertie. "Confound you, let me pass."

For now there were at least thirty men round him, and some of the stokers who were off duty stood in the background roaring with laughter.

"Make him hand over his gun, Bill," said Ben, edging closer.

"We'd like to look at it to see if it's a real gun, sir," said Arizona, with a very taking air of simplicity. "Some of us reckons it's real and some says your dad heeled you with a wooden one to scare a timid lot of boys from Arizona and Texas and Louisiana. Please let us look at it, sir."

"Do, dear Bertie," said the rest. And what happened then no one quite knew. Some said Bertie meant to shoot, some said he made a break for the *brow*—which was the horse-gangway at the main-hatch—and

"WHAT ARE YOU PRODUCIN' THAT VERY FINE WEEPON FOR?"

some say that Ben grabbed him. For about ten seconds there was a rough-and-tumble on the fore-hatch, in which three lanterns were finally demolished, and then from the rumpus there emerged a pale and desperate Bertie, without a gun, in the grip of Ben, Arizona, and the silent Seth Graves. Jack from Missouri had the gun.

"Boys, the verdict of this expert is that this is a real gun," said Jack, "a real forty-five frontier pistol, loaded with real cartridges. And if you pulls the trigger hard it's likely to go off."

"There, dear Bertie, see what you've been monkeyin' with," said Arizona. "Mizzoura knows a gun well. You might have killed one of us poor boys, mostly orphans, too, owin' to similar accidents happenin' to our paws."

But the speechless son of the owner found his tongue.

"Let me go! I'll kill some of you. What do you mean, confound you?"

He struggled frantically, but found his struggles entirely vain. For Seth Graves had him from behind in a clutch that it would have taken a small and healthy grizzly bear to get free of.

"I'll tell you what we mean," said Ben, dusting himself carefully. "We mean to give you some healthy advice. Mebbe you remember kickin' this child in the ribs when he was sick?"

"And me," said Seth, who spoke for the first and last time.

"And you let on that you would kick me, boy," said Arizona, "and nothin' but the second officer interferin' saved you from it. Now we're goin' to investigate your case and decide what kind of immejit death will be joodishal. Boys, put a bale on the fore-hatch, and I'll app'int myself judge with a view to strict impartiality, for if I don't Ben Wilkins will, and he cayn't be impartial, as he said las' night he'd decided to hang the prisoner if he was app'inted judge."

He climbed on the bale.

"Boys, the Court is now sittin'. No one that the prisoner hez kicked can be on the jury. Them ez he hez pulled his gun on ain't disqualified, or there would be no panel. Bein' sworn at ain't no disqualification neither."

The jury was formed after several bitter quarrels. It was composed of a Louisiana man called Buckeye Joe, a Canadian Frenchman known as French Pete, a young Californian originally from Mendocino County but later from the San Francisco House of Correction, a Finn, a Dutchman from Amsterdam, an Englishman who had been born at sea and brought up in Australia; the Major, who in the struggle had annexed Bertie's eye-glass and was now wearing it, with the curious effect of making him look

almost like a gentleman again; and several others who came from countries between Patagonia and Hudson's Bay.

"Our verdict is 'Guilty,'" said the foreman, Buckeye.

"Don't be previous," said Arizona. "He *is* guilty, of course; we all know that, but we've got to act impartial and hear some evidence. And I've to sum up. You look out for my summing up, Bertie. It'll make you squirm, or I'm no true-born impartial citizen of the United States. Ben, take the stand and lay your complaint against this bobtail burro."

"THE MAJOR."

The helpless prisoner shook his head feebly. He was entirely done for and seriously alarmed; there wasn't a kick left in him; Seth Graves's job was now a sinecure, and he let him go.

"This lop-eared leper kicked me," said Ben Wilkins, who had been adding to his already extensive vocabulary of picturesque abuse by consorting with the stokers. "He said, 'Get up, you lazy, loafin' scum-pot and do your dooty,' and with that he booted me in the ribs. If I was on the jury I'd bawl for death. And it's only because you asked me to let him off, Arizona, that I didn't slay him when I could stand. Boys, your verdict, if just, will be 'death'."

This was irregular, and Arizona said so.

"You ain't addressin' the jury, Ben," said the judge. "You've no call to, either. I'll do that. You can stand down."

"I haven't hardly cleared my throat to begin with," urged Ben. "I've a deal more to say—oh, a deal more."

"Oh, dry up," said Arizona. "Who's running this court, you or me? Where's the one-eyed galoot from Caracas?"

The one-eyed galoot from Caracas testified to having been smitten on the side of his head by Bertie. Bill translated the evidence without editing it. One-eye said he hadn't killed Bertie because he was too sick to do it. He addressed the Mexicans on the jury with much fervour, and, though reproved by Bill, did not cease his oration till Ben, who was jealous, pulled him down.

A Dutchman spoke afterwards, but did not meet with great sympathy from the judge.

"Cut it short," said Bill; "a Dutchman don't count anyhow, hardly more'n a nigger."

This was rather hard on three "coons" grinning in the background and lighting up the darkness with their teeth. However, Dutchmen and negroes are never really troublesome unless they are in the majority, and no protest was made.

After that Arizona refused to hear any more evidence.

"That'll do the palaver," he said; "it's as clear as the Missouri in flood-time that Bertie is a gone coon. He struck citizens of the United States with a British shoe, and he smote Caracas over the cabeza with a British hand. The jury can consider their verdict while the judge considers his sentence."

"Ain't the prisoner to be allowed no defence?" asked old Wadd, who had been given the tip there was something on.

"To bee sure," said Bill. "Bertie, can you say anythin' to prevent your bein' found guilty right off?"

"Go to the deuce!" said Bertie. "I'll have you all in gaol for mutiny at Cape Town."

"That's contempt of Court," said Bill, "but we pass it by, secure in the dignity of our high office. Is there anyone who can testify on behalf of poor, doomed Bertie before the verdict is announced?"

Not a soul volunteered.

"What, no witnesses ez to character?" asked Bill. "Would the seafaring gentleman in the background, who threw some

reflections on me just now by inquiring if the prisoner warn't to hev no defence, like to speak on behalf of Bertie?"

Bob Wadd shuffled uneasily. But Green egged him on.

"His old dad ain't a bad sort," said Wadd at last, with all that trepidation which paralyzes an Englishman in his first speech. "His old dad——"

"So far the Court is with you," said Arizona. "But the eviden e is what lawyers justly calls irreverent. His old dad has our sympathy, but the griefs of the prisoner's parent cayn't interfere with the course of justice. Have you anythin' else to allege on his behalf?"

"Well, the grub's good in this packet," said Wadd, desperately. "And old Mr. Fortescue——"

"Oh, give us a rest," said the judge. "You tire me, my son, by your continued irreverence. The fact is you cayn't rake up the least thing in favour of this benighted burro, and you slide off on the matter of the chewing, just as if the old man's notions of hash could help the criminal I see before me. Gentlemen of the jury, what is your verdict?"

"Guilty," said Buckeye Joe, "and we all say it, and you might as well have heard us first as last."

"Do you all say 'Guilty'?" demanded Bill, ignoring the foreman.

"Yep, si, oui, ja, yes," said the jury; "by crimes, we do, all of us, todos, tous, the hull crowd unanimous. And we sentences him to death."

"Rise up the prisoner," said Bill, "and the jury can sit down and hold their blamed tongues. This isn't *lynchin'*—this is a Court with a joodishal judge. If witherin' sarcasm warn't lost on the lot of you I'd tell you what I think of your trespassin' upon my rights. Rise up the prisoner."

And Seth Graves "rose" him up.

"Let me go, you fool!" said Bertie. "How dare you? You've no right to do it, to make a fool of me. Help! help! I'm not going to stay here and be jeered at. Don't you touch me," and he foamed at the mouth. Even Seth Graves found him hard to freeze to.

"Hold on," said Arizona, now without a smile. "Mr. Bertie Fortescue, mebbe you think this is a joke? Well, so it is, in one way, but not in the next. Do you reckon it a joke?"

"No," said Bertie, through his teeth.

"You're right," said the judge, "for at the bottom, my son, it's tol'rable serious. While we've been takin' the evidence I've been considerin' my sentences. I reckon one sentence ain't enough, so I'll do my best to put a few together. For the sentence of this Court ez that you are to be told briefly and with a rasp what I and the rest think of you, my son. Silence, boys! There's somethin' actual afterwards, and I'm goin' to hev peace while I orate, or a few of you will go on deck in a horse-sling."

Arizona stood up, and there was a look in his eye which produced order. He turned again to Bertie.

"You miserable young jackass," said the impartial and just judge. "You miserable young jackass, listen and l'arn. We've been good to you, I've been good to you, and by my orders your life hez been spared. You kicked Seth Graves, you hoofed Ben Wilkins in the ribs, you threatened to kick me, and if it hadn't bin for a friend of yourn on board this packet you'd ha' bin shot and thrown overboard. I wonder if you understand, my son, that you're no one, that you're ignorant, that you're as green and juicy as grass in rain? Mebbe you never saw *men* before. We're a rough and tough crowd, we've lived our lives, seen men die, and taken chances ourselves, though I own some of us are little better than hobos or tomayto-can vags, and you come along flourishin' a gun (thishyer gun) that you cayn't shoot with, and shoot off your mouth at us! By the great horn spoon, it's a marvel, boys, ain't it?"

"That's so," said the crowd, seriously.

"Do you believe me, Bertie, when I tell you straight that if I hadn't interfered you'd hev been dead by now?" asked Bill, as he sat down again.

"No," said Bertie.

Ben Wilkins got up and walked close to the prisoner.

"Don't you?" asked Ben. His eyes were like furnaces. "Don't you?"

"Stand back, Ben," said Bill. "My son, don't you think you kin persuade yourself I speak the trewth?'

There was a strange short silence.

"Speak!" said Bill.

"Ye-es," said Bertie.

Bill nodded.

"Ah, I thought you'd see it, my son. It's true, it's truer than most gospel, *as* preached. Why, you miserable galoot, what we thinks of you is beneath words. What do you know? You know nothin'. You reckon you know 'horse.' Let me tell that does, that you don't know

'horse,' nor mewel, nor even jackass. Your knowledge of horses is equal to your knowledge of men. Mebbe this'll teach you some. Your clothes don't make you a man, nor your eye-glass. You talked a while back about mutiny! Wa'al, I ain't an expert in mutiny, but my notion is that the only authority such as you possess is the authority nat'ral to a man. You've got none. You said you'd hev us all in gaol at Cape Town.

"YOUR CLOTHES DON'T MAKE YOU A MAN."

Some of us hev assaulted you, eh? Well, you assaulted some of us; is your opinion of yourself ez high ez it was at supper-time, or hev you come to the conclusion that you've suthin' to l'arn? I don't press for an answer, for I reckon one ain't required. You've been taken down some, and we've done it serious and without violence, because you're a boy and may be made a man of yet. I ain't down on Englishmen like some is out West. I know good men Englishmen, real good. But your kind, when green, would rise the dander of a peaceful cow. The order of this Court is that your gun shall be throwed overboard, and that you'll wear no real gun while we're here to take care of you. Ben, break up Bertie's nice new gun, and do it now."

Ben Wilkins smashed the stock of the six-shooter on the iron coamings of the hatch, and then broke the trigger. He threw the disorganized weapon into a muck-skip.

"Whose nice new gun has been taken away and bust up?" asked Ben.

"Baby Bertie's nice new gun has," said the crowd.

"And now," said Bill, "to take the sting out of these proceedings, we propose to present you with a gun that cayn't do no harm. Produce the gun, Ben."

And Ben produced a piece of wood shaped roughly in the form of a six-shooter.

"We invests you with the order of the wooden gun," said Bill. "And our advice to you is that you will treasure it and put it up in your cabin, and look at it daily till you come to understand why we presented it. From the way you've took these proceedings since your last fight to down Seth, which no man on board can do, this Court and the rest of the crowd hez hopes of you. Boys, do I voice the sentiments of this educational meetin' on the orlop-deck o' the *Pilgrim*, belonging to Messrs. Fortescue and Son, when I say we all believe that this collegiate course will eventuate in makin' a man of Mr. Fortescue's son and heir?"

"You do," said the unanimous crowd. "We hev high hopes of him."

"Release the prisoner," said Bill. "And this Court is dissolved into its constituent individuals."

And Bertie rose from the hatch, not knowing where he was, or what he was, or who he was. But of one thing he was quite certain.

He was not the young man who came below an hour before. He walked away perfectly quietly, not knowing that the wooden gun was suspended from his shoulder by a string.

"Ah!" said Bertie. He went through the crowd as if he didn't see them, walked up the *brow* to the 'tween-decks, and presently found himself outside his cabin on the spar-deck. He nodded and said "Ha!" and found the order of the wooden gun. He dropped it inside the cabin and went for'ard to the bridge. Old Scantlebury waddled to him.

"Ain't it a lovely, heavenly night, sir?" said the "old man," "and going along so peaceful, while the stars shine on us. Are the horses all right, and the men?"

"They're—all right," said Bertie. He seemed so silent that the skipper said no more.

"I wonder who Arizona meant when he said a friend of mine?" thought Bertie. "I'll—I'll ask him."

He went down below on the main-deck and found Arizona leaning on a breast-rail and rubbing a big grey's muzzle.

"Arizona," said Bertie.

"Yes, sir," said Arizona.

"What friend of mine did you mean just now?"

Arizona looked at him. The electric light was strong there and fell on Bertie's face. It seemed quite different from what it had been. Arizona looked him full in the eyes as if nothing whatever had happened.

"It was the second mate, Mr. Forder, sir."

"Why did he interfere?" asked Bertie.

"Well, sir," said Arizona, "he ez bin in Texas and in Arizona, and he understands things."

"ARIZONA LOOKED HIM FULL IN THE EYES AS IF NOTHING WHATEVER HAD HAPPENED."

Bertie turned away.

"He understands—what?"

"Us, I reckon," said Arizona, simply.

"Thanks," said Bertie, and he went to the second officer's room and tapped at the door. Forder opened to him, for he was reading.

"Yes," he said, "what is it?"

If he spoke without any audible tone of respect, it was only what Bertie looked for.

"I'm sorry we had that trouble the other day," said the owner's son. "I've had a talk with Arizona."

"Don't mention it," said Forder. "It's a beautiful night, Mr. Fortescue."

"It is," said Bertie. "Good-night, Mr. Forder."

"Good-night, sir," said the second officer.

And Bertie stood for half an hour by the rail looking into the sea.

"Ha!" said Bertie; "I don't know——"

But Arizona said there were hopes of him.

The Promise of Science.

A SYMPOSIUM OF EMINENT SCIENTISTS ON THE FACTORS, FOOD, AND FORCES OF THE FUTURE.

CONTAINING THE VIEWS OF PROFESSOR MARCELIN BERTHELOT, LORD KELVIN, LORD AVEBURY, SIR WILLIAM CROOKES, SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, SIR OLIVER LODGE, AND PROFESSOR RAY LANKESTER.

WE of the twentieth century live in an age of marvels. Not the chimeras and fantasies of the wonder-working magicians of old, which vanished before the strong light of common sense. No; our wonders to-day are of the hardiest fabric, wrought in the busy looms of science. The professional romancer has much ado to keep in advance of the chemist and electrician, the physicist and engineer. Occasionally he is outstripped. As Jules Verne puts it: "We go to bed with a fiction and wake up with a fact."

Nobody who reads the newspapers nowadays can fail to be struck by the new *rôle* which Science is playing in the great drama of the world. Formerly she was content to labour almost unnoticed in the dim recesses of the laboratory. Now her high priests are no longer silent: they have become prophets. We hear one promising this, another predicting that, until many readers, little instructed in what is actually happening in the laboratories of Europe, grow perplexed and cease to distinguish between what is imminent from what is remote, what is probable from what is wholly improbable, and altogether confound reckless fiction with sober fact.

PROFESSOR MARCELIN BERTHELOT, THE GREAT FRENCH SCIENTIST WHOSE VIEWS FORM THE BASIS OF THIS SYMPOSIUM OF SCIENTIFIC MEN. *From a Photo.*

Is Science promising more than she can perform? Let us ponder on the latest message—delivered especially to the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Who is he who promises us these marvellous changes? No dreamer, no romancer, no dilettante trifler, but the veteran French chemist to whom is due, as much as to any single man now living, the credit for such insight as we already possess into the operations of Nature—M. Marcelin Berthelot.

"Before many more decades have passed the entire conditions of life may be changed, and we shall be compelled to modify all our present theories, social, economic, and even moral, for they will have no more application than the original ideas on light of a blind man who has suddenly received the use of his eyes. In the first place agriculture and all the multitudinous pursuits connected with, or dependent directly or indirectly with, the reproduction of living beings—animal and vegetable—that now serve for the alimentation of mankind will have disappeared. There will be no more shepherds or husbandmen. In place of the farms of to-day we shall have factories in which artificial foods will be produced, more savoury and easier of digestion and assimilation than any of the products which Nature furnishes us with at the present time. The old problem of how to maintain existence by means of the cultivation of the soil will, in a word, have been totally suppressed by chemistry. There will no longer be seen fields of waving grain, nor vineyards, nor meadows filled with flocks and herds, and man, ceasing to live himself by carnage and the destruction of other living creatures, will inevitably improve in disposition and attain a far higher plane of morality than at present.

"Fertile regions will then possess no sort of advantage over regions that are sterile. It may be, even, the portions of the earth now spoken of contemptuously as deserts will be considered by the new civilization, thanks to their salubrity as compared with the pestiferous alluvia and marshy, putrefying plains that are favoured seats of our agriculture, as the most favoured localities."

The object of chemistry, according to

Lavoisier, is to decompose bodies and examine separately the various substances that enter into their composition. It is by dividing, subdividing, and re-subdividing that chemistry advances towards the goal—not otherwise. The accuracy of Lavoisier's definition was still accepted as indisputable by the men who immediately preceded Berthelot and were his teachers. Chemistry might pick to pieces; to build up again was beyond its powers.

"What proof have I that this doctrine is correct?" Berthelot asked himself before he was twenty. "If Nature can thus elaborate complex organic bodies from simple elements, what is there to prevent me from doing the same? What force has Nature at her command that I cannot summon to my assistance?" And he set resolutely to work to try to imitate Nature, on lines of his own.

It was not long before the results he achieved amply justified his scepticism. One discovery followed quickly on the heels of another. It was utterly untrue, then, that chemistry could only destroy. Given suitable conditions chemistry could equally well construct bodies from their elements, and this not merely as well, but even better than Nature. Colours and perfumes superior to any of those existing in Nature were now made in the laboratory and immediately gave rise to scores of new industries. In 1862, by simply uniting free carbon and hydrogen under the influence of electricity, Berthelot revolutionized existing notions by his discovery of acetylene, the starting-point for a series of transformations that throw all the tricks of alchemy into the shade. Everything tended to the inevitable conclusion that, in time, there was no body in Nature, organic or inorganic, which the chemist need despair of making artificially.

By the year 1852 Berthelot had, indeed, already formed in his laboratory the whole series of fats which make up one of the three fundamental categories of substances required for the food of man. Since then, as the direct consequences of his methods of research, the sugars and carbons that are comprised in the second of the two categories have all been similarly formed artificially; and now, to complete the series, it remains only to discover the synthesis of the third category, the albuminoids, a consummation which no chemist — Berthelot less than any—doubts will be attained before the world is very much older. When that day arrives the problem of composing a complete food entirely by artificial methods, from elements that may be procured literally for the taking, will be definitely solved, for who can reasonably doubt that ingenuity will speedily devise some means of turning the discoveries of the laboratory to practical account? Nature, Berthelot argues, has for all these thousands of years been patiently trying to teach us the rudiments of science with the comparatively limited resources at her command. The general laws which Science has been able to deduce from a long course of observation of natural phenomena enable us now not only to produce the substances already found in Nature, but also an infinity of others which have hitherto had no existence for want of suitable natural conditions for their production.

Before these great changes can receive their full development, the real problem to be solved is the discovery of some inexhaustible source of energy perpetually at our beck and call, and necessitating little or no labour.

M. Berthelot now states that we are on the eve of obtaining this desideratum. We shall be able to turn to account the unlimited supply of force which the sun furnishes, and which already is utilized in an imperfect form by the transport to great distances of the energy supplied by waterfalls. This, however, is but a preliminary step in the right direction. It is rather the central heat of the earth which will, in Berthelot's opinion, be the universal servant in the future. This is present everywhere under our feet, and, when turned to account, must inevitably equalize, more or less, the prosperity of all the inhabitants of the globe.

Continues M. Berthelot:—

"To capture this energy it would be sufficient to excavate to a depth not exceeding three miles, a task which present-day engineers would assuredly not regard as too formidable to be attempted, and which engineers of to-morrow will doubtless consider as a matter of course. At the depth indicated we should find the heat that is the origin of all life and all industry. Water, for instance, at the bottom of such deep sinkings would be under so enormous a pressure and at such a temperature that it would suffice to keep in motion engines of every imaginable description for practically no expenditure whatever. Its continual distillation, too, would give us that pure water, absolutely free from microbes, that we seek for nowadays at such cost, often only to discover in the end that the springs we had counted upon are hopelessly contaminated.

AN IMAGINARY RESERVOIR FOR UTILIZING THE CENTRAL HEAT OF THE EARTH.

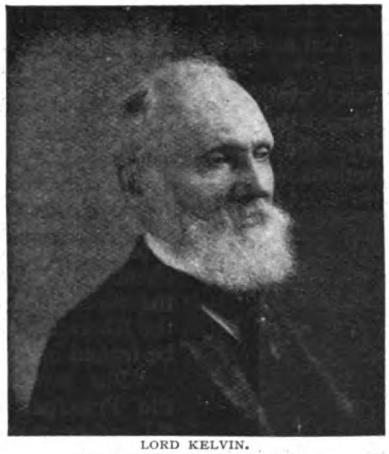
"Needless to say, the utilization of this central heat of the earth would entirely obviate the necessity for working coal-mines, and, indeed, would suppress most underground pursuits. We should possess a reserve of thermo-electric energy incessantly renewed and absolutely limitless in extent, since many thousands of centuries would elapse ere it would suffer any appreciable diminution. The manufacture of chemical products of every kind would consequently be rendered easy and economical, not in particular localities as at present, but at every point of the globe. Irregularities in the well-being of peoples due to some possessing natural advantages which others were without would thus unceasingly tend to diminish, and soon no one spot would be more favoured than another.

"Nor would art and beauty, which make up the charm of human life, be by any means banished in this new universal empire ruled by Science. Though the surface of the earth will not be utilized as at present—and, is it heresy to say so, disfigured?—by the geometrical labour of the husbandman, it will be once more covered with verdure, forests, and flowers, and will form one vast garden, irrigated by subterraneous streams, a garden in which the human race will live happily amid the abundance of the legendary golden age. There will be no privileged classes. Everyone will have to labour, possibly more even than is the case to-day, but it will be a labour of love and delight, because each individual will enjoy the full fruits of his labour and will find his reward in the effort to raise his intellectual, moral, and æsthetic development to the highest degree it can attain."

As regards war, M. Berthelot is persuaded that the new generations simply will not tolerate it, at any rate between two civilized peoples.

Concerning the alleged antagonism between science and religion, Berthelot has enunciated views which are not the least interesting part of his teaching. That there is any antagonism whatever, indeed, between science and religion, understood in its widest sense, he absolutely denies. Every religious system, he considers, has, at its origin, taken as its basis the state of precise scientific knowledge of the age. As time progresses the two inevitably diverge more and more, for, while the theologian has laid down hard and fast rules, the man of science is ready always to investigate new facts as they arise, on their own merits. "They may be compared," says Berthelot, "to two men going up a tower. Every now and then one declares he has gone high enough and lags behind. The other mounts continually, his view extending over an ever-widening horizon. Objects that once appeared to him to be the dominating features in the landscape gradually lose their importance, and are seen to be but insignificant links in a boundless chain. Galileo cries out that the world revolves and is not a flat plain. The theologian down below will not admit this, and claps Galileo into prison for telling lies. Then the world revolts and science and religion once more come into something like accord. And so the process goes on *ad infinitum*."

Though himself one of the most erudite of men in the old classic lore, Berthelot is strongly of opinion that the time has come for absolutely abandoning the general study of the dead languages. Arguments based on the necessity for preserving the correct etymology of words he laughs to scorn, the only thing necessary in a word being that its meaning should be comprehensible by all. The schoolboy of the future will, therefore, probably not be troubled either with Latin or Greek, and will have all the more time to devote to the discovery of his immediate surroundings. Science will cease to have terror, but will become more and more attractive as the results to be obtained from its pursuit become more and more evident to all eyes.



LORD KELVIN.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

He thus concludes :—

"Better than the mysterious magic of the ancients, better than the old-fashioned faiths, modern science raises mountains and realizes dreams and miracles. It is ceaselessly creating wealth that has been stolen from man either by force or cunning. By the universal increase of capital it thus tends to equalize fortunes, and by the constant publication of its discoveries to equalize interests. It is the religion of the future."

Knowing the great importance of M. Berthelot's message and the widespread interest it is bound to arouse, the Editor of this Magazine deemed it advisable to obtain the opinions thereupon of several distinguished men of science, of whom this country boasts her full share. How do they view the great French *savant's* predictions? What is the attitude of such men as Lord Kelvin, Lord Avebury, Sir William Ramsay, Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor Ray Lankester, and Sir William Crookes towards a prophecy which may borrow something from the French temperament and err by being too sanguine?

To begin with, Lord Kelvin does not regard M. Berthelot as a visionary or anything he utters as chimerical. "You are quite safe in publishing anything of Berthelot's," he writes to THE STRAND. "M. Berthelot, I believe, knows as much as anyone of the possibilities of producing artificially compounded foods from the chemical elements. There is no possibility in practice of obtaining heat usefully from a shaft in the earth three miles deep."

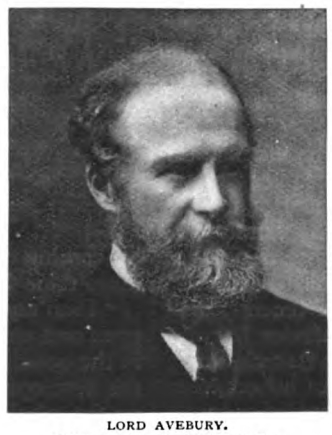
"I have read M. Berthelot's views with great interest," writes Lord Avebury. "I quite agree with M. Berthelot as to the revolution which science is likely to effect, and also as to the terrible injury to education resulting from its neglect of science.

"I should venture, however, to differ in some respects from him as to the probable course of discovery and invention, while, of course, fully recognising the importance of his opinion."

Here, then, are the first notes of dissent. Let us hear what such a renowned chemist as Sir William Crookes has to say.

"I have," says Sir William Crookes, "read M. Berthelot's views with much interest. He is one of the leading men of science in France, and any speculations and theories in which he may indulge deserve every attention, and cannot fail to interest the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

"On the other hand," continued the distinguished chemist, in conversation with a representative of THE STRAND, "I am bound to say that I do not look with favour on any prophecy of this character. I certainly do not believe that any great change in alimentation or dynamics is imminent. Take this question of what people have described as a chemical diet. We have been told by numerous prophets, who seem to derive a deal of pleasure from forecasting the future, that mankind will eventually subsist upon pills and tabloids in place of the substantial food of to-day. Yes, that has grown to be one of the platitudes of pseudo-science."



LORD AVEBURY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"You do not, then, Professor, believe in the ultimate substitution of chemical essences for the steaks and chops of to-day?"

"Think of what a dinner-party would be under such conditions," exclaimed the Professor, with a smile. "Why, the whole masticatory and digestive functions of man

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

would have to be immensely modified. It is true we use our teeth less and less, and that is why, in the course of time, the human jaw has, from the decreased labour imposed upon it, shrunk considerably and forced certain teeth out of position and affected the stability of the others. But we are a long way—I should think thousands of years—from the time when the digestive organism would become satisfied with tabloid nourishment instead of flesh and fibre."

"Then you do not apprehend that the wheat-fields and vineyards will disappear, or that flocks and herds will become things of the past?"

"I cannot see that we are appreciably nearer to such a consummation than we ever were."

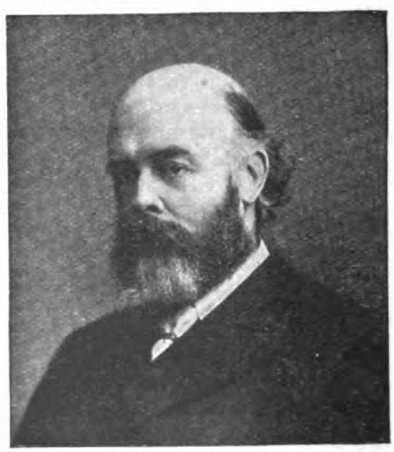
"What about the utilization of the central heat of the earth, Sir William?"

"The project has been often discussed. My opinion is that it is impracticable. How should such a boring be made, and, if made, how could the supply of heat be extracted? I should say the cost of operation would be prohibitive. As to utilizing solar heat, that is another matter. It has been recently discussed in an able paper by Professor Darwin at the last meeting of the British Association."

Yet Sir William Crookes is not incredulous of the great—nay, almost revolutionary—changes which chemistry will work in connection with the food supply of man. Only it will proceed upon much more natural and fundamental lines. It was he who remarked only a few seasons ago that "England and all civilized nations stand in deadly peril of not having enough to eat. As mouths multiply food resources dwindle. Land is a limited quantity, and the land that will grow wheat is absolutely dependent on difficult and capricious natural phenomena. . . . It is the chemist who must come to the rescue of the threatened communities. It is through the laboratory that starvation may ultimately be turned into plenty."

"For myself," writes Sir Oliver Lodge, the Principal of Birmingham University, "I rather mistrust scientific predictions, of which, however, the most futile variety is the negative kind of prediction—that which asserts that things cannot be done. The artificial synthesis of organic compounds is a fact, owing its existence largely to the researches of Professor Berthelot himself, and it would be rash to say that any organic compound, however complex, could not be built up in a laboratory; but whether such a process be economically remunerative or not is quite another question, and one on which my opinion would be worthless.

"The achievements of M. Berthelot in the past entitle an expression of his opinions



SIR OLIVER LODGE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

concerning the future to respectful attention. More than that I cannot say.

"I am certainly one of those who look for great and almost revolutionary improvements in the conditions of human existence and in the development of the race, which at present, on the whole, seems to me singularly uncivilized, and with little more effective purpose

underlying its main activities than can be observed in the operations of an ant-hill. Doubtless, however, by the ruthless sacrifice of individuals, the race is duly working out its expected destiny.

"Nevertheless, that the developments of the future will be altogether on the lines sketched by M. Berthelot I am loth to believe."

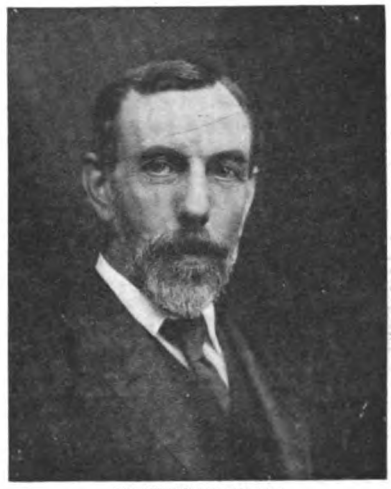
PROFESSOR RAY LANKESTER.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Prominent amongst the master thinkers of the day whose opinions on such a subject deserve to be accorded due weight is Professor E. Ray Lankester. This eminent scientist, the friend and biographer of Huxley, takes a deep and active interest in all that concerns not only his own department, but in all the scientific thought of the day. "Not only," said he, "is Professor Berthelot's forecast entitled to a respectful consideration, but I expect it to reflect what will really happen. He is a very great man, and has devoted a lifetime to the consideration of these things.

"Like Sir Oliver Lodge, I am a pessimist as regards the conditions under which mankind lives its life to-day. The whole principle and practice seem to me to be wrong. Take our eating. I think it is pretty well established that we all eat a great deal more than is good for us. Regular meals are the bane of modern life."

"You think tabloids and chemical essences would change all this?"

"It would offer less temptation to the pleasures of the table. In olden times men ate when they were hungry. Now they sit down and indulge unwisely in food, whether they are hungry or not. For conviviality's sake it might be as well to keep up these table reunions, but only to sip some light wine or other beverage. I can conceive," continued Professor Lankester, "of science stepping in and taking charge of things, and so rendering the world wiser, healthier, and happier. At present all is chaotic, all is left to chance. Take such a glaring instance as that of the propagation of the species. Why should lunatics, degenerates, and criminals be allowed to marry? This science of eugenics has hardly been considered in this country. We know much of the breeding of all animals except man. Why should the moral and physical health of the people not be a matter of prime importance to the Government? Government should comprehend all that can render the people sane and whole, and their food and drink pure and wholesome. We are approaching a time when the shadows now but dimly seen above the horizon will become mighty facts to be faced. All these changes prophesied by M. Berthelot will come to pass. Chemistry will supply our food, and the sun and the terrestrial reservoir will supply our heat, and consequently our mechanical force. The countryside will then be planted with trees and flowers, and we will no longer be obliged to slay cattle and subsist on their flesh. That is the goal, I am sure," concluded the Professor, "towards which we are moving to-day."



SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Of quite a contrary character is the opinion expressed by the distinguished scientist, Sir William Ramsay. "I have read," said he, "M. Berthelot's views with deep interest, and I feel compelled to say that I consider them altogether illusory. These questions have been agitated many times, but we do not get appreciably nearer to any firm basis whereon to build a superstructure. Chemistry may be able to fabricate any given article of food for human consumption. At present experiments are going on at Cambridge and elsewhere which may yield us the long-sought-for albumenoids. With albumen it is not impossible that a chemist of the future might compound a passable steak or chop; but at what a cost, what a waste of skill and

labour! It is an economic fallacy to suppose that such an ingenious concoction could ever take the place of plants and animals produced by the synthetical action of sunshine. Nature herself is, and always will be, the cheapest food factory. Here is what the Germans call the *grünalich* of the whole question. A human being may be said to consume so much carbon, as an engine needing so much replenishing. The heat of the sun, in its action upon the soil, supplies this fuel; it is the only engine where there is no waste. In all other processes waste would be inevitable."

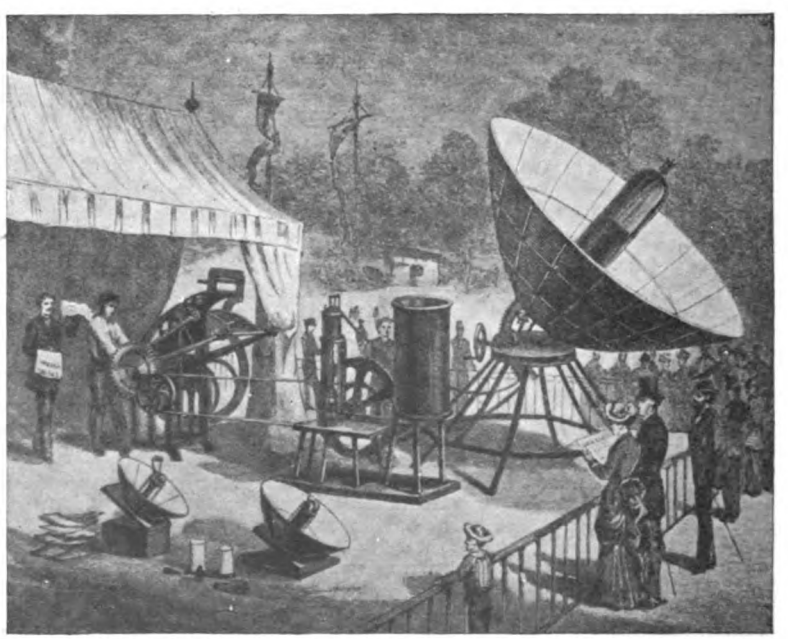
"Do you regard the utilization of terrestrial heat—according to M. Berthelot's scheme—as probable?"

"I do not believe such a boring could be made. Professor Lebel recently went into this matter, and estimated that a boring of similar depth could be done for seventy thousand pounds. But he did not take into sufficient consideration, it seems to me, the difficulties of the task.

"No drill could withstand breakage at such a depth, or would continue a vertical course. And what proof have we that water would be boiling at such a depth, or that it would boil after it reached the surface? It is the old project of harnessing a geyser. If the supply came, it would come by fits and starts, and could not be depended upon for the steady generation of steam. There are other forces in Nature that might be harnessed which are open to the same suggestion — the tides, for instance. A tidal engine or wave machine might be constructed and serve a useful purpose until a storm came along, and what would there be left of it after that?

"As to the solar engine, there is more to be said in its favour, but it would be hardly available in England. When I was in India I was approached by several of the native Princes, who contemplated the erection of solar engines. But these also would be at the mercy of the elements, although there, where the sun is vertical, the structure could be surrounded by an effectual barrier or placed within a depression so as to protect it."

As Professor Ramsay recently created a sensation on the other side of the Atlantic by his announcement of the impending discovery of the origin of ordinary elements, the present opportunity was availed of for the purpose of obtaining further elucidation for the benefit of THE STRAND'S readers. But Sir William had little to add which was not couched in terms rather too scientific for comprehension by the lay mind. He had discovered a new substance which he believed would lead to the attainment of that for which science had been striving for so many years. Briefly, it concerns the chemical action produced by radium, and opens up a wide field of speculation as to the usefulness of that wonderful substance, the scientific sensation of the new century.



AN APPARATUS FOR UTILIZING THE HEAT OF THE SUN, ALREADY IN USE IN INDIA FOR DRIVING MACHINERY. *From a French Lithograph.*

STINGAREE STORIES.

By E. W. Hornung.

IV.—THE BLACK HOLE OF GLENRANALD.

IT was coming up the Murrumbidgee that Fergus Carrick first heard the name of Stingaree. With the cautious enterprise of his race, the young gentleman had booked steerage on a river-steamer whose solitary passenger he proved to be; accordingly he was not only permitted to sleep on the saloon settee at nights, but graciously bidden to the captain's board by day. It was there he encouraged tales of the bushrangers as the one cleanly topic familiar in the mouth of the elderly engineer who completed the party. And it seemed that the knighthood of the up-country road had been an extinct order from the extirpation of the Kellys to the appearance of this same Stingaree, who was reported a man of birth and mystery, with an ostentatious passion for music and as romantic a method as that of any highwayman of the Old World from which he hailed. But the callow Fergus had been spared the romantic temperament, and was less impressed than entertained with what he heard.

On his arrival at Glenranald, however, he found that substantial township shaking with laughter over the outlaw's latest and least discreditable exploit, at the back-block hamlet of Yallarook; and then it was that young Carrick first conceived an ambition to open his Colonial career with the capture of Stingaree; for he was a serious immigrant, who had come out in his teens, to stay out, if necessary, for the term of his natural life.

The idea had birth under one of the many pine trees which shaded the skeleton streets of budding Glenranald. On this tree was nailed a placard offering high reward for the bushranger's person alive or dead. Fergus was making an immediate note in his pocket-book when a hand fell on his shoulder.

"Would ye like the half o' yon?" inquired a voice in his own tongue; and there at his elbow stood an elderly gentleman, whose patriarchal beard hid half the buttons of his alpaca coat, while a black skull-cap sat somewhat jauntily on his head.

"What do you mean?" said Fergus, bluntly, for the old gentleman stood chuckling gently in his venerable beard.

"To lay a hold of him," replied the other, "with the help o' some younger and ablerbodied man; and you're the very one I want."

The raw youth stared ingenuously.

"But what can you know about me?"

"I saw ye land at the wharf," said the old gentleman, nodding his approval of the question, "and says I, 'That's my man,' as soon as ever I clapped eyes on ye. So I had a crack wi' the captain o' yon steamer; he told me you hadna a billet, but were just on the look-out for the best ye could get, an' that's all he'd been able to get out o' ye in a five-days' voyage. That was enough for me. I want a man who can keep his tongue behind his teeth, and I wanted you before I knew you were a brither Scot!"

"Are you a squatter, sir?" the young man asked, a little overwhelmed.

"No, sir, I'm branch manager o' the Bank o' New South Wales, the only bank within a hunder miles o' where we stand; and I can offer ye a better billet than any squatter in the Colony."

"Indeed? I'm sure you're very kind, sir, but I'm wanting to get on a station," protested Fergus with all his tact. "And as a matter of fact, I have introductions to one or two stations farther back, though I saw no reason to tell our friend the skipper so."

"Quite right, quite right! I like a man who can keep his tongue in its kennel!" cried the bank-manager, rubbing his hands. "But wait while I tell ye: ye'd hae to work for your rations on any station I ever heard tell of, and I keep the accounts of enough to know. Now, with me, ye'd get two pound a week till your share o' the reward was wiped off; and if we had no luck for a year you'd be no worse off, but could go and try your squatters then. That's a promise, and I'll keep it as sure as my name's Andra' Macbean!"

"But how do you propose to catch this fellow, Mr. Macbean?"

"AT HIS ELBOW STOOD AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN."

The bank-manager looked on all sides, likewise behind the tree, before replying under his breath: "By setting a wee trap for him! A bank's a bank, and Stingaree hasna stuck one up since he took to his trade. But I'll tell ye no more till ye give me your answer. Yes or no?"

"I'm afraid I don't even write an office hand; and as for figures——"

Mr. Macbean laughed outright.

"Did I say I was going to take ye into the bank, mun?" cried he. "There's three of us already to do the writin' an' the cipherin', and three's enough. Can you ride?"

"I have ridden."

"And ye'll do any rough job I set ye to?"

"The rougher the better."

"That's all I ask. There's a buggy and a pair for you to look after, and mebbe drive, though it's horseback errands you'll do most of. I'm an old widower, living alone with an aged housekeeper. The cashier and the clerk dig in the township, and a man of some sort I must have about the place; in fact, I have one, but I'll soon get rid of him if you'll come instead. Understand, you live in the house with me, just like the jackeroos on the stations; and like the jackeroos, you do all the odd jobs and dirty work that no one else'll look at; but, unlike them, you get two pounds a week from the first for doing it."

Mr. Andrew Macbean had chanced upon a magic word. It was the position of "jackeroo," or utility parlour-man, on one or other of the stations to which he carried introductions, that his young countryman had set before him as his goal. True, a bank in a bush township was not a station in the bush itself. On the other hand, his would-be friend was not the first to warn Fergus against the futility of expecting more than a nominal salary as a babe and suckling in Colonial experience; and perhaps the prime elements of that experience might be gained as well in the purlieus of a sufficiently remote township as in realms unnamed on any map. It will be seen that the sober stripling was reduced to arguing with himself, and that his main argument was not to be admitted in his own heart. The mysterious eccentricity of his employer, coupled with the adventurous character of his alleged prospects, was what induced the lad to embrace both in defiance of an unimaginative hard-headedness which he aimed at rather than possessed.

With characteristic prudence he had left his baggage on board the river-steamer, and his own hands carried it piecemeal to the bank. This was a red-brick bungalow with an ample veranda, standing back from the future street that was as yet little better than a country road. The veranda commanded a long perspective of pines, but no further bricks and mortar, and but very few weather-board walls. The yard behind the house was shut in by as many outbuildings as clustered about the small homesteads which Fergus had already beheld on the banks of the Murrumbidgee. The man in charge of the

yard was palpably in liquor, a chronic condition from his general appearance, and Mr. Macbean discharged him on the spot with a decision which left no loophole for appeal. The woman in charge of the house adorned another plane of civilization; she was very deaf, and very outspoken on her introduction to the young gentleman, whose face she was pleased to approve, with the implied reservation that all faces were liars; but she served up the mutton of the country hot and tender, and Fergus, leaning back after an excellent repast, marvelled for the twentieth time that he was not to pay for it.

"A teetotaler, are ye?" said Macbean, mixing a third glass of whisky, with the skull-cap on the back of his head. "And so was I at your age; but you're my very man. There are some it sets talking. Wait till the old lady turns in, and then you shall see what you shall see."

Fergus waited in increasing excitement. The day's events were worthier of a dream. To have set foot in Glenranald without knowing a soul in the place, and to find oneself comfortably housed at a good salary before night! There were moments when he questioned the complete sanity of his eccentric benefactor, who drank whisky like water, both as to quantity and effect, and who chuckled continuously in his huge grey beard. But such doubts only added to the excitement of the evening, which reached a climax when a lighted candle was thrust in at the door and the pair advised not to make a night of it by the candid crone on her way to bed.

"We will give her twenty minutes," said the manager, winking across his glass. "I've never let her hear me, and she mustn't hear you either. She must know nothing at all about it; nobody must, except you and me."

The mystification of Fergus was now complete. Unimaginative as he was by practice and profession, he had an explanation a minute until the time was up, when the truth beat them all for wild improbability. Macbean had risen, lifting the lamp; holding it on high he led the way through baize doors into the banking premises. Here was another door, which Macbean not only unlocked, but locked again behind them both. A small inner office led them into a shuttered chamber of fair size, with a broad polished counter, glass swing-doors, and a formidable portal beyond. And one of young Carrick's theories received apparent confirmation on the spot; for the manager slipped behind his counter by another door, and at once whipped out a great revolver.

"This they provide us with," said he. "So far it is our only authorized defence, and it hangs on a hook down here behind the counter. But you march in here prepared, your pistol cocked behind your back, and which of us is likely to shoot first?"

"The bushranger," said Fergus, still rather more startled than reassured.

"The bushranger, of course. Stingaree, let us say. As for me, either my arms go up, or I go down in a heap. But supposing my arms do go up—supposing I still touch something with one foot—and supposing the floor just opens and swallows Mr. Sanguinary Stingaree! Eh? eh? What then?"

"It would be great," cried Fergus. "But could it be done?"

"It can be, it will be, and is being done," replied the manager, replacing the bank revolver and sliding over the counter like a boy. A square of plain linoleum covered the floor, overlapped by a border of the same material bearing a design. Down went Macbean upon his knees, and his beard swept this border as he began pulling it up, tacks and all.

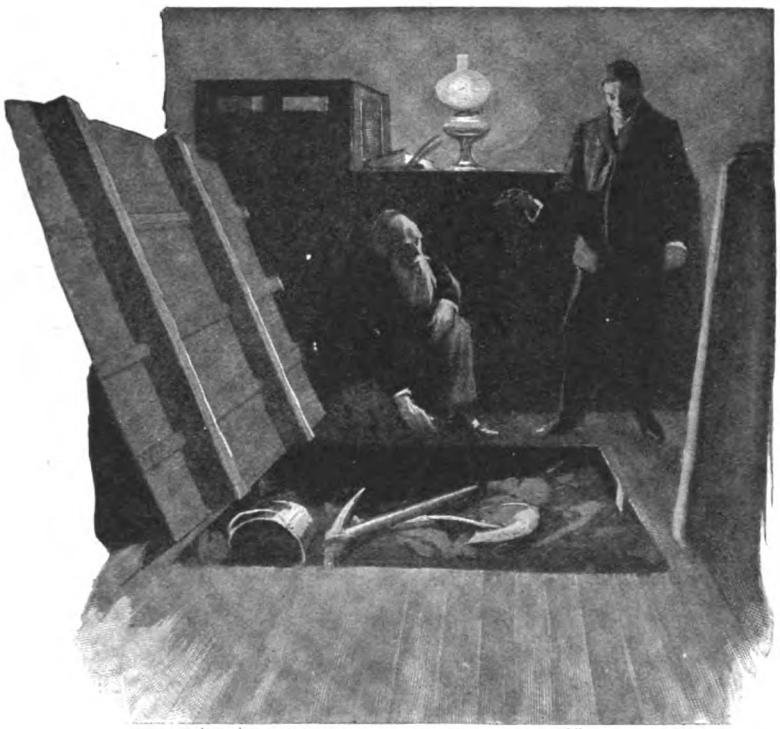
The lamp burnt brightly on the counter, its rays reflected in the burnished mahogany. All at once Fergus seized it on his own initiative, and set it on the floor before his kneeling elder, going upon his own knees on the other side. And where the plain linoleum ended, but where the overlapping border covered the floor, the planks were sawn through and through down one side of the central and self-coloured square.

"A trap-door!" exclaimed Fergus, in a whisper.

Macbean leant back on his slippered heels, his skull-cap wickedly awry.

"This border takes a lot o' lifting," said he. "Yet we've just got to lift it every time, and tack it down again before morning. You might try your hand over yonder on the far side."

Fergus complied with so much energy that the whole border was ripped up in a minute; and he was not mistaken. A trap-door it was, of huge dimensions, almost exactly covered by the self-coloured square; but at each side a tongue of linoleum had been left loose for lifting it; and the lamp had scarcely been replaced upon the counter when the bulk of the floor leaned upright in one piece against the opposite wall. It had uncovered a pit of corresponding size, but as yet hardly deep enough to afford a hiding-



"YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE A DEEP HOLE OF IT?"

place for the bucket, spade, and pick-axe which lay there on a length of sacking.

"I see!" exclaimed Carrick, as the full light flooded his brain.

"Is that a fact?" inquired the manager, twinkling.

"You're going to make a deep hole of it——?"

"No. I'm going to pay you to make it deep for me——"

"And then——"

"At dead o' night; you can take out your sleep by day."

"When Stingaree comes——"

"If he waits till we're ready for him——"

"You touch some lever——"

"And the floor swallows him, as I said, if he waits till we are ready for him. Everything depends on that—and on your silence. We must take time. It isn't only the digging of the hole. We must fix up some counterpoise to make it shut after a body like a mouse-trap; we must do the thing thoroughly if we do it at all; and till it's done, not a word to a soul in the same hemisphere! In the end I suppose I shall have to tell Donkin my cashier, and Fowler the clerk. Donkin's a disbeliever who deserves the name o' Didymus more than ony mon o' my acquaintance. Fowler would take so kindly to the whole idea that he'd blurt it out within a week. He may find it out when all's in readiness, but I'll no tell him even then. See how I trust a brither Scot at sight!"

"I much appreciate it," said Fergus, humbly.

"I wouldna ha' trustit even you, gin I hadna found the delvin' ill worrk for auld shoulders," pursued Macbean, broadening his speech with intentional humour. "Noo, wull ye do't or wull ye no?"

The young man's answer was to strip off his coat and spring into the hole, and to set to work with such energy, yet so quietly, that the bucket was filled in a few almost silent seconds. Macbean carried it off, unlocking doors for the nonce, while Fergus remained in the hole to mop his forehead.

"We must have another bucket," said the manager, on his return. "I've thought of every other thing. There's a disused well in the yard, and down goes every blessed bucket!"

To and fro, over the lip of the closing well, back into the throat of the deepening hole, went the buckets for many a night; and by day Fergus Carrick employed his best wits to make an intrinsically anomalous position appear natural to the world. It was a position which he himself could thoroughly enjoy; he was largely his own master. He had daily opportunities of picking up the ways and customs of the bush, and a nightly excitement which did not pall as the secret task approached conclusion; but he was subjected to much chaff and questioning from the other young bloods of Glenranald. He felt from the first that it was what he must expect. He was a groom with a place at his master's table; he was a jackeroo who

introduced station life into a town. And the element of underlying mystery, really existing as it did, was detected soon enough by other young heads, led by that of Fowler, the keen bank clerk.

"I was looking at you both together, and you do favour the old man, and no error!" he would say; or else, "What is it you could hang the boss for, Fergy, old toucher?"

These delicate but cryptic sallies being ignored or parried, the heavy swamp of innuendo was invariably deserted for the breezy hilltop of plain speech, and Fergus had often work enough to put a guard upon hand and tongue. But his temperament was eminently self-contained, and on the whole he was an elusive target for the witticisms of his friends. There was no wit, however, and no attempt at it on the part of Donkin, the cantankerous cashier. He seldom addressed a word to Carrick, never a civil word, but more than once he treated his chief to a sarcastic remonstrance on his degrading familiarity with an underling. In such encounters the imperturbable greybeard was well able to take care of himself, albeit he expressed to Fergus a regret that he had not exercised a little more ingenuity in the beginning.

"You should have come to me with a letter of introduction," said he.

"But who would have given me one?"

"I would, yon first night, and you'd have presented it next day in office hours," replied the manager. "But it's too late to think about it now, and in a few days Donkin may know the truth."

He might have known it already, but for one difficulty. They had digged their pit to the generous depth of eight feet, so that a tall prisoner could barely touch the trap-door with extended finger-tips; and Stingaree (whose latest performance was no longer the Yallarook affair) was of medium height according to his police description. The trap-door was a double one, which parted in the centre with the deadly precision of the gallows floor. The difficulty was to make the flaps close automatically, with the mouse-trap effect of Macbean's ambition. It was managed eventually by boring separate wells for a weight behind the hinges on either side. Copper wire running on minute pulleys let into grooves suspended these weights and connected them with the flaps, and powerful door-springs supplemented the more elaborate contrivance. The lever controlling the whole was concealed under the counter, and reached by thrusting a foot through a panel, which also opened inwards on a spring.

It may be conceived that all this represented the midnight labours and the constant thought of many weeks. It was now the beginning of the cool but brilliant Riverina winter, and, despite the disparity in their years, the two Scotsmen were fast friends. They had worked together as one man, with the same patient passion for perfection, the same delight in detail for its own sake. Almost the only difference was that the old fellow refreshed his energies with the glass of whisky which was never far from his elbow after office hours, while the young one cultivated the local excess of continual tea. And all this time the rascally Stingaree ranged the district, with or without his taciturn accomplice, covering great distances in fabulous time, lurking none knew where, and springing on the unwary in the last places in which his presence was suspected.

"But he has not yet robbed a bank, and we have our hopes," wrote Fergus to a faithful sister in Largs. "It may be for fear of the revolvers with which all the banks are provided now. Mr. Macbean has been practising with ours, and purposely put a bullet through one of our back windows. The whole township has been chaffing him about it, and the local rag has risen to a sarcastic paragraph, which is exactly what we wanted. The trap-door over the pit is now practically finished. It's too complicated to describe, but Stingaree has only to march into the bank and 'stick it up,' and the man behind the counter has only to touch a lever with his foot for the villain to disappear through the floor into a prison it'll take him all his time to break. On Saturday the cashier and the clerk are coming to dinner, and before we sit down they are to be shown everything."

This was but a fraction of one of the long letters which Fergus dispatched by nearly every mail. Silent and self-contained as he was, he had one confidante at the opposite end of the earth, one escape-pipe in his pen. Not a word of the great secret had he even written to another soul. To his trusted sister he had never before been quite so communicative. His conscience pricked him as he took his letter to the post, and he had it registered on no other score.

On the Saturday the bank closed at one o'clock; the staff were to return and dine at seven, the Queen's birthday falling on the same day being a sufficient pretext. As the hour approached Fergus made the distressing discovery that his friend and host had anticipated the festivities with too free a hand,

Macbean was not drunk, but he was perceptibly blunted and blurred, and Fergus had never seen the pale eyes so watery or the black skull-cap so much on one side of the venerable head. The lad was genuinely

"FERGUS HAD NEVER SEEN THE BLACK SKULL-CAP SO MUCH ON ONE SIDE OF THE VENERABLE HEAD."

grieved. A whisky-bottle stood empty on the laden board, and he had the temerity to pocket the corkscrew while Macbean was gone to his store-room for another bottle. A solemn search followed, and then Fergus was dispatched in haste for a new corkscrew.

"An' look slippy," said Macbean, "or we'll have old Donkin here before ye get back."

"Not for another three-quarters of an hour," remarked Fergus, looking at his watch.

"Any minute!" retorted Macbean, with a ribald epithet. "I invited Donkin, in confidence, to come a good half-hour airly, and I'll tell ye for why. Donkin must ken, but I'm none so sure o' yon other impident young squirt. His tongue's too long for his mouth. Donkin or I could always be behind the counter; anyway, I mean to take his opeenion before tellin' any other body."

Entertaining his own distrust of this vivacious Fowler, Fergus commended the decision, and so took his departure by the private entrance. It was near sundown; a fresh breeze blew along the hard road, puffing cloudlets of yellow sand into the rosy dusk. Fergus hurried till he was out of sight, and then idled shamelessly under trees. He was not going on for a new corkscrew. He was going back to confess boldly where he had found the old one. And the sight of Donkin in the distance sent him back in something of a hurry; it was quite enough to have to spend an evening with the cantankerous cashier.

The bank was practically at one end of the township as then laid out; two or three buildings there were farther on, but they stood altogether aloof. The bank, for a bank, was sufficiently isolated, and Fergus could not but congratulate himself on the completion of its ingenious and unsuspected defences. It only remained to keep the inventor reasonably sober for the evening, and thereafter to whistle or to pray for Stingaree. Meanwhile the present was no mean occasion, and Fergus was glad to see that Macbean had thrown open the official doors in his absence. They had often agreed that it would be worth all their labour to enlighten Donkin by letting the pit gape under his nose as he entered the bank. Fergus glanced over his shoulder, saw the other hurrying, and hurried himself in order to take up a good position for seeing the cashier's face. He was in the middle of the treacherous floor before he perceived that it was not Macbean in the half-light behind the counter, but a good-looking man whom he had never seen before.

"Didn't know I was invited, eh?" said the stranger, putting up a single eye-glass. "Don't believe it, perhaps? You'd better ask Mr. Macbean!"

And before it had occurred to him to stir from where he stood agape, the floor fell from under the feet of Fergus, his body lurched forward, and came down flat and heavy on the hard earth eight feet below. Not

entirely stunned, though shaken and hurt from head to heel, he was still collecting his senses when the pit blackened as the trap-door shut in implicit obedience to its weights and springs. And in the clinging velvet darkness the young man heard a groan.

"Is that yoursel', Fergy?"

"And are you there, Mr. Macbean?"

"Mon, didn't it shut just fine!"

Curiously blended with the physical pain in the manager's voice was a sodden philosophic humour which maddened the younger man. Fergus swore where he lay writhing on his stomach. Macbean chuckled and groaned again.

"It's Stingaree," he said, drawing a breath through his teeth.

"Of course it is."

"I never breathed it to a soul."

"No more did I."

Fergus spoke with ready confidence, and yet the words left something on his mind. It was something vague but haunting, something that made him feel instinctively unworthy of the kindly, uncomplaining tone which had annoyed him but a moment before.

"No bones broken, Fergy?"

"None that I know of."

"I doubt I've not been so lucky. I'm thinkin' it's a rib, by the way it hurts to breathe."

Fergus was already fumbling in his pocket. The match-box opened with a click. The match scraped several times in vain. Then at last the scene sprang out as on the screen of a magic-lantern. And to Fergus it was a very white old man, hunched up against the muddy wall, with blood upon his naked scalp and beard, and both hands pressed to his side; to the old man, a muddy face stricken with horrified concern, and a match burning down between muddy fingers; but to both, such a new view and version of their precious hole that the corners of each mouth were twitching as the match was thrown away.

Fergus was fumbling for another when a step rang overhead; and at the sharp exchange of words which both underground expected, Fergus came on all fours to the old man's side, and together they sat gazing upward into the pall of impenetrable crape.

"You infernal villain!" they heard Donkin roar, and stamp his feet with such effect that the floor opened, and down through the square of light came the cashier feet first.

"Heaven help us!" he squealed, but subsided unhurt on hands and knees as the flaps went up with such a snap that Macbean and Carrick nudged each other at the same moment. "Now I know who you are!" the cashier raved. "Call yourself Stingaree? You're Fowler dressed up, and this is one of Macbean's putrid practical jokes. I saw his jackal hurrying in to say I was coming. By cripes! it takes a surgical operation to see their sort, I grant you."

There was a noise of subdued laughter overhead; even in the pit a dry chuckle came through Macbean's set teeth.

"If it's practical joke o' mine, Donkin, it's recoiled on my own poor pate," said the old man. "I've a rib stove in, too, if that's any consolation to ye. It's Stingaree, my manny!"

"You're right, it is, it must be!" cried the cashier, finding his words in a torrent. "I was going to tell you. He's been at his game

"IT WAS A VERY WHITE OLD MAN, HUNCHED UP AGAINST THE MUDDY WALL."

down south; stuck up our own mail again only yesterday, between this and Deniliquin, and got a fine haul of registered letters, so they say. But where the deuce are we? I never knew there was a cellar under here, let alone a trap-door that might have been made for these villains."

"It was made for them," replied Macbean, after a pause; and in the dead dark he went on to relate the frank and humble history of the hole, from its inception to the crooked climax of that bitter hour. A braver confession Fergus had never heard; its philosophic flow was unruffled by the more and more scornful interjections of the ungenerous cashier; and yet his younger countryman, who might have been proud of him, hardly listened to a word uttered by Macbean.

Half-a-dozen fallen from the lips of Donkin had lightened young Carrick's darkness with consuming fires of shame. "A fine haul of registered letters"—among others his own last letter to his sister. So it was he who had done it all; and he had perjured himself to his benefactor, besides betraying him. He sat in the dark between fire and ice, chiefly wondering how he could soonest win through the trap-door and earn a bullet through his brain.

"The spree to-night," concluded Macbean, whose fall had completely sobered him, "was for the express purpose of expounding the trap to you, and I asked you airly to take your advice. I was no so sure about young Fowler, whether we need tell him or not. He has an awful long tongue; but I'm thinkin' there's a longer if I knew where to look for it."

"I could tell you where," rasped Donkin. "But go on."

"I was watching old Hannah putting her feenishing touches to the table and waiting for Fergus Carrick to come back, when I thought I heard him behind me and you with him. But it was Stingaree and his mate, and the two of us were covered with revolvers like young rifles. Hannah they told to go on with what she was doing, as they were mighty hungry, and I advised her to do as she was bid. The brute with the beard has charge of her. Stingaree himself drove me into the middle of my own trap-door, made me give up my keys, and then went behind the counter and did the trick. He'd got it all down on paper, Heaven alone knows how."

"Oh, you Scotchmen!" cried the pleasant cashier. "Talk of your land of cakes! You take every cake in the land between you."

It seemed he had been filling his pipe while he listened and prepared this pretty speech. Now he struck a match and, with the flame to the bowl, saw Fergus for the first time. The cashier held the match on high.

"You here all the while?" he cried. "No wonder you lay low, Carrick; no wonder I didn't hear your voice."

"What do you mean by that?" growled Fergus, in fierce heat and fiercer satisfaction.

"Surely, Mr. Macbean, you aren't wondering who wagged the long tongue now?"

"You mean that I wagged mine? And it's a lie!" said Fergus, hoarsely; he was sitting up on his heels, poised to spring.

"I mean that if Mr. Macbean had listened to me two months ago we should none of us be in this hole now."

"Then, my faith, you're in a worse one than you think!" cried Fergus, and fell upon his traducer as the match went out. "Take that, and that, and that!" he ground out through his teeth, as he sent the cashier over on his back and pounded the earth with his skull. Luckily, the first was soft and the second hard, so that the man was more outraged than hurt when circumstances which they might have followed created a diversion.

In his turn the lively Fowler had marched whistling into the bank, had ceased whistling to swear down the barrel of a cocked revolver, and met a quicker fate than his comrades by impressing the bushranger as the most dangerous man of the quartette. Unfortunately for him, his fate was still further differentiated from theirs. Fowler's feet glanced off Carrick's back, and he plunged into the well head-first, rolling over like a stone as the wooden jaws above closed greedily upon the light of day.

Fergus at once struck matches, and in their light the cashier took the insensible head upon his knees and glared at his enemy as if from sanctuary of the Red Cross. But Fergus returned to Macbean's side.

"I never said a word to living soul," he muttered. "It has come out some other way."

"Of course it has," said the old manager, with the same tell-tale inhalation through the teeth. Fergus felt worse than ever. He groped for the bald head and found it cold and dank. In an instant he was clamouring under the trap-door, leaping up and striking it with his fist.

"What do you want?"

"Whisky. Some of us are hurt."

"Lord help you if it's any hanky-panky!"

"It's none. Something to drink, and

something to drink it in, or there's blood upon your head!"

Clanking steps departed and returned.

"Stand by to catch, below there!"

And Fergus stood by, expecting to see a hard on us all! Now they're at the turkey—and I chopped the stuffing with my ain twa han's!"

They were at the turkey a long time. Another cork popped; but the familiar tread

"THEY WERE AT THE TURKEY A LONG TIME."

long barrel with the bottle and glass that broke their fall on him; but Stingaree had crept away unheard, and he pressed the lever just enough to let glass and bottle tumble through.

Time passed; it might have been an hour. The huddled heap that was Macbean breathed forth relief. The head on Donkin's knees moved from side to side with groans. Donkin himself thanked Fergus for his ration; he who served it out alone went thirsty. "Wait till I earn some," he said bitterly to himself. "I could finish the lot if I started now." But the others never dreamt that he was waiting, and he lied about it to Macbean.

Now that they sat in silence no sound escaped them overhead. They heard Stingaree and his mate sit down to a feast which Macbean described with groaning modesty as the best that he could do.

"There's no soup," he whispered, "but there's a barr'l of oysters fetched up on purpose by the coach. I hope they havena missed the Chablis. They may as well do the thing complete." In a little the champagne popped. "Dry Monopole!" moaned the manager, near to tears. "It came up along with the oysters. O sirs, O sirs, but this is

of deaf Hannah was heard no more, and at length they called her.

"Mother!" roared a mouth that was full.

"Old lady!" cried the gallant Stingaree.

"She's 'ard of 'earing, mate."

"She might still hear you, Howie."

And the chairs rasped backwards over bare boards as one; at the same instant Fergus leapt to his feet in the earthly Tartarus his own hands had dug.

"I do believe she's done a bolt," he gasped, "and got clean away!"

Curses overhead confirmed the supposition. Clanking feet hunted the premises at a run. In a minute the curses were renewed and multiplied, yet muffled, as though there was some fresh cause for them which the prisoners need not know. Hannah had not been found. Yet some disturbing discovery had undoubtedly been made. Doors were banged and bolted. A gunshot came faint but staccato from the outer world. A real report echoed through the bank.

"A siege!" cried Fergus, striking a match to dance by. "The old heroine has fetched the police, and these beauties are in a trap."

"And what about us?" demanded the cashier.

"Shut up and listen!" retorted Fergus,

without ceremony. Macbean was leaning forward, with bald head on one side and hollowed palm at the upper ear. Even the stunned man had recovered sufficiently to lean on one elbow and gaze overhead as Fergus struck match after match. The villains were having an altercation on the very trap-door.

"Now's the time to cut and run—now or never."

"Very well, you do so. I'm going through the safe."

"You should ha' done that first."

"Better late than not at all."

"You can't stop and do it without me."

"Oh, yes, I can. I'll call for a volunteer from below. You show them your spurs and save your skin."

"Oh, I'll stay, curse you, I'll stay!"

"And I'll have my volunteer, whether you stay or not."

The pair had scarcely parted when the trap-door opened slowly and stayed open for the first time. The banking chamber was but dimly lit, and the light in the pit less than it had been during the brief burning of single matches. No peering face was revealed to those below, but the voice of Stingaree came rich and crisp from behind the counter.

"Your old woman has got away to the police-barracks and the place is surrounded. One of you has got to come up and help, and help fair, or go to kingdom come with a bullet in his heart. I give you one minute to choose your man."

But in one second the man had chosen himself. Without a word or a glance at any of his companions, but with a face burning with extraordinary fires, Fergus Carrick sprang for the clean edge of the trap-door, caught it first with one hand and then with both, drew himself up like the gymnast he had been at his Scottish school, and found himself prone upon floor and trap-door as the latter closed under him on the release of the lever which Stingaree understood so well. A yell of execration followed him into the upper air. And Stingaree was across the counter before his new ally had picked himself up.

"That's because this was expected of me," said Fergus, grimly, to explain the cashier's reiterated anathema. "I was the writer of the registered letter that's led to all this. So now I'm going the whole hog."

And the blue eyes boiled in his brick-red face.

"You mean that? No nonsense?"

"You shall see."

"I should shoot you like a native cat."

"You couldn't do me a better turn."

"Right! Swear on your knees that you won't use it against me or my mate, and I'll trust you with this revolver. You may fire as high as you please, but they must think we're three instead of two."

Fergus took the oath in fierce earnest upon his knees, was handed the weapon belonging to the bank, and posted in his own bedroom window at the rear of the building. The front was secure enough with the shutters and bolts of the official fortress. It was to the back premises that the attack confined itself, making all use of the admirable cover afforded by the stables.

Carrick saw heads and shoulders hunched to aim over stable-doors as he obeyed his orders and kept his oath. His high fire drew a deadlier upon himself; a stream of lead from a Winchester whistled into the room past his ear and over his ducked head. He tried firing from the floor without showing his face. The Winchester let him alone; in a sudden sickness he sprang up to see if anything hung sprawling over the stable-door, and was in time to see men in retreat to right and left, the white pugarees of the police fluttering ingloriously among them. Only one was left upon the ground, and he could sit up to nurse a knee.

Fergus sighed relief as he sought Stingaree, and found him with a comical face before the open safe.

"House full of paltry paper!" said he. "I suppose it's the old sportsman's custom to get rid of most of his heavy metal before closing on Saturdays?"

Fergus said it was; he had himself stowed many a strong-box aboard unsuspected barges for Echuca.

"Well, now's our time to leave you," continued Stingaree; "if I'm not mistaken their flight is simply for the moment, and in two or three more they'll be back to batter in the bank shutters. I wonder what they think we've done with our horses? I'll bet they've looked everywhere but in the larder next the kitchen door—not that we ever let them get so close. But my mate's in there now, mounted and waiting, and I shall have to leave you."

"But I was coming with you," cried Fergus, aghast.

Stingaree's eye-glass dangled on its cord.

"I'm afraid I must trouble you to step into that safe instead," said he, smiling.

"Man, I mean it! You think I don't. I've fought on your side of my own free will.

"HE COULD SIT UP TO NURSE A KNEE."

How can I live that down? It's the only side for me for the rest of time."

The fixed eye-glass covered the brick-red face with the molten eyes.

"I believe you do mean it."

"You shall shoot me if I don't."

"I most certainly should. But my mate Howie has his obvious limitations. I've long wanted a drop of new blood. Barmaid's thoroughbred and strong as an elephant; we're neither of us heavy-weights; by the powers, I'll trust you, and you shall ride behind!"

Now, Barmaid was the milk-white mare that was only less notorious than her lawless rider. It was noised in travellers' huts and around camp-fires that she would do more at her master's word than had been known of horse outside a circus. It was the one touch that Stingaree had borrowed from a more Napoleonic but incomparably coarser and crueller knight of the bush. In all other respects the *fin-de-siècle* desperado was unique. It was a stroke of luck, however, that there happened to be an old white mare in the bank stables, which the police had impounded with solemn care while turning every other animal adrift. And so it fell out that not a shot followed the mounted bush-rangers into the night, and that long before the bank shutters were battered in the flying trio were miles away.

Fergus flew like a runaway bride, his arms about the belted waist of Stingaree. Trees loomed ahead and flew past by the clump under a wonderful wide sky of scintillating stars. The broad bush track had very soon been deserted at a tangent; through ridges and billows of salt-bush and cotton-bush they sailed with the swift confidence of a well-handled clipper before the wind. Stingaree was the leader four miles out of five, but in the fifth his mate Howie would gallop ahead, and anon they would come on him dismounted at a wire fence, with the wires strapped down and his horse tethered to one of the posts till he had led Barmaid over.

It was thus they careered across the vast chessboard of the fenced back-blocks at dead of night. Stingaree and Fergus sat saddle and bare-back without a break until near dawn their pioneer spurred forward yet again and was swallowed in a steely haze. It was cold as a sharp spring night in England. But for a mile or more Fergus had clung on with but one arm round the bushranger's waist; now the right arm came stealing back, felt something cold for the fraction of a second, plucked prodigiously, and in another fraction an icy ring mouthed Stingaree's neck.

"Pull up," said Fergus, hoarsely, "or your brains go flying."

"Little traitor!" whispered the other, with an imprecation that froze the blood.

"I am no traitor. I swore I wouldn't abuse the revolver you gave me, and it's been in my pocket all the night."

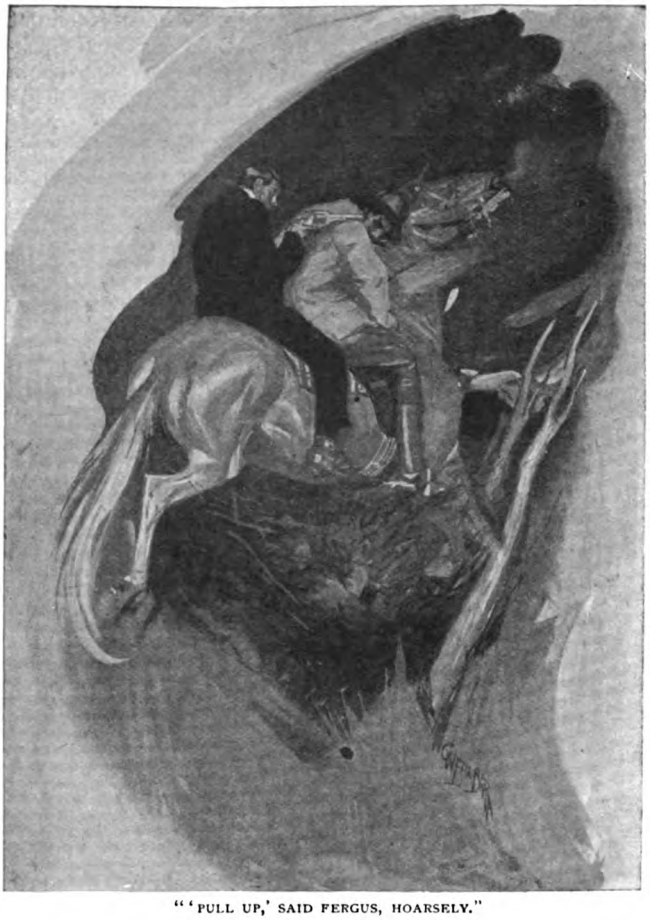
"The other's unloaded."

"You wouldn't sit so quiet if it were. Now, round we go, and back on our tracks full split. It's getting light, and we shall see them plain. If you vary a yard either way, or if your mate catches us, out go your brains."

The bushranger obeyed without a word. Fergus was almost unnerved by the incredible ease of his conquest over so redoubtable a ruffian. His stolid Northern blood stood by him; but still he made grim apology as they rode.

"I had to do it. It was through me you got to know. I had to live that down; this was the only way."

"You have spirit. If you would still be my mate——"



"'PULL UP,' SAID FERGUS, HOARSELY."

"Your mate! I mean this to be the making of me as an honest man. Here's the fence. I give you two minutes to strap it down and get us over."

Stingaree slid tamely to the ground.

"Don't you dare to get through those wires! Strap it from this side with your belt, and strap it quick!"

And the bushranger obeyed with the same sensible docility, but with his back turned, so that Fergus could not see his face; and it was light enough to see faces now; yet Barmaid refused the visible wires, as she had not refused them all that night of indigo starlight.

"Coax her, man!" cried Fergus, in the saddle now, and urging the mare with his heels. So Stingaree whispered in the mare's ear; and with that the strapped wires flew under his captor's nose as the rider took the fence, but not the horse.

At a single syllable the milk-white mare had gone on her knees, like devout lady in holy fane, and as she rose her last rider lay senseless at her master's feet; but whether from his fall, or from a blow dealt him in the act of falling, the unhappy Fergus never knew. Indeed, knowledge for him was at an end until matches burnt under his nose awakened him to a position of the last humiliation. His throat and chin topped a fence-post, the weight of his body was on chin and throat, while wrists and muscles were lashed at full stretch to the wires on either side.

"Now I'm going to shoot you like a dog," said Stingaree. He drew the revolver whose muzzle had pressed into his own neck so short a time before. Yet now it was broad daylight, and the sun coming up in the bound youth's eyes for the last time.

"Shoot away!" he croaked, raising the top of his head to speak at all. "I gave you leave before we started. Shoot away!"

"At ten paces," said Stingaree, stepping them. "That, I think, is fair."

"Perfectly," replied Fergus. "But be kind enough to make this so-called man of yours hold his foul tongue till I'm out of earshot of you all."

Huge Howie had muttered little enough for him, but to that little Stingaree put an instantaneous stop.

"He's a dog, to be shot like a dog, but too good a dog for you to blackguard!" cried he. "Any message, young fellow?"

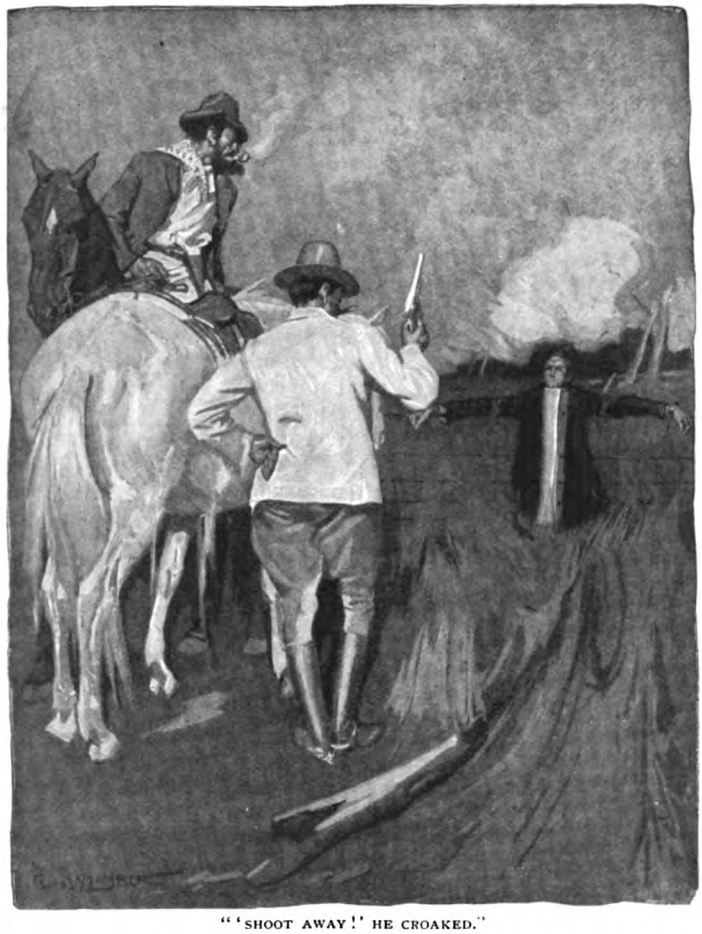
"Not through you."

"So long, then!"

"Shoot away!"

The long barrel was poised as steadily as field-gun on its carriage. Fergus kept his blue eyes on the perfect round of the muzzle.

The hammer fell, the cartridge cracked, and from the lifted muzzle a tiny cloud flowed like a bubble from a pipe. The post quivered under Carrick's chin, and a splinter flew up and down before his eyes. But that was all.



"'SHOOT AWAY!' HE CROAKED."

"Aim longer," said he. "Get it over this shot."

"I'll try."

But the same thing happened again.

"Come nearer," sneered Fergus.

And Stingaree strode forward with an oath.

"I was going to give you six of them. But you're a braver man than I thought. And that's the lot!"

The bound youth's livid face turned redder than the red dawn.

"Shoot me—shoot!" he shouted, like a lunatic.

"No, I shall not. I never meant to—I did mean you to sit out six—but you're the most gallant little idiot I've ever struck. And you come from the old country, like myself!"

And a sigh floated into the keen morning air as he looked his last upon the lad through the celebrated monocle.

"Then I'll shoot myself when I'm free," sobbed Fergus through his teeth.

"Oh, no, you won't," were Stingaree's last words. "You'll find it's not a bit worth while."

And when the mounted police and others from Glenranald discovered the trussed youngster, not an hour later, they took the same tone. And one and all stopped and stooped to peer at the two bullet-holes in the post, and at something underneath them, before cutting poor Fergus down.

Then they propped him up to read with his own eyes the nailed legend which first helped Fergus Carrick to live down the indiscretion of his letter to Largs, and then did more for him in that colony than letter from Queen Victoria to His Excellency of New South Wales. For it ran:—

"THIS IS THE GAMEST LITTLE COCK I HAVE EVER STRUCK. HE HAD ME CAPTIVE ONCE, COULD HAVE SHOT ME OVER AND OVER AGAIN, AND ALL BUT TOOK ME ALIVE. MORE POWER TO HIM!—STINGAREE."

Ghosts in Art.

EVERYONE recalls the anecdote of the famous painter who once depicted an angel with four toes.

"Who ever saw an angel with four toes?" cried a critic, derisively. "Who ever saw one with less?" demanded the painter.

Testimony from the very first was in favour of ghosts being transparent. All the mediæval ghosts were "transparent, like vapour" (although Hamlet's father, surely the King of ghosts, was only "very pale"), and so most of the modern apparitions are described. Can we ever forget Dickens's description of Marley, whose "body was transparent, so that Scrooge, observing him and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind"; whose hair and skirts and tassels were "agitated as by the hot vapour from an oven"? That is one kind—the conventional kind of ghost. When Sir John Millais first conceived the idea of his "Speak—Speak!" he said to a friend, "I have always, since a boy, wanted to paint a ghost. Chiefly, I suppose, I wanted to get away from the conventional way of doing it." When "Speak—Speak!" which is now in the Tate Gallery, was first exhibited, only a short time before the painter's death, many were the speculations amongst critics and public as to its "story." One eminent critic, lately deceased, thus delivered himself: "In this large canvas the President has set himself to depict the *dénouement* of the beautiful Italian tale of Giuseppe d'Arezzo and Fiammetta, his plighted mistress. A selfish and mercenary noble came and separated the lovers, and, with her family's sanction, married Fiammetta sorely against her will. She was immured in a remote castle, whence no message emanated from her, and, although for two years the distracted Giuseppe waited without the walls, neither he nor her friends or relations could learn whether she was dead

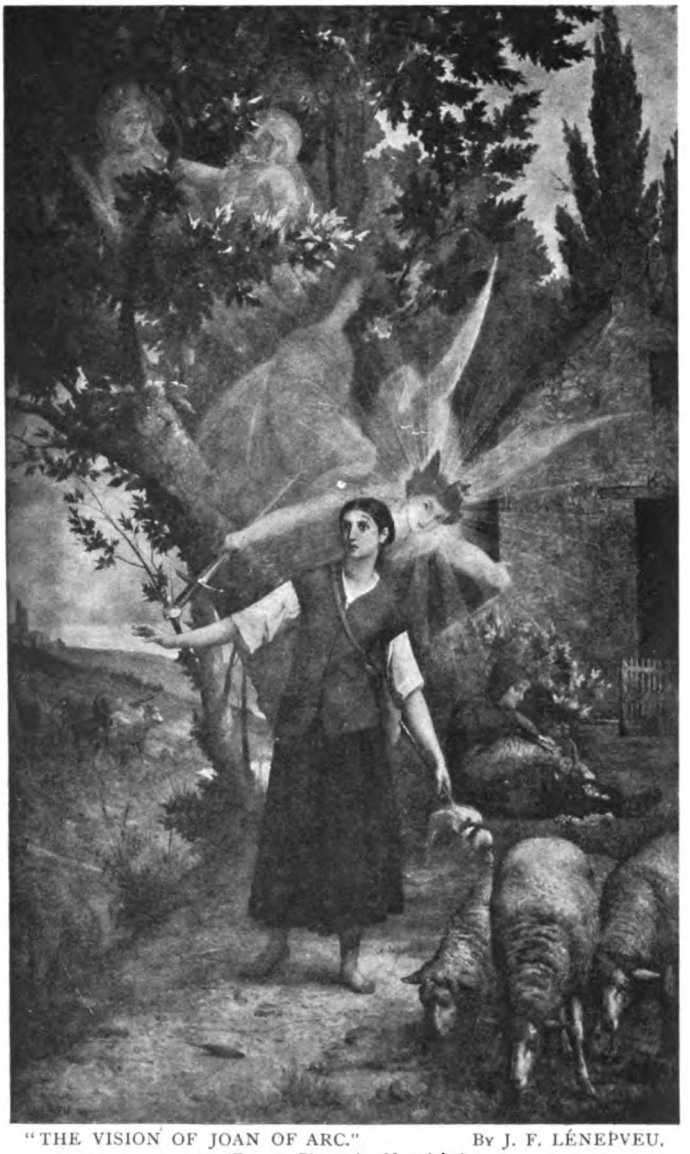
"SPEAK—SPEAK!" By SIR JOHN MILLAIS, P.R.A.

(Reproduced from the photograph by Francis Ellis & Hayward.)

or alive. A rumour spread that she had been strangled and cast down a well, and Giuseppe, now nearly frantic, redoubled his efforts to learn the truth. A woman's shrieks were heard one night from the castle; by a superhuman effort the lover managed to scale the walls, when he fell, fracturing his thigh. He was seized by emissaries from the Pope, charged with being a heretic, and flung into prison. A few days later he was placed on the rack and the Inquisition decreed his death. In the middle of the night Giuseppe's chamber was suddenly illumined; he sat up to confront the assassins of the Inquisition, and confronted instead the radiant form and features of his beloved Fiammetta, attired as if for her bridal. Was it she herself, escaped from her tyrant, or merely her spirit come to comfort her doomed lover? The legend fails to tell us—it closes by saying that at that moment the executioners burst into the apartment, the light was extinguished, and poor Giuseppe was slain."

Now, all the foregoing is very striking and romantic, and very curious as well. For when it was pointed out to Millais he remarked with emphasis, "Upon my soul, this is the first time I have ever heard of the story. I'm sure I had no such idea in my head." Pressed as to what his idea was, Sir John observed quietly that the picture must be allowed to tell its own story; and so the matter must be allowed to rest at that.

How readily the figure and story of Joan of Arc lend themselves to the painter's art! "And Jehanne she saw visions—first of a man robed in white with a wand in his hand; then of one, a knight clad in armour, and likewise of a beauteous maiden." It would be difficult to make a list anything like complete of the Joan of Arc pictures painted during the last fifty years. No Salon exhibition is complete without at least one—once there were eight at a time—and in our own Royal Academy the Maid of Orleans is an ever-recurring theme. Last year, it will be remembered, both Mr. Sant, R.A., and Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., exhibited pictures of Joan of Arc. But perhaps the two most famous representations of her are by Bastien Lepage and J. F. Lénepveu, the latter hanging in the Panthéon. Both are in their way masterpieces, and show a dexterous treat-



"THE VISION OF JOAN OF ARC." By J. F. LÉNEPVEU.
(From a Photo. by Neurdein.)

ment of the spirits whose forms and voices came to inspire the marvellous peasant girl to immortal deeds.

Most modern painters have, like Sir John Millais, essayed a ghost once at least in their lifetime, but not all have been so successful, either in their choice of subject or its treatment, as that popular Academician, Mr. Boughton, in his "The Martyr's Well." He, too, has undertaken to represent his spectre as non-diaphanous. "The martyr's well," he writes, "which I have used in my picture, is in Lower Brittany, and was called 'The Well of the Martyr's Blood.' Here was slain one of the early Christians by the simple Pagans of the time, and in after years the vision would appear at this well or spring — the scene of her martyrdom. She first appeared to the peasant child who came for water at early dawn, and the well became famous for its healing virtues ever after."

"THE VISION AT THE MARTYR'S WELL, BRITTANY."
By G. H. BOUGHTON, R.A.

Ghosts of mortals—especially of beautiful maidens — revisiting their ancient haunts are familiar enough in the countless legends of Europe, and many of these legends have been seized on by the painter. There is the story of Anna the Faithless, of the island of Gothland, who, when her lover upbraided her with her duplicity, set him and his rival on to combat on the edge of a steep cliff. Both were precipitated into the sea and drowned, and in remorse at what she had done the wretched Anna flung herself after them. For ever afterwards her spirit used to haunt the region of the cliffs, warning all, and especially love-lorn youths, not to venture onward to destruction. "And thereby," runs the legend, "she saved the lives of many whom the cruelty and fickleness of the Gothland maidens had driven from their homes on the island." Alas! how little of such romance, and one may add of such credulity, are left to us nowadays.

And yet, as we know from the reports of proceedings at the psychical societies and of the photographs of disembodied spirits, of which we hear much from time to time, there is a great deal of ghost-belief yet left in the world. M. Besnard, in the picture which is given on page 692, seeks to depict a scene at a spiritualistic *séance*, in which the ghost of a mother appears in answer to the appeal of one of her children—a striking, luminous figure, much more vivid, however, in the large original than in the reproduction.

Of quite a different character is the phantom men and women have seen appearing to them at twilight or midnight, or perchance at dawn—phantoms which many have declared to be astounding in their illusion. There are the spectres of lost loves, of dead husbands and wives. Such a vision has been beautifully treated by Mr. Frank Dicksee in one of his most celebrated

"THE PHANTOM OF ANNA THE FAITHLESS." By C. SCHWENINGER.

(By permission of E. S. Czeiger.)

canvases, wherein he depicts the drapery and lineaments of a dead and gone wife appearing to her husband under the influence of music played by her living image, his own daughter.

The spirit of the Indian maiden represented in Mr. Frederick Remington's picture appeared to a half-breed in the Far West, who had lost his way in the icy wilderness. In his peril his former mistress "dropped out of the sky," floating along in front of him, leading him onward. There are dozens of such folk-tales, told to the traveller, of Indian maidens "dropping from the sky" to succour their mortal lovers overtaken by cold, darkness, a blizzard, or their enemies. In this picture the artist has very happily overcome the difficulty of representing a ghost floating in the air and yet not transparent—a seemingly palpable yet at the same time unsubstantial wraith.

But whatever these ghosts are that "freeze the blood" and make the hair to "stand on end like quills upon the fretful

"THE MOTHER." By M. BESNARD.
(By permission of P. Baschet.)

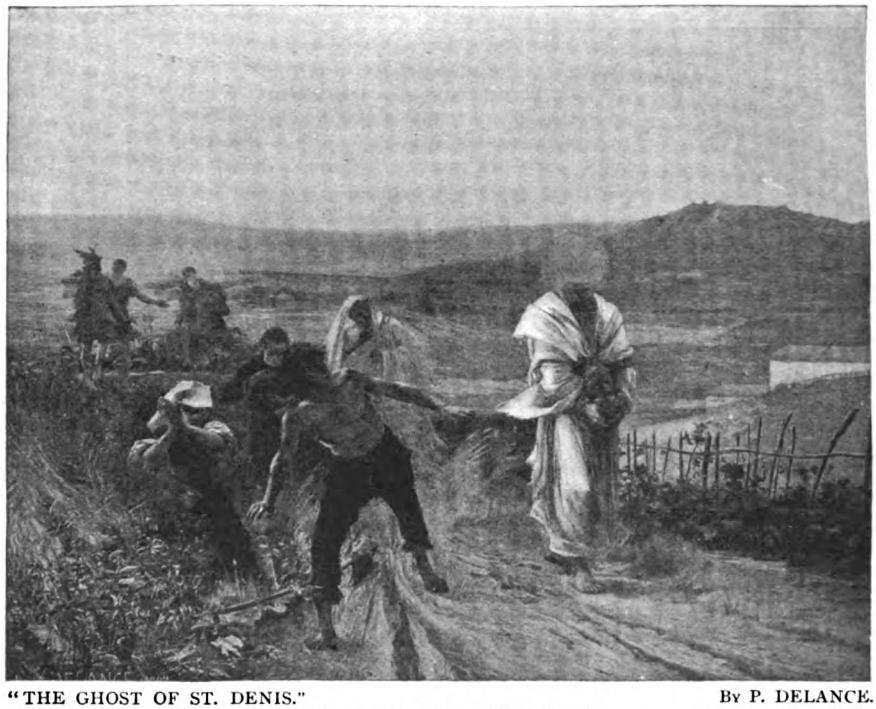
"A REVERIE." By FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.
(Reproduced by permission from the Original Painting in the possession of the Liverpool Corporation, Owners of the Copyright.)

"THE GHOST OF THE INDIAN MAIDEN." By FREDERICK REMINGTON.
(By permission of Messrs. Harper Brothers, New York.)

porcupine," it is doubtful whether any artist has succeeded in reproducing the effect. Yet George III. said of a picture delineating the ghost of Lord Lovat that it "thrilled him with terror," and asked the courtier who showed it to him to take away such a ghastly performance. Looking on this once famous print today, drawn by a man who had actually seen a ghost with his own eyes, we discover at once the secret of its horrific spell. "A gentleman," as Lord Chesterfield advised his son, "should keep a cool head on his shoulders"; but, whether cool or otherwise, it should assuredly be on his shoulders. When, instead, we behold it carried in the gentleman's hands we are naturally shocked, quite independently of the circumstance of the bearer's being a ghost or not. The story of Lord Lovat and his beheading is known to all school-children; but at the time (1746) scarcely less noise was made in some quarters over the execution than over the subsequent appearance of the Scottish baron's ghost, which was often seen at dead of night pacing the house-tops, decapitated, it is true, but by no means headless, a warning to Jacobites and unruly citizens everywhere.

But Lord Lovat's ghost was not original. The carrying of one's head in one's hand is a ghostly custom which did not begin with St. Denis nor end with Master Ichabod Crane's spectre on the banks of the Hudson. It goes far back to the wraiths and goblins of antiquity. But this much may safely be averred—St. Denis was the most illustrious of the head-carrying ghosts. When he had been decapitated—history informs us—"his spirit rose up and took the bleeding head in its hands and strode all the way from Paris to the place now called St. Denis, the country people much marvelling at the ghost of the saint as he strode along." This is the scene portrayed on canvas by M. Delance and shown in the Salon of 1893.

"LOVAT'S GHOST ON PILGRIMAGE."
(From the Print by William Hogarth.)

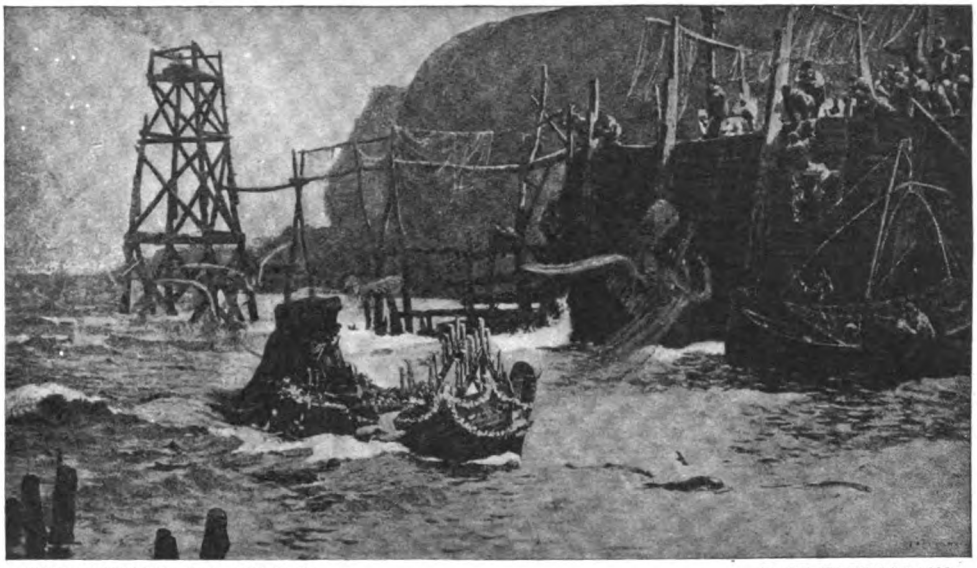


"THE GHOST OF ST. DENIS." By P. DELANCE.
(By permission of Messrs. Goupil & Co.)

The distance traversed step by step by the spectre was three miles, but as a witty and incredulous Frenchman remarks, "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*" After that, belief in the legend is easy.

For centuries in Venice they have recounted the tale of the vision of a virgin who haunted the lagoon at dead of night. Many a tired gondolier returning home beneath the stars came upon an aureole of lustre, in the midst of which was seen a woman of wondrous beauty, pale as the moonlight, walking silently on the waters or visiting the various shrines of Venice Some said it was the Blessed Virgin herself, others deemed it the spirit of a mortal—a maiden who had met

"THE VISION OF THE LAGOON." By P. DE FRICK.
(By permission of the Artist.)



"THE MIRACULOUS IMAGE." By M. TATTEGRAIN.

(By permission of Messrs. Goupil & Co.)

death by drowning. Signor d'Annuncio has retold the legend recently, which forms the theme of M. Paul de Frick's painting, which he entitles simply, "Vision — Lagune de Venise." It was shown in the Salon ten years ago.

Phantoms appearing at sea or to mariners are as old as the mariner's craft itself. They take on a thousand different forms as they are narrated in the legends of various lands. At one time it is Undine, at another it is Davy Jones. Off the coast of Sicily an "image miraculeuse" used to appear to shipwrecked sailors. At first it was a seagull coursing over the waters; then it changed to an ominous raven; and finally it increased in size and became the ghost of a shipwrecked maiden, and brought gladness to the eyes of the score of panic-stricken men who were witnessing, with bated breath, its gyrations. The theme is variously treated by different painters; but perhaps no more enthralling representation of the miraculous image has been given of late years than is to be seen in the canvas of M. Tattegrain, here reproduced.

STATUE TO A VISION AT LLANTHONY ABBEY.

(By courtesy of Countess de Bertouch.)

The representation of ghosts has usually been confined to painting, so that something of a sensation was caused recently by the report that a sculptor had been called in to embody a ghost in Wales. The story is this. Twenty-four years ago there appeared to Father Ignatius, the monks, and choir-boys of the monastery of Llanthony a marvellous vision of a female in a meadow adjoining the abbey. Father Ignatius has himself given a vivid description of what he saw in the following words:—

"We all expressed amazement at some very curious flashings of light which we saw in all directions of the meadow like the outlines of a figure. Then I saw a great circle of light flash out over the whole heavens, taking in the

A STATUE TO A GHOST. By R. WEYR.

mountains, the trees, the ruined house, and the monastery, and after that small circles bulged out, and in the centre of the circle stood the gigantic figure of a human being, with hand uplifted, standing sideways.

"In the distance the figure appeared to be about sixty feet in height, but as it descended it took the ordinary size of a human being. I saw distinctly the outlines of the features against the bright light, and also the exact form of the drapery, from the sleeves of the upraised arm, as plainly and clearly as it is possible for me to express."

The statue represents the vision as closely as possible — that of a female figure with outstretched arms. In the right hand a lamp, representing the Lamp of Truth, will be kept perpetually burning.

Nevertheless, this is not really the only statue of a ghost or vision. There exists one in Munich and another at Buda-Pesth. In the one shown in our illustration, entitled the "Ahnfrau" (or "The Ancestress"), we see the spectre of a woman appearing to her descendant, warning him against the perpetration of some deed he is about to commit.

From Russia comes the painting of the legend of the woman who took the vows of a sisterhood, and so drove her husband or lover to despair and death. In the vigils of the night to this nun in her cell there was wont to appear the vision of the man whose love she had spurned for that which she dreamed a higher love, and finally drove her to madness. "The Vision" is the theme of M. Shahovskov's painting, which attracted much attention a few years ago.

"THE VISION." By M. SHAHOVSKOV.

Pretty Polly.

A TRAGEDY OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

By Olivia Roy.

"THERE, as usual!" said Mrs. Waring to her husband, tossing a telegram across the breakfast-table.

"Aunt dying. Come at once. Has asked for you," read out the husband in a tone of some annoyance.

"And at Christmas-time, too!" mourned Jennie Waring.

"Of course, you can't go."

"Of course, I must go."

"May I remind you that you have a husband and three children?"

"I don't require reminding, thanks."

"She is only your great-aunt."

"That makes no difference; she has asked for me, and I must go. A dear old woman; she was always so kind to me," and Jennie's eyes filled with tears.

"Why all your relations should require you at their death-beds I can't make out; and you encourage them in it, too. They do always want you—you can't deny it."

"I can't. I'm sorry, but wouldn't you want me to be with you at such a time, John?"

He looked across at her. After a moment's reflection he smiled reluctantly.

"Yes, I admit I would like you to be in at my going out," he said.

"It was at her house we met, dear."

And that settled it.

"I suppose I must go by the next train," said Jennie, presently.

"Oh, lor'! Don't say that!" cried a startling voice, followed by ghastly squarkings. It was Mrs. Waring's parrot. The bird was doing a sort of savage devil-dance on her perch, now and then dipping her beak sharply into one or the other of her little tin cans. "Oh, lor', I'm a wretched bird, I'm a wretched bird!" she went on. "Don't say that!"

It was the day the nursery—her sanctum—was being cleaned, so, for that morning, the parrot was occupying the oak-panelled dining-room. For Jennie Waring had resigned possession of her to her little ones.

"'OH, LOR', I'M A WRETCHED BIRD, I'M A WRETCHED BIRD!' SHE WENT ON."

"Shut up, you—you fowl!" cried John Waring. He was irritable. It was really no joke at all Jennie going away just at Christmas-time.

"Poor Polly doesn't mean any harm," said Jennie, soothingly.

"Poor Polly, indeed! Yelling out like that at breakfast-time, too, when, of all times, one feels more dead than alive. That bird gets on my nerves."

"Remember Polly!" gurgled the parrot, adding an ear-splitting screech.

"Here, then," and John Waring threw at the perch a chunk of crumb he had abstracted from his roll; it struck the bird fairly. Naturally Polly lost her temper; she ruffled her neck feathers and lurched forward with one claw opening and shutting.

"Look at her," said John; "look at that vile temper; calling herself 'wretched,' too. She's the most spoilt bird in creation."

"Polly's quite human," said Jennie, slyly.

"I wonder!" said John, getting up and lazily strolling over to the perch. The parrot promptly flew at him, and, being contemptuously tapped on the head, spluttered and muttered, squarked and yelled, like a dancing demoniac.

"Leave her alone, John; you irritate her."

"I irritate her? That's good, when she tried to bite me."

Again the parrot, with undulating neck, lurched towards him.

Jennie looked at both. The amount of dumb show capable between man and beast was interesting. She was a born peacemaker. Being a woman possessing tact, she realized just then that the bird would be more amenable than the man.

"Pretty Polly! Pretty Polly!" the wife cooed, softly, as she walked up to the bird's stand.

Quite suddenly the turmoil ceased. The parrot began wobbling on her perch in silence.

Now this pink and grey parrot loved her, but hated her husband. Indeed, the bird had been her best pet, before the husband had been allowed the privilege of supplanting her. But it is not pleasant to be supplanted. Polly had indeed transferred some of her affection to Jennie's children, but she had steadily refused to do anything but hate her rival, their father.

"I'm going away for a few days, Polly," Jennie said, softly, while John, rather shamefacedly, took up the *Times*. "And you must be a good and quiet bird."

And the parrot cocked her eye. There was mischief in it.

An hour later Jennie was tenderly kissing her three children. With tears in her eyes she got into the carriage which was to take her to the station.

"Take care of the darlings," she said to her husband, "and especially my 'beauty baby girl.' Oh, and be kind to old Polly, poor thing! *Au revoir* till Christmas Eve!" she called, and waved her hand to them all; the little ones jumping, shouting, and kissing their hands to her.

"On Christmas Eve, mummie, dear?" they cried.

The carriage started; she was off.

The week ran round and Christmas Eve was to-morrow. To-morrow "mummie" returned. John had found it weary waiting.

It was getting bitterly cold; it really looked as though it was to be a good, old-fashioned Christmas Day.

Snow had been falling all night, dressing the trees in fine fantastic tracery, like dead white lace with glistening jewels. The spruce trees—"Christmas" trees—like dainty ladies of the patch-and-powder times, with hooped skirts, sparkled from top to toe. The gardeners cut holly from the trees, and the children, staggering under their self-imposed loads, dragged branches up to the house. All the home was to be decorated on Christmas Eve, all ready for mother.

In the morning John—in a somewhat perfunctory spirit—took the three youngsters to the lake to see if the ice would bear. Thankful the father was to find it would not, since thereby he was saved much exertion.

Then in the evening—in the same perfunctory spirit—he had the children down with him in the dining-room for an hour. It was his wife's custom, and somehow she was a person one didn't like to disappoint, even in her absence. Now, John Waring was kind to his children when he was with them, but he never saw more of them than was absolutely necessary. To-night he drew soldiers and horses for the two elder boys, "puffers" for the youngest, the "beauty girl," as Jennie called her.

Then, with much discomfort to his frame, which was beginning to assume proportions tending to the rotund, John became an elephant—by special desire. On hands and knees he bore the "beauty girl" many times round the room, the boys acting keepers; John wisely adopting that same leisurely

"ON HANDS AND KNEES HE BORE THE 'BEAUTY GIRL' MANY TIMES ROUND THE ROOM."

tread of the elephant, when engaged in similar misery at the Zoo. Intense was his joy—no less for being unexpressed—when a knock came to the door, and nurse smilingly demanded the children.

"Good-nights" were exchanged. He had to receive kisses for himself and kisses for "mummie." She was given three to his one, he noticed.

The door closed behind the laughing little ones. John Waring lifted the blind and looked out.

It was a bitterly cold night. A perfect blizzard was blowing outside; the wind howled, the sleet flung itself against the window-panes. John, as he listened to the storm without, turned and looked around his study within, at the blazing logs, the drawn curtains, and the inviting arm-chair. He felt thankful for his comforts and for the fact that nothing could call him out this bleak and freezing night.

He had earned a cosy evening, he considered. So he had one. All the Christmas periodicals, whisky, tobacco, and terrier Tip snuggling on his lap.

It was twelve o'clock before he turned in. Soon he was sleeping the sound slumber of the indolent man.

He had slumbered some time soundly and snoringly. Then, beginning to dream, he turned restlessly in his bed; it was a pleasure to half wake—just for the joy of realizing how warm and comfortable he was.

His dreams ran from fact to fiction, back again to fact. He was now in the hall of the Stock Exchange — he had retired more than a year now — and the shouts and yells and cat-calls were hammering into his brain. The noise was so loud and so disconcerting that he awoke, but, alas! not this time to the peace and quiet he had hoped. The shouts continued, but added to them came an awful screech.

What was it? Surely that was a woman's shrill cry. Was it burglars? Or was it a real ghost—at last?

Again the ghastly screech. Oh, Heaven—not human! Wide awake he knew it for what it was.

"That blamed parrot!" he exclaimed; "and at this time of night, too. I'll wring its neck if I have to get up." He turned over and tried to resume his slumbers. He dozed a full minute, and was therefore doubly irritated when once more the noise so startled him that he sat up in bed. His bedroom was next the day nursery, in which the parrot lived. Disgusting! To get out of bed was really too much of an effort. It was bitterly cold! Realizing it suddenly, John Waring ducked again under the bedclothes.

He dozed off; he was actually nearly asleep.

"Squark! I'm a wretched bird! Squark! Oh, lor'! Oh, lor'! Oh, lor'! Poor Polly! Polly! Polly! Squark!"

John Waring sat up mad with rage. Then it dawned upon him—perhaps the cat was at the bird!

Well, let it be. A good job too! That bird was the bane of his life. He had taken

no responsibility for the parrot. She had never been a friend of his; in fact, she had continually worried him from the moment she had come under his roof. An utterly ungrateful bird she had proved herself to be. Let her fight it out with the cat; Polly should be equal to a couple of cats. He really could not get out of bed to see.

And so he turned over, knowing all the while in his heart he should be going to the bird's rescue, in a moment or two.

And so it proved. One more particularly weird screech and John Waring was out of bed. He slipped on a dressing-gown and slippers, and went to the nursery door.

He opened it.

Smoke! A balloon of smoke poured out into his face.

The room was on fire!

Luckily it was only the day nursery.

Now, the house was an old manor, panelled in oak throughout; it could be burnt to the ground within the hour. The local fire-engine was two miles off; obviously the children must be got out at once.

John Waring shut the day nursery door to with a bang, and tore along the corridor to the night nursery. Without ceremony he rushed into the room

"Nurse! nurse!" he called; "get up, the place is on fire! Help me bring the children out!"

The nurse, one of the hysterical sort, screamed and fell back fainting. She was no use, at least for the moment. In the dim light he could not see any water to throw over her.

So he seized his boy from the bed and slipped him under his arm; he lifted a child from another bed and tossed it over his shoulder, regardless of who was who. Then he rushed down the stairs, shouting aloud, "Fire! Fire!"

Did bolts ever take so long to unfasten? At last he flung open the front door. A rush of bitter air cut in. Picking up the children again he ran through the snow with them to the stables.

"Thompson! Thompson!" he called, hammering at his door. "The place is on fire!"

In half a minute Thompson and his wife —in quite extraordinary *deshabille*—opened the door to receive them.

"Take the children, Mrs. Thompson," he called, bundling both into her arms. "Come with me, Thompson. Run to the nursery. That nurse has fainted, I think. Bring her out, and the little girl, who is still there. You've plenty of time; it is only the day nursery alight so far. But be as quick as you can, then get help from the village and send someone for the engine. I have something to fetch from the room that is burning."

Thompson disappeared into the house, and John Waring ran to the day nursery.

Yes, it did appear uncanny; but he was going to fetch that bird out—the bird who had given the alarm. Besides, "Be kind to Polly, poor thing!" Jennie's words buzzed in his brain.

He ran to his own bedroom, caught up a towel, dipped it in water—remembering for once the right thing at the right moment—and wound it round his nose and mouth. He would get the parrot, but he did not intend to hurt himself unnecessarily doing it.

The smoke was surging through the cracks of the door, even through the keyhole. Polly was still all right, apparently, for her voice was shrill and penetrating; yet it seemed to John a trifle fainter. He opened the door and shut it quickly behind him, desiring to keep smoke and fire as confined as possible. The smoke was thick, but through it he could see that a horrid flame in the darkness was creeping up the curtains, with a caressing lick. He knew where Polly's stand was, and so made deliberately for it. He had never been allowed to caress her, so he clearly realized that now force must be employed.

John put his hand heavily on her back and held her wings down tightly, as he unhooked the chain that attached her to her perch. It was done in a moment; he had her free and in his hand. But Polly was still screaming violently. He turned and made for the door.

John was just opening it when, with a venomous hiss, Polly stooped and pecked his hand. They were just outside. Suddenly, with a raucous yell, Polly stretched up and dug her beak ferociously deep into his cheek, struggling to get free. John felt the blood oozing.

"If you hadn't saved the house, by Jove, I'd let you go," he growled back at her, pressing her viciously to his side. Polly's beak was snapping all around, and then, with one supreme effort, she managed to wrench herself from his fingers, and flapped heavily back into the burning room.

"Oh, if you will have it," her rescuer cried, savagely, "go and be blamed to you"; and John Waring ran quickly down the stairs into the frosty night.

Several men had collected, and were dragging the furniture from the rooms below.

"Work away, my lads!" John shouted, for he saw from outside the flames beginning to burst through the day nursery window. "Christmas-boxes to-morrow."

"We'll do our best, sir. The engine won't be long, sir."

John hurried on to the stables. He met the servants running to and fro in an excited state. He entered the Thompsons' parlour.

"Children all right?" he cried. "Is nurse——"

Then he saw her kneeling by the grate, trying to kindle a fire, her hands trembling. Mrs. Thompson was chafing the children's feet and wrapping blankets around them. She started round as he entered.

"But the little girl, sir?" she called. "Haven't you the little girl?"

"The little girl! Good heavens! What do you mean? Weren't they all together? Didn't Thompson fetch her? I——"

"She was sleeping in the day nursery," the nurse screamed, suddenly; "she had a cold. I thought it would be warmer there. Thompson said you had gone there."

"HE HAD HER FREE AND IN HIS HAND."

John waited to hear no more. Once again up those stairs he flew; it seemed his fate to pass over the threshold of that burning room—so seldom, in his selfishness, had he entered that nursery.

But self was forgotten now; he did not stop to think of towel or any precaution now; but burst open the door, half mad with fear and horrible doubt.

Would he ever be able to blot out from his eyes the picture he saw then? Long to tell, but seen in one second.

The smoke was oozing through a broken window, the room was clearer, though suffocating enough; and there was a horrid smell of scorched linen. But the insidious fire was gradually intruding into the room, for the oak mantelpiece was now in flames, throwing light into all the corners. It lighted up the dappled grey rocking-horse; the dolls' perambulator, in which were lovingly seated two smartly-dressed dollies, shone luridly over a house of bricks and a regiment of tin soldiers. But, with a still more brilliant glow, the lambent flame-light was playing upon a cot in the corner of the room, close to the door. In it was a little child lying—painfully quiet; and the flame-light played also upon a grey parrot—clinging to the iron rails of that cot as if it were its perch.

Like a tiger John seized upon his "beauty girl." Was she still alive? The flames showed her little face white and drawn, her lips blue.

Clasping her covetously to him, with difficulty John Waring reached the door. Then, outside, just for one moment he turned.

Polly, lit up weirdly by the ever-increasing flames, was swaying to and fro; her queer eyelids were closed over her eyes; it seemed an effort for her to hold on to the cot. Still, although apparently dazed, like a gallant sentinel she stayed by her trust—self-appointed—to the death.

"Thanks, Poll," John said. "Thanks, dear old bird; I'll be back soon—I'll save you yet."

Did she hear him? John often wondered. One queer drooping lid opened slowly; it was like a solemn wink—a meeting of comedy

"JOHN SEIZED UPON HIS 'BEAUTY GIRL.'"

and tragedy—as she glanced the way of the "beauty girl." Then she swayed and swayed and toppled over. A soft thud on the carpet. A bundle of feathers.

So died Pretty Polly.

Down the stairs once again.

"The engine is coming, sir," shouted the men. "Just here, sir."

"A doctor! a doctor!" John shouted back. "Ten pounds for the man who brings a doctor quickly—it is life or death."

Her "beauty baby girl"! Oh, Heaven! *his* "beauty baby girl," too.

She didn't die. A few days, and with that astounding vitality which children possess she was once again bright and fat, and almost as rosy as ever.

The house was so far saved that Christmas Day was spent in it, after all. A day of mourning for all; yet for John, and Jennie his wife, one of intense thanksgiving. From his soul John thanked God for His merciful kindness to them. He had spared their child. For the first time in John Waring's life this Christmas Day was a feast of the spirit—not solely of the flesh.

And the dead bird! Even now they can scarcely speak of her without a break in the voice.

"If Poll and I meet on the other side," said John to his wife, huskily, "and who dare say otherwise——" There he stopped.

"You never did understand Polly, John. One thing I know, she has taught you to love the children more."

When the "beauty girl" was well enough they buried her gallant saviour, her brave sentinel, their Pretty Polly. They dug a little grave in the middle of the children's garden, and the bundle of feathers was laid to rest—tenderly. And they set up a little stone, and on it was engraved:—

In thankful and loving remembrance of

POLLY.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

Double Stars.

By Sir Robert Ball.

Illustrated from Photographs by the Royal Astronomical Society.

EVERYONE knows the beautiful star commonly called Vega, but which on our astronomical maps is more usually designated as Alpha Lyræ. Any plan of the stars shows how Vega is placed with reference to the Great Bear, or the Plough, as this constellation is perhaps more frequently called.

Vega lies at one corner of a small equilateral triangle whereof the two other corners are marked by stars far inferior in lustre to their brilliant associate. The object to which I first wish to direct attention is one of these two insignificant-looking stars. Astronomers call it Epsilon Lyræ.

Most young persons whose eyes are as keen as the eyes of young persons ought to be will see that Epsilon Lyræ is not a single object, but that it is composed of two stars very close together. I am not referring in this statement to telescopic observations; I mean that with unaided sight the two stars ought to be distinguishable as separate objects. With such simple assistance as that which can be rendered by an ordinary opera-glass the two stars can be seen with the greatest ease to be widely separated. This star, Epsilon Lyræ, is what is called a double star.

A double star is an object which seems at a superficial glance like an ordinary star, but which a closer scrutiny shows to be composed of two stars. No doubt this particular pair is one of the most easily separated of these objects. Generally speaking, the two stars whose association forms the "double" lie so close together that it is utterly beyond the power of any unaided eye to see them separately. Telescopes are usually required. Indeed, in many cases the two components of a double star are in such proximity that it taxes the utmost powers of the greatest telescope, as well as the highest skill of the most accomplished observer, to detect the two objects separately. The excellence of a telescope is not infrequently gauged by the success with which it will "separate," as it is called, the members of close doubles. Indeed, practical astronomers know that, when ordering a telescope from the makers of such instruments, it is not unusual to specify its efficiency by saying that it must be sufficiently powerful to divide certain named double stars.

Astronomers have for a long time studied these objects with much care, and it is now known that there are at least ten thousand of them scattered over the sky. Indeed, every year seems to add to their number. With ever-improving telescopes, and ever-increasing numbers of observers, it has frequently happened that stars which had previously been regarded as single are shown to be in reality double. In illustration of this we may mention that one most excellent and indefatigable American observer, Mr. S. W. Burnham, has added no fewer than one thousand double stars to those which had been previously known. Many of his dis-

coveries have brought to light objects possessing much delicacy and beauty.

At first sight it might be supposed that the association of two components to form a double star indicated an apparent rather than a real connection. It is no doubt obvious that if the stars had been strewn in innumerable hosts through space, it must happen every here and there that a couple of stars would lie very nearly in the same line of sight. Whenever this was the case the two stars would, of course, appear to be contiguous on the heavens. It may be admitted at once that among the many thousands of recognised double stars there are not a few whose nature is of this kind. Such pairs of stars do not usually consist of objects which lie relatively near together. Their apparent proximity is merely due to the accident that when viewed from the earth they lie nearly in the same direction. One of the component stars may, in fact, be ten times or a hundred times as far from us as the other.

The largeness of the number of these double stars in which the two components lie extremely close together would, however, go a long way to convince us that such arrangements were not fortuitous. It would be quite improbable that all double stars could be explained as arising from mere accidents of position. Many of these objects are so close together that they could not be seen distinctly separated without the aid of a telescope which would be sufficiently powerful to exhibit as two distinct objects the two eyes of a man at a distance of twenty miles.

But we are not solely dependent upon the argument just given for a demonstration of the fact that many pairs of stars have an invisible bond of genuine association. The same truth is brought out in other ways. Many of the stars are affected by movements which cause them to drift across the heavens relatively to other stars in their vicinity. If it should be observed that the two members of a double star drift at the same rate and in the same direction and thus, while still remaining together, gradually move away from the other stars which lie strewn around, this circumstance would afford forcible evidence that the pair of stars stood in some physical relation, and were linked together in an exceptional manner. It would be quite improbable, under such circumstances, that the proximity of the two objects should be merely apparent and illusory.

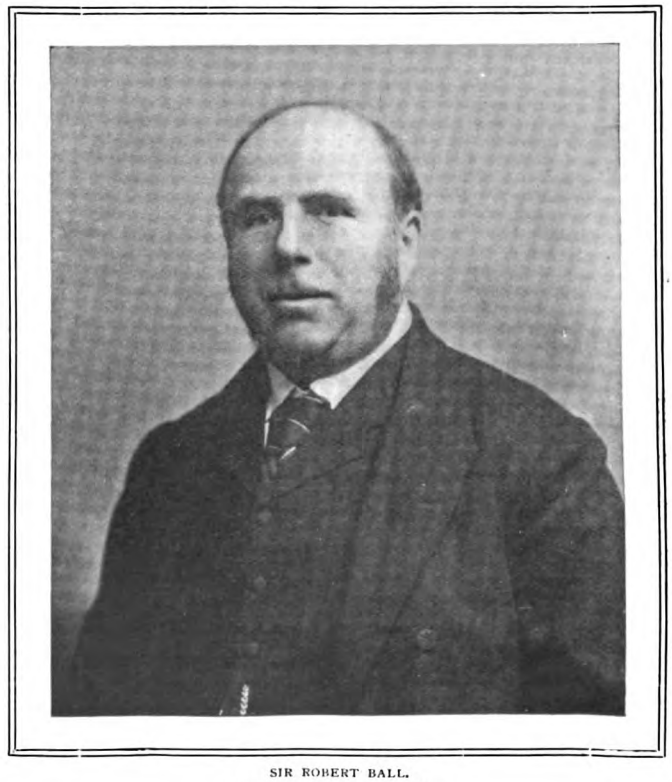
But without doubt the most convincing proof that many of the double stars consist of pairs which have a real physical connection has been afforded by the notable discovery which we owe to the genius of Sir William Herschel. It was an epoch in sidereal astronomy when this great astronomer made the astonishing announcement that each of the stars in a particular pair was actually found to be revolving around the other. He had noted the direction in which one of these stars lay relatively to the other. He repeated this observation month after month and year after year, and on comparing his observations he found that the direction of the line joining the two stars of the pair gradually changed with reference to the surrounding stars. It also appeared that the angular distance between the two members of the pair was gradually altering, now slowly increasing, and then again as slowly diminishing; these movements could only be explained by supposing that each of the two components was describing a stately orbit around the other.

The period which one of these double stars requires for making a complete revolution is very considerable. The lowest period of any such pair is about three or four years, while in other cases the period is as long as twenty years or fifty years, or even in some cases as much as several centuries. Objects of this sort, in which movements of an orbital character have been actually established, are generally called binary stars, for the sake of distinguishing them from the more numerous class of double stars in which no such orbital motion has as yet been perceived.

This discovery of Herschel's is really one of the deepest interest as regards the extension of our knowledge of the laws of the universe. Since the time of Newton it had been well known that the earth moved round the sun in accordance with the law of universal gravitation. It had been equally established that the moon moved round the earth in obedience to the same law. It had, indeed, been found that the law of gravitation, when properly understood, would account for the various features in the movements of all the bodies forming the solar system. But prior to Herschel's beautiful discovery of the binary character of certain stars, it was not actually known, however it might have been surmised, that this particular force extended beyond the confines of our solar system.

We now know that the law of gravitation

which controls the members of the solar system is equally the law which governs the movements of the binary stars. The importance of this conclusion can hardly be over-estimated. It at once gives an enormous extension to the region governed by the great Newtonian laws. It shows us that, so far as we can tell, these laws have an authority coextensive with that of the universe itself.

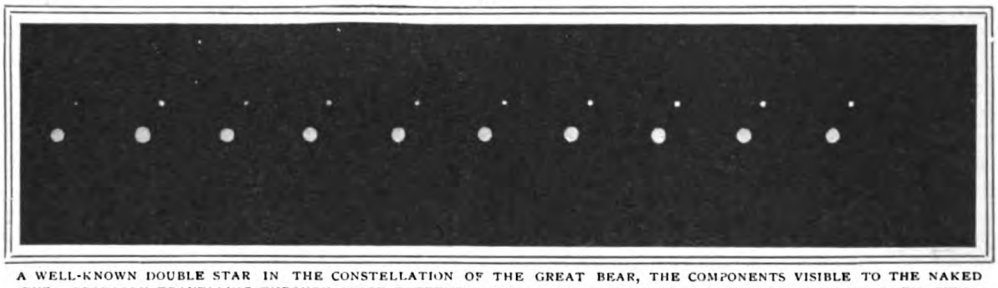


SIR ROBERT BALL.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

It has frequently happened that telescopic research has shown some stars to be not merely double, but to be triple or even quadruple. Perhaps the best-known example of a multiple star, as well as one of the most beautiful, is to be found in Epsilon Lyræ, one of the objects we have already mentioned. We have seen that it is composed of two stars which, from a telescopic point of view, form an exceedingly wide pair. Indeed their distance apart is two or three hundred times as great as is the distance between many telescopic pairs. There is hardly a more pleasing observation to be made by the possessor of a telescope than that which shows him that each of the two components of Epsilon Lyræ is itself a double star, the components of each pair being so close together that, though well within the powers of a very moderate telescope, they are still a long way from being separable by the unaided eye. Thus we see that this beautiful star in Lyræ is really a double double. There can hardly be much doubt that in this case each of the two small pairs is a binary whereof the two components are in mutual revolution, while the two together revolve around their common centre of gravity. We thus have a magnificent system in which the four suns move under the influence of their mutual attraction.

The study of the binary pairs is also instructive in another way, since it affords us the only means of obtaining any knowledge of the masses of the stars. It is, of course, well known that the stars are sun-like bodies, and it is of much interest to compare them in every possible way with our sun. By the aid of suitable measurements we can determine the quantity of light which we receive

from a star. If, then, in addition to this, we know the distance of the star, we have the means of ascertaining what the intrinsic brightness of that star may be, and thus of comparing that brightness with the brightness of the sun. We have thus learned that the lustre of many of the stars is quite as great as, indeed in some cases far greater than, the lustre of our own sun. It is, therefore, of particular interest to compare the mass of a star with the mass of the sun — that



A WELL-KNOWN DOUBLE STAR IN THE CONSTELLATION OF THE GREAT BEAR, THE COMPONENTS VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE. PROBABLY TRAVELLING THROUGH SPACE TOGETHER, AND HAVING A VERY SLOW ORBITAL MOTION OF THEIR OWN.

is to say, to find out which of the two bodies is the heavier, and to determine their relative weights. This we are enabled to do in the case of some of the binary stars.

We may here briefly consider how it is that we are often enabled to weigh a binary star when we have determined the time which it requires to perform a complete revolution. It must first be understood that in the case of one body revolving around another in virtue of their mutual attraction, the periodic time depends upon the attracting mass and the distance by which the two stars are separated. Thus, for instance, as the earth revolves around the sun at the distance of ninety-two million seven hundred thousand miles, the fact that our small globe requires just twelve months for one complete revolution depends primarily on the mighty mass of the sun. If, for instance, there were to be four times as much matter in the sun as there is at present, then the pull which the sun would exert on the earth would be increased to a corresponding extent. If, therefore, we supposed the earth under the new condition to continue in the same orbit, so as still to preserve the distance of ninety-two million seven hundred thousand miles from the sun, the speed at which it revolves would have to be accelerated so that the centrifugal force should be increased in the same proportion as the solar attraction. It can be easily shown that this result would be attained if the speed of the earth were doubled, so that the journey which now requires a year to accomplish would be completed in six months. On the other hand, if the sun were to have its mass diminished, then the length of the year would have to be increased. Suppose, for example, that three-fourths of the mass of the sun were to be removed, so that it was only to retain a fourth part of the mass which it now possesses, then the attraction which it exerts on the earth would be reduced to one-fourth. The centrifugal force on the earth must therefore be reduced to one-fourth of its actual amount to retain its present path, and accordingly we find that the pace of the earth must be reduced to one-half, or that the period of the revolution must be two years, instead of one, if the earth is not to forsake its present track.

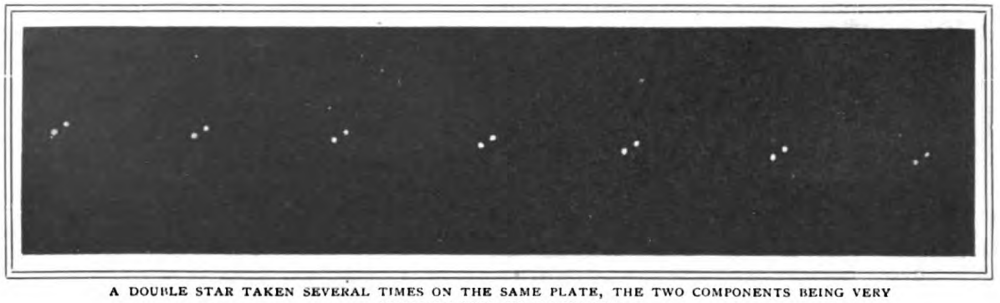
In what has hitherto been said I have supposed the distance between the two bodies to remain unchanged. But Newton's laws of motion also tell us that if we suppose the sun's mass to be increased to eight times its present amount, while the length of the year was unaltered, this must be accompanied by a removal of the earth to twice its present distance from the sun. If the sun's mass were increased to twenty-seven times its actual amount, the distance of the earth would have to be increased threefold. These illustrations will have served their purpose if they convey the impression that the attracting masses, their distance apart, and the period of revolution at which two bodies can revolve around each other, are not independent, but are related to each other by thoroughly understood laws.

These considerations will explain how the mass of a star can be concluded from a knowledge of the circumstances of the revolution of another star around it. If the period were a year, and if the distance were the same as that between the earth and the sun, then we should be led to the conclusion

that the mass concerned equalled the mass of the sun. Of course the circumstances will not always turn out to be quite so simple. The periods will generally be much longer than a year, and the distances will occasionlly be in excess of ninety-two million seven hundred thousand miles. Such details come within the province of the mathematician, and can only be dealt with by his special methods. We shall not further pursue them. Suffice it to say, that when we have learned the period of the revolution, as well as the distance between the components, the calculation of the united mass of the two stars offers no difficulty.

The results of such observations are not a little remarkable. They demonstrate that the masses of the stars, although in some cases not so great as that of the sun, are in other cases ten times, twenty times, or even in a still greater ratio in excess of the mass of our own luminary.

One of the most pleasing phenomena connected with the study of double stars is the exquisite contrast of hue which the components often exhibit. Many of the ordinary stars are brilliantly white, like Sirius or Vega. Other stars are slightly yellowish, like Capella, or exhibit a faint, ruddy hue, like Arcturus or Aldebaran. In all such cases, however, the characteristic colour can hardly be said to be strongly marked. There are, however, many stars in the sky which manifest distinctly marked and beautiful hues, and when this is the case the stars in question are generally—I do not say invariably—members of double systems.



A DOUBLE STAR TAKEN SEVERAL TIMES ON THE SAME PLATE, THE TWO COMPONENTS BEING VERY NEARLY EQUAL IN MAGNITUDE.

The most beautiful illustration of this remark is presented in a star which is, in fact, one of the loveliest objects of any class which the heavens have to display. The star in question is known to astronomers as Beta, in the constellation of the Swan. To the naked eye this object is merely a star of the second magnitude, calling for no particular attention, and its appearance by no means suggests that it possesses those wonderful attributes which make it so interesting in the telescope. No great telescopic power is needed to show that this star, which points out the beak of the Swan, is a remarkable double. The two components are at once seen to be brightly coloured, and it is specially interesting to note that the colours are by no means the same. They are, in fact, sharply contrasted, and by some observers have been described as complementary. It is not very easy to select words which shall exactly express the character of the tints of the two stars. I think perhaps a fairly accurate idea would be conveyed by saying that one of them, the larger, resembles a topaz, while the smaller is like an emerald. All observers would at least agree that, while the brighter star had some full yellowish or reddish hue, the fainter star was of a delicate greenish or bluish cast.

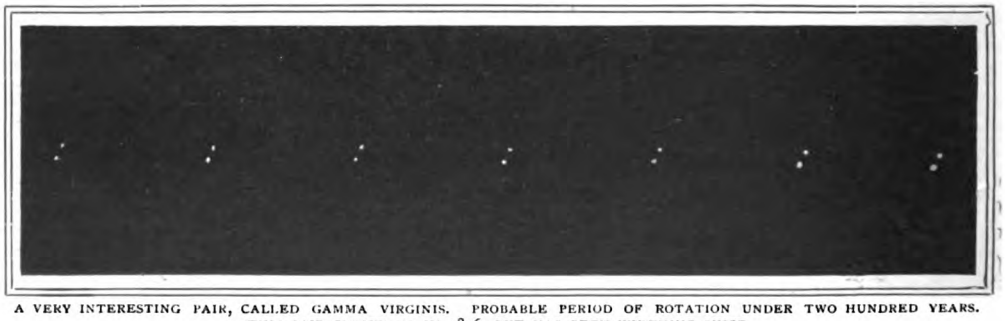
It is noticeable that there are many other pairs of stars which offer a contrast of colours very much like that presented in the pair just described. This circumstance is the more singular when it is observed that stars of a blue or green colour are almost unknown in the heavens, except when they occur as members of a binary pair. Blue or green stars possessing hues at all resembling in intensity those occasionally found in the doubles do not exist in isolation.

A very beautiful-coloured double star, known as Gamma Andromedæ, exhibits another remarkable feature of much interest. In this case the small blue star is itself double. When a telescope of exceptional excellence is applied the little blue object can be seen to divide into two points, each of which is a separate star. What the cause of these exquisite colours may be is a question which has not yet been solved.

Of late years a great impetus has been

given to the study of the binary stars by a very interesting discovery which at the present moment is immensely extending our knowledge of these bodies. It is possible with the help of the spectroscope to measure the movements of the heavenly bodies in a direction that would be otherwise quite unattainable. The older methods of observing no doubt provide methods for the determination of the movements of a celestial object across the heavens. But if the body were moving either directly towards the earth or directly from the earth, then the older telescopic methods are unable to afford us the slightest aid in discovering the movements of the star. No doubt there would be a rise in its apparent brightness if the star were coming towards the observer, and there would be a decline in brightness if the object were receding from the observer. With the actual movements, and the actual distances that we meet with in the heavens, it would be utterly impossible to discover the motion of the star by its change in brightness. Not for centuries would such changes be large enough to measure, even if we had the necessary standards.

When astronomers came into possession of a method by which the movement of a body along the line of sight could be discovered, and when, further, this same method offered a process for finding with some accuracy the speed with which the body was moving, it was at once perceived that this



A VERY INTERESTING PAIR, CALLED GAMMA VIRGINIS. PROBABLE PERIOD OF ROTATION UNDER TWO HUNDRED YEARS. THIS PAIR CLOSED UP IN 1836, BUT HAS BEEN WIDENING SINCE.

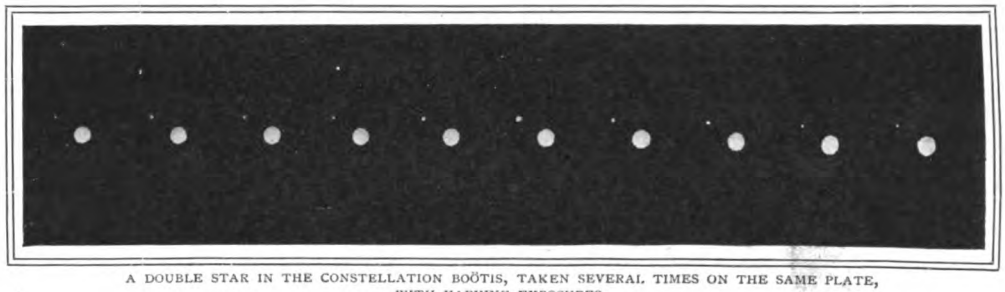
new development opened up a vast field for astronomical research. It has indeed been stated by Sir William Huggins that the most important services which the spectroscope is destined to render to astronomy will ultimately be found to lie in the discovery of the movements of bodies along the line of sight. I must not here enter into any minute details of the method. Let it suffice for the present to say that an examination of the rays of light coming from an object will often suffice to tell us whether the body is coming towards us or is going from us, and what is the number of miles per second at which that movement is performed.

The first achievement in the application of this new department of astronomy to the subject of binary stars was the explanation by Professor Vogel of the movements of the celebrated variable star Algol. It had long been known that the lustre of this star periodically varied throughout a remarkable series of changes. From being that bright star of the second magnitude, in which character it generally appears, Algol's light begins to wane, so that after the lapse of three or four hours it is no brighter than an ordinary star of the fourth magnitude. In this low state Algol remains for twenty minutes, and then it begins to brighten up again, so that after the lapse of another three or four hours the mysterious variable regains its normal lustre as a star of the second magnitude. No further change occurs for a couple of days, and then the light begins to wane, and the series of changes already described are performed again. The exact time required for Algol to go through a complete series of its alterations has been carefully ascertained. It is two days, twenty hours, forty-eight minutes, fifty-five seconds.

Attempts had been made to account for the mysterious light changes in this star. They remained, however, only more or less plausible conjectures until 1888, when Vogel tried to solve the mystery with his spectroscope. He presently found that Algol was at one time approaching the earth with a speed of about twenty-six miles a second, and at another time was receding with the same velocity. From these movements it could be inferred that the bright star which we see must be revolving around another star which we do not see. Once this had been established the obscurity which hid the movements of Algol was removed. In its revolu-

tion round its invisible component Algol passes at each revolution partly behind the dark object. Some of its light is thus cut off, and in this way those periodic changes in Algol which had puzzled all previous astronomers have been explained.

We thus see that Algol is one of a binary pair, the other member of which consists of one of those dark stars which astronomers are beginning to recognise, though the light of these stars is never seen, and



A DOUBLE STAR IN THE CONSTELLATION BOÖTIS, TAKEN SEVERAL TIMES ON THE SAME PLATE, WITH VARYING EXPOSURES.

though their existence is only inferred by some such indirect process as that already indicated. The same beautiful method of research has been invoked to show that several stars which present no such changes in brightness, and give no indication to the eye of any invisible duplicity, even when subjected to scrutiny by the most skilful eye, aided by a powerful telescope, must nevertheless be truly binary stars. The interest of this discovery is considerably enhanced by the reflection that whereas the binary stars that we know by direct telescopic observation revolve in a period which must be measured by several years, and generally by several decades of years, those binaries which are revealed by the spectroscope perform their revolution in much briefer periods. They are only to be counted by weeks, and in some cases even by days.

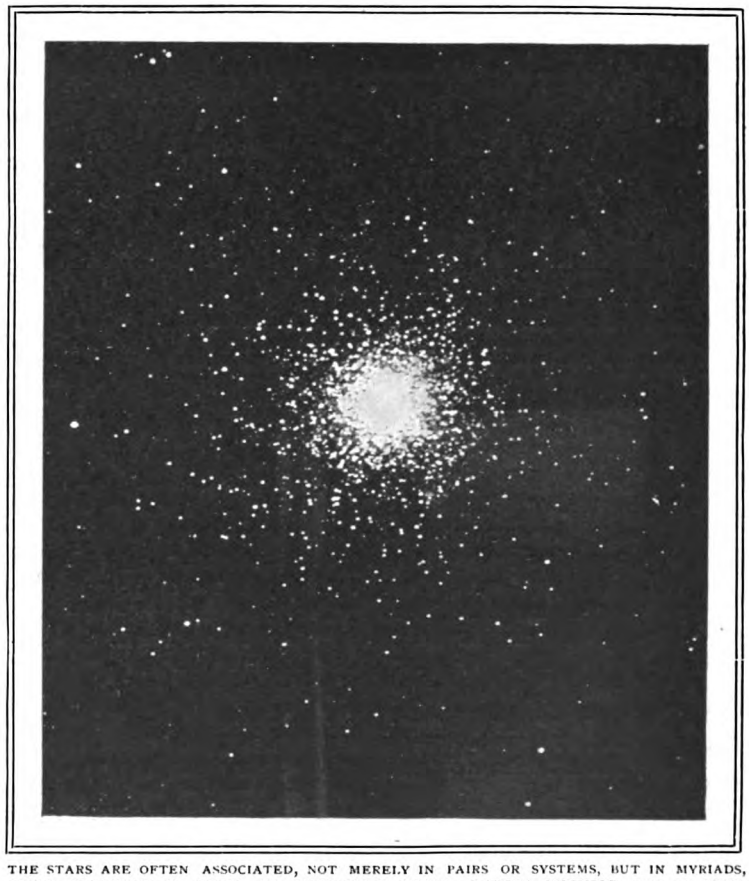
We are greatly indebted to the skill and energy of Professor Pickering and his assistants at Harvard College Observatory for the extension of our knowledge of these objects. The most remarkable of them is undoubtedly the star Beta, in the constellation of Auriga. It was in the autumn of 1889 that Miss Maury, an assistant at Harvard College Observatory, was examining some photographs of the spectra of the star in question. An examination of the lines on one of the plates showed that though the star appeared as a single object, even with the best telescope, yet its light came from two distinct sources, and at the moment of observation one of those sources was approaching the observer while the other was receding from him. On the following night another photograph had been taken, and from the lines on this plate it appeared that the two components were moving in the same direction. The night after, however, the conditions set forth in the first photograph again presented themselves. Further careful inquiry gradually cleared up the law of succession of the changes. It appears that the star in question is really formed of two components which move in a nearly circular path each about the other in a period of three days twenty-three and a half hours. But the most remarkable part of this investigation remains to be told. The spectroscopic observations to which we have referred determined for us the relative speeds of the two stars at the time when one star is moving towards us and the other is moving from us. Here we know the speed at which one star revolves around the other, and we also know the time that is required for a complete revolution. Hence we know the length of the track. From this it follows, as in the case of the visible binaries, that we can discover the masses of the bodies concerned. It has thus been found that Beta Aurigæ must have a mass about four and a half times as great as the mass of the sun.

In this investigation we have not required to make use of the distance of the star from the earth. That distance does not enter into our calculation. As a matter of fact astronomers do not know the distance of Beta Aurigæ. It may also be noted that the part of the photographic spectrum on which these measures were made corresponds to light which, though appreciable by a photographic plate, is quite invisible to the eye. Have we not here a truly remarkable result? A beam of invisible light arriving at this earth

from a star sunk into space to a distance utterly unknown, has yet sufficed to enable us to place that star in the weighing scales and compare its mass with the mass of the sun.

As to the intrinsic brightness of Beta Aurigæ we are not able to speak. To know so much we should require, not only to measure the lustre of the star, which can be easily done, but we should then have to make allowance for its distance from the earth. This distance is, as we have said, quite unknown; we are consequently unable to say what relation the object bears to the sun in point of brightness. It may seem strange, but it is, nevertheless, the strict truth, that while the beam of light has told us what we might not have expected to learn from it—namely, the weight of the system—it has, from lack of other information, failed to tell us what may be the actual brightness of that star.

The older methods of observing double stars, inaugurated chiefly by W. Herschel, and carried to such perfection by Burnham and others, had seemed to be approaching some degree of completion. The study of double stars has now received a fresh impetus; the totally new spectroscopic method, with its revelation of rapidly moving binaries, has been introduced. Doubtless a harvest of interesting results awaits its future applications.



THE STARS ARE OFTEN ASSOCIATED, NOT MERELY IN PAIRS OR SYSTEMS, BUT IN MYRIADS, BOUND TOGETHER BY BONDS OF ATTRACTION WHICH, THOUGH INVISIBLE AND, INDEED, IMMATERIAL, KEEP THE STARS IN CLOSE ASSOCIATION. OF SUCH MAGNIFICENT OBJECTS ONE IS SHOWN IN THIS ILLUSTRATION. IT IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GREAT CLUSTER IN HERCULES AS TAKEN AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY.

The stars are often associated, not merely in pairs or systems but in myriads, bound together by bonds of attraction which, though invisible and indeed immaterial, keep the stars in close association. Of such magnificent objects we give an illustration. It is a photograph of the great cluster in Hercules as taken at the Lick Observatory.

Five-and-Forty Years.

By J. J. Bell,

Author of "Wee Macgreegor," "Jess and Co.," etc.

I.

IT was a Saturday evening towards the end of August, and the old couple's kitchen had been brought to that condition of perfect cleanliness and somewhat obvious orderliness which characterized it on the last night of every week—not that it showed signs of neglect on other nights—and which was the housewife's ambition in anticipation of the Sabbath.

"Folk that can gang to the kirk frae a dirty hoose maun hae queer consciences," she was wont to observe when her man chaffed her during her labours, imploring her not to rub holes in the furniture or to leave some brass on the candlesticks. "Ye're welcome to yer joke, Sandy," she would sometimes add, smiling good-naturedly, "but I ken fine ye wud be the first to mak' an uproar if I didna hae things nice on the Seturday nicht. An' whether ye like it or no, I canna change ma wey o' daein' things efter sae mony years."

It was forty-five years now since they had set up house in the cottage at the end of the village, and Sandy Parlane was past work through blindness, having neglected an affection of his eyes until too late. Fortunately in his working days he had been able, with the help of his wife Flora, to accumulate savings sufficient to purchase an annuity which in the careful woman's hands proved large enough for providing the necessities of life and the few modest luxuries desired by the twain.

Years ago their eldest son had gone to a situation in a distant town; later he had there started business in a small way on his own account, and had become possessed of a wife and family. His visits to the old folks had gradually ceased, but he wrote occasionally, and, while hiding their disappointment, they congratulated each other that his affairs, according to his letters, were in such a flourishing condition as to prevent him spending his valuable time on the long journey.

"He's gettin' on fine," they would agree. "An' it wud never dae for him to neglect his business. . . . Maybe his next letter 'll tell us he's comin'. 'Deed, ay!"

They were sitting by the cheerful hearth, Sandy smoking leisurely and contentedly, Flora reading aloud from the weekly newspaper and parenthetically expressing her horror of war, her regret at fatal or painful accidents, and her disapproval of crime.

"There's naethin' nice an' cheery in the paper but the advertisements," she sadly remarked, as she turned a page, "an' dootless the maist o' them are jist lees an' deceptions."

"Hoots toots! It's no' as bad as that, wife," returned Sandy, pleasantly. "Ye'll shin come to somethin' nice. Ye've no' read the Oreeginal Poetry yet."

Flora had a weakness for the column headed "Original Poetry," and she retorted, "Ye fell asleep the last time I read it, an' if I read it again I'll read it in to masel'!"

"YE'VE NO' READ THE OREEGINAL POETRY YET."

Her husband chuckled, teasingly. "Ye're the boy for poetry!" he observed.

"Whisht!" she said, quietly, "an' I'll read ye the Complete Tale. It's ca'ed—— Na! I'm no' gaun to read it." She turned the page hastily.

"What's wrang?" he asked.

"I dinna think it'll be a guid story, Sandy. Na; I'm no' gaun to read it," she repeated, firmly.

"What wey wull ye no' read it, Flora? I wud like to hear it. Never heed what I said aboot the poetry. I· didna mean onything. Come awa' wi' the story. I hope it's a sensational yin. Ye read sensational stories rale weel, except when ye come to bits aboot young leddies or weans gettin' ill-used, an' then I can never mak' oot what ye're sayin'. Yer tongue seems to get fankled, an' ye get short o' breith forbye."

"I doot this story's ower sensational for an auld man like yersel'," remarked Mrs. Parlane, with a faint twinkle in her eye, "especially when ye've had toastit cheese for yer supper, an' it's near time ye was gaun to yer bed."

"Havers, wumman! Come awa' wi' the story!"

Mrs. Parlane shook her head and turned another page. "I'll read ye the Scienteefic Gossip. H'm! h'm! 'A discovery o' conseederable importance to the manufacturers and users o' golf ba's has jist been——'"

"Tits! Wha's heedin' aboot golf ba's? Read the story, Flora."

"Na, na. It's ower sensational."

"Hoo d'ye ken that? Was it the name that pit ye aff?"

"Ay." Mrs. Parlane smiled behind the paper. "It wasna a nice name, Sandy."

"What was it?"

"Oh, never heed." She made to continue reading the paragraph on golf balls, but again he interrupted her.

"Tell us the name o' the story, an' I'll tell ye if ye can read it. The name o' a story doesna signify muckle."

"Weel," she said, turning back the pages, "I'll tell ye the name, but I'll no' tell ye ony mair. The story's ca'ed 'The Gem o' the Gaol; or, The Blue Deevil o' Barlinnie.' Ye wudna like me to read *that*, Sandy?"

"Ay, wud I! Read it, Flora," he cried, eagerly. "It maun be *rale* sensational."

Mrs. Parlane laughed. "I couldna help teasin' ye a wee bit," she said, and commenced the tale forthwith.

The reading was just finished—greatly to the regret of the old man, who dearly loved a tale of blood and mystery, and much to the relief of his wife, who secretly shrank from the same—when the big grandfather's clock that stood against the wall between the foot of the bed and the door struck ten, ponderously and slowly, with a wheeze between each stroke, as though it were gathering itself up for one last effort. That, however, was merely affectation, for it had repeated the same operation in the same fashion longer than either Mr. or Mrs. Parlane could remember. It suggested an old, but quite hale and hearty, gentleman who had got into the way of employing a seemingly distressing cough simply in order to call attention to his well-preserved self, his great age, and his valuable opinions.

Then took place the little performance which the pair had rarely missed during the long course of their married life.

"Anither week by," remarked Mr. Parlane, laying aside his pipe and rising from the arm-chair.

"Anither week by," repeated Mrs. Parlane, rising also, and going to her man's side. Time was when it was customary for him to come to her, but that had been before his sight failed him.

She took hold of his arm, pushed a stool out of the way, and led him across the floor to the grandfather's clock. She opened the glass door protecting the finely-engraved face, and took the "Z" shaped key from its nail within the lower case. She placed the key in his hand, for it was one of his conceits that in spite of his blindness he could place it in the right-hand hole without so much as touching the dial.

But, somehow, his hand shook, and he drew back, looking a little helpless.

"What's ado, Sandy?" his wife asked.

"Oh, naethin'. I felt—I thocht—Tits!" he said with a laugh; "it maun be the toastit cheese an' the sensational story that pit me aff. Ma haun shook, an' I was feart I wud spile the face o' the auld nock. An' ye ken I wudna like to dae that, Flora. Ma fayther was that prood o' the nock, an' it's been a guid freen' to you an' me, wife. I wudna like ony hairm to come to it. Pit in the key yersel', wife, an' I'll rowe it up."

"I dinna like yer haun bein' shaky," she said, with an anxious look at his face.

"Och, it's naethin', wumman. Pit in the key."

She placed the key in position, and he, having found the handle without difficulty, proceeded solemnly to wind up the weight. Then, when a slight jar inside the case

warned him that the operation was complete, he removed the key and handed it to his wife.

"Noo, Flora," he said.

With a solemnity equal to his own she began to wind up the other weight.

"Canny, wumman, ca' canny," he murmured, gently; "dinna rowe it up ower quick."

Mrs. Parlane did not resent the words of warning, although they were as familiar to her ears as the sound of the winding.

"Ay, ay, Sandy," she returned, agreeably.

"HE PROCEEDED SOLEMNLY TO WIND UP THE WEIGHT."

"Is't keepin' time?" he inquired, as she carefully closed the glass door, after having replaced the key below.

"Ay; it's keepin' time. There's no' twa meenits' difference atween it an' the steeple."

"It's a fine nock," said the old man, in a tone of satisfaction. "I wonder hoo mony times you an' me hae rowed it up thegither, auld wife?" he added, smiling.

"Ah! We'll hae to get John to work oot that coont the next time he comes to see us. John's the yin for feegures! But it'll be a big coont! Five-an'-forty year, an' every Saturday nicht but yin here an' there. 'Deed, it'll be a big coont, Sandy! . . . Eh, me! but they was sad Saturday nichts when we didna rowe it up thegither. I mind the time when you was awa' at the hospital, an' when I gaed to rowe up the nock ma lanesome, I—I——"

"Whisht, wumman! That's a' by," he interrupted, tenderly. "Come awa' back to the fireside. It's no' often the auld nock has seen you an' me onythin' but cheery."

"That's true, the Lord be thankit," she said, softly, leading him to his seat. "Efter a' we've no had muckle to greet aboot, hae we, Sandy, man?"

"No' muckle. An' the auld nock's been like a freen' to us. Ye mind hoo we made a bargain, jist efter we was mairrit, that we wud aye rowe it up thegither?"

"Fine I mind it. An' I mind when you an' me cast oot on a Seturday mornin' an' we was baith ower prood to mak' it up, an' we baith *wantit* to mak' it up, but we gaed aboot huffy the hale day, an'—an'——"

"An' then at last the time cam' for us to rowe up the nock—eh, auld wife?"

"Jist that."

"Weel, an' what next?"

"Toots!" said Mrs. Parlane, laughing. "That was a' aboot it."

Mr. Parlane chuckled. "But dae ye mind anither time we cast oot?"

"I mind when ye tried to get me to rowe up the nock on a Monday nicht," she replied, a trifle drily. "But I wudna dae't. No' likely!"

"I didna mean that time," said Mr. Parlane, the least thing put out. "I meant——"

"What time?" his spouse asked, eagerly.

"I'll no' tell ye noo," he retorted, chuckling again.

"I'm no' heedin', onywey," she rejoined, suppressing her disappointment.

"Ah, weel, auld wife," he resumed, more gravely, after a short pause, "the auld nock has been a guid freen' to us baith. I can mind but the yin time when I wud shinner hae had its room nor its comp'ny."

"When was that, Sandy?" she asked, though she knew very well what his answer would be. Old age and love are given to repeating themselves, but when they do so together their repetitions are not so tiresome. "When was that, Sandy?" she asked again.

"The nicht John was born," he replied, staring unseeing at the fire. "I stoppit the

auld nock that nicht. I couldna thole the tickin'; it seemed to be mockin' me. . . . But that was the yin time. I dinna ken what I wud dae wi'oot it noo. It's splendid comp'ny for me when ye're busy, auld wife."

"I wudna like to be wantin' the nock either," she said. "As ye say, it's jist an auld freen' to us baith. I was gey angry the ither day when Mistress MacFaurlane speired if we had a notion o' sellin' it, an'——"

"Sellin' it! Sellin' ma fayther's nock! I wud hae gied her a fricht if she had speired that at *me*. Sell the nock! The impiddence o' the wumman!"

"Aw, she didna mean ony hairm. It was jist this wey. Ye see——"

"I'm no' heedin'. Ye can tell her the next time that we're no' for——"

"'Sh! Dinna flee up till ye've heard the hale story. Ye see, Mistress MacFaurlane has a nock o' her ain—no' as braw a yin as oor yin—but a nice nock a' the same. Weel, agentleman that's bidin' in Kinlochan for the simmer heard aboot it, an' cam' to see it an' wantit to buy it, for he gethers auld things, an' offered her twinty pound for't, though it winna keep time, an' the strikin's a' wrang, an' the face is no' vera bonny, an' the veneer's chippit an' scartit, an' ye've got to keep the door shut wi' a match, an'——"

"Did she sell it?"

"Na. She would like fine to hae sell't it, she said to me, but she had promised it to her eldest dochter—her that's mairrit—efter she's deid—I mean, efter hersel's deid—an' she wudna break her word for twinty pound, an' the gentleman wudna gie ony mair."

"I'm gled she didna disgrace hersel'," said Mr. Parlane, warmly. "It wasna as if she had been needin' the siller. . . . I hope ye wasna temptit to ask her to send the gentleman here——"

"Sandy!"

"Tits! I was jist jokin', auld wife. I ken ye wudna sell the auld nock for twinty pound—na, nor for fifty pound."

"I wudna sell it for a hunner pound!" cried Mrs. Parlane, her voice trembling. "I—I wudna sell it for—for onythin'. . . . Oh, ma dear, it's been wi' us a' the time!"

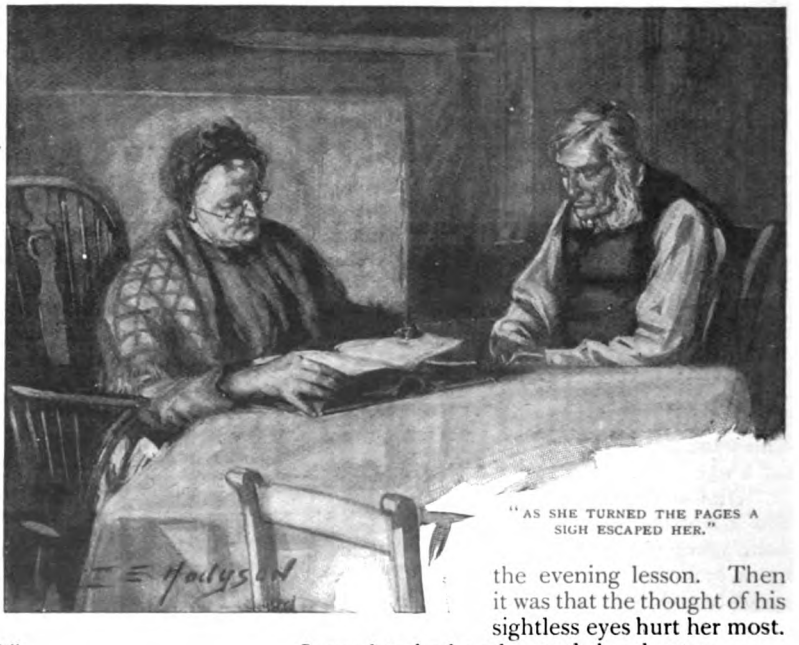
"Jist that, auld wife, jist that. A' the time. . . . A' the time. . . . An' whiles I think it kens a' oor bit secrets—things that naebody else kens. 'Deed, ay!"

For a short space they sat silent, listening, perhaps, to the steady tick.

Flora was the first to speak. "Wull I read the chapter noo?" she asked, quietly.

"Ay, wife. We're a wee thing late the nicht, an' we'd better no' crack ony mair. Read the chapter, Flora."

As she turned the pages a sigh escaped her, as it always did ere she started to read the evening lesson. Then it was that the thought of his sightless eyes hurt her most. It used to be he who read the chapter.



"AS SHE TURNED THE PAGES A SIGH ESCAPED HER."

And he always seemed to understand why she sighed.

"Never heed, Flora, ma dear," he said, gently; "ye've sicht for the twa o' us. I'm rale happy the nicht."

"Ma man!" she whispered, and began to read.

It is not for pen and paper to tell in detail how the bad news came and in what manner it was first received. Enough to say that the postman brought it on the Wednesday evening, about half-past eight, just after the old

couple had finished supper; and that blind Sandy suspected trouble ere Flora found strength to read aloud the letter.

An hour after midnight Sandy turned on his pillow wearily, and whispered:—

"Are ye sleepin', Flora?"

"No' yet, Sandy," she replied, without impatience. "I'm vexed for ye, dearie."

"An' I'm vexed for yersel', wife. . . . But John has been a guid son to us, has he no'?"

"'Deed, ay. It's a peety for John, puir lad. I'm shair it wudna be his faut."

"I'm no' blamin' him. Trade's in a bad condeetion everywhere, the paper says. Na, na; I'm no' blamin' him. . . . Hoo muckle did he say he needit to pey the bill? I aye tell't the lad never to pit his name to a bill—for a bill's jist an invention o' Satan to trap an honest man into breakin' his promise—but nae doot he was catched at a—— Weel, weel, I'm no' blamin' him. Hoo muckle did he say he needit, Flora?"

"Forty pound," she whispered, with a sob.

"Jist that. Forty pound. Ay," he muttered. He felt for her hand and caught it. "Dinna greet, auld wife," he went on, tenderly. "We'll get ower it."

The old woman shivered. "Forty pound—an' he needs it on Seturday. . . . Oh, Sandy, man, what are we to dae? It wud tak' us near a year to save the siller wi'oot spendin' onythin' on you an' me. I've ten pound three an' seevenpence the noo, but it's a lang time till the next quarter."

"It's better nor naethin', wife. We'll win through some wey. Can ye—can ye no' guess what we'll hae to dae?"

Flora trembled in silence.

"Try an' guess, ma dear," he whispered, unsteadily.

"Oh, Sandy, I canna, I canna!" She was weeping softly, but bitterly.

He raised himself, and rested on his elbow with his face towards her as if he could see her through the darkness that was double in his case.

"Ye ken what I mean, Flora," he said, controlling his voice. "An' ye ken there's nae ither wey oot the deeficulty. . . . Ay, an' ye ken we sud be praisin' the Lord that there *is* a wey, instead o' vexin' oor herts like this. So in the mornin' ye'll gang to Mistress MacFaurlane an' then ye'll gang to the gentleman that——"

"No' that, Sandy, no' that."

"Ah, but jist that, ma dear. An' if the gentleman wud gie twinty pound for Mistress MacFaurlane's nock, he'll shairly gie——"

"I canna dae it," she cried. "Yer hert's set on the auld nock, Sandy, an' sae is mine. Is there nae ither wey?"

"We've naethin' else that wud bring the siller, an'—an' the siller's needit for Seturday," he said, bravely. "We'll shin get used to wantin' the auld nock."

"It's *you* I'm thinkin' o'," she sobbed.

"I ken, auld wife; I ken that fine. Ye're aye thinkin' o' me. . . . But ye'll dae what I said the morn, an' oor son John'll mak' it up to us some day, certain shair."

"But—but it was yer fayther's nock," she said, weakly, her heart torn between the husband at her side and the son in the distant town.

"Ay, it was ma fayther's nock," he replied; "but John is ma son an' your son, an'—an' that's a' aboot it, ma dear. . . . Speak nae mair aboot it the nicht, wife. Try to get a bit nap. Are ye feelin' ony easier in yer mind noo?"

"A—a wee thing easier, Sandy; but——"

"Aweel, try an' gang to sleep. Think what it wud be if you an' me wasna able to help oor son John. . . . Lift yer heid till I turn the cauld side o' the pillow for ye. . . . That's it! Noo we'll baith try an' sleep. Dinna vex yersel' aboot me, Flora. I'll manage fine."

He lay down again, but in the silent hour that followed his courage failed him, and a heavy sigh escaped his old heart.

"Are ye no' sleepin' yet, dearie?" his wife asked, almost at the same instant.

"No' yet, Flora. An' ye're wauken yersel'. Was ye thinkin' o' John?"

"Ay. He—he wud be sair vexed if he kent aboot the auld nock."

"'Deed, ay. John aye had a guid hert. I'm shair he wudna hae troubled you an' me if he could hae helpit it. But we're no' heedin' terrible aboot the nock—are we, Flora?"

She could make no answer, and quite suddenly the old man broke down.

"Oh, wife!" he cried. "Five-an'-forty year—five-an'-forty year! . . . I'm a stupit auld buddy, but—but wud ye rise, wife, an'—an' stop the auld nock, for I canna thole listenin' to it ony mair."

II.

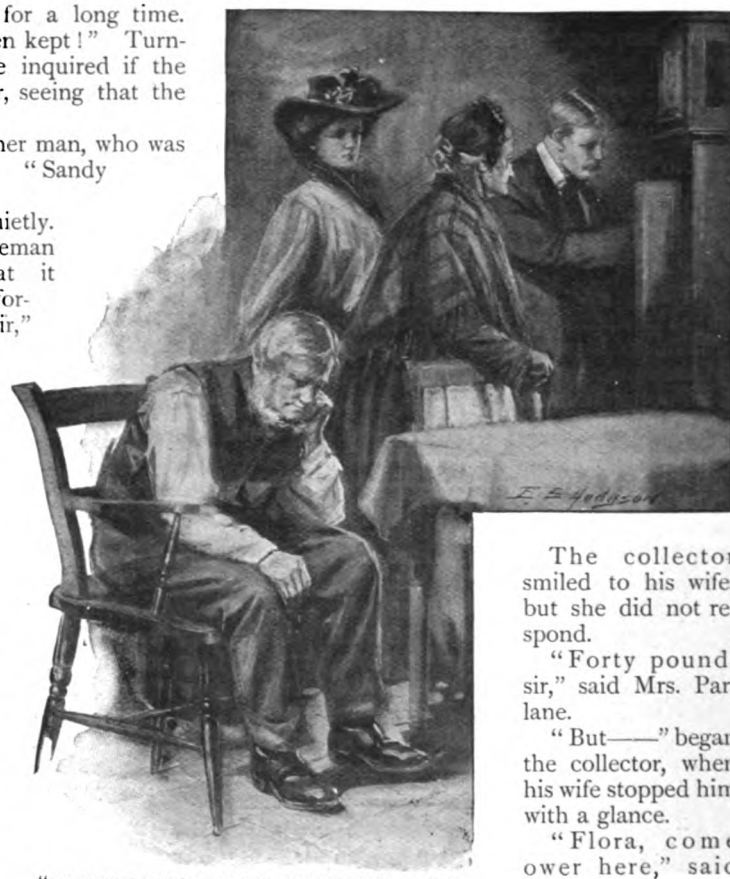
THE following afternoon the collector of clocks came to view the old couple's treasure, and at once expressed his desire to possess it. He was quite a young man, and his pretty wife who accompanied him appeared to sympathize with him in his hobby.

"We have seen nothing so fine as this,

Jack," she whispered, "for a long time. How carefully it has been kept!" Turning to Mrs. Parlane, she inquired if the works were out of order, seeing that the clock was not going.

Flora looked towards her man, who was sitting by the hearth. "Sandy ——" she began.

"Stairt it," he said, quietly. "We maun let the gentleman an' his leddy see that it can gang, an' strike forbye. . . . Ye see, sir," he continued, turning his sightless eyes in the direction of the collector, "we stoppit it last nicht, because — because—— Aweel, I gie ye ma word that it's been staunin' but twicet in five-an'-forty year. It was ma fayther's afore me, sir, an' he was gey prood o' it. . . . But jist tak' yer time an' examine it. . . . Has the leddy got a chair to sit on, Flora?"



"TURNING TO MRS. PARLANE, SHE INQUIRED IF THE WORKS WERE OUT OF ORDER."

Having made a careful examination of the heirloom, and having asked a number of questions concerning it, the young man inquired if Mr. Parlane would name his price.

For a moment Sandy did not reply. Then he said, a little huskily:—

"Wife, tell the gentleman what we was wantin'."

With her eyes to the floor and her hands working together beneath her apron, Mrs. Parlane answered the inquiry as if she were repeating a lesson.

"Sir," she murmured, "we was hopin' we wud be gettin' thirty-five pound maybe."

The collector was about to speak when his wife touched his arm. He paused and looked down into her face. Her lips moved almost soundlessly, but he understood.

"Mrs. Parlane," he said, pleasantly, "my wife informs me that your clock is worth fifty pounds. Will you accept that amount for it?"

The old man by the hearth raised his grey head. "It was forty pound we was needin', sir," he said.

The collector smiled to his wife, but she did not respond.

"Forty pound, sir," said Mrs. Parlane.

"But——" began the collector, when his wife stopped him with a glance.

"Flora, come ower here," said Sandy.

She went to him, and they whispered together a little while, nodding now and then. John was frequently mentioned.

Mrs. Parlane came back to her visitors.

"We wull tak' the fifty pound, if ye please, sir, an' thenk ye kindly."

The bargain being fixed, the collector remarked that he and his wife—he would not trust the task to others—would call the following morning to pack and remove the clock.

Mrs. Parlane's face fell. "Could ye no' tak' it awa' the day, sir?" she asked, sadly.

"Ay, sir. Tak' it awa' the day, if ye please," said Sandy.

"But I must get the joiner to make a case for it," returned the young man, "and I'm afraid that could not be done before the morning. We'll come about eleven o'clock, Mr. Parlane. Good-bye, just now. Good-bye, Mrs. Parlane."

He held the door open for his wife, and as

she passed out she whispered something to him.

"Oh, by-the-bye," he said, looking back, "I—I don't believe in credit, Mr. Parlane, so I'll send along the money in half an hour."

They hurried away. Mrs. Parlane closed the door, wiped her eyes on her apron, and, stepping softly to the clock, stopped the pendulum. Then she went to her husband and stood by his chair, stroking his bowed head with her worn hand.

"What maun be, maun be," muttered the old man at last.

"Jist that, dearie. . . . An' him an' his leddy was rale nice an' kind."

"'Deed, ay. Shairly they'll tak' care o' the auld nock, Flora."

"They'll dae that, Sandy. . . . We'll send the fifty pound to John the day."

"Ay. I never thocht we wud get that for it. . . . But John, puir lad, 'll be gled o' the extra siller. Maybe he'll spend a pound or twa comin' to see us. Eh, wife?"

"That wud be fine, Sandy."

So they sought to cheer each other.

"THEN SHE WENT TO HER HUSBAND AND STOOD BY HIS CHAIR."

On Friday forenoon, at the hour appointed, the purchaser, accompanied by his wife and followed by a couple of lads bearing a large wooden case and a roll of canvas, arrived to take possession of his property. He found the late owners prepared for out of doors.

"Sir," said Mrs. Parlane, as soon as the lads were dismissed, "ma man and me was thinkin' we wud gang for a bit walk the day, if ye'll excuse us. It's a fine day, an'—an' maybe ye'll be feenished afore we get back; an' we was jist wantin' to thenk ye baith for—for yer kindness, an' we hope ye'll be satisfied wi' the auld nock, sir, an'—an'—— Are ye ready, Sandy?"

The old man placed his cap, which he had been holding in his hand, upon his head, and nodded silently as he took her arm.

"We'll be finished in less than an hour. We are leaving Kinlochan at one o'clock," said the collector, scarcely able to take his eyes off his prize. "And you may be sure we'll take great care of the clock," he added, kindly, toying with a small screw-driver. He felt he ought to say something sympathetic, but the words would not come, which was perhaps just as well.

As for his wife, she made no remark as she stood apart glancing at the two old faces.

Mrs. Parlane murmured a good-bye and drew her husband towards the door. The young woman made a step after them, but halted with a helpless expression on her pretty countenance.

The door closed.

"Now, Dorothy," said the young man, briskly, "we must get to work. What a find this is! I'm sorry for the old folks, though. We'll have to begin by getting out the screws that fasten it to the wall. Here we are!"

He opened the door of the case, exposing the weights and the still pendulum.

A piece of paper pinned to the inside of the door caught his eye.

"Halloa! what's this?"

His wife took possession of it. In laboured writing it bore the words:—

"*Dear Madam,—Please be kind to the clock.—Respectfully, Flora Parlane.*"

"Oh, I say, Dorothy," exclaimed the collector, "don't cry! You're too tender-hearted for anything. Don't, dear!"

But Dorothy would cry, though she did it softly and in no unsightly fashion.

"The poor old thing has ap-p-pealed to *m-me*," she sobbed. "Oh, Jack, we must not take the clock!"

"What! Not take the clock? Why?"

"Because they c-can't bear to lose it."

"But they sold it."

"I—I don't care!"

"Nonsense, Dorothy! They wanted the

money and they sold the clock, and that's all about it. Sentiment's all very well in its way, dear, and I like you all the better for your thought for the old people, but the bargain is quite a fair one."

"It isn't!" exclaimed Dorothy, wiping her eyes. "It isn't fair that two old things like them should be driven to sell their dearest possession. It isn't fair, Jack, and you know it isn't."

"But what can I do?"

"Leave the clock with them."

"But the money. They seemed to be requiring it pretty desperately."

The young woman sighed. "I should like to know what they wanted the money for."

Her husband was irritated. "Better ask them," he grunted.

"That's just what I'll do, Jack," she returned quickly, in a steady voice. "But I'll tell you one thing, dear, and that is that I could not bear to have the clock in our house, even to please you."

"Well, upon my word! You were keen enough on it yesterday. In fact, you had settled where you were going to place it."

"This is to-day. Do you care one little tiny bit for me, Jack?" she asked, abruptly.

"Of course, I care a great deal for you, Dorothy. But——"

"Well," she said, deliberately, "I'll believe you if you wait here, without so much as touching the clock, till I come back."

"But, I say ——"

"Promise!"

"But we'll lose our train, and——"

"Promise!"

"Tell me what you are going to do, Dorothy."

"Promise!" She looked straight into his somewhat sulky eyes.

"Oh, well," he cried, "I promise. But——"

She kissed her hand to him, and was gone.

The Parlanes had not walked far. Their cottage was the last on the road, and they had gone to their favourite outdoor seat on the green bank, under a chestnut tree, little more than a hundred yards distant.

Dorothy approached them, and a lump came in her throat and a trembling in her heart when she perceived the sadness of their faces. They were sitting close together, speechless, with their heads bowed, and it was not till the young wife halted beside them that Mrs. Parlane looked up.

"Is there onythin' wrang wi' the nock, ma'am?" she inquired, anxiously.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Parlane," Dorothy replied, endeavouring to smile. "But I—I wanted to have a—a little talk with you and Mr. Parlane, if you'll forgive a stranger asking questions."

The old woman's lip trembled. Her heart went out to this sweet and dainty creature who looked and spoke so kindly. She turned to her husband.

"Sandy, it's the leddy. She's wantin' to ken aboot the auld nock. Is that it, ma'am?"

"Not altogether about the clock. You see, I—I—well, I hardly know how to begin," stammered Dorothy. "Are you—are you—a—very sorry to part with your clock?" The words were awkward, but there was no doubting the sympathy in the voice.

There was no answer immediately, and the questioner flushed painfully.

Then Sandy coughed, and said:—

"'IS THERE ONYTHIN' WRANG WI' THE NOCK, MA'AM?' SHE INQUIRED."

"Och, we're no' breakin' oor herts aboot it, ma'am."

But his wife fell a-weeping softly, whereupon he patted her shoulder, murmuring, "Whisht ye noo, auld wife," in a very shaky voice.

"Weemen is awfu' easy affectit," he quavered apologetically to Dorothy.

"They are," mumbled the latter, wiping her eyes.

She sat down beside the old woman.

"Might I know—could you tell me of your trouble?" she whispered.

And ere long between them they had told her, for surely, they felt, there was a comfort in her very presence.

Yet they gasped with terror when she suddenly said, "Oh, we could never take your dear old clock now"; and Sandy cried, "Oh, but, ma'am, we sent awa' the siller last nicht. We canna gie it back noo. Oor son John was needin' it, ye ken."

Then Dorothy became wildly unbusinesslike.

"Suppose," she said, gently — "suppose my husband trusted your son John with the fifty pounds till he could pay it back? How would that do?"

The old people did not grasp her meaning, and she had to repeat herself.

Even then they appeared at a loss.

"Think over it and come home in ten minutes and let us know," she said, rising. "I only hope Jack and I may live to grow old like you poor, dear old things," she was thinking. "Think over it," she added, aloud, "and don't worry any more, please."

Before they found their voices she was speeding towards the cottage.

"Jack," she cried, almost falling upon him, "those two poor old things have wound that clock together every night for nearly a hundred years, and they've sent the money to their son—I've got his address—and we're going to lend the money to their son—don't interrupt—and we're going to get another clock somewhere and wind it together, and—and be happy ever after. Give me a bit of paper and a pencil," she went on, refusing to allow him speech, "and rush away as hard as you can and get someone to help to carry away that box and canvas. Go, go, *go!* I'll explain everything to you after, and if you don't like to do what I want, I'll—oh, but I know you will, Jack, dear."

Jack tried to get in a word, but she waved him away, and he went on his errand half angry, half amused. "No use arguing with Dorothy when she lets her heart loose," he moralized.

His wife sat down by the table and wrote quickly, but not carelessly. She knew she had to consider the old people's pride no less than their simple affections—to make them understand that she made them no gift, and that the loan to their son would be purely a business matter with which they really had nothing to do. And she managed to express herself fairly well.

"She didna mean it, an' forbye we couldna tak' sic a favour frae a stranger," said Mr. Parlane, as they neared their home.

"Na, we couldna," agreed Mrs. Parlane, adding, rather wistfully, "but she didna seem like a—a stranger, Sandy."

"She seemed like an angel frae the Lord," he muttered. "She was that kind. I'm thinkin' she made it easier to thole, auld wife."

"'Deed, ay!" sighed Flora.

They entered their home, and lo! there was no one in the kitchen, and behold! the grandfather's clock was pointing the correct time and ticking bravely.

Mrs. Parlane caught sight of the letter on the table.

"My!" exclaimed the old man, when he and his spouse had partially recovered, "my! but it's a bonny warld wi' a leddy like her leevin' in it."

"I maun write to John," said Flora. "I'm shair he'll never rest till he's peyed back this kindness to his faythe an' mither. . . . Oh, Sandy, it's no' jist gettin' keepin' the auld nock that mak's us thenkfu', is't? It's the thocht that we was helpit at the last—jist as if *He* had been watchin' us."

That evening as the clock struck ten Sandy rose.

"Wife, I've a notion!" he cried, excitedly.

"Eh, Sandy?"

"I've a notion to rowe up the auld nock the nicht, an' aye rowe it up in future on Fridays instead o' Seturdays. It—it'll keep us in mind o' this day an' o' the leddy that was sae guid to us. What think ye, Flora?"

"I'm thinkin' it's a rale nice notion, Sandy," she replied.

And presently they were standing together in front of their old friend.

Living Lamps on Land and Sea.

By C. J. Cornish, F.Z.S.

MAN found such difficulty in first obtaining fire, and its twin-brother light, for his use that old legends were unanimous that a mortal stole it from the sky. Yet it is one of the surprises of Nature that unnumbered creatures belonging to orders and families descending lower and lower in the scale of life can both generate and diffuse the element of light. By the effulgence from their bodies, or from various and complex organs, they can illuminate not only the midnight air, but the crevices of the earth, the surface of the ocean, and the darkness of the profound abysses of the sea.

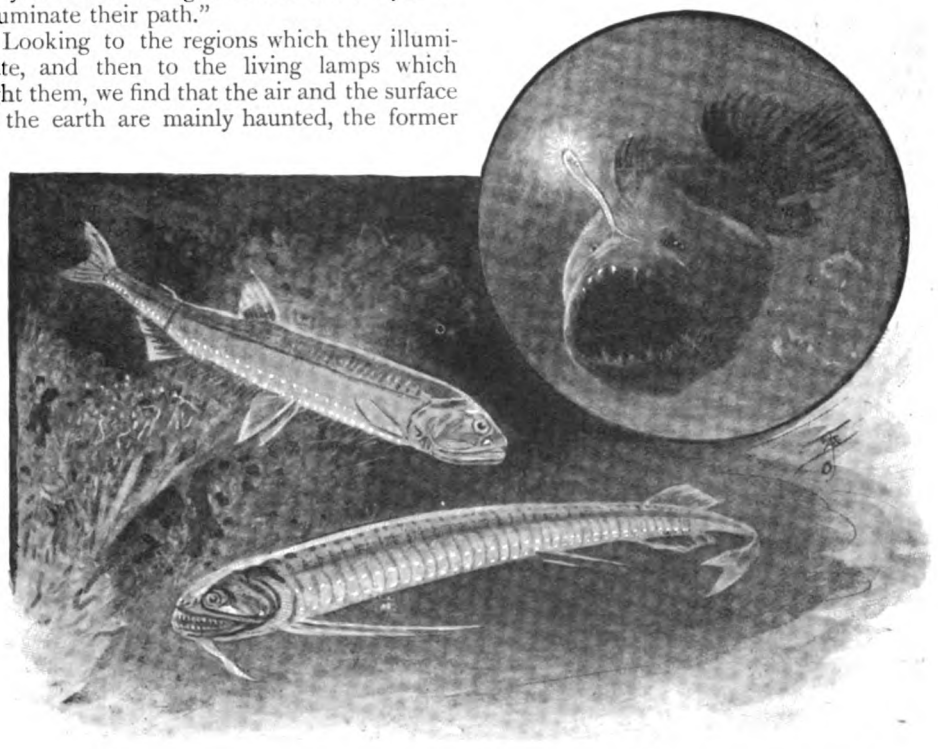
The study of these luminous creatures has a charm inherent in the varied means by which they perform this natural miracle of casting an artificial light. Nor is the attraction less because every year adds fresh names to the lists of the luciferous creatures, while, so far, neither the physico-chemical means by which the light is made, nor the details of the mechanical structure of the lamps, is clearly understood. But this much is certain, that every extension of the range of inquiry has disclosed fresh wonders, while the more closely the animals themselves are studied the more interesting do they appear. The glittering fire-flies of the Mediterranean countries, glow-worms of a more perfect growth, greatly exceed in beauty the British glow-worms of the commons and hills of Kent. But when Columbus discovered the first outliers of America, the isles of the Bahamas and the Antilles, the crews of the ships, though no doubt well acquainted with the fire-flies of the Old World, were struck with wonder at the brilliant light of the fire-flies of the New.

It is nearly four centuries since the first chroniclers related how the Caribs caught and kept them in lanterns to light their homes by night as a guide in the darkness. The race of the Caribs has perished, but the people of Vera Cruz still use the fire-fly lamps, and what was at first taken to be a traveller's tale is supported by the custom of to-day.

The most recent and surprising discoveries of luminous animals were made in the course of another excursion into the region of the unknown—namely, in the efforts to explore, under great difficulties, the forms of life in the uttermost depths of the sea. It is hard to conceive that life can exist at all in such physical conditions as those at the bottom of the deepest soundings in the ocean, where the water is five miles deep, where no ray of light ever penetrates, and where the pressure is one of two and a half tons to the square inch, or about twenty-five times greater than that which will drive an ordinary railway train. Yet it has been found that these depths teem with animal life, and that the plague of darkness is overcome to some extent by the artificial light given out by fish, crustaceans, and zoophytes. Most of these have their counterparts in creatures inhabiting shallower seas, and there is every reason to believe that in length of time and by a gradual change the profoundest depths of the ocean were peopled from the more shallow waters into which light penetrates, and that it was to combat the darkness in the new conditions that the light-making and light-projecting organs of many of these deep-sea fishes were developed. The reader will perhaps agree with the opinion recently expressed, that "hard as it is to conceive the bare existence of any life at all in the conditions found in the ocean abyss, we cannot fail to realize the completeness of the triumph by which beings apparently

doomed to live in eternal night are supplied not with mere shining secretions of luminosity, but with rows of bright and ever-burning lamps, in organs fitted with lenses and reflectors, which shoot their beams sideways through the circumfluent waters, or project shafts of light before their eyes to illuminate their path."

Looking to the regions which they illuminate, and then to the living lamps which light them, we find that the air and the surface of the earth are mainly haunted, the former



"ROWS OF BRIGHT AND EVER-BURNING LAMPS, IN ORGANS FITTED WITH LENSES AND REFLECTORS."

by the "fire-flies" of two quite distinct families of winged beetles, and the latter by their larvæ or by undeveloped females. The cracks and crevices of the ground have also their luminous creatures, mainly centipedes, some of which show a brilliant light as they creep upon the earth's surface by night. The phosphorescence of the sea surface is due to a multitude of different living creatures, some with difficulty distinguishable from vegetable life. In the ocean abyss the luminous animals are larger, brighter, and more highly developed, while certain dark ravines of New Zealand have their living light in the form of the larva of the so-called New Zealand glow-worm, which spins a web across the fissures and sits in it like a luminous spider.

"Fire-flies," as the various winged insects that emit light are commonly called, belong mainly to two different families—not of "flies" at all, but of beetles. One is that of the Lampyrides, or glow-worms, the other that of the Elaters, or skip-jack beetles. In some the males only fly, and the females only show much light; in others the males are brilliantly illuminated, and the females less so. Others of the Lampyridæ have brilliant lamps with little distinction of sex.

Our own British glow-worm, *Lampyris noctiluca*, is a "fire-fly," or, rather, it would be if it enjoyed average good fortune. As things are, the insect which we see shining on summer nights is an instance of "feminine disabilities" among fire-flies. The male glow-worm is a Lampyrid beetle, with full wings under its elytra, or hard wing cases, with which it flies by night. But the female of the common glow-worm, like many other female insects, never arrives at the perfection of the male. It remains wingless, soft, and sluggish; but in compensation it has its lamp.

The magnificent fire-flies of the Antilles and the other West Indian islands and those found on the Continent of America belong to another family of beetles—the Elateridæ. As in the glow-worm and some luminous centipedes, the contrasts between the "spec-

tacle" exhibited at night and the appearance of the creature itself in the daytime are very great. Seen in the darkness of the tropical night on the borders of some forest in the Antilles or Vera Cruz, they are living lamps in the truest sense of the word. They are said, on good authority, to have actually saved the lives of travellers in the dark forests of St. Domingo, for their welcome light has been the only guide by which the path could be discerned. Probably the degree of light given by each insect varies according to the physical condition of the "fly" as well as its position. They are nocturnal creatures, flying only after dark. The early travellers declared that they spent the night in chasing gnats, just as moths or swallows do. To the gnat, at least, if this be true, they must look like fiery dragons, sweeping through the air with acetylene lamps set upon their shoulders. But more recent observers claim that they fly with, not after, the gnats, and live largely on sugar-cane. Their lasting brilliance caused them to be regularly used as lights by the Caribs, and later by the Creoles. The Indians fastened them to their ankles when walking in the forests by night, and the women wore them attached to nets to ornament their bodies, and constructed little cages in which they were placed and used as lamps. These cages were cylinder-shaped, with a round disc of flat, thin wood at the top and at the bottom, with slender uprights of very hard wood between the two, forming a wall, which prevented the beetles from getting out, but through which the light shone. The beetles were enclosed in this, three or four being placed in the cage. This was immersed in water once a day, as the insects like moisture, and would not otherwise live for any time. The ladies of Havana wore them in their hair, enclosed under a thin veil of gauze passing over their heads. The natives used to go out by night to gather fire-flies, just as country-folk in England go out to gather fire-wood, except that the former were wanted for light, not for heat.

Like the male glow-worms, they are attracted by lights or fires, as the following quaint account, translated from Peter Martyr's "Decades of the New World," shows :—

"Whoso wanteth cucujis" (the native name for fire-flies) "goeth out of the house in the first twilight of the night, carrying a burning firebrande in his hande, and ascendeth the next hillocke, that the cucuji may see it, and hee swingeth the firebrande about, calling cucujis aloud, and beateth the ayre with often calling and crying out, 'Cucuji, cucuji.' Many simple people suppose that the cucuji, delighted with that noise, come flying and flocking together to the bellowing sound of him that calleth them, for they come with a speedy and headlong course. But I rather think that the cucuji make haste to the brightness of that firebrande because swarmes of gnattes fly into every light, which the cucujis eat in the very ayre as martins and swallows do. Some cucujis sometimes followeth the firebrande, and lighteth on the ground. There is he easily taken, as travellers may take a beetle if they have need there (when) walking with his wings shut. In sport and merriment, or to the intent to terrify such as are afraid of any shadow, they say that many wanton

FIRE-FLIES OF THE ANTILLES. SKIP-JACK BEETLE AND WIRE-WORMS.

wild fellows sometimes rub their faces by night with the flesh of a cucuji, being killed, with the purpose to meet their neighbours with a flaming countenance—as with us wanton young men putting a vizard over their face endeavour to terrify children or women, who are easily frightened."

While numbers of the fire-flies are shooting through the air in the darkness, thousands of others — shining, but not so brilliant because their wings are closed and only the two spiracles on the back are showing light—are in the bushes and brushwood. If this is beaten a "rise of fire-flies" ascends, darting in all directions into the sky like the sparks from a brilliant fire-work.

THE COMMON GLOW-WORM, THE MALE BEING WINGED, AND THE FEMALE HAVING THE LAMP.

Seen by day, the Elater fire-fly of the Antilles is a large beetle, of a greenish black, rather more than an inch long. There are a great number of others of the same family; among them more than a hundred are British species. They are known as the skip-jack beetles, from a curious power possessed by most of them of springing up in the air if they happen to fall on their backs. As their legs are short they would be as helpless as turtles in that position were it not for their acrobatic capabilities. The larvæ of these Elater beetles are thin, hard, and voracious. The common "wire-worm" is one of them, and the fire-fly of the Antilles is only the ultimate form of another wire-worm, which feeds on the roots of the sugar-cane. However useful the perfect insect may be, it is most destructive in its wire-worm state.

A number were brought to England alive many years ago from the Bahamas by a Mr. Lees. Coming over in a sailing-ship he fed them first on sugar-cane and then on brown sugar, and kept them alive till some time after he reached England. Having them thus under close observation, he noticed that the luminosity varied. Writing just after he had brought them to this country, Mr. Lees says: "The insect, when roused and in perfect vigour, seems to be completely saturated by the luminous secretion, since the back, when the elytra and wings are expanded, has a phosphorescent appearance, and there is a strong light at the base of the abdomen, which, being apparent only in some, I thought might be peculiar to one sex. But its absence was more probably caused by the languid state of the animal. The light is far more beautiful in colour and greater in power than from the mild secretion of the glow-worm, and the substance, if removed from the beetle immediately after death, will remain luminous, like phosphorus, on the object on which it is placed."

The common glow-worm often shines brightly until the middle of September. Even the eggs, which are laid in July, are luminous, especially when wetted; so is the pupa, and the larvæ can emit some light when so disposed. The glow-worm larvæ much resemble the female glow-worm, and both are useful insects. They live almost entirely on snails and other molluscs. Their jaws are sickle-shaped and very sharp, and they are very voracious. In order to assist in freeing it from the mucus of the snail, the female glow-worm has a number of cleaning implements attached to its tail with which to get rid of the slime cast by its prey.

The nature of its luminous organ is very imperfectly understood. The beautiful greenish light shows at the last two segments, mainly below the abdomen. Here are two layers of cells, and many fine hair-like tubes pass through the luminous substance. One

theory is that the light is caused by the slow oxidation of a substance formed under the influence of the nervous system. Nor does it seem any more wonderful, or less wonderful, that living creatures can "burn" a light which shows, than that the process of combustion which goes on in the body should produce heat, or that one of its results should be a poisonous gas, such as carbonic acid, which kills other animals yet nourishes plants by supplying them with vegetable carbon.

The Italian fire-flies are also "glow-worms," or Lampyridæ. But in these the males are far the most common and most luminous. The females are rarer, smaller, have ordinary small eyes, and give less light. The function of the luminous power can only be surmised, but it is quite probable that it enables the male glow-worm to find the wingless female. Also in a great many luminous species the eyes are enormously developed, much more so than the eyes of the members of the same family which give no light, showing, probably, that they can make use of the fire-signals in a special way.

When Charles Darwin was at Rio de Janeiro, in the early days of his naturalistic voyage round the world in the *Beagle*, he saw great numbers of another class of fire-fly, the light of which, on a dark night, could be seen at a distance of two hundred paces. "All the fire-flies which I caught here," he wrote, "belonged to the Lampyridæ (in which family the English glow-worm is included), and the greater number of specimens were of *Lampyris occidentalis*. I found that the insect emitted the most brilliant flashes when irritated; in the intervals the abdominal rings were obscured. The flash was almost co-instantaneous on the two rings, but it was just perceptible first in the anterior one. The shining matter was fluid and very adhesive; little spots, where the skin had been torn, continued bright with a slight scintillation, whilst the uninjured parts were obscured. When the insect was decapitated the rings remained uninterruptedly bright, but not so brilliant as before. . . . On the muddy and wet gravel walks I found the larvæ of this Lampyris in great numbers. They resembled in general form the female of the English glow-worm. These larvæ possessed but feeble luminous powers; very differently from their parents, on the slightest touch they feigned death and ceased to shine."

Some of the luminous larvæ of American beetles are from two and a half to three inches in length.

It might be thought that the lighting up of the great areas of the Old and the New World by myriads of winged creatures in the air, from the "going down of the sun to the rising of the same," would exhaust the list of natural miracles on the earth's surface and in the air above. But the magic which creates the aerial fire-fly and the deep-sea lamps has sent into a third region its living couriers of light.

They invade not only the air and water, but enter the dark places of the earth and light up its crevices and fissures with a pale and flickering glow. These earth-illuminating creatures are a humble race and their light is usually feeble, though sustained. They are like the human miners who carry their Davy lamps into the galleries of the mines. The greater number belong to a race of centipedes called the Geophili, or earth-lovers.

They are long and slender, and their feet approach in number the traditional hundred from which the centipede has its name. The deep cracks and crevices of the earth are their habitation, in black darkness. Nearly all are luminous, their bodies shining like threads of light as they creep slowly on the ground. Among the English light-bearing centipedes is one which far outshines the rest, and at times exhibits so splendid an illumination as to surpass the fire-flies themselves. This is often called the electric centipede. It is said not to be uncommon. But the description usually given of its display suggests that there is also a far brighter light-bearer of the same family, or that the periods of its intense illumination must be short and infrequent, for probably not one English person in twenty thousand has ever seen in perfection its moving jewel of beaded light. Were the creature as common as it is said to be, or were its powers of illumination constant (which, in view of the small notice taken of it by writers on English millepedes, can scarcely be the case), our lanes and garden paths would be as beautiful by night as the groves of the Antilles or the midnight surface of some Nicaraguan lagoon. Needless to say, the centipede itself is entirely invisible by night. It exists to our eyes wholly by the emanation of light proceeding from it, just as a lantern is invisible to those who see the light. It is one of the most striking instances of the apparent existence of form without matter which the senses can perceive. The light has form, rapid movement, and exquisite symmetry. It looks like a luminous creature, all aglow. Yet it is unsubstantial, intangible, and unable to be

grasped. The fingers which close upon the beads of cool, pale flame pass through them and touch each other, illuminated for the moment by the pale, translucent fire.

The first time that the present writer ever saw either the light or the light-giver was when returning after dark up the carriage-drive of a house in Suffolk. It was June, and the air was heavy with the odours of the hay. In the centre of the drive there lay what looked like a fragment broken from a string of luminous pearls of the largest size. The central pearls shone brightest, that in front was less ardent, and two or three at the opposite end of the series seemed like dying lamps. Suddenly the light-jewel began to move, and passed with an even motion and intenser glow up the drive, the centre keeping bright as ever, while the train constantly dwindled and died away. It had the property common to the luciferous creatures of the sea, that the light seemed to flow as well as to glow. Yet a child who saw it tried to "pick up the beads." When a lantern was brought the light still showed a little; but the light-giver stood, or rather ran, discovered. It was a long black centipede, some three inches and a half long, like thin wire. When it was picked up and placed in an envelope the beads of light lingered upon the paper for a moment, and when the insect was inside it partly illuminated its prison, like a candle in a paper lantern.

"THERE LAY WHAT LOOKED LIKE A FRAGMENT BROKEN FROM A STRING OF LUMINOUS PEARLS."

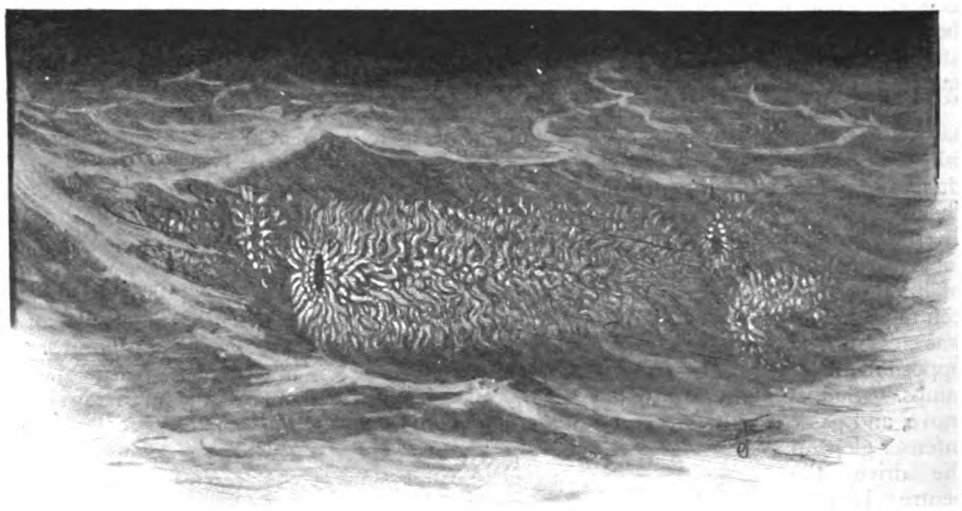
It may be that this centipede only becomes luminous in certain conditions of its body, for anything so exquisite and so conspicuous as its beads of light would otherwise be certain to be more commonly observed.

Much of the appearance commonly called a phosphorescent sea is caused by living creatures so minute that they then blend with the element in which they are found so as to appear a part of it. Fern spores are indistinguishable at first from the small dust of the earth. But the inconceivable smallness of the eggs of creatures which themselves are invisible, or hardly visible, to the naked eye is many degrees farther down the diminishing scale of life. Yet such creatures absolutely swarm in the sea, and in some waters are so numerous as to pervade every atom of watery space. If they are luminous, as many of them are, the result is to give to the sea the appearance not of being "on fire," but of being a fiery substance itself. It resembles more the pale light which rises from burning spirits. Everything moving in the sea when in this condition, fish, ships, or crustaceans, leaves a trail of light.

One of the principal causes of the "phosphorus sea" are multitudes of small jelly-fish, or microscopic crustacea. But, besides these, many of the large jelly fish and "sea-squirts" of all sizes are luminous. Some of the "sea-squirts," called "pyrosomas," or "fiery bodies," are so luminous that a Brazilian navigator, named Bibra, illuminated his cabin with six of them well enough to read by. Professor Moseley mentions the catching of a pyrosoma four feet long, the walls of the body "being an inch thick." It was placed upon the deck of the vessel, and when the naturalist wrote his name upon the animal with his finger it came out in letters of fire. Each letter increased in size until the entire name was lost in a blaze of light, that radiated rapidly and soon suffused the entire surface.

Professor Wyville Thompson says that during a blaze of phosphorescence off the Cape Verde Islands, "It was an easy matter to read the smallest print sitting at the aft port of my cabin, and the bows shed on either side rapidly widening spaces of radiance, so vivid as to throw the sails and rigging into vivid lights and shadows."

A luminous sea is often seen off the east coast of England. As elsewhere, the fires show mainly, though not always, when the water is disturbed. The slopes of the swell gleam and flash, the little ripples round the pier timbers are outlined in fire, the light that glows round anchored boats is reflected on their wet sides, and the



"PYROSOMAS," OR "FIERY BODIES."

breaking waters upon the shore are milky white and gleaming.

On summer nights a peculiar effect is seen when the "horse-nets" are at work. A man rides a horse out into the shallow sea and takes one end of a net, the other being held on shore. As the horse tramples shoreward again it seems to be stamping in green fire, and every mesh of the net as it is drawn ashore is illuminated with liquid green light pouring back into the sea. When the tide ebbs the luminous particles sink into the sand, which lies flat and dark. Sometimes, when a "gunner" is returning from "flight" shooting in the darkness, and sets his booted foot where the tide has ebbed from a creek, he leaves each footprint marked in light. Sometimes even the print of the nails is shown in sparks of emerald fire.

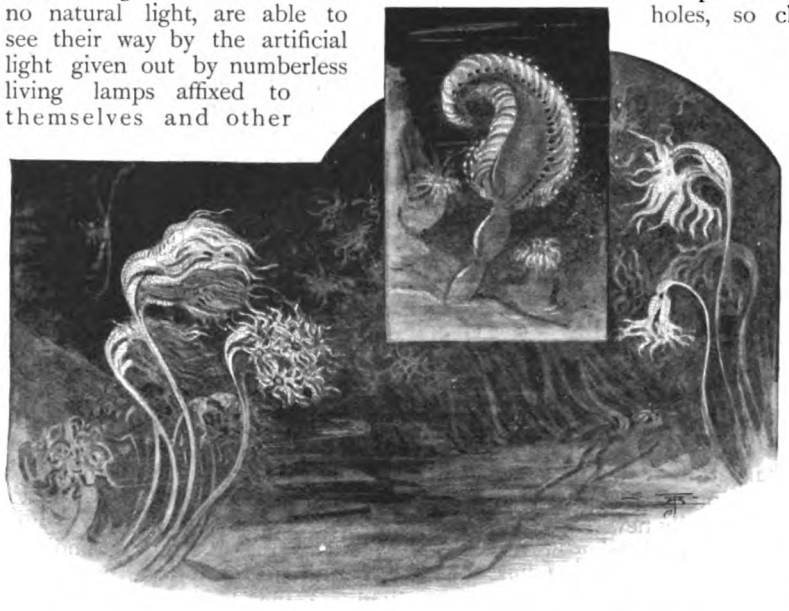
At a depth of fifty-six fathoms off the Shetland Isles a number of marine creatures were brought up after dark. The phosphorescence of the star-fish and zoophytes was remarkable. "The tangles (brought up) were sprinkled over with stars of the most brilliant uranium green. They were little stars, for the phosphorescent light was much more vivid in the younger than in the older star-fish. The light was not constant nor continuous all over the star, but sometimes it struck out a line of fire all round the disc, flashing, or one might say glowing, up to the centre; then that would fade, and a defined patch, a centimètre or so long, would break out in the middle of an arm and travel slowly up to the points, or the whole five rays would light up at the ends and spread the fire inwards."

This luminescence must be very dangerous to its possessor in waters where there are swarms of carnivorous and active creatures with big, bright eyes seeking what they may devour.

Other creatures called "sea-pens," which somewhat resemble curled ostrich feathers, shone with pale lilac phosphorescence, "always sufficiently bright to make every part of the stem caught in the tangles or sticking to the ropes perfectly visible." As there appeared to be "whole forests" of these sea-pens down below, the scene in this submarine grove, of which every branch shed violet light, must be one of the most beautiful of the unknown landscapes of the deep.

But the discoveries made by the elaborate and careful dredging of the deep abysses of the ocean, carried out at the expense of the British, American, and other Governments or natural history societies, show that the greater number of the creatures living in the ocean abyss are luminous. In the great depths there are not only luminous crabs, shrimps, star-fish, and zoophytes, but also luminous fishes properly so-called. The waters in which they live are so deep that they are far beyond the reach of the remotest ray of sunlight. The sun itself would not appear to these creatures even as a single star of the fifth magnitude. In this region of darkness some of the creatures have lost their eyes entirely, as might be expected. But others have **not**

only eyes, but very large eyes, some of which are made in a very special manner. As so many of the creatures, including those with eyes, carry light-giving organs, the conclusion is that these animals, which spend their lives in regions where there is no natural light, are able to see their way by the artificial light given out by numberless living lamps affixed to themselves and other animals. The "fish" proper are far the most interesting in this connection. One of them, dredged from one thousand nine hundred fathoms in the South Atlantic, has eyes so arranged as to be absolutely unique. It is now thought that they are modified and arranged on a most elaborate plan, to enable the fish to make use of the "special" class of light emitted by luminous animals.



"SEA-PENS," WHICH FORM SELF-LUMINOUS FORESTS IN THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN.

Another called *Malacosteus niger*, a small black fish brought up from a depth of some four thousand five hundred feet, has two light-projecting organs below its eyes, which probably illuminate its path through the dark ocean as the lamps of a motor illuminate a road. But far the most striking of these light-bearing creatures of the abyss is a carnivorous and formidable little fish called *Stomias boa*. From its elaborately-carved jaws to the extremity of its body it has on either side, below the middle line of the body, a double row of lamps or luminous port-holes, so close together that the luminous plates must light up all the water round it far more brightly than the lights of a steamer do the surface waters. It must look like a brilliantly-lighted submarine train. This fish has very large eyes, and a (probably) luminous tentacle hanging down like the "barbule" of a barbel. As no vegetable growths exist in the deep seas, all the creatures are carnivorous. Consequently, while the development of light may aid one to find its food, it also betrays it to any others which may possibly be hostile. This fact may present more difficulty at first than when carefully considered. In the ordinary light of day every creature has to take its chance against its enemies. Many have, therefore, become nocturnal, and the eyes of the enemies—as of the cat, the owl, and the fox — have been improved in order to catch them. But we do not know whether most creatures in the abyss are luminous or not. They may be covered with luminous mucus, giving out a strong light at great depths, or otherwise rendered visible; though some, which have light-producing organs in addition, may have great advantages over others in the struggle for existence.

An Experience of an Irish R.M.

By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross.

5 Turkies and their Mother.
5 Ducks and the Drake
5 Hins and the Cock.
Catherine O'Donovan, Skeagh.

A LEAF from a copybook, with these words written on it, was placed in my hand as I was in the act of dragging on a new pair of gloves in the stable-yard. There was something rhythmic in the category, suggestive of burnt-offerings and incantations; some touch of pathos, pointing to tragedy; something, finally, that in the light of previous events recalled to me suddenly and unpleasantly my new-born position of Deputy M.F.H.

Not, indeed, that I was in need at that moment of circumstances to remind me of it. A new hunting-cap, pressing implacably upon my forehead; an equally new red coat, heavy as a coat of mail; a glittering horn, red-hot from the makers, and so far totally unresponsive to my apoplectic wooings; these things in themselves, without the addition of a poultry bill, were sufficient to bring home to me my amazing folly in having succumbed to the wiles of Mr. Florence McCarthy Knox and accepted the charge of his hounds during his absence with the Irish Yeomanry at the South African War.

A week after acceptance I saw Flurry off at the station. His last words to me were:—

"Well, good-bye, Major. Be fighting my grandmother for her subscription, and whatever you do don't give more than half a crown for a donkey; there's no meat on them."

Upon this touching farewell the train steamed out and left me standing, shelterless, a reluctant and incapable master of hounds.

Exhaustive as Flurry's instructions had been on the subject of the cuisine and other details of kennel management, he had not even hinted at the difficulties that are usually composed by means of a Fowl Fund. My first experience of these had taken place but a week ago, when, from the breakfast-table, I had perceived a donkey and cart rambling, unattended, in the shrubberies among the young hydrangeas and azaleas. The owner, a most respectable-looking old man, explained that he had left it there because he was "dilicate" to bring it up to the house, and added that he had come for compensation for "a beautiful milking-goat" that the hounds had eaten last March; "and she having two kids that died afther her."

I asked why he had not long since been to Mr. Knox about it, and was favoured with an interminable history of the claimant's ill-health during the summer, consequent on his fretting after the goat; of how he had been anointed four times; and of how the donkey was lame this long while where a branch "bet" her in the thigh one day she ran into the wood from the hounds. Fearing that the donkey was about to be included in the bill, I made haste to settle for the goat and her offspring, a matter of fifteen shillings.

Next day two women took up a position on the steps at luncheon time, a course which experience has taught me indicates affairs too exalted and too personal to be transmitted *viâ* the kitchen. They were, according to their own showing, ruined proprietors of poultry yards, in proof of which they pointed to a row of decapitated hens, laid forth on the grass like the bag at a fashionable shoot. I was irritably aware of their triumph in the trophy.

"Sure he didn't make off with anny of them only three, but he snapped the heads off all that was in it, and faith, if Master Flurry was at home, he'd give us the blood of his arm before he'd see our little hins desthroyed on us this way."

I gave them thirty-two and sixpence as an alternative compensation; not, I admit, without an uneasy sense of something unusual in Peter Cadogan's expression as he assiduously raked the gravel hard by.

It was Michael Leary, Flurry's Michael, who placed the matter of a Fowl Fund upon a basis. Catherine O'Donovan and her list of casualties had been dismissed at a cost of ten shillings, a price so inadequate, and so cheerfully accepted, as to confirm my dawning suspicions.

"Is it what they would get from Mr. Flurry?" replied Michael, when I put the matter to him. "It isn't ten shillings, no, nor thirty-two shillings, that they'd get from him, but a pelt of a curse afther their heels!

"TWO WOMEN TOOK UP A POSITION ON THE STEPS."

Why wouldn't they keep their hens inside in the house with themselves at night, the same as annyone that'd have sense, and not to leave them out enticing the fox their way?"

Michael was in a bad temper, and so, for the matter of that, was I, quite irrespective of dealings in poultry. Our red coats, our horses, and the presence of the hounds did not betoken the chase; they merely indicated that the hunt was about to be photographed. The local photographer, backed by Mrs. Sinclair Yeates, had extorted from me the privilege of "a sitting"—a figurative expression, involving a ride of five miles to a covert selected by my wife as being typical of the country, accompanied by the fourteen and a half couple of half-bred harriers who figured in hound lists as "Mr. Knox's Foxhounds."

It was a blazing day in late August, following on forty-eight hours of blanketing sea-fog; a day for flannels and a languid game of croquet. Lady Jane, the grey mare lent to me by Flurry, had been demoralized by her summer at grass, and was in that peculiarly loathsome frame of mind that is a blend of laziness and bumptiousness. If I left her to her own devices she drowsed, stumbling, through the dust; if I corrected her she pranced and pulled, and kicked up behind like a donkey. My huntsman, Dr. Jerome Hickey, who was to have been in the forefront of the photograph, was twenty miles off in an open boat, on his way to an island at the far end of his dispensary district, with fifteen cases of measles ahead of him. I envied him; measles or no, he had on a turned-down collar. As a result of his absence I rode in solitary dignity at the head of the pack, or, to speak more correctly, I preceded Michael by some thirty yards of unoccupied road, while the pack, callous to flogging and disdainful of my cajoleries, clave to the heels of Michael's horse.

In this order we arrived at the tryst, a heathery hillside, flanked by a dense and rambling wood. A sea-gull scream from the hillside announced the presence of my wife, and summoned me to join her and the photographer at the spot where they were encamped. I put the mare at a suitable place in the wall by the roadside. She refused it, which was no more than I had expected. I sampled my new spurs on her fat sides, with the result that she charged the wall slantways at the exact spot where Philippa had placed her bicycle against it, missed the bicycle by a hair's breadth, landed in the field with a thump on all four feet, and ended with two most distressing bucks. It was a consolation to me, when I came in touch again with the saddle, to find that one of the new spurs had ploughed a long furrow in her shoulder.

The photographer was a young man from Belfast, a new-comer to the neighbourhood. Philippa is also a photographer, a fact that did not tend so much as might have been expected to the harmony of the occasion.

"Mrs. Yeates has selected this hillock," said Mr. McOstrich, in tones of acrid resignation, indicating as he spoke a sugar-loaf-shaped knoll, thickly matted with furze and heather. "She considers the background characteristic. My own suggestion would have been the grass field yonder."

It is an ancient contention of my wife that I, in common with all other men, in any dispute between a female relative and a

tradesman, side with the tradesman, partly from fear, partly from masculine clannishness, and most of all from a desire to stand well with the tradesman. Nothing but the remembrance of this preposterous reproach kept me from accepting Mr. McOstrich's point of view; and, while I hesitated, Michael was already taking up his position on the hillock, perhaps in obedience to some signal from Philippa, perhaps because he had realized the excellent concealment afforded by the deep heather to his horse's fetlocks, whose outline was of a somewhat gouty type. It was part of Flurry Knox's demoniac gift for horseflesh that he should be able to buy screws and make them serve his exacting purposes. Michael's horse, Moses, had, at a distance, the appearance of standing upon four champagne bottles, but he none the less did the work of two sound horses and did it well.

"SHE LANDED IN THE FIELD WITH A THUMP ON ALL FOURS."

I goaded Lady Jane through the furze and established myself beside Michael on the sugar-loaf, the hounds disposed themselves in an interval of bracken below, and Mr. McOstrich directed his camera upon us from an opposite slope.

"Show your teeth, please!" said Mr. McOstrich to Michael. Michael, already simmering with indignation at the senseless frivolity of the proceedings, glowered at his knuckles, evidently suspicious of an ill-timed pleasantry.

"Do you hear, Whip?" repeated Mr. McOstrich, raising his bleak Northern voice. "Show your teeth, please!"

"He only wants to focus us," said I, foreseeing trouble, and hurriedly displaying my own new front row in a galvanic smile.

Michael murmured to Moses's withers something that sounded like a promise to hocus Mr. McOstrich when occasion should serve, and I reflected on the hardship of having to feel apologetic towards both Michael and the photographer.

Only those who have participated in "hunt groups" can realize the combined tediousness and tension of the moments that follow. To keep thirty hounds headed for the camera, to ensure that your horse has not closed its eyes and hung its head in a doze of boredom, to preserve for yourself that alert and workmanlike aspect that becomes a sportsman, and then, when these things have been achieved and maintained for what feels like a month, to see the tripod move in spider strides to a fresh position and know that all has to be begun over again. After several of these tentative selections of a site, the moment came when Mr. McOstrich swung his black velvet pall in the air and buried his head under its portentous folds. The hounds, though uneasy, had hitherto been comparatively calm, but at this manifestation their nerve broke, and they unanimously charged the glaring monster in the black hood with loud and hysterical cries.

Had not Michael perceived their intention while there was time awful things might have happened. As it was, the leaders were flogged off with ignominy, and the ruffled artist returned from the rock to which he had fled. Michael and I arranged ourselves afresh upon the hillock; I squared my

"THEY UNANIMOUSLY CHARGED THE GLARING MONSTER."

shoulders and felt my wonted photographic expression of hang-dog desperation settle down upon me.

"The dogs are not in the picture, Whip!" said Mr. McOstrich, in the chill tone of outraged dignity.

I perceived that the hounds, much demoralized, had melted away from the slope in front of us and were huddling in a wisp in the intervening hollow. Blandishments were of no avail; they wagged and beamed apologetically, but remained in the hollow. Michael, in whose sensitive bosom the term "Whip" evidently rankled, became scarlet in the face and avalanched from the hill-top upon his flock with a fury that was instantly recognised by them. They broke in panic, and the astute and elderly Venus, followed by two of the young entry, bolted for the road. They were there met by Mr. McOstrich's carman, who most creditably headed the puppies with yells and his driving-whip, but was outplayed by Venus, who, dodging like a football professional, doubled under the car-horse and fled irrevocably. Philippa, who had been flitting from rock to rock with her Kodak and unnerving me with injunctions as to the angle of my cap, here entered the lists with a packet of sandwiches, with which, in spite of the mustard, she restored a certain confidence to the agitated pack, a proceeding observed from afar with trembling indignation by Minx, her fox-terrier. By reckless expenditure of sandwiches the hounds were tempted to their proper position below the horses, but, unfortunately, with their sterns to the camera and their eyes fastened on Philippa.

"Retire, madam!" said Mr. McOstrich, very severely; "*I* will attract the dogs!"

Thus rebuked, madam scrambled hastily over the crest of the hillock and sank in unseemly laughter into the deep heather behind it.

"Now, very quiet, please," continued Mr. McOstrich, and then unexpectedly uttered the words "Pop! Pop! Pop!" in a high soprano.

Michael clapped his hands over his mouth, the superseded siren in the heather behind me wallowed in fresh convulsions; the hounds remained unattracted.

Then arose, almost at the same moment, a voice from the wood behind us, the voice of yet a third siren, more potent than that of either of her predecessors, the voice of Venus hunting a line. For the space of a breath the hounds hung on the eager, hacking yelps; in the next breath they were gone.

Matters now began to move on a serious scale and with a speed that could not have been foreseen. The wood was but fifty yards from our sugar-loaf. Before Michael had got out his horn the hounds were over the wall; before the last stern had disappeared the leaders had broken into full cry.

"Please the saints, it might be a rabbit!" exclaimed Michael, putting spurs to his horse and bucketing down through the furze towards the wood, with blasts of the horn that were fraught with indignation and rebuke.

An instant later, from my point of vantage on the sugar-loaf, I saw a big and very yellow fox cross an open space of heather high up on the hill above the covert. He passed and vanished; in half-a-dozen seconds Venus, plunging through the heather, came shrieking across the open space and also vanished. Another all too brief an interval, and the remainder of the pack had stormed through the wood and were away in the open after Venus, and Michael, who had pulled up short on the hither side of the covert wall, had started up the open hillside to catch them.

The characteristic background chosen by Philippa, however admirable in a photograph, afforded one of the most diabolic rides of my experience. Uphill, over courses of rock masked in furze bushes, round the head of a boggy lake, uphill again, through deep and purple heather, over a horrid wall of long slabs half buried in it; past a ruined cabin, with thorn bushes crowding low over the only feasible place in the bank, and at last the top of the hill, and Michael pulling up to take observations.

The pack had already crossed the valley below us, and were running up a long hill as if under the conventional tablecloth; their cry, floating up to us, held all the immemorial romance of the chase.

Michael regarded me with a wild eye; he looked as hot as I felt, which was saying a good deal, and both horses were puffing.

"He's all the ways for Temple Braney!" he said. "Sure I know him well. That's the pug-nosed fox that's in it these last three seasons, and it's what I wish——"

(I regret that I cannot transcribe Michael's wish in its own terms, but I may baldly summarize it as a desire minutely and anatomically specified that the hounds were eating Mr. McOstrich.)

Here the spurs were once more applied to Moses's reeking sides, and we started again battering down the twists of a rocky lane into the steaming, stuffy valley.

The valley was boggy as well as hot, and the deep and sinuous ditch that by courtesy was supposed to drain it was blind with rushes and tall fronds of Osmunda regalis fern. Where the landing was tolerable, the take-off was a swamp; where the take-off was sound, the landing was feasible only for a frog. We lost five panting minutes, closely attended by horse-flies, before we somehow floundered across and began the ascent of the second hill. To face tall banks, uphill, is at no time agreeable, especially when they are enveloped in a jungle of briers, bracken, and waving grass, but a merciful dispensation of cow-gaps revealed itself; it was one of the few streaks of luck in a day not conspicuous for such.

At the top of the hill we took another pull. This afforded to us a fine view of the Atlantic—also of the surrounding country and all that was therein, with, however, the single unfortunate exception of the hounds. There was nothing to be heard save the summery rattle of a reaping machine, the strong and steady rasp of a corncrake, and the growl of a big steamer from a band of fog that was advancing ghost-like along the blue floor of the sea. Two fields away a man in a straw hat was slowly combing down the flanks of a haycock with a wooden rake, while a black and white cur slept in the young aftergrass beside him. We broke into their sylvan tranquillity with a heated demand whether the hounds had passed that way. Shrill clamour from the dog was at first the only reply; its owner took off his hat, wiped his forehead with his sleeve, and stared at us.

"'HE'S ALL THE WAYS FOR TEMPLE BRANEY!' HE SAID."

"I'm as deaf as a beetle this three weeks," he said, continuing to look up and down in

a way that made me realize, if possible, more than before the absurdity of looking like a Christmas-card in the heat of a summer day.

"Did ye see the hounds?" shouted Michael, shoving the chestnut up beside him.

"It's the neurology I got," continued the haymaker; "an' the pain does be whistlin' out through me ear till I could mostly run into the say from it."

"It's a pity ye wouldn't," said Michael, whirling Moses round, "an' stop in it! Whisht! Look over, sir! Look over!"

He pointed with his whip along the green slopes. I saw, about half a mile away, two boys standing on a fence, and a little beyond them some cattle galloping in a field; three or four miles farther on the woods of Temple Braney were a purple smear in the hazy heat of the landscape. My heart sank; it was obvious even to my limited capacities that the pug-nosed fox was making good his line with a straightness not to be expected from one of his personal peculiarity, and that the hounds were still running as hard as ever on a scent as steamingly hot as the weather. I wildly thought of removing my coat and leaving it in charge of the man with neuralgia, but was restrained by the reflection that he might look upon it as a gift flung to him in a burst of compassion, a misunderstanding that, in view of his affliction, it would be impossible to rectify.

"THE LAST I SAW OF THE TROUT WAS HIS BOTTLE FETLOCKS DISAPPEARING NIMBLY IN THE BRACKEN."

I picked up my lathered reins and followed Michael at a gloomy trot in the direction of the galloping cattle. After a few fields a road presented itself, and was eagerly accepted by the grey mare, on whom the unbridled gluttonies of a summer's grass were beginning to tell.

"She's bet up, sir," said Michael, dragging down a rickety gate with the handle of his whip. "Folly on the road; there's a near way to the wood from the cross."

Moses here walked cautiously over the prostrate gate.

"I'm afraid you'll kill Moses," said I, by no means pleased at the prospect of being separated from my Intelligence Department.

"Is it him?" replied Michael, scanning the country ahead of him with hawk-eyes. "Sure he's as hardy as a throut!"

The last I saw of the trout was his bottle fetlocks disappearing nimbly in the bracken as he dropped down the far side of a bank.

I "follied on the road" for two stifling miles. The "near way" from the cross-roads opened seductively with a lane leading to a farmhouse, and presently degenerated into an unfenced but plausible cart-track through the fields. Breaches had been made in the banks for its accommodation, and I advanced successfully towards the long woods of Temple Braney, endeavouring less successfully to repel the attentions of two young horses, who galloped, squealed, and bucked round me and Lady Jane with the imbecile pleasantry of their kind. The moment when I at length slammed in their faces the gate of the wood was one of sorely needed solace.

Then came the sudden bath of coolness and shade, and the gradual realization that I did not in the least know what to do next. The air was full of the deeply preoccupied hum of insects and the interminable monologue of a wood-pigeon; I felt as if I ought to apologize for my intrusion. None the less, I pursued a ride that crossed the wood, making persevering efforts to blow my horn, and producing nothing but gramophonic whispers, fragmentary groans, and a headache. I was near the farther side of the wood when I saw fresh hoof-tracks on a path that joined the ride; they preceded me to a singularly untempting bank, with a branch hanging over it and a potato-field beyond it. A clod had been newly kicked out of the top of it. I could not evade the conviction that Michael had gone that way. The grey mare knew it too, and bundled on to and over the bank with surprising celerity, and dropped skilfully just short of where the potato-beds began. An old woman was digging at the other side of the field, and I steered for her, making a long tack down a deep furrow between the "lazy-beds."

"Did you see the hounds, ma'am?" I called out across the intervening jungle of potato-stalks.

"Sir?"

She, at all events, was not deaf. I amended my inquiry: "Did you see any dogs, or a man in a red coat?"

"Musha, bad 'cess to them, then I did!" bawled the old woman; "look at the thrack o' their legs down thro' me little pratie garden! 'Twasn't but a whileen ago that they come leppin' out o' the wood to me, and didn't I think 'twas the divil an' all his young ones, an' I thrun meself in the thrinch the way they wouldn't see me, the Lord save us!"

My heart warmed to her; I also would gladly have lain down among the umbrageous stalks of the potatoes, and concealed myself for ever from Michael and the hounds.

"What way did they go?" I asked, regretfully dismissing the vision and feeling in my pocket for a shilling.

"They went wesht the road, sir, an' they screeching always; they crossed out the field below over-right the white pony, and, faith, ye couldn't hardly see Michael Leary for the shweat! Heaven help ye, asthore, yourself is getting hardship from them as well as another!"

The shilling here sank into her earthy palm, on which she prayed passionately that the saints might be surprised at my success. I felt that so far as I was concerned the surprise would be mutual; I had had nothing but misfortune since ten o'clock that morning, and there seemed no reason to believe that the tide had turned.

The pony proved to be a white mule, a spectral creature, standing in malign meditation trace-high in bracken. I proceeded in its direction at a trot, through clumps of bracken and coarse grass, and, as I drew near, it uttered a strangled and heart-broken cry of greeting. At the same moment Lady Jane

"LADY JANE FELL HEADLONG ON HER NOSE."

fell headlong on her nose and the point of her right shoulder. It is almost superfluous to observe that I did the same thing. As I rolled on my face in the bracken something like a snake uncoiled itself beneath me and became taut; I clutched at it, believing it to be the reins, and found I was being hung up, like clothes upon a line, upon the mule's tethering-rope. Lady Jane had got it well round her legs and had already fallen twice in her efforts to get up, while the mule, round whose neck the tether-rope had been knotted, was backing hard, like a dog trying to pull its head through a collar.

In sunstroke heat I got out my knife, and, having cut the rope in two places, an operation accomplished in the depths of a swarm of flies and midges, I pulled the mare on to her legs. She was lame on the off fore and the rope had skinned her shins in several places; my own shoulder and arm were bruised and I had broken a stirrup-leather.

I led Lady Jane out into the road and considered the position. We were about nine miles from home, and at least five from any place where I could hire a car. To walk and lead the mare was an alternative that, powerless as events had proved me to be in the hands of misfortune, I still refused to consider. It was then given me to remember old McRory.

My acquaintance with old McRory was of the slightest. He was, it was understood, a retired Dublin coal merchant, with an enormous family and a reputation for great riches. He had, within the last year or so, taken the derelict house of Temple Braney, and having by strenuous efforts attained that dubious honour, the Commission of the Peace, it had happened to me to sit on the Bench with him on one or two occasions. Of his family I knew little, save that whenever I saw an unknown young man buying cigarettes at Mr. Dannaher's, in Skebawn, I was informed that it was one of the young McRorys, a medical student, and "a bit of a lad, but nothing at all to the next youngest." The Misses McRory were only occasionally viewed, whirling in large companies on glittering bicycles, and the legend respectfully ran that they had forty blouses apiece. Perhaps the most definite information about them was supplied by our cook, Mrs. Cadogan, who assured Philippa that wild pigs in America wouldn't be treated worse than what Mrs. McRory treated her servants. All these things together made an unpromising aggregate; but the fact remained that Temple Braney House was within a quarter of a mile of me, and its charity my only hope.

The lodge-gates of Temple Braney were wide open; so was the door of the lodge. The weedy drive was scored with fresh wheel-tracks, as also, for the matter of that, was the grass on either side. I followed it for a short distance, in the roomy shade of splendid beech trees, servants of the old *régime*, preserving their dignity through the vicissitudes of the new. Near the house was a second gate, and on a species of arch over it I was amazingly greeted by the word "Welcome," in white letters on a blazing strip of Turkey red. This was an attention that I had not anticipated. Did it mean a school-feast?

I made a cautious survey, but saw nobody, and, nerved by the increasing lameness of Lady Jane, I went on to the house and rang the bell. There was no response; the hall door was wide open, and from an inner hall two lanky red setter puppies advanced with their tails between their legs, barking uncertainly, and acutely conscious of the fact that upon the collar of each was fastened a flaunting, though much chewed, bow of white satin ribbon. Full of foreboding, I rang again. The bell tinkled vigorously in some fastness of the house, but nothing else happened. I decided to try the stable-yard, and, attended by the decorated puppies, set forth to find it.

It was a large quadrangle, of which one side was formed by a wing of the house; had there been a few more panes of glass in the windows and slates in the roof it might have been imposing. A cavernous coach-house stood open, empty save for the wheel-less body of an outside car that was seated on the floor, with wings outspread like a hatching hen. Every stable door gaped wide. Odds and ends of harness lay about, but neither horse nor human being was visible. A turkey-cock in transports of wrath stormed to and fro in front of his household, and to some extent dispelled the sentiment of desertion and stampede that pervaded the place. I led the limping mare into a stall wherein were two loose-boxes. A sickly smell greeted me, and I perceived that in one of the boxes was a long low cage, alive with the red-currant-jelly eyes and pink noses of a colony of ferrets, and in the other was a pile of empty wine-boxes and several bicycles.

Lady Jane snorted heavily, and I sought elsewhere for a refuge for her. I found it at length in a long stable with six empty

stalls, and proceeded to tie her up in one of them.

It was while I was thus engaged that a strange succession of sounds began overhead—heavy, shapeless sounds in which were blended the suggestions of shove and thump. There was a brief interval of silence, during which Lady Jane and I listened with equal intentness. Then followed a hoarse bellow, which resolved itself into the inquiry:—

"Is there anyone there?"

Here was the Princess of the enchanted palace waking up with a vengeance. More and angrier bellows followed. I went stealthily out into the yard and took stock of the windows above the stable. One of them was open, and it was from that the voice issued, loudly demanding release. It roared a string of Christian names, which I supposed to be those of the McRory family; it used most unchristian language; and it finally settled down into shouts for help and asseverations that it was smothering. I admit that my first and almost overwhelming impulse was to steal a bicycle and wing my way to my far-away and peaceful home, leaving Michael, the hounds, and the smothering gentleman to work out their own salvation. Unfortunately for me, the voice of conscience prevailed. There was a ladder near at hand leaning against the wall, and I put it to the window and went up it as fast as my top-boots would allow me, with a vision before me of old McRory in apoplexy as the probable reward of my labours. I thrust my head in, blocking the light by so doing. The shouting ceased abruptly, and after the glare of sunshine outside I could at first see nothing. Then was revealed to me a long and darksome room—once, probably, a loft—filled with broken chairs and varieties of primeval lumber. In the middle of the floor lay an immense feather bed, and my bewildered eyes discovered at one end of it a crimson face—the face, not of old McRory, but that of a young gentleman of my acquaintance, one Mr. Tomsy Flood, of Curranhilty.

The mysteries were happening. I straddled the window-sash and arrived in the room with a three-cornered tear in the shoulder of my coat, inflicted by a nail in the frame, and one spur draped with ancestral cobweb.

"'TAKE ME OUT OF THIS!' HOWLED MR. FLOOD."

"Take me out of this!" howled Mr. Flood, hysterically, accepting my pantomime entrance without question. "Can't you see I'm smothering in this dratted thing?"

Fluff hung from his black moustache and clung to his eyebrows, his hair was full of feathers, earthquake throes convulsed the feather bed, and the fact was suddenly revealed to me that Mr. Flood was not under it, as I had at first imagined, but in it, stitched in up to the chin. The weaned child, or any other conventional innocent, could not have failed for an instant to recognise the handiwork of practical humorists of a high order. I asked no questions, but got out my knife once more, and, beginning with due precaution somewhere near Mr. Flood's jugular vein, proceeded to slit open the end of the "tick." The stitches were long and strong, and as each one yielded the feathers burst forth in stifling puffs, and Tomsy Flood's allusions to the young McRorys were merci-

fully merged in spluttering. I did not laugh, not, at least, till I found that I had to drag him out like a mummy, and accompanied by half the contents of the bed, and perceived that he was in full evening clothes, and that he was incapable of helping himself because the legs of his trousers were sewn together and his coat-sleeves sewn to his sides; even then I only gave way in painful secrecy behind the mighty calves of his legs as I cut the stitches out. Tomsy Flood walked about fifteen stone and was not in a mood to be trifled with, still less to see the humour of the position. The medical students had done their work with a surgical finish, and by the time that I had restored to Tomsy the use of his legs and arms the feathers had permeated to every recess of my being and I was sneezing as if I had hay fever.

Having at length, and with considerable difficulty, got Mr. Flood on his legs, I ventured, with the tact demanded by the situation, a question as to whether he had been dining at Temple Braney.

"Dining?" queried Mr. Flood, with an obvious effort of memory. "Yes, I was, to be sure! Amn't I staying in the house?" Then, with an equally obvious shock of recollection, "Sure, I'm best man at the wedding to day!"

The scattered elements of the situation began to fall symmetrically into line, from the open gates to the white bows on the puppies' collars. My chief concern, however, bearing in mind Tomsy Flood's recent potations and provocations, was to let him down as easily as possible, and, reserving my conclusions to myself, to escape, swiftly and silently, while yet there was time. There was always that stall-full of bicycles; I could borrow clothes from Tomsy, and leave this accursed tomfoolery of hunting kit to be fetched with the mare. I could write a beautifully explanatory note when I got home.

"Hadn't you better get out of your evening things as quickly as you can?" I suggested.

Mr. Flood regarded me with heavy and bloodshot eyes of imperfect intelligence.

"Oh, I've time enough. Ye wouldn't get a pick of breakfast here before ten o'clock in the day. Now that I come to look into you," he continued, "you're as big a show as myself! Is it for the wedding that you have the red coat on you?"

I do not now remember with what lies I composed Tomsy Flood, but I got him out of the room at last by a door into a passage of seemingly interminable length; he took my arm, he treated me as his only friend, he expressed his full confidence that I would see fair play when he got a hold of Stanley McRory. He also gave it as his private opinion that his cousin, Harry Flood, was making a hare of himself marrying that impudent little Pinkie McRory, that was as vulgar as a bag of straddles, in spite of the money. Indeed, the whole family had too many airs about them for his fancy. "They take the English *Times*, if you please, and they all dress for dinner—every night, I tell ye. I call that rot, y'know."

We were all this time traversing the house by labyrinthine passages, flights of stairs, and strange empty lobbies; we progressed conversationally and with maddening slowness, followed by a fleecy train of feathers that floated from us as we went. And all the time I was trying to remember how long it took to get married. In my own case it seemed as if I had been in the church for two hours at least.

A swing door suddenly admitted us to the hall, and Tomsy stood still to collect his faculties.

"My room's up there," he began, pointing vaguely up the staircase.

At this identical moment there was a loud and composite crash from behind a closed door on our right, followed by minor crashes and noises as of chairs falling about.

"That's the boys!" said Tomsy, a sudden spark kindling in his eye; "they're breakfasting early, I suppose."

He dropped my arm unexpectedly and flung the door open with a yell.

The first object that met my eyes was the original sinner, Venus, mounted on a long and highly-adorned luncheon table, crunching and gulping cold chicken as fast as she could get it down. On the floor half-a-dozen of her brethren tore at a round of beef amid the *débris* of crockery and glass that had been involved in its overthrow. A cataract of cream was pouring down the tablecloth and making a lake on the carpet for the benefit of some others; and President, the patriarch of the pack, was apparently seated on the wedding-cake while he demolished a cold salmon. I had left my whip in the stable, but, even had this paralyzing sight left me the force to use it, its services would not have been needed. The leaders of the revel leaped from the table, mowing down colonies of wine-glasses in the act, and fled through the open window, followed by the rest of the party, with a precipitancy that showed their

"A PARALYZING SIGHT."

full consciousness of sin, the last scramblers over the sill yelping in agonized foretaste of the thong that they believed was overtaking them.

At such a moment of catastrophe the craving for human sympathy is paramount. I turned even to the fuddled and feathered Tomsy Flood as to a man and a brother, and was confronted in the doorway by the bride and bridegroom.

Behind them the hall was filling with the swiftness of an evil dream, with glowing faces and wedding bonnets; there was a turmoil of wheels and hoofs at the door, and through it all, like "horns of Elfland faintly blowing," Michael's blasts of summons to his pirates. Finally, the towering mauve bonnet and equally towering wrath of Mrs. McRory, as she advanced upon me and Tomsy Flood. I thought of the wild pigs in America, and wished I were with them.

Lest I should find myself the object of a sympathy more acute than I deserve, it may be well to transcribe a portion of a paragraph from the *Curranhilty Herald* of the following week:—

". . . After the ceremony a reception was held at Temple Braney House, where a sumptuous collation had been provided by the hospitable Mr. and Mrs. McRory. The health of the happy pair having been drunk, that of the bridesmaids was proposed, and Mr. T. Flood, who had been prevented by a slight indisposition from filling the office of best man, was happily sufficiently recovered to return thanks for them in his usual sprightly vein. Major Sinclair Yeates, R.M., M.F.H., who, in honour of the festive occasion, had donned sporting attire, proposed the health of the bride's mother in felicitous terms. . . ."

The Snow Festival at Andreasberg.

By Thomas E. Curtis. Photos. by F. Petz, Duderstadt.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

WINTER sports have taken a strong hold upon our Continental neighbours, and it is little to be wondered at that the pretty conceit of holding snow festivals should have extended far into the solitude of the German mountains.

Nestling in the wilderness of the Harz, the pretty little town of Andreasberg holds the proud distinction of possessing the most accomplished "artists in snow" in the whole of Germany.

The Harz Mountains lend themselves particularly well to the successful holding of snow festivals. A sledge drive through its valleys, when the snow lies on the pine trees and the waterfalls have become clusters of gigantic icicles, is so exhilarating that many people flock down from northern parts to the Harz for a few days of winter sunshine and bracing air. The local inhabitants are naturally pleased at the rapid influx of visitors, and lay themselves out to please them by the organization of snow festivals.

The inhabitants of Andreasberg are not content with rolling a few blocks of snow and shaping them together ; on the contrary, their designs are ingenious, elaborate, and really artistic, so much so that the results obtained are occasionally quite surprising.

The set of pictures reproduced in these pages will give an excellent idea of the designs, which are openly displayed in the streets, practically every house having its own side-show.

The Harz Mountains, it must be remembered, are the birthplace of many well-known fairy tales, and we have here a picture of the Pied Piper of Hamelin as he walked through his native town. Robert Browning's poem on the subject is so well known that everyone will remember how it came about that one day, in the year 1284, the town of Hamelin was so infested by rats as almost to compel the inhabitants to leave it, when one day there appeared upon the scene a piper clad in a fantastic suit, who offered for a certain sum of money to charm all the vermin into the river by his piping. His conditions were agreed to, but, after he had fulfilled his promise, the inhabitants declined to fulfil their part of the bargain, whereupon on the 26th of June he reappeared in the streets of the town, and, putting his pipe to his lips, began a soft and curious strain, which caused all the children to come trooping after him while he led them out of the town to the Koppleberg Hill, in whose side a door suddenly opened, by which he entered and the children after him, all except one, who, being lame, could not follow fast enough to reach the door before it shut again. The Andreasberg artist has chosen the fateful moment when the piper was gathering the children behind him to the weird tune of his bewitched instrument.

The representations of Little Red Riding

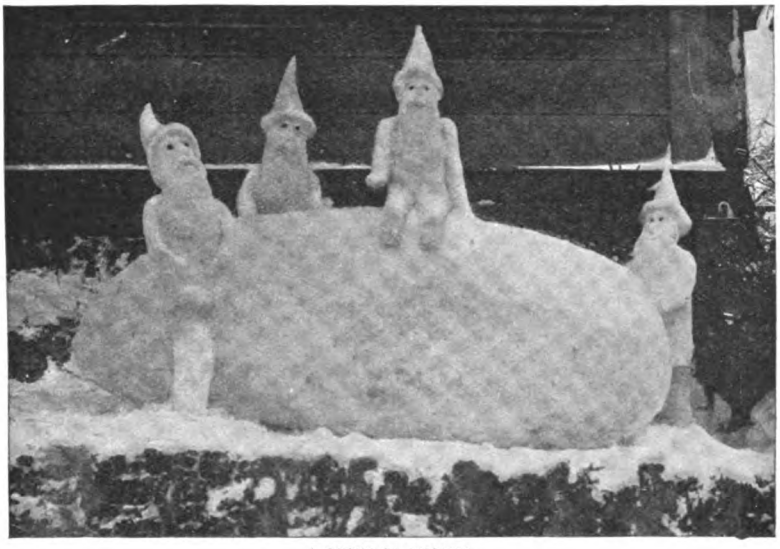
Hood and the Wolf have been particularly effective. The figures stood prominently out from a mound of snow, the wolf massive and well formed (except for a rather formidable tail), and Little Red Riding Hood, with her basket and gay apron, delightfully simple and evidently very communicative. No one could deny, after looking at this clever representa-

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD AND THE WOLF.

tion in snow of two of the most memorable figures in the recollection of our childhood, that Little Red Riding Hood was, indeed, very silly to be taken in by such an animal, and that the wolf, himself, was perfectly capable of eating any grandmother alive.

The legendary lore of Germany, it may be added, plays considerable part in such exhibitions as these. Granted that children are to have a share in the festivities, there will always be an attempt to attract the child's eye and please his imagination. To the boys and girls, therefore, of Andreasberg Little Red Riding Hood appealed strongly, but not more so than did the group representing Hanzel and Grethel. Every German child knows by heart the story of the "Babes in the Wood"—how they were sent from home by an impatient mother; how they were put to sleep by the sandman, and how they wakened joyfully, only to find themselves in the presence of the wicked witch who ate children and lived in a gingerbread house. Well, here they are, as large as life, in the presence of an icy-hearted old witch, who, with a cat by her side and a bird of evil omen on her shoulder, sits in front of her hut—not of ginger-bread, but of snow—a menace, indeed, to the little ones. As the lovely fairy story goes, Hanzel and Grethel later roasted the poor old witch. The wicked being in our picture simply melted away.

HANZEL AND GRETHEL.

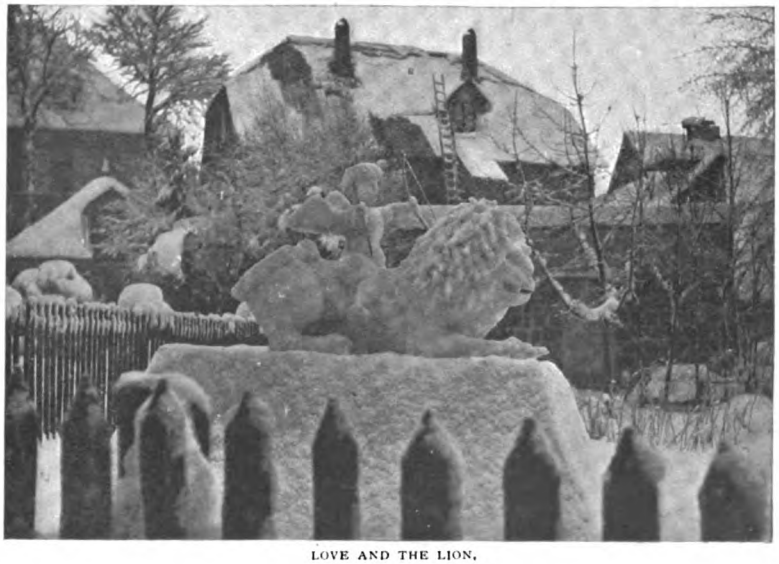


A GROUP OF GNOMES.

The group of gnomes likewise illustrates the successful search through fairy-land for pretty subjects in snow-modelling. Gnomes, in general—perhaps not the little, long-bearded men of white shown in our picture—are supposed to be the guardians of mines and quarries, and they have a name in legend for pranks of the most mischievous sort. But the gnomes made by the Harz snow-moulder are too firmly attached to their frozen base to do harm even to the most sensitive child who might look upon them. What this frozen base represents would puzzle a scientist to know. Perhaps it represents a stone dug from one of their quarries, over which the fine little creatures are keeping guard.

As the competition in the Harz is open to everybody, and as the householders in Andreasberg are keenly alive to the success of their festival, it is not to be wondered at that the struggle for the prizes is well fought and the variety of subjects great. Nearly every inhabitant takes a hand in the modelling, and the various subjects are chosen after general consultation among small groups of competitors. The garden or lawn of some member of each group is selected for the display, and the work proceeds as soon as the festival, thanks to a good fall of snow, is assured of success. This accounts for the fact that many of our illustrations show, in their backgrounds, the houses of the people of Andreasberg.

So well do these different snow-models tell their own story that it seems needless to describe them at length. "Love and the Lion" was an impressive piece of "statuary," in making which the artist spent more labour upon the figure of Love than he did upon the Lion. The result is shown in the caricature—it can be called nothing else—of the lion's mouth. Yet the group was distinctly effective. "An Eskimo Hut" was a failure, and had to be publicly entitled

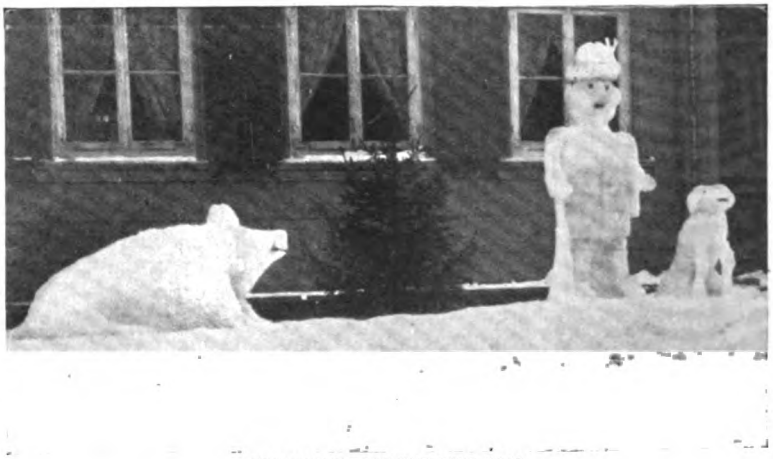


LOVE AND THE LION.

AN ESKIMO HUT.

"Eskimo Hütte," in order that people might know what it was. The "Equestrienne" was much more worthy of notice, as the horse alone deserved to be called a horse simply by virtue of its graceful outlines. The legs were a trifle unnatural, however, and the dressed-up dummy on the horse's back failed to convince, on account of its unnatural pose.

The "Hunter and the Wild Boar" is introduced in this article merely to emphasize the difference between badly and well-arranged grouping of snow-models. The artist here attempted to do too much, and each of his models is dangerously near mediocrity.



THE HUNTER AND THE WILD BOAR.

AN EQUESTRIENNE.

There is, likewise, some satisfaction in the thought that all electric-cars are not so unstable as that shown in the following illustration—albeit this piece of handiwork was a feature of one festival. There we have a fairly good reproduction of the modern method of street travel in Germany. But, alas,

AN ELECTRIC TRAMCAR.

for the efforts of the maker! The front of his car, designedly intended as the most effective part of the structure, has, owing to his own carelessness or the interference of King Sol, become warped to a degree that suggests pending collapse and imminent danger to the motor-man below.

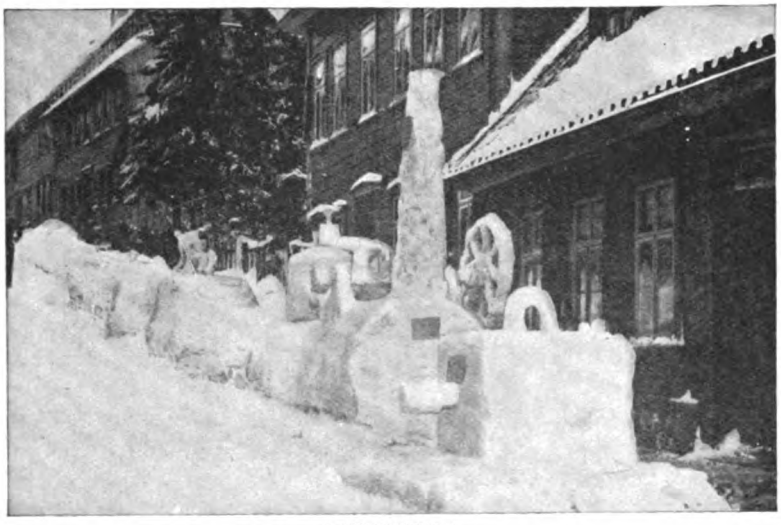
Caricatures of the human face are easy, but truthful, accurate reproductions of the human features are exceedingly difficult. The "Wild Man of the Woods" is, of course, a model of a mythical personage; but for all that the face is dull and "wooden," and appears to have been done with just enough care to satisfy the onlookers that a human head and face was intended. We think any of our readers could have been as successful.

The representation of the huge engine on the following page is the result of the arduous work of two local engineers. The boiler, the chimney, the fly-wheel, the safety-valve, and innumerable complicated parts have all been included and are most cleverly fashioned; while the dynamo in the foreground will probably be worked by the steam-engine when fairies shall be the only inhabitants of Andreasberg, or when snow shall be unknown in the Harz Mountains.

Humour is not altogether absent, for we have a sarcastic representation of modern ways as understood by the wily snow artist, who depicts three women playing a game of cards, while the husband is busy at the wash-tub!

THE WILD MAN OF THE WOODS.

A few more words about the festival may not be out of place. It includes, besides the exhibits of snow-modelling shown herewith, many interesting competitions in skating, ski-running, racing, etc., these being contested by large numbers of athletes — principally from snow-clad countries like Sweden and Norway — who come to Andreasberg to compete for world's championships or to uphold



A STEAM-ENGINE.

honours already won. The first winter festival was organized in 1895, and four thousand people took part one year in the health-giving fun. Each festival opens on a Saturday with the reception of guests at the railway station. They are met by a large number of sleighs, and the guests continue to arrive until long past midnight. Sunday follows with a sleighing party.

In the afternoon of Sunday races take place, and in the evening a grand banquet is held, at which speeches are made by the invited guests and local dignitaries. Fireworks, illuminations, and a concert in the market-place end the festivities of the day.

On Tuesday the races are continued, and ski-jumping prizes are contested for. The judging of the snow-models is, however, the event of the day that interests most of the inhabitants, and the judges may be said to have the hardest duty of the festival in deciding who of the people in the village may best deserve the prizes offered by the magistrate. The success of the snow-modelling depends, of course, as much upon the condition of the snow as upon anything else, and the lucky competitor is usually the one who has had the foresight not to begin modelling before the proper time. Many a good model has been lost to fame because the sculptor's work began to melt before the judges came round!

The prizes are given to the winners at a breakfast next day, and the festival ends in good fellowship and general satisfaction.

HUMOUR IN SNOW: THE WOMEN ARE PLAYING CARDS WHILE THE HUSBAND DOES THE WASHING.

By Winifred Graham.

ON Christmas Eve all looked typically bright and cheerful at Castlecourt, the old Irish home of the Darling family.

Sir Christopher, a keen sportsman, always insisted upon wintering in Ireland, and was a familiar figure in hunting circles, though his pretty young wife occasionally breathed heresy by whispering that the sunny Riviera—for her—held charms.

But at Christmas-time any such wandering thought was held captive by old associations. A large house-party made Castlecourt the merriest possible abode, and Lady Darling, well known as a London hostess, showed her friends what real Irish hospitality meant.

"I have just received such a funny letter from some poor man in the town," she told a little group of music-lovers gathered round the piano.

Lady Darling, a skilled instrumentalist, had half the opera scores at her finger ends She pointed as she spoke to a very dirty envelope lying amongst her music, addressed in an uneducated hand to "Lady Dawlin, Kertlecort."

"My correspondent seems to think I know him," she laughed. "At any rate he knows me, which is half the battle! Do read the epistle, it will really amuse you."

She rose from the piano and handed the soiled envelope to one of her guests, a blue-eyed young man, with a passion for Wagner.

He read its contents aloud, to the general merriment of the listeners:—

"Most Noble, Kind, and Good Lady,—O'Callaghan appeals to you for a little donation to aid me on as I am a cripple. Five shillings would enable me, my lady, to get what I wants—some pictures, landscapes, battles, and small kerchefs, as they are light to carry about and sell in the country. You are the only noble, humane, and good lady to me always when I would appeal to your ladyship for any aid, which is about five years ago, and the reason I have trespass on your kindness now, my lady, is my arm got sore from the crutch, and I had to stay indoors for eight days and had to spend the five shillings I had saved by hard industry, to pay sixpence a night for my bed and to get a cup of tea and bread once a day, and it left me as poor as poor. I humbly appeals to you for the five shillings to get the little articles to carry about as the arm is well, and not to

be idling about the streets, no matter how disabled I am. My lady, it is in your power to aid me to get them. Sincerely hopping you are well in health, my lady, I am, my lady, your humble, sincere, and grateful John O'Callaghan.

"O'Callaghan will call at Kertlecort House on Christmas Eve about four o'clock for Lady Dawlin's kind answer and said five shillings to try and get the little articles.

"JOHN O'CALLAGHAN."

A burst of laughter greeted the final words.

"'And said five shillings!' He is going to make quite sure of that!" declared one of the listeners. "How funny the poor Irish are!"

"Yes; they simply convulse me!" declared another. "If I lived here I should keep all the begging letters; they would be much more entertaining to collect than picture post-cards."

No one noticed, while the letter was being read, a little girl steal softly into the spacious music-room, through folding-doors, and down a flight of shallow oaken steps. She had dark, waving hair, caught up high on her head by a big scarlet bow of soft silk—American fashion—a very short red frock, and tiny red shoes. She seemed part of the surrounding colour scheme, for the carpet, hangings, and upholstering were an intense crimson, matched by masses of berries in large bowls on the tables.

She stood in the firelight by the stone-hooded mantelpiece, listening with wide-open eyes to the light-hearted jokes levelled at O'Callaghan's expense.

Then, suddenly, as if she could bear it no longer, she came quickly forward, her lips quivering nervously, her little hands out-stretched.

"Oh, mummy," she said, "you will give him the five shillings! You see, if he got those things he could ask people for money on the road without seeming to beg. Poor O'Callaghan hates to seem to beg."

She was quite breathless by this time, clutching her mother's arm.

"Why, Diamond," said Lady Darling, for thus the child had been quaintly named, "what do you know of O'Callaghan?"

"He—he is a friend of mine," answered the little girl, shyly. "Nurse and I often meet him when we are out. I didn't think you would laugh, because he really has been very ill, and—and I advised him to write to you. He writes so few letters that I dare say it wasn't very easy for him."

Diamond's bright eyes, almost tearful now, saw only the human suffering and sorrow under those oddly-expressed lines. What had merely amused these society men and women pierced the keener perception of that young, fresh heart.

"Why, of course he shall have the money," said Lady Darling, "and you can give it to him when he calls, if you like, Diamond. I don't want to be bothered to talk to him. I know what these people are, with their interminable blessings."

She took two comfortable half-crowns from her purse and handed them to the delighted child.

"May he have my old organ too?" asked Diamond; "the one we put the round tunes in on the yellow cards? I really don't want it any more."

If the words were not quite accurate, Diamond tried to think she was speaking the truth. She would not have had her mother know for the world the pang it cost her to part with her beloved toy.

"Oh! that horrid thing which plays out of tune," said Lady Darling. "Yes, certainly let O'Callaghan have it! I am sure if he takes it about people will pay him to go away. Such an instrument will be quite a source of income!"

Diamond smiled. She knew well, young as she was, the only sacrifices worth making were the hopeful, bright, happy ones, given without a grudge.

As she ran joyfully to the door Lady Darling called to her:—

"Don't forget to come down after tea—we are all going to be children, because it's Christmas Eve—and open our presents in the hall! I wouldn't be surprised if we had snap-dragon or played 'blind man's buff'!"

Diamond looked back, laughing.

"How lovely!" she gasped. "It's striking four now. I dare say O'Callaghan is here!"

She flew upstairs in search of the organ, still grasping the money close in her little palm.

She never realized how much she loved her organ till that minute! The dear old tunes grown so familiar, the dances to which her tiny feet tripped and twinkled—what matter that they were out of tune? Diamond's spirits had always made up for that, being perfectly in harmony and tune with the whole world.

"A source of income"—mother had said it—"a source of income for O'Callaghan!" It was very hard to have only bread and tea; perhaps the organ would bring him a little butter and jam, too.

Accordingly, Diamond's favourite toy was carried below and given to the delighted O'Callaghan, together with five shillings from the small philanthropist's warm, eager fingers.

"I want your luck to change, O'Callaghan," she said, "because to-morrow will be Christmas Day, when everyone ought to be happy."

"By the help of God and this elegant organ, it will be a strange thing if it doesn't, little lady!"

O'Callaghan was almost tearful in his gratitude as he grasped Diamond's hand. She did not notice that his were dirty; she saw only the light of hope leap to his sunken eyes. The pinched, thin face looked radiant for the moment, as he lingered on the doorstep, before vanishing into the night mists.

"There is a fair on this evening at Ballyglen," he continued, pointing to the town. "I will hurry meself back as fast as this crutch can stump it, and play some fine music in the market-place. Be jabers! It ought to bring in the price of an egg from young and old!"

He trembled with excitement, and his mood infected Diamond.

"I am so glad," she cried. "I wish I could be there to see! Don't lose any time! Good-bye, O'Callaghan, good-bye."

"Heaven bless you, little lady, and may you grow up to be a real fine lady, the full o' the door, and get a noble gentleman to keep you in gold and silver all your life."

With this strange blessing O'Callaghan departed, for to his eye a full-blown, buxom woman was the highest type of beauty.

"'I WANT YOUR LUCK TO CHANGE, O'CALLAGHAN,' SHE SAID."

The little slip of a girl watched his crippled walk as he passed along the grey stone terrace to the drive beyond.

As Diamond stood there quite alone an idea came to her—one of those wonderful sudden ideas, like a lightning flash.

By nature the child was ardent, spontaneous, almost recklessly generous. It was glorious, she knew, to help others, especially if in doing so you sacrificed yourself. This lesson needed no teaching, but was known by instinct; the piteous figure of the lame man appealed instinctively to sympathy.

Unseen, Diamond slipped through the open door, gently closed it, and ran hatless, despite the biting cold, in the direction taken by O'Callaghan. She caught him up just by a group of magnificent beech trees.

"Wait a moment," she cried, breathlessly. "I am coming with you to the fair, O'Callaghan; yes, really!" laughing at his surprise. "I am going to make a lot of money for you, and no one will know me! I can get myself dirty directly by rubbing snow on my dress and tearing it—to look like your clothes. I'll take off my hair ribbon and my stockings, but I must keep my shoes on to dance in!"

"To dance in!" gasped O'Callaghan.

"Of course. Don't you see I am going to dance for you?" replied Diamond, releasing her curls and shaking them over her face. "I learnt step-dancing when we were in London last summer. I used to do it in the drawing-room to the tunes on the organ, only mother played them for me then, as she liked the piano best!"

Already Diamond was pulling off her stockings to make herself like the peasant children.

O'Callaghan muttered a faint protest and beamed all over his face. Shure the saints would reward a young lady who showed so much daring in the cause of charity, and who was he to be hindering her from winning favour with the aristocracy of Heaven?

Thus he calmed his conscience, as Diamond secreted her stockings in the niche of an old brick wall.

"Perhaps," she said, "Santa Claus may find them while I'm gone, as it's Christmas Eve. You know he is very clever about seeing stockings in the dark."

She could not help thinking of the good time she must miss after tea, when all the house-party would be opening their presents in the oak-panelled hall. There might possibly be parcels with her name upon them, but she would be far away, dancing for O'Callaghan at Ballyglen Fair!

It was at least a good farewell to take of the dear old organ! She felt certain the Ballyglen people liked to see dancing quite as much as the ladies and gentlemen who applauded her in the London drawing-room, with its inlaid, polished floor.

As they trudged to the little country town O'Callaghan kept up a lively conversation with the small girl, fearing every moment lest she should change her mind and turn back.

He did not know the resolve and courage inherited by this tiny maiden from a long line of Darling ancestors.

At last the lights of Ballyglen came in sight. On Christmas Eve all the peasantry left their cabins, to crowd to the market-place, busy with buying, selling, gossip, and wild horse-play.

"There—there are a great many people!" stammered Diamond.

She was very cold, as O'Callaghan's lameness necessitated slow walking. She pretended to herself this was the reason her teeth chattered; she would not own her heart stood still with sudden, unexpected fear.

"Surely," he replied. "What would you be looking for? Christmas Eve is as good as a wake any day!"

He took up his position by the grey stone Court House in the centre of the main street, and began turning the handle of the small organ with a will—Diamond showing him how to insert the tunes.

"This is my favourite dance," she said. "I did it at a children's bazaar in London."

The moment the familiar tune broke upon her ear Diamond forgot cold, shyness, and that strange shrinking from the grimy Irish faces which she at first experienced. Off went the little feet, round flew the short, snow-bespattered skirts, while dishevelled curls in bewitching disorder floated on the evening breeze. Diamond, graceful as a sylph, threw her whole energy into the performance. Her eyes seemed dancing with her body, her lips were parted in a smile, without which a dance is dead. Instantly a crowd gathered, for here was an exhilarating novelty, actually something new in Ballyglen. O'Callaghan had never been seen with an organ before, and the townsfolk mistook the little dancing girl for a stranger in their midst.

Shouts of applause, loud compliments, and clapping of hands greeted Diamond's efforts. When she paused to rest, making a pretty little bow, the sight of the delighted faces sent a thrill through the breathless child.

"Aye, my beauty, don't let them judge you by words; let them judge you by deeds!" cried O'Callaghan, giving her his cap and intimating that she should hand it round to the spectators. Instead, with a pretty smile, she placed the cap on the ground, saying if they had anything for O'Callaghan they might throw it that way. Instantly a shower of coppers greeted the suggestion, and several pieces of silver, for among the onlookers were one or two well-to-do tradesmen who had stopped out of curiosity.

O'Callaghan's eyes nearly started out of his head as he grabbed the gain.

"By St. Patrick," he gasped, "if some good craythur isn't for fetching me a little refreshment I'll be fainting clean away!"

The crowd shouted for another dance, and this time Diamond placed an Irish jig in the organ, while a friend of O'Callaghan's brought him the desired "refreshment" in a mug from a neighbouring public-house. In his hungry condition the strong drink went quickly to his head. He played the jig erratically, making it difficult for Diamond to fit in her steps, but her audience were blissfully unaware of any discrepancies! Some more coppers were forthcoming, a few farthings and halfpence this time, all gratefully received by the now exhilarated O'Callaghan.

Fresh faces appeared momentarily to swell the ranks of Diamond's admirers. She bent over O'Callaghan, who signed to her to fix another tune in the organ.

"I am very sorry," she told him, politely, "but I think I must go now. It is nearly

"HE PLAYED THE JIG ERRATICALLY, MAKING IT DIFFICULT FOR DIAMOND TO FIT IN HER STEPS."

my bedtime, and, you see, I have a long walk home. I am afraid it will be too dark for me even to find my stockings again."

O'Callaghan stared up at her with a queer, wild look that completely altered his face.

"Going!" he snarled, snatching her arm; "not if I know it! You've got to dance first—or there will be murther!"

He shook his fist threateningly, and seemed preparing for an onslaught with his crutch.

"I am never going to let you leave me!" he muttered. "Never so long as I live!"

For a moment disappointment battled with fear in the child's mind. She had done so much for O'Callaghan, giving up her pleasant evening to come out in the cold and help him. Now he said no word of thanks—he only wanted her to prolong her sacrifice.

"I can't—I can't stay!" she cried, dragging her arm from him and trying to make her escape quickly through the dense crowd.

"Stop her! Stop her!" shrieked O'Callaghan. "She's no right to be leaving of me!"

His words caused general dissension. One or two rough hands caught hold of Diamond, while several voices proclaimed the child should be left alone. Among the prevailing confusion Diamond felt suffocated and faint. In her weak child's voice she called "Help! help!" with all the breath left to her.

Suddenly the crowd fell back. Women curtsied low, men bared their heads. It seemed to Diamond that the King of England must unexpectedly have appeared to cause such homage.

Looking up she found herself standing unmolested, face to face with the parish priest.

"If you please, yer reverence," said a woman from under a huge shawl, "she's English, and O'Callaghan says she belongs to him. You'll see, if you spake to her, she's never one of us. I saw that with my eyes shut."

Father Malone put a protecting hand on the little Protestant girl's shoulder.

"I am Diamond Darling from Castlecourt," the child explained, tearfully, "and I am so tired! Will you please take me home?"

She nestled up against him with a confiding air, made the more winning by her complete weariness.

The parish priest was a muscular man, and he lifted the tired child-form like a feather, carrying her tenderly in his protecting arms to the shelter of the great white convent near by.

Her head lay confidingly on his shoulder; by the time he handed her to the nuns she had fallen into a sound sleep.

"Take good care of her while I ride to Castlecourt," he said. "I think I shall be a welcome visitor, for the little one must have been missed."

Diamond was still asleep when Sir Christopher and Lady Darling arrived in a closed carriage to fetch the wanderer.

The sisters had wrapped her in a blanket and dried her wet clothes. They beamed upon Lady Darling as she thanked them warmly, and saluted her with the nun's kiss.

Sir Christopher carried the still slumbering child to the carriage. His face showed he had passed through hours of anxiety.

Once Diamond started up crying, "I can't—I can't stay!" in a voice of terror; then, seeing her parents, she laughed softly and sank back into her father's arms. "Your fur is so soft," she murmured, stroking the sable collar of his overcoat. "I am so glad you are my father and not O'Callaghan!"

"HE LIFTED THE CHILD-FORM LIKE A FEATHER, CARRYING HER TENDERLY IN HIS PROTECTING ARMS."

Giants in Procession.

By D. K. Thompson.

A ROUGH-AND-READY measurement by rule of thumb will convince anyone that the rather important-looking gentleman below stands about thirty feet high on his feet. His arm, from his shoulder to his finger-tips, is about half that length, and his girth about twelve feet. To go further into petty details, his moustaches from end to end are slightly less than three feet, and each hair in his glossy whiskers droops upon his bosom to the distance of thirty inches. Powerfully built, with the majesty befitting his ancient lineage, his proportions are as nearly exact as the skill of a human carpenter could make him. This Goliath was a well-knit specimen of his race. He was an ornament to his sex, and ever possessed one advantage over his lesser fellows in that he could shake hands with his admirers in second-storied windows.

Some years ago, in Lille, there took place a procession in which this gentleman, the famous Goliath of Ypres, fetched in a cart from a town many miles away, was the great and glorious figure. He was followed along the street by a crowd of worshippers, many of whom had come with him from his place of birth. Under his arm he bore the truncheon of his municipality in pride, and on his neck its coat of arms. His breast-covering was a coat of mail, and about him there was something that no one could help liking. His face was bronzed as if with many perilous campaigns, and his only misfortune was that he could not properly walk. In fact, he had to be moved along by some two-score men, and in his progress there were anxious moments for those behind lest he should disastrously totter over and crush to death the six-feet manikins in his train.

Lille was once the capital of French Flanders, which, in common with the Flemish part of Belgium, delights in keeping alive the traditions of its past. Here, as elsewhere, Flemish customs are celebrated with a spirit second to none, so that a Flemish day of festival is, in many details, a replica of festivals celebrated centuries ago. On these occasions finery and figures appear in public as if the latter in their clothes had walked bodily forth from the canvases of Teniers and Van Eyck. The *Kermesse* still celebrates, albeit in a subdued form, its ancient frivolous splendours, while the religious procession, or *Ommegang*, still exists in many Flemish parts as a reminder of like glories in the Church.

THE GIANT GOLIATH OF YPRES IN A PROCESSION AT LILLE.
From a Photo.

Above everything else, in their days of rejoicing the Flemings love their giants. There is no town of considerable size between the Ardennes and Antwerp which does not possess one of these colossal figures, heartily beloved by every man, woman, and child, respected by the municipality to which it belongs, and periodically brought out for inspection on occasions of public display. In some cases these figures typify the legendary lore of the district, and in others are representations of actual personages, long since dead, whose names are indelibly associated with Flemish history. They are part and parcel of that glorious bygone era when cities were the centres of trades and handicrafts, carried on with difficulty and danger, owing to troublous times within and long distances without, but often with revenues which made the municipalities as rich as Midas. Those were the times of lavish expenditure in pageantry, when Kings and Queens rode back and forth in State, and municipal dignities were jealously guarded and proclaimed with the outpouring of enthusiasm and gold.

THE BRUSSELS GIANTS IN THE FOREGROUND OF THE LILLE PROCESSION.
From a Photo.

In these civic displays the giants were always, as they are to-day in Flanders, the most popular feature of the processions. To understand how great their popularity was, one need go back only to the early records of the Lord Mayor's procession in London, when Gog and Magog—now happily at rest for ever in the Guildhall of the City—were often to be seen either borne in the procession, as are the Continental giants, or standing guard at the bridges or gates to greet dignitaries or brother giants from foreign parts. For in olden days these splendid figures used, on State occasions, to pay visits to each other as a sign of friendship between cities, and, so far as Flanders is concerned, that custom is observed at the present time. If Brussels has an anniversary of some great incident in her changeable past, or Antwerp is to receive some honoured guest, as she once did when the late Queen Victoria visited that city in 1843, then is organized a cavalcade in which the giants of other cities play an honourable part. Invitations are issued by the entertaining municipality to the giants of other towns with rigorous decorum, and these are accepted with avidity. From the local guild-hall, or from warehouses where they are stored, are taken out these majestic dummies, the dust is brushed by men, on ladders, from their faces and clothes, and if their finery be frayed they are given new costumes and new coats of paint by willing hands. The only exception to this pleasing interchange of visits is that of the famous giant of Antwerp, Antigonus, who has never left his home, simply because he is too big to go through the gates of the city.

Preceding the giant of Ypres in the Lille *cortège*—as one may see from our picture—were three or four giants of lesser height. These were a few of the representatives from the gay capital of Belgium. For Brussels, in her past, has possessed a long line of giants, new figures being introduced at different times in her own processions to celebrate different historical events. These giants have been known by different names, among which may be mentioned the popular Janneke and Mieke, two special giants known respectively as "My Uncle" and "The Grand Turk," both of which date from the era of Austrian domination, and an elderly

couple lovingly known as "Grandpapa and Grandmamma." In our picture we see this elderly couple preceded by "Mon Oncle," who, clothed in velvet with frogs of gold over a lace vest, appeared the benignant creature that he is. The Brussels group was cast somewhat into the shade by the enormous height of some other figures in the procession, but that did not lessen the tribute of admiration always paid to these pleasing figures on their public appearances.

Let us say here, that although most of the giants are of the male sex, that sex could hardly be determined from the clothes worn by the giants. Some of the giants are made of wicker and are lightly borne by the attendants, whereas others are of huge weight and carved in wood. It often requires the services of twenty men to move a giant in safety along the crowded route, and, in order that the giant's movements may appear natural, the bodies of the able porters must be hidden from sight. Accordingly, the giants, rigged out at the top of their portly bodies in male costume, end, round their limbs and feet, in the dress of woman, the flowing skirts serving well to conceal the forty legs of perspiring humanity beneath. Should a strong wind at any moment lift the giant's gown a comical sight would be afforded to the spectators.

Lille has its own particular pets in the redoubtable Lyderic and Phinaert, who walk beside each other in all processions as if they were bosom friends. And so they are. But it was not always thus, this amity so wonderful. They were once sworn enemies. Phinaert was the dread giant who was once conquered and put to death by Lyderic, at that time Grand Forester of Flanders, the place of this mortal combat being near the Château du Buc, on which site the busy city of Lille was later erected. The district was then under the rule of the Merovingians. Some have supposed that Phinaert was a king of Cambrai, and that the two monarchs, as was so common in olden, happy times, were jealous of each other's power—an estrangement which resulted in blows. Whichever story is correct, it only proves the distance over which stretches the link between present and past, and also how happily may be restored, in the slow course of ages, a relationship between the heroes of legends. The people of Lille may not be able to give chapter and verse for their belief in Lyderic and his deeds, but they relax no effort in their outward show of respect towards their fighting progenitor.

THE GIANTS LYDERIC AND PHINAERT.
From a Photo.

Apart from those grand days upon which the Flemish giants foregather in great festivals are the special days in each important town when, in connection with some municipal celebration, the local giant appears to view. Douai, in Northern France, devotes each year three or four days in July to the so-called "Fête de Gayant," which, although it is a sort of fair for commercial purposes, is, in popular regard, a lengthy festival in honour of the Gayant and his family. Doubtless, through some barbarity of pronunciation, Gayant stands for *géant*, the French name for giant; but that need not be discussed. It is enough for the dwellers in Douai to know that M. Gayant is not only the principal personage in their lively city but also the father of a magnificent family. Soon after he was created in honour of the memory of Jehan Voutiers de Cawentin, a valorous gentleman who flourished in the thirteenth century, he took unto

himself a wife called Marie, and in the course of time were born to the happy pair three children, known as Jacquot, Filion, and Binbin. The last-named was a girl, the pet of her parents, and now the pride of the populace. With one or two exceptions, when the giant and his own were shunted into oblivion by a mandatory and jealous Church, Gayant and the others have regularly appeared on all occasions of public rejoicing.

The father of this interesting family stands twenty-two feet high, and is weighty enough to require the services, as carriers, of six stalwart men. His height is considerably increased by the plume upon his helmet, and his majestic appearance more strongly emphasized by the flag-stave which he carries in his right hand. Mme. Gayant is two feet less in height, while the statures of the children range from eleven feet to eight, the height of little Binbin. The costumes of all have changed considerably in course of time. Each in his or her turn has paid a tribute to the prevailing *mode*, and at each period when the figures had been subjected to restoration, each has been clothed according to the whim of the restorer.

M. AND MME. GAYANT, THE GIANTS OF DOUAI.
From a Photo. by Baron, Douai.

Besides being the most travelled giants

JACQUOT AND FILION, THEIR SON AND DAUGHTER.
From a Photo.

LITTLE BINBIN, THEIR BABY GIRL.
From a Photo.

From a Photo. by] THE GIANT OF CALAIS. *[Eugène Carpot, Calais.*

in Europe—for time and time again they have been bidden to other people's feasts—they are, in every respect, the most decorative in existence. Gay with colours of wonderful hue, they make their way through the streets of Douai and other towns with a splendid pride. Gayant himself is clothed like a Crusader with a magnificent scarlet robe upon his shoulders. Madame wears a less gaudy gown with blue trimmings on her arm and wrist, and a scarlet hat. Mlle. Filion wears a blue gown with a petticoat of yellow stripes, while Binbin, the simplest figure of all, is clothed in white with blue trimmings. Jacquot is distinguished by blue velvet, a white ruff about his neck, and black plumes upon his hat. It is said that the actual head of Gayant dates from 1600, and that it was the work of the renowned Rubens.

Calais possesses giants of a different sort. Seemingly they boast no historic past and are thoroughly up to date. One of them, a huge figure dressed like a mariner or fisherman, represents, in concrete form, the daily life of that thriving port, and, in fact, almost smells of sea-water. The other is a sort of joke, being a female figure clothed like a laundrywoman and represented in procession with a tub before her. Both figures are so heavy that they have to be led about on cars, the *blanchisseuse* being drawn along by four strong horses. After passage through the streets to the music of a band and the genuine enjoyment of the youth of Calais, they are marshalled in front of the Hôtel de Ville, where the functionaries of Calais respectfully receive the somewhat awkward bows of these two local favourites. In connection with this it may be stated that nearly all the giants possess the power of moving head and arms, and of making suave curtsies to the surrounding throng. Some of them, like smaller *automata*, move their eyes and tongues.

At Dunkirk, close to Calais, but yet far enough away to avoid the influence of frivolity and modernity, exists one of the

From a Photo. by] THE LAUNDRYWOMAN OF CALAIS. *[Eugène Carpot, Calais.*

most celebrated giants in the north of France, namely, the "Reuse Papa" of Dunkirk. Nothing is known about him before 1755, but for some time he figured regularly in the procession of Sainte Jeanne, a religious and historical festival of maritime Flanders, and was in many cases accompanied by inferior giants, mainly members of his own growing family. The wife, named Gentille, dressed as a Watteau shepherdess, was occasionally accompanied by another giant on horseback, named Tintenka.

From a Photo. by] THE FAMOUS "PAPA REUSE" OF DUNKIRK. *[Faleiny, Dunkirk.*

Papa Reuse is made of osier, and stands about twelve feet high, clothed in blue with gold trimmings, and was formerly carried by a dozen men, who moved him at their will. What mostly excited the old-time crowd, however, was the fact that he carried in his pocket a baby about nine feet high, who from time to time emitted a piercing cry, which was appeased by the offer of sweets from the crowd. Thanks to the Church and the Revolution, however, his career was very chequered, and for many years he and his fellow fun-makers dropped out of sight. It has been happily written by M. Jules Beck, of Dunkirk, that during his enforced seclusion Papa Reuse contracted the rheumatism which prevented him afterwards from promenading on foot, and he now shows himself on a triumphal car, holding in one hand the reins which control his leaping coursers.

A very handsome giant is Reuse, with his semi-Roman armour, his fine casque, and his glaring eyes, which frighten the small children when his car appears. His progress is accompanied by a special song and music composed long ago in his honour, probably in the Middle Ages, since in those days the poets had a marked predilection for the trochaic rhythm in which this song is written. Occasionally a group of fifers escort Reuse in procession and play a special bit of music from the pen of a local composer. Many variants of the "Reuselied" are to be found in Flanders, each version containing references to the local giant, all of which goes to show that in times past music was an essential part of all processions in which giants appeared. At Douai the famous "Chant de Gayant" is always sung.

The Dunkirk giant is an enormous favourite in the towns of maritime Flanders, particularly in Calais and Cassel, in which latter place a procession of giants is regularly held. Cassel possesses its own colossal pets, one of whom is supposed to be a personification of Robert-le-Frison, who, in 1071, won the battle of Cassel, and was later interred with honour in the town. That his gigantic double is held

From a Photo. by] THE GIANTS OF CASSEL. *[Falciny, Dunkirk.*

in great honour is shown by a letter once written by a young woman of Cassel. "I have seen," she wrote, "all the giants of the North, but none can be compared to ours; he is so beautiful, his figure is so martial and imposing." And, in our illustration, he looks so, indeed, with his warlike beard and fighting armour. The scene is the public square of Cassel, in which an abundant crowd always gathers to witness the parade.

The giants of Nivelles, favourites in song and legend, are three in number, known as M. and Mme. Argayon and their little Lolo. The head of this fine family is over sixteen feet in height, and is clothed sumptuously in the style of the Renaissance with a long velvet skirt and a doublet of the same material embroidered with gold. Velvet figures prominently in the dress of his wife, while little Lolo, about five feet high, wears a child's dress and a padded cap of blue. In our illustration these giants are represented in the company of Godet, their favourite mount, now ridden in procession as a hobby-horse by a twentieth-century retainer. The famous cannons of Nivelles, which likewise are features of the procession, are shown near the family of Argayon, as its members stand for their photograph just previous to their progress through the town.

M. AND MME. ARGAYON AND THEIR LITTLE LOLO, THE GIANTS OF NIVELLES.
From a Photo. by H. Basse, Nivelles.

That Brute Simmons.

By Arthur Morrison.

[This humorous little story, which is taken from the author's "Tales of Mean Streets," by the kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Methuen and Co., is the source of the one-act play of the same title now running with such success at the New Theatre in front of Mr. W. W. Jacobs's amusing farce, "Beauty and the Barge." The story is here illustrated in a novel fashion by means of photographs, taken by the Biograph Studio Co., of the actors as they appear in the piece upon the stage.]

SIMMONS'S infamous behaviour towards his wife is still matter for profound wonderment among the neighbours. The other women had all along regarded him as a model husband, and certainly Mrs. Simmons was a most conscientious wife. She toiled and slaved for that man, as any woman in the whole street would have maintained, far more than any husband had a right to expect. And now this was what she got for it. Perhaps he had suddenly gone mad.

Before she married Simmons, Mrs. Simmons had been the widowed Mrs. Ford. Ford had got a berth as donkeyman on a tramp steamer, and that steamer had gone down with all hands off the Cape; a judgment, the widow woman feared, for long years of contumacy which had culminated in the wickedness of taking to the sea, and taking to it as a donkeyman—an immeasurable fall for a capable engine-fitter. Twelve years as Mrs. Ford had left her still childless, and childless she remained as Mrs. Simmons.

As for Simmons, he, it was held, was fortunate in that capable wife. He was a moderately good carpenter and joiner, but no man of the world, and he wanted one. Nobody could tell what might not have happened to Tommy Simmons if there had been no Mrs. Simmons to take care of him. He was a meek and quiet man, with a boyish face and sparse, limp whiskers. He had no vices (even his pipe departed him after his marriage), and Mrs. Simmons had engrafted on him divers exotic virtues. He went solemnly to chapel every Sunday, under a tall hat, and put a penny—one returned to him for the purpose out of his week's wages—in the plate. Then, Mrs. Simmons overseeing, he took off his best clothes and brushed them with solicitude and pains. On Saturday afternoons he cleaned the knives, the forks, the boots, the kettles, and the windows, patiently and conscientiously. On Tuesday evenings he took the clothes to the mangling, and on Saturday nights he attended Mrs. Simmons in her marketing, to carry the parcels.

Mrs. Simmons's own virtues were native and numerous. She was a wonderful manager. Every penny of Tommy's thirty-six or thirty-eight shillings a week was bestowed to the greatest advantage, and Tommy never ventured to guess how much of it she saved. Her cleanliness in housewifery was distracting to behold. She met Simmons at the front door whenever he came home, and then and there he changed his boots for slippers,

"SHE MET SIMMONS AT THE FRONT DOOR WHENEVER HE CAME HOME, AND THEN AND THERE HE CHANGED HIS BOOTS FOR SLIPPERS."

balancing himself painfully on alternate feet on the cold flags. This was because she scrubbed the passage and doorstep turn about with the wife of the downstairs family, and because the stair-carpet was her own. She vigilantly supervised her husband all through the process of "cleaning himself" after work, so as to come between her walls and the possibility of random splashes; and if, in spite of her diligence, a spot remained to tell the tale, she was at pains to impress the fact on Simmons's memory, and to set forth at length all the circumstances of his ungrateful selfishness. In the beginning she had always escorted him to the ready-made clothes shop, and had selected and paid for his clothes, for the reason that men are such perfect fools and shopkeepers do as they like with them. But she presently improved on that. She found a man selling cheap remnants at a street corner, and straightway she conceived the idea of making Simmons's clothes herself. Decision was one of her virtues, and a suit of uproarious check tweeds was begun that afternoon from the pattern furnished by an old one. More—it was finished by Sunday, when Simmons, overcome by astonishment at the feat, was indued in it and pushed off to chapel ere he could recover his senses. The things were not altogether comfortable, he found: the trousers clung tight against his shins, but hung loose behind his heels, and when he sat it was on a wilderness of hard folds and seams. Also his waistcoat collar tickled his nape, but his coat collar went straining across from shoulder to shoulder, while the main garment bagged generously below his waist. Use made a habit of his discomfort, but it never reconciled him to the chaff of his shop-mates; for as Mrs. Simmons elaborated successive suits, each one modelled on the last, the primal accidents of her design developed into principles, and grew even bolder and more hideously pronounced. It was vain for Simmons to hint—as hint he did—that he shouldn't like her to overwork herself, tailoring being bad for the eyes, and there was a new tailor's in the Mile End Road, very cheap, where . . . "Ho yus," she retorted, "you're very consid'rit I dessay sittin' there actin' a livin' lie before your own wife Thomas Simmons as though I couldn't see through you like a book a lot you care about overworkin' me as long as *your* turn's served throwin' away money like dirt in the street on a lot o' swindlin' tailors an' me workin' an' slavin' 'ere to save a 'apenny an' this is my return for it anyone 'ud think you could pick up money in the 'orseroad an' I b'lieve I'd be thought better of if I laid in bed all day like some would that I do." So that Thomas Simmons avoided the subject, nor even murmured when she resolved to cut his hair.

"A SUIT OF UPROARIOUS CHECK TWEEDS."

So his placid fortune endured for years. Then there came a golden summer evening when Mrs. Simmons betook herself with a basket to do some small shopping, and Simmons was left at home. He washed and

put away the tea-things, and then he fell to meditating on a new pair of trousers, finished that day and hanging behind the parlour door. There they hung, in all their decent innocence of shape in the seat, and they were shorter of leg, longer of waist, and wilder of pattern than he had ever worn before. And as he looked on them the small devil of Original Sin awoke and clamoured in his breast. He was ashamed of it, of course, for well he knew the gratitude he owed his wife for those same trousers, among other blessings. Still, there the small devil was, and the small devil was fertile in base suggestions, and could not be kept from hinting at the new crop of workshop gibes that would spring at Tommy's first public appearance in such things.

"HE DID NOT EVEN MURMUR WHEN SHE RESOLVED TO CUT HIS HAIR."

"Pitch 'em in the dustbin!" said the small devil at last; "it's all they're fit for."

Simmons turned away in sheer horror of his wicked self, and for a moment thought of washing the tea-things over again by way of discipline. Then he made for the back room, but saw from the landing that the front door was standing open, probably by the fault of the child downstairs. Now, a front door standing open was a thing that Mrs. Simmons would *not* abide; it looked low. So Simmons went down, that she might not be wroth with him for the thing when she came back, and as he shut the door he looked forth into the street.

A man was loitering on the pavement, and prying curiously about the door. His face was tanned, his hands were deep in the pockets of his unbraced blue trousers, and well back on his head he wore the high-crowned peaked cap topped with a knob of wool, which is affected by Jack ashore about the docks. He lurched a step nearer to the door and, "Mrs. Ford ain't in, is she?" he said.

Simmons stared at him for a matter of five seconds and then said, "Eh?"

"Mrs. Ford as was, then—Simmons now, ain't it?"

He said this with a furtive leer that Simmons neither liked nor understood.

"No," said Simmons, "she ain't in now."

"You ain't her 'usband, are ye?"

"Yus."

The man took his pipe from his mouth and grinned silently and long. "Blimy," he said at length, "you look the sort o' bloke she'd like," and with that he grinned again. Then, seeing that Simmons made ready to shut the door, he put a foot on the sill and a hand against the panel. "Don't be in a 'urry, matey," he said; "I come 'ere t'ave a little talk with you, man to man, d'ye see?" And he frowned fiercely.

Tommy Simmons felt uncomfortable, but the door would not shut, so he parleyed. "Wot-jer want?" he asked. "I dunno you."

"Then if you'll excuse the liberty I'll interdooce meself, in a manner of speaking." He touched his cap with a bob of mock humility. "I'm Bob Ford," he said, "come back out o' kingdom-come, so to say. Me as went down with the *Mooltan*—safe dead five year gone. I come to see my wife."

During this speech Thomas Simmons's jaw was dropping lower and lower. At the end of it he poked his fingers up through his hair, looked down at the mat, then up at the fanlight, then out into the street, then hard at his visitor, but he found nothing to say.

"Come to see my wife," the man repeated. "So now we can talk it over—as man to man."

Simmons slowly shut his mouth and led the way upstairs mechanically, his fingers still in his hair. A sense of the state of affairs sank gradually into his brain, and the small devil woke again. Suppose this man *was* Ford? Suppose he *did* claim his wife? Would it be a knock-down blow? Would it hit him out—or not? He thought of the trousers, the tea-things, the mangling, the knives, the kettles, and the windows, and he thought of them in the way of a backslider.

On the landing Ford clutched at his arm, and asked in a hoarse whisper, "'Ow long 'fore she's back?"

"'Bout a hour, I expect," Simmons replied, having first of all repeated the question in his own mind. And then he opened the parlour door.

"Ah!" said Ford, looking about him, "you've bin pretty comf'table. Them chairs an' things"—jerking his pipe towards them—"was hers—mine, that is to say, speaking straight and man to man." He sat down, puffing meditatively at his pipe, and presently, "Well," he continued, "'ere I am agin, ol' Bob Ford dead an' done for—gawn down in the *Mooltan*. On'y I *ain't* done for, see?"—and he pointed the stem of his pipe at Simmons's waistcoat—"I ain't done for, 'cause why? Cons'kence o' bein' picked up by a ol' German sailin'-'utch an' took to 'Frisco 'fore the mast. I've 'ad a few years o' knockin' about since then, an' now"—looking hard at Simmons—"I've come back to see my wife."

"She—she don't like smoke in 'ere," said Simmons, as it were at random.

"'SHE DON'T LIKE SMOKE IN 'ERE,' SAID SIMMONS."

"No, I bet she don't," Ford answered, taking his pipe from his mouth and holding it low in his hand. "I know 'Anner. 'Ow d'you find 'er? Do she make ye clean the winders?"

"Well," Simmons admitted, uneasily, "I—I do 'elp 'er sometimes, o' course."

"Ah! An' the knives too, I bet, an' the bloomin' kittles. I know. W'y"—he rose and bent to look behind Simmons's head—"s'elp me, I b'lieve she cuts yer 'air! Well, I'm blowed! Jes' wot she would do, too."

He inspected the blushing Simmons from divers points of vantage. Then he lifted a leg of the trousers hanging behind the door. "I'd bet a trifle," he said, "she made these 'ere trucks. Nobody else 'ud do 'em like that. Myeyes!—they're wuss'n wot you're got on."

The small devil began to have the argument all its own way. If this man took his wife back perhaps he'd have to wear those trousers.

"Ah!" Ford pursued, "she ain't got no milder. An' my davy, wot a jore!"

Simmons began to feel that this was no longer his business. Plainly 'Anner was this other man's wife, and he was bound in honour to acknowledge the fact. The small devil put it to him as a matter of duty.

"Well," said Ford, suddenly, "time's short an' this ain't business. I won't be 'ard on you, matey. I ought prop'ly to stand on my rights, but seein' as you're a well-meanin' young man, so to speak, an' all settled an' a-livin' 'ere quiet an' matrimonual, I'll"—this with a burst of generosity—"there, yus, I'll compound the felony an' take me 'ook. Come, I'll name a figure, as man to man, fust an' last, no less an' no more. Five pound does it."

Simmons hadn't five pounds—he hadn't even five pence—and he said so. "An' I wouldn't think for to come between a man an' 'is wife," he added, "not on no account. It may be rough on me, but it's a dooty. *I'll* 'ook it."

"No," said Ford hastily, clutching Simmons by the arm, "don't do that. I'll make it a bit cheaper. Say three quid—come, that's reasonable, ain't it? Three quid ain't much compensation for me goin' away for ever—where the stormy winds do blow, so to say—an' never as much as seein' me own wife agin for better nor wuss. Between man an' man, now—three quid, an' I'll shunt. That's fair, ain't it?"

"Of course it's fair," Simmons replied, effusively. "It's more'n fair, it's noble—downright noble *I* call it. But I ain't goin' to take a mean advantage o' your good-'artedness, Mr. Ford. She's your wife, an' I oughtn't to 'a' come between you. I apologize. You stop an' 'ave yer proper rights. It's me as ought to shunt, an' I will." And he made a step towards the door.

"'Old on," quoth Ford, and got between Simmons and the door; "don't do things rash. Look wot a loss it'll be to you with no 'ome to go to an' nobody to look after ye, an' all that. It'll be dreadful. Say a couple—there, we won't quarrel, jest a single quid, between man an' man, an' I'll stand a pot out o' the money. You can easy raise a quid; the clock 'ud pretty nigh do it. A quid does it, an' I'll——"

There was a loud double knock at the front door. In the East-end a double knock is always for the upstairs lodgers.

"Oo's that?" asked Bob Ford, apprehensively.

"I'll see," said Thomas Simmons, in reply, and he made a rush for the staircase.

Bob Ford heard him open the front door. Then he went to the window and, just below him, he saw the crown of a bonnet. It vanished, and borne to him from within the door there fell upon his ear the sound of a well-remembered female voice.

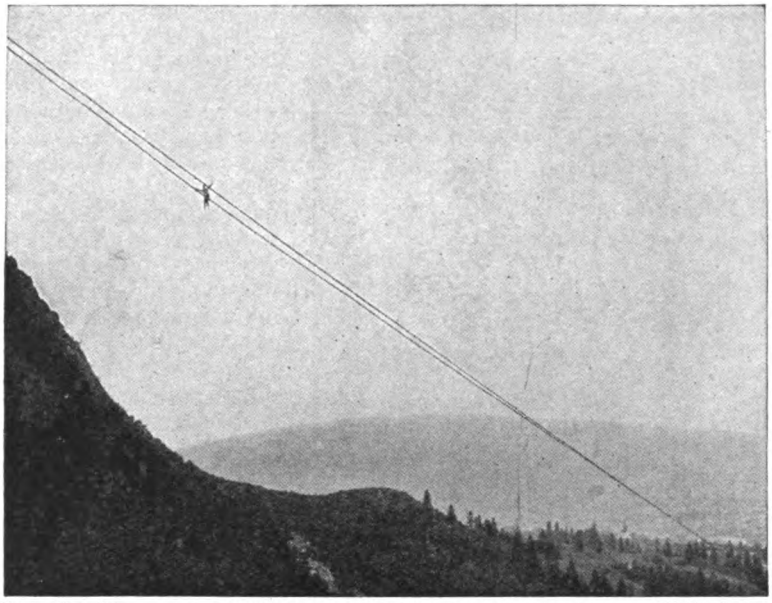
"Where ye goin' now with no 'at?" asked the voice, sharply.

"Awright, 'Anner; there's—there's somebody upstairs to see you," Simmons answered. And, as Bob Ford could see, a man went scuttling down the street in the gathering dusk. And behold it was Thomas Simmons.

Ford reached the landing in three strides. His wife was still at the front door, staring after Simmons. He flung into the back room, threw open the window, dropped from the wash-house roof into the back-yard, scrambled desperately over the fence, and disappeared into the gloom. He was seen by no living soul. And that is why Simmons's base desertion—under his wife's very eyes, too—is still an astonishment to the neighbours.

"JEST A SINGLE QUID, BETWEEN MAN AN' MAN."

Wire-Sliding Extraordinary.



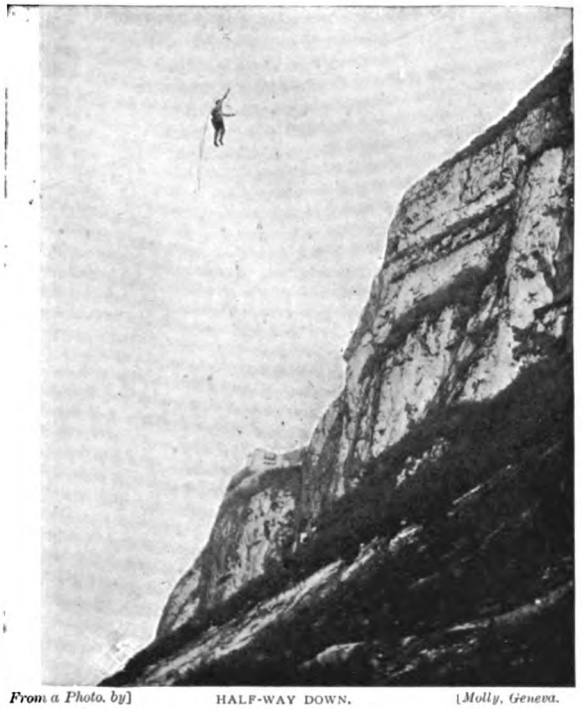
From a Photo. by] M. CHAPUIS SLIDING DOWN HALF A MILE OF WIRE. *[Mottier, Geneva.*

IT has been left to a mild-mannered University instructor to perform a deed which followers of the daring Blondin may well look upon with envy. Unlike other performances on the steel wire, it was originally undertaken merely for personal amusement—thought out, doubtless, in the confines of the schoolroom, while the athletic teacher was engaged in hammering the rudiments of learning into ambitious youth—and was preceded by no trumpet-sound of advertisement. The feat, not only on account of its extraordinary character, but also its continuance of performance and the modesty of the man who does it, has drawn considerable attention from the Continental Press and touring public during the past season. It was a well-conceived experiment in acrobatics, sensational in character, and therefore showy in execution. Its success has brought a Continental reputation to one who, a year ago, had little fame outside the city in which he lives.

Visitors to Geneva are familiar with the Salève, a hill of limestone to the south-east of the city, which the inhabitants greatly frequent as a summer resort. It overlooks the beautiful valley in which Geneva and its historic lake are situated. Of late, to those who love excitement, it has possessed an added attraction in the feat of M. Chapuis.

At Veyrier, about three and a half miles from Geneva, and prettily placed at the base of the Salève, are situated some extensive quarries of limestone, the working of which constitutes the chief industry of the place. In bygone times the blocks of stone on which the villagers laboured were obtained in quarries near by, but in recent years, owing to the introduction of the aerial ropeway, the output of more distant quarries has been made available. Local proprietors have attacked the mountain with success, so that, from one of the newly-opened quarries high up on the Salève, the huge blocks of limestone are delivered to the workers below by a strong steel cable. At all times of the day, when blasting is in progress, these blocks may be seen travelling for a distance of five hundred yards, high over the valley lying hundreds of feet below. Like the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle, of which the valley and the mountain form the base and side, this steel wire is conspicuous in the view for miles around.

When M. Chapuis, the instructor from the University of Geneva, saw this tight-rope of local industry, he saw in it his opportunity



From a Photo. by] HALF-WAY DOWN. *[Molly, Geneva.*

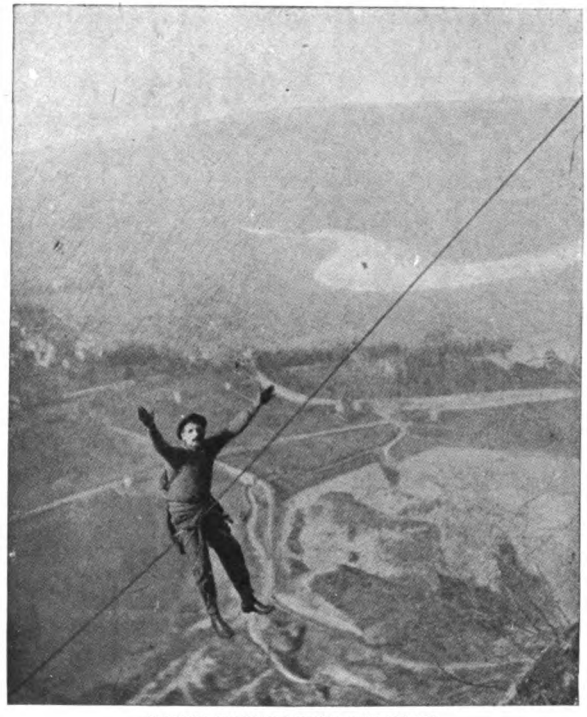
for fame. If, he thought, the rope was able to bear a heavy weight of limestone, it was equally able to bear the weight of his body, and there seemed no reason why he, with his athletic experience and nerve, should not successfully slide down upon it from the quarry to the village. The distance of the rope above the valley did not daunt him, but it was open to question whether he could balance himself upon it by the mere use of his hands, so as not, in his rapid descent, to lose his grip and be shattered on the ground below. The mountain-bred athlete of Switzerland is rarely to be weaned from daring adventure. Chapuis thought that the deed could be executed.

No sooner had the idea struck him than he wended his way to the uppermost point of the cableway and prepared to carry out his hazardous resolve. He broached the subject to the proprietor of the cable-way, who stared at him in amazement. It was madness, he urged. The cable would never stand it, and, besides, suppose M. Chapuis were to fall, or to lose his grip and slide with sickening rapidity to the bottom? But the young scientist was not to be dissuaded from his purpose. He had resolved to carry out his novel journey, and do it he would, no matter what the consequences might be. The cable was about three-quarters of an inch in thickness, made of steel wire, and although it was not of apparently very stout proportions, yet he deemed it sufficiently strong to support his weight.

The total length of the cable-way is nearly half a mile, and at one point there is a span of some nine hundred and eighty feet between the supports, at a height of one hundred and sixty feet. As the gradient varies from forty to fifty degrees, it was imperative, owing to the steepness of the declivity, that he should at all times retain a firm hold upon the cable to prevent him from sliding down too quickly. His very success depended upon his ability throughout to steady himself sufficiently, so that he could come to a stop when he so desired.

From a Photo. by] WAVING A GREETING WHEN NEAR THE GROUND. *[T. Jullien, Geneva.*

After carefully examining and familiarizing himself with the nature of the cable-way, he set out upon his initial descent. He swung himself on to the thin wire. He threw his legs on either side of it in much the same way as an equestrian rides astride his horse, with his face towards the top and his hands firmly gripping the wire. Thus he set off on what his three friends who were with him confidently believed to be his last journey. Directly he released his grip with his hands as well as his legs upon the wires his own weight, in consonance with the laws of gravity, set him in motion. Directly he set off, however, a new danger asserted itself. This was the difficulty of maintaining his balance. During the first few yards he swayed to and fro, in vain efforts to obtain his equilibrium, in the most alarming manner. But he quickly accommodated himself to his novel system of travelling, and descended backwards at an exhilarating speed, though he never once lost control, for immediately he found himself travelling rapidly he tightened his grip upon the wire with his hands and legs, which thereby acted as efficient brakes, though with dire results to his clothes and hands, the friction upon which burned them severely. At last the ground was reached in safety, but his nether garments, which were torn to rags by gripping the wire, testified to the severity of the ordeal.



SLIDING WITHOUT USING THE HANDS.
From a Photo. by Molly, Geneva.

Describing his first experience the intrepid traveller stated that, as all his mind was concentrated upon maintaining his balance and regulating his speed, he had not had much time to think about the sensations of the journey nor the landscape over which he passed.

The success of this maiden trip prompted him to make another. Profiting by the experience of the first attempt, he decided to equip himself with a leather saddle upon which to seat himself upon the cable. He also enlisted the services of a photographer, who secured the accompanying illustrations to this article at various points of the journey.

On this occasion the voyager was able to note mentally the various sensations and impressions which swept over him during the descent. At times he felt giddy, such as one feels when gazing downwards from a great altitude ; at others his breath seemed caught, as if he were falling suddenly into a yawning crevasse ; while sometimes the feeling was akin to that felt when one suddenly rounds a dangerous curve or crosses what appears to be an insecure bridge over a deep gorge, which swings to and fro with each footstep and threatens to precipitate the traveller to the bottom. These feelings, however, were soon overcome when he pulled himself together, and he frequently came to a standstill and posed on his lofty perch for the accompanying photographer on *terra firma* beneath.

An amusing incident marked this second journey. When he reached the lower end of the wire he found an old peasant rushing towards him breathless with excitement.

"What's the matter?" asked M. Chapuis.

"Oh—oh—I—I saw you falling down the wire and I hurried along to pick up your remains," panted the peasant, thunderstruck at the intrepid traveller being safe and sound. When his amazement had somewhat abated the peasant invited M. Chapuis and his friends to the neighbouring hostelry to partake of a glass of wine with him.

Photo. by Lombard, Geneva.

TWO ATTITUDES ASSUMED BY M. CHAPUIS IN SLIDING. [*Photo. by Jullien, Geneva.*

Now that M. Chapuis had familiarized himself to this novel mode of transit no further dangers appeared to him, and he repeated the journey with great frequency. Each successive ride enabled him to become more proficient in this type of "sport," as he laughingly describes it. He no longer burned his hands by the friction upon the rope. In our illustrations he will be observed to be seated upon the leather pad which he utilizes as a saddle to protect his body from the heat generated by gliding along the cable.

Shortly after his second trip some of the photographs which had been taken by his friend, M. Jullien, of Geneva, fell into the hands of his family The sight of him perched high in the air upon a frail rope scared them out of their wits, and in frantic haste they sought to find out whether he was still alive and uninjured. To allay their feelings, M. Chapuis assured them that the enterprising photographer, in order to provoke widespread curiosity, had had recourse to his own ingenuity, and, by means of composite photography, had succeeded in picturing him in the position which had caused them so much alarm.

On one occasion when making the descent M. Chapuis "let himself go," and covered about one thousand feet in sixty-five seconds. He has also made the descents under all conditions of weather. Once he rode down the wire in a torrential rainfall, which soaked him to the skin and nearly blinded him. On another occasion he ventured the trip during a hurricane. The cable swung to and fro with the wind in a terrible manner, and it was only by superhuman efforts that he succeeded in preventing himself from being upset. The hurricane, however, he naïvely remarked, "only enhanced the pleasure of the undertaking."

"At times," he states, "when I look down the cable-way a shudder runs through me. Feelings of apprehension sweep over me, and I half hesitate to venture. But directly I swing upon the wire all feeling of danger passes away, and I am as much at home as if I were riding in a railway-carriage. I have the sensation of disputing the domain of the air with the birds."

At first his daring exploit naturally excited widespread curiosity, and crowds of the natives gazed in awe at him speeding along the spider-web wire. But they soon became accustomed to his intrepid feat, and when they see him riding along above them now they enter into conversation with him. The young scientist always stops himself, and an animated converse results, though at Veyrier, where the cable is about three hundred and thirty feet above the ground, he has to shout loudly in order to make himself heard by those on the ground below.

"My twenty-fourth descent, which I made on the 3rd of July last, was somewhat disagreeable. The heat was intense, and the tropical sun had been blazing its hot rays upon the steel wire for several hours before I set out. Consequently, when I caught hold of the cable it was so hot that I could hardly hold it. Although I descended slowly I had my right hand slightly burned."

The Mistress of the Château.

By Max Pemberton.

I.

THE balloon soared like a hawk above its prey, and shooting up from the gas-works at Villette, where willing hands had released its ropes, we beheld the diminished lights and fortifications of Paris unfold beneath us as stars upon a darkened map, and we knew that England and liberty lay beyond in the shadows.

It was Christmas week in the year 1870. Since the fifteenth day of September I had been a close prisoner in the city; an Englishman content to suffer and to endure as Paris suffered and endured—not less ready than my French friends to cry "No surrender," and believing still, it may be, in the destiny of this brave and unhappy people. But the time had come when my chauvinism must be less to me than those whose affection called me back to my country and my home. Starving, desperate, cynical—the enemy to resolution appeared and tempted me. He was the merriest chief engineer that ever sailed a tramp from London to Peru, and his name was Harry Spain. How we had lived some ten weeks cheek by jowl in Paris and known nothing of each other, chance alone could tell you. I met him one day when I had just lunched off canned beef and neat brandy in the restaurant Henri Quatre, and the mutual shout we raised was like a summons to arms cried in the ear of a sleeping garrison.

"Let us go and eat dog together," said he.

I told him I was of canine instincts, but satisfied.

"I have just eaten tin at the Henri Quatre. What are you doing in Paris, Harry?"

"Trying to get out, Beetles—that's what I am doing in Paris. Come up to the gas-works at Villette and take a sniff. We float to-morrow night about ten, you know."

I said that I did not know. He had called me Beetles at school, and the name suggested realistic visions of our daily *menu*. Besides, half Paris talked about balloons just then, and not one man in twenty had the courage to ascend in one. A German rifle liked a balloon. You fell three hundred feet on to nothing, and were buried by German sappers. No, I did not want to go to the gas-works at Villette. And yet, where was the man who could have said "No" to Harry Spain? I was in his balloon the next night at ten o'clock, and the Frenchman, who should have accompanied him, stood upon a heap of coke crying to the gods to witness that he was not afraid, but would go "next journey."

And was I less afraid myself? Heaven knows. I had gone to the place like a man to the dentist's—just to look at the brass plate upon the door, and then to imagine the forceps inside.

Harry met me at the gate and sent a boy flying for furs and wraps and all the heavy clothing I possessed.

"The wind's in the west, but falling," he ran on, as he dragged me toward the great balloon, already swelling into awesome shape and towering above us, like some mighty, living thing that would dominate the skies. "We shall scoot right over the Belgian frontier and take a train for Brussels. Won't my dad jump when I throw a brick through his windows? You must write a book about this, if you don't get shot, Beetles. Do you remember how you used to stick pins through them at Clifton? By Macstinger, what a supper we could have made off them in Paris, eh? The only food I've got aboard there is a keg of brandy and a lump of elephant. It will be awfully cold, Beetles, and if either of us gets shot, the other must pitch him over. Now, don't look so miserable; here are your togs, and just remember what Kitty will say when you sing carols below her windows."

Well, I remembered it, and put on my coat. An imagined picture of an English home, and a great fire of logs, and a little, brown-haired girl laughing and crying with delight proved more eloquent than my foreboding. I was led to the balloon as a horse to the slaughter. They let the ropes go; a hoarse cheer followed us above the houses; the ground sank away from us as though a mighty hand drew it down; the wind began

"I WAS LED TO THE BALLOON AS A HORSE TO THE SLAUGHTER."

to whistle shrilly in the taut shrouds; we lost the sound of voices and heard another sound, more weird, more terrible—the thunder of cannon, as though muted by a veil of cloud.

"Heavens! Harry, are they firing at us already?"

He laughed, as though the idea was mightily amusing.

"That's Fort Valérien, Beetles, telling Bismarck to get out the warming-pan. Screw up your courage to the sticky place and have a look round; it will show you why we have been eating horse for the last month. Do you see that little cluster of lights right below us? That is the ancient and historic town of St. Denis. The minor planets farther on are the bivouac fires of the Prussian outposts. Look at the girdle; how it runs away right to Raincy on one side and Versailles on the other. That's France's wedding-ring. She's tight enough in the holy bonds, anyway. If it clears a bit, those beggars will fire at us from the domestic fireside, and we'll have some fun, Beetles. I should be sorry to show you poor sport; and, upon my life, old chap, I do believe the wind is falling. We shall have to draw lots for our carcasses after all. I'm sure you'd eat tender, Beetles."

It was all very well for him to babble on like a pretty brook in the spring-time, but I could not mistake the false excitement which found a vent by his nervous fluency, or that quaver in his voice which told me very plainly what he thought of the wind and of our situation if it dropped. I had never been in a balloon before, and for the first quarter of an hour of the ascent I had lost all account of the collateral perils, to remember merely those of our altitude, and of the strange sensations with which they afflicted me. Put as simply as possible, it came to this—that I was conscious at one moment of being surrounded by friendly faces upon *terra-firma*, and that the next instant I seemed to be in the very clouds, with a milky way of feeble lights below to mark Paris and her troubles, and a sickening, overwhelming nausea which would almost have welcomed death, if by death a man might have gone to the ground again. This sensation, however, left me quickly as my head became accustomed to the height, and the great basket which carried me shut the sights from my eyes while I had the mind that they should be shut. Crouching there, as big a coward as ever trained aeronaut laughed at, I listened to Harry's badinage and defied it. In the end confidence came to me, and I looked over the side as boldly as he.

It was a sight to stir the heart indeed.

Paris had become but a cluster of lights by this time. Were you well acquainted with the plan of the city, your eye could mark the open spaces and the bigger streets by the comparatively brilliant glow there and the pretty pattern of this star map, though but one street lamp of five was then lighted on the boulevards. The Champs Elysées I pointed out without difficulty; the course of the Seine was very plainly visible, and farther on a fiery trail from the forts of Avron, Noissy, and Valérien clearly marked the French outposts. Beyond these, turn where you would, the eye fell upon the flickering watch-fires of the German host—a mighty circle of them, a ring of flame kindled by a hand of iron which had closed upon the heart of France and would not release her until her very life's

blood had dyed the land she defended so nobly.

Long I gazed upon this picture, deaf to Harry's badinage and unconscious of anything but that fascination of might and victory which few can resist. Of our own situation I knew nothing. Certainly the wind no longer whistled in the shrouds; the sky above us had cleared and left a heaven of pallid stars, magnificent in their mockery of time and space and the merely human emotions. Perchance I could have proved a pretty philosopher in that hour; but the sublime and the ridiculous ever go hand in hand, and when I awoke from my reverie it was to duck my head like a recruit at manœuvres and to ask Harry one of those ridiculous questions in which panic is always fruitful.

"What was that, Harry?"

"That? Oh, that was Sims Reeves singing 'Sally in Our Alley.'"

"A German alley?"

"Perchance, as the poets say. They are feeling light-hearted and letting off their rifles. That's another. If they hit our gas-bag, Beetles, you had better call a cab."

"Then they are firing at us?"

"Not so; they are firing at the moon to get green cheese for their supper."

"And there is no wind, Harry."

"Oh, hang the wind!" said he, and then I understood.

He peered over the edge of the basket, and as soon as might be I imitated him. The cluster of stars which marked Paris stood a little farther off by this time; I judged that we floated right above the railway, and immediately below us was the first line of the German investment. Sharp eyes, truly, had those vigilant sentries, who detected the grim black shape above them and greeted it with this salvo. A keen imagination compelled me to listen for the sound of the singing bullets as for some voice which would pronounce a sentence of death. Let their aim be true, and what then? A great bag slit from top to bottom, a something collapsing in the air like a wounded bird, and two men hurtling down, down to that crashing death by the bivouac fires below. The tension of it was beyond words unendurable. Heavens! I would have given ten years of my life to have set foot upon *terra-firma* again, even had it been as a prisoner within the Prussian lines.

"What are you going to do, Harry?"

"Throw sand on their heads, man; as much as I can spare. We shall want it all and more—this bag isn't half charged. Well, if it is to be, it must be—so here goes. So much for Sauerkraut. Another and that will do. Oh, yes, she's going up all right, as the ostler said when the mare killed the parson. Do you like the clouds, Beetles? Well, we'll take a feel at one in a minute."

Quit of a third at least of her ballast, the balloon soared up like a towering bird and was caught in an eddy of cloud which the ebbing storm had left. A bitter cold seized upon us. Every rope seemed to become instantly a cord of ice; icicles formed upon our lips and hair—the difficulty of breathing was intense; I seemed to have my ears stopped by iron balls and a band of steel about my forehead. Pitiable, however, as our condition was, the situation could not but fascinate by its very awe and weirdness; and as we floated through the cloud and the stars looked kindly upon us once more, the moonlight fell upon the white vapour and

"THROW SAND ON THEIR HEADS, MAN."

made of it a very sea of golden waves. Never had I beheld a spectacle so entrancing. We might have been in a little boat, floating amidst the spindrift of a thousand jewels, driven onward by a dust of gold and yet without any apparent motion whatever. And the danger lay far below us now, hidden by this filmy billow which the effulgent beams had changed into an ocean of wonders.

"Well, Beetles, and what do you think of it now?"

The voice jarred upon me. Harry certainly was an unemotional creature. He filled his pipe as calmly as a man in a fishing punt.

"There are no words to describe it. I feel like a man hanging between earth and heaven. Do you know the dream in which you fall down precipices and wake up with a start? This is the ecstasy of falling—and there is no bump to remind you that you are lying on a volume of criminal law. I think it is wonderful that all the world does not take to balloons."

"You won't think it so wonderful if they fire at us again."

"They won't do that if the wind gets up?"

"I can't tell you. Pray to the west, my boy. An east wind would be the deuce."

I held my hand over the side of the car, and it seemed to me that what breeze there was came from the east unmistakably. Moreover, we were losing our altitude. I could see the lights of Paris again, and we seemed to be drifting right over the heart of the city. Presently a flame of fire shot out immediately below us; and that, I knew, was Fort Valérien firing at the Prussians. Apparently they were not answered, and after a while the firing upon our side ceased, and we drifted along in a silence that was almost alarming in its profundity.

"Well," I said, feeling that if I did not speak I certainly should shout, "it's an east wind after all, Harry."

"What there is of it. Can you see your watch at all? I wonder what time it is?"

I held my watch to catch the moonbeams upon its face, and told him it was one o'clock, at which he delved amid the baggage and produced a flask of brandy and a considerable hunk of bread.

"Dream of hot soup, Beetles, and look pleasant," said he; "if we have any luck you shall get an omelet and a ragoût for breakfast. Just imagine what sort of a story you can tell Kitty—that is, if you don't go to Germany in a cage. Lucky I ran against you, old chap, or you'd have dined off boiled giraffe on Christmas Day and found cold lead in your pudding."

"I should have been on *terra-firma*, at any rate."

"Terra infirma—and, by Gosh, look there. Enough to give a fellow the jim-jams, isn't it? Look at it, Beetles; did you ever see anything so ugly?"

It certainly was enough to give a man the cold-shivers. There, apparently not a hundred paces from us, was the shape of a balloon miraged upon a cloud, and so wonderfully distinct that it was almost impossible to believe it a mere image. Every gesture that we made magnified itself a hundredfold upon that beautiful screen. Harry appeared like a monstrous giant with a sandwich appalling in its size—I was a cowled figure, a phantom monk floating above the mists. When the cloud passed, balloon and men vanished like the pictures from a lantern's sheet. They were gone in an instant, just as though they had fallen headlong to the earth.

"*Absit omen*," said Harry, with a shiver he did not conceal from me; "have some brandy, Beetles, and try to sleep. I'll catch the bullets in my hat while you're dozing. You'll do no good counting the chimney-pots, you know, and I'm used to keeping a watch at sea. The worst of it is over now—we're clear of the German lines, and if we go far enough, we shall certainly drop into the Bay of Biscay. Dream of Kitty, old man. You'll see her to-morrow if we don't fall out."

These seamen, with their utter disregard of danger, their unfailing high spirits, and their modest courage, are the finest adventurers in the world to my way of thinking, and I have often asked myself how I should have fared in Paris if I had not met Harry Spain at the crisis of my fortunes. One obeyed such a man by instinct—the confidence he inspired, afloat or ashore, was the confidence which good pluck and a sailor's resource never fail to justify. When he told me to sleep, I slept like a child obeying his father. The cold helped me, and I did not dream as he had promised me that I should. When I awoke the moon had gone down and the darkness was intense. Far below us a single star marked the scene of a lonely farm-house. It was impossible to believe that this was the land of a nation at war, and that armed men drove the children from their homes and burnt the houses because King and Emperor had differed.

"Have you slept at all, Harry?" I asked him, a little ashamed of my own greediness.

He told me that he had taken forty winks.

"Where we are, Heaven knows," said he. "I got up the eastern map by heart, but this western country beats me. If there aren't any Prussians about we might as well go down and wish them 'Good morning.' It will be safer in the dark. What do you say, now—shall we risk it?"

"I should certainly like to feel my feet, Harry."

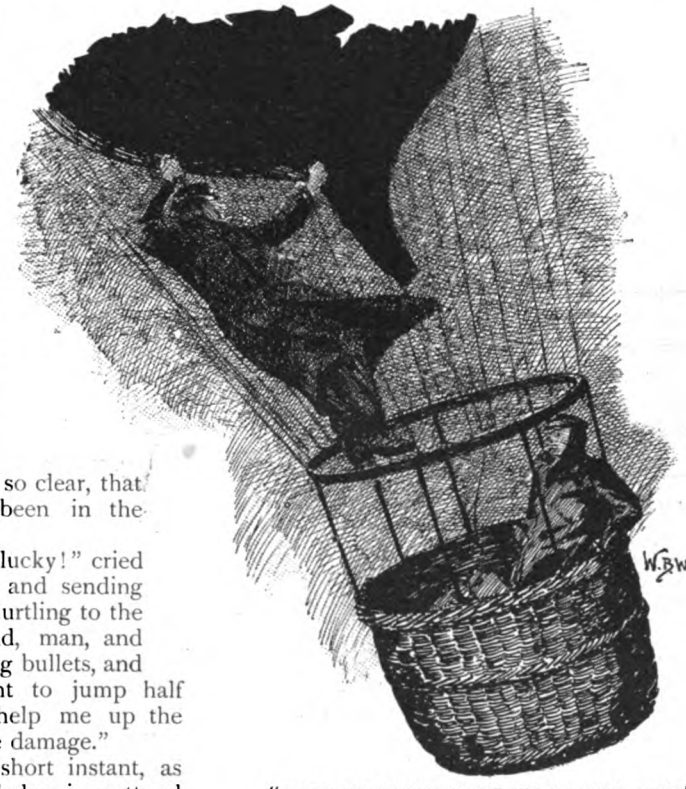
"Then down we go and be jowned to them. Help me with the grappling-irons, and mind you jump when I tell you, Beetles."

I promised him that I would jump like an acrobat, and the hope of escaping from that bitter cold excited me like a draught of wine when I stood up in the car to watch him open the valves and release some of our precious gas. Now the balloon descended, but with such an absence of motion that the earth, with the single star of light to indicate it, seemed to be coming up at us and not we to descend toward it. This pleasant motion had lasted some few minutes, it appeared, when the sound of a voice came floating up to us from the land below—so distinct, so clear, that the speaker might have been in the shrouds by our side.

"Prussians, by all that's unlucky!" cried Harry, leaping up suddenly and sending the contents of a sandbag hurtling to the ground. "Give me a hand, man, and don't talk. Yes, they're firing bullets, and that's a hit. Do you want to jump half a mile, Beetles? Then help me up the shrouds and I'll find out the damage."

It all happened in one short instant, as these things will—the cry below in guttural German, the crack of the muskets, and the roar of the escaping gas from the silk above. As for myself, I believed that we were going to earth headlong, and in all my life I never lived through such instants as those in which Harry Spain went up the shrouds like a cat—climbing, clinging, cursing like the true seaman that he was. When at last the downward motion ceased and a hand seemed to interpose itself between the car and its enemy, the ground below, I could hear my heart beating with the intense shock of the relief. Harry, however, remained imperturbable. A man who had sailed beyond the ice-blink thrice and had known the worst of the "roaring forties" could look into the face of death wherever he was to be found. He returned to the basket laughing at my questions. I really believe that danger was necessary to his happiness.

"A narrow shave, Beetles. Two inches more to the left and we should be planting daisies on each other's graves to-morrow. They shot among the valve lines and opened the valve. Why, a schoolboy with a popgun could shoot better than that. We'll wait for the light, old man, and give ourselves a chance. Pass up the flask and let's drink to them—'Soft places and short drops'—that Prussian pig could not throw for nuts at a fair. Here's to him, and many of them."



"HARRY SPAIN WENT UP THE SHROUDS LIKE A CAT."

He drank and passed me the flask. I was too shaken to talk to him or to do anything but wait for the day with an expectancy unlike anything I have ever known. When the dawn came at last—the veriest glimmer of roseate promise in the lightening East—I beheld the shaping meadows below us as a land of promise, a terrestrial paradise more welcome

than any land my eyes had looked upon. For there lay liberty and release—if the Prussians had no word to say upon it. Be sure that eager eyes scanned the prospect, and that our hopes mounted with the rising sun as it lifted, a great ball of crimson fire, above the horizon and showed us the best and the worst of it. Would it be salvation or flight anew—descent to good ground or that dangerous journey to the remoter west we both so greatly dreaded?

I said salvation, and Harry agreed with me.

"We're going down, Beetles," he cried; "it's to be London after all, old man."

II.

WE made a good descent, the grapple catching at the second attempt; and when we had secured the balloon as best we could and loaded ourselves like dock-porters with our personal belongings, we began to ask ourselves, what next? From the car the country had appeared to be safe enough and absolutely destitute of Prussians. An old château, built substantially upon the banks of a considerable river, promised shelter and breakfast. There were woods dotted picturesquely by here and there, and pleasant meadows, which did not speak of war at all. For my part, I had not been able to discover a single human being anywhere upon the face of that smiling landscape; and it appeared to me that we could not have chosen a safer place in all France for our adventure.

"Chanzy and the Army of the West are at Tours," I said; "we haven't come as far as that, Harry, though we must be well beyond Chartres. We should make for Havre if the railway is open. Let's go up to the big house and find out. They will help us all right, when they know we have come from Paris. And we might get a decent breakfast, which I haven't had for a good month or more."

He did not make much of an answer, and I could see that he was far from being satisfied. My own enthusiasm, the result of being once more upon *terra-firma* and the superb freshness of that winter's morning, was not shared by him; and while I could have leaped and danced for the very joy of liberty, he went with slow steps, and a pipe that glowed like a chimney.

"Chanzy's at Tours," he remarked, presently; "didn't they say Frederick Charles was at Châteaudun?"

I told him that it was so, and asked him, what then? He took his pipe out of his mouth, and smiling in a way I liked but little, he consoled me in his own pretty way.

"We can't be far from Châteaudun, Beetles. By James, old chap, it was lucky you were a sprinter at school. We'll run like hares when the Prussians turn up; eh, it will be better than the 'hundred' at Clifton, and no cups. I can see you going like thunder with that carpet bag on your back, and your Sunday overalls flying to the breeze. We'll write to each other from German prisons, and remember the days when we climbed trees. Eh, my boy, it's something, isn't it, to die for another man's country? Don't you feel like Horatius at this particular moment, Beetles?"

I consigned Horatius to nameless shades and implored him to come on. In my own opinion the risk we ran was trifling, and, whatever it was, the people at the château would best be able to speak of it. Well as I thought I knew Western France, I must say that the house we were now approaching seemed superb in its beauty and the magnificence of its situation upon the banks of this clear, green river. In truth, it was not unlike the famous Château de Chambord, with which I was well acquainted; and it towered up on both sides of the stream in pinnacles and gables of surprising beauty, while its wings were linked by an exquisite bridge which might have been a very *chef-d'œuvre* of the mediæval age which built it. Herein I made sure that we should meet with a friendly welcome from one of the old aristocratic families of France, and I wondered that our approach was not recognised already at the outer drawbridge, or that watch-dogs did not give tongue to a warning. All, however, remained as silent as the grave, and the nearer we drew the more weird and uncanny was the desolation about this noble house.

"They can't be in bed, Harry," I said; "it must be nearly nine o'clock."

"Let's trust their bed is not below the ground," said he; and I believe that was the first serious word he had spoken since we left Paris.

"It certainly is remarkable, and yet you can see there have been horsemen here quite lately. Look at these hoof-prints in the gravel."

"A double row of them, Beetles. Doesn't it seem to say, 'Soldiers'?"

"They would be Chanzy's men from Tours."

"We'll put it at that. If they were Prussians, there would be a Jack-in-the-box

outside. Get out your card, Beetles, and put on your Sunday French. I talk it like a fourth-form master."

He did not wait for me to answer him, but trudged across the drawbridge and went on through the gates on the other side. That they stood wide open scarcely surprised me by that time; and when we found ourselves in a great courtyard beyond, and this courtyard lacked all sign of life save that the doors around it were as wide open as the gates—then I think that a child would have known what had happened at the Château Nogent la Louppe.

"Prussians have certainly been here!" said I.

Harry laughed and shouted "Halloa!" with all his lungs.

"They were here last night," said he; "look, the fires are still burning."

"What's to tell you that they have gone?"

"My common sense. Run if you like, Beetles. I'm going in to get breakfast."

He turned into a doorway on our right as he spoke and I followed him, as afraid as ever any man was in the good province of Touraine. The silence within the house was no less impressive than without. I listened with him for some minutes at the foot of a fine old marble staircase, and then we mounted it together. At the top we paused again and then heard something which brought the blood to our cheeks as though a man had slapped them. It was the sound of a door shutting very gently.

"What do you make of it?" I asked him, in a whisper.

"Someone hiding away from us," he answered, in the same low tone.

"Then it won't be Prussians," said I.

"Why not? It may be a trap. Go gently, or you'll get a charge of shot in you."

"Let's try somewhere else, Harry."

"And go without breakfast? Not here, anyway. They won't do much if we're civil, and they'd catch us if we ran. We must trust to our luck and look guileless. Say we came from Chartres. It's half a truth, and that's better than no bread."

Upon this he opened the great mahogany door before him, and we found ourselves in a splendid salon, but one which had been so brutally despoiled that we needed no further witness to a Prussian occupation. Torn curtains, sabred pictures, smashed mirrors everywhere marked the "requisitions" of an uncouth soldiery little accustomed to the kindly refinements of the French. Grievous beyond words I found this pathetic ruin of a noble home; and I knew that Harry Spain thought with me. But we went on in silence, and perhaps in fear. Any minute might disclose the perpetrators of this characteristic outrage, and Heaven alone could say what would happen upon that.

The Château Nogent la Louppe is one of the largest in France, and we passed through a series of splendid rooms before we came upon any evidence of that habitation which

"AT THE TOP WE PAUSED AGAIN AND THEN HEARD SOMETHING."

the smoke from the chimneys had betrayed. Of these apartments, some were uninjured and superb both in their taste and their treasures of antiquity. That which they lacked was the presence of the gracious Duc de Nogent, whom I knew to be their owner. He, I remembered after a little while, had been in Metz with Bazaine, and must be either dead or a prisoner in a German fortress. None the less the absence of his retainers was remarkable. Had they fled the château or

had the Prussians shot the best of them? And who closed the door when we entered—or what hand had done so if it were not a Prussian hand? Desolation within a house is always uncanny. I shivered in some of these great rooms and my ear was ever intent. The impulse to shout grew like a frenzy upon my nerves. I caught my lips framing the words, "Who's there?" and tried to laugh at myself for the idea. When the end came the relief seemed indescribable. We opened a fifth door and uttered a cry together as we discovered the enemy. She was a child of fourteen years of age, perhaps, and she knelt

"WE DISCOVERED THE ENEMY."

before a great fire of logs and gazed into a flame of the fire as though lost to knowledge of that which happened about her. I thought at first that she was praying, but when I looked at her again I saw tears welling up in her pretty eyes; and I understood that she shed them because we had come to her home.

"Mademoiselle," I said—and it is wonderful how awkward a man can be in the face of a young girl's trouble—"mademoiselle, if you will permit us to explain——"

She did not turn her head; did not look up from the leaping flame.

"There is nothing here," she answered, as one in a dream. "My father is away; he is in Paris, messieurs."

I tried again, coming a little closer.

"Mademoiselle," I said, "we are from Paris ourselves——"

She looked up quickly, and, as though a work of wonder were being acted before her, she searched us with childish eyes that expressed both doubt and amazement.

"No one can come from Paris," she exclaimed; "the Germans forbid it. You are not telling me the truth, messieurs."

I ignored the childish directness of it and went on:—

"Our balloon is over there in the meadows. That is how we came here. We are Englishmen trying to get back to our own country and to avoid the Prussians——"

She sprang up with the greatest look of fear and lingering horror I have seen upon the face of a child.

"The Prussians—oh, Heaven, how shall I tell you? They were here last night in my father's house, and they have killed my friends. I am alone in the house, messieurs, but I cannot go until my father comes. No, no; he would miss me; he would ask for Claudine first, and they would tell him the Prussians had been here. And Jean Morot is dead. They killed him at Bron, and Lucy—she has gone to Tours to bring us help. It was three days ago, messieurs. They came to the house and searched it, and they shot our servant, Bernard, in the courtyard. I saw him stand up before their rifles; if I sleep, I see him still. And I must wait for my father; I cannot leave my home until he comes."

It was a sad enough story to hear, and a man might well have felt his heart stirred in anger during this child's pathetic recital. Incoherent at first, I understood in the end that, of the men-servants the Duke had left behind him, two were gone off as francs-tireurs and two had been shot by the Prussians on a charge of being francs-tireurs. Lucy, the housekeeper, unable to drag the child from her home, had gone to Tours to

ask General Chanzy for help; the other maids, it seemed, had fled the house in a panic when the Uhlans first appeared. There remained Mlle. Claudine—alone, unafraid, the mistress of the château and its guardian for the father she loved with such heroic devotion.

"You must let us help you," I said, when it seemed that we had won some measure of her confidence; "your father is not at Paris, mademoiselle, and it would never do for you to wait here for him. If we can escape the Prussians, we will take you to Tours ourselves. Let us talk about breakfast first—we have eaten nothing worth eating for long weeks. I am sure you will give us some breakfast."

The request was lucky. She laughed prettily, and with just that suggestion of cunning which one looks for in a child.

"I hid myself in the cellars when the Prussians came," she said; "no one could have found me there; no one who does not know the château. They have left a fire in the kitchens, and I will cook for you. Lucy hid the food away before she went to Tours. Let us go, messieurs, and if the Prussians come, then I will hide you with me."

This was a better mood, and we all went down to the kitchens in as good spirits as the heavy shadow upon that house would permit us to be. It was delightful to see this little heiress to the splendid riches of the Duc de Nogent boiling our coffee and making us an omelet like any pretty country girl—and never shall I eat a breakfast under circumstances at once so gratifying and so dangerous. Should the latter term appear extreme, the subsequent hour is its justification; for while we were drinking our coffee as though it were very nectar a patrol of Uhlans rode to the gate of the château, and they were clattering across the river bridge to the stables before our first wild cry of alarm had died away upon lips which fear had chilled.

Mlle. Claudine had been the first to hear it as she was in the very act of filling Harry's cup. I can see her now, pausing with white face and heart beating wildly beneath her light bodice.

"Oh, messieurs, messieurs! Let us flee!" she cried.

"Hush, sit still!" said Harry; and then, listening intently, he went on, "If they have found the balloon, we're going to pay for it, Beetles!"

My own question was more direct.

"Mademoiselle is going to show us her hiding-place?" I said.

"Yes, yes; I will show you," she exclaimed. "Oh, be quick, for the love of Heaven, messieurs."

She ran from the room and we followed her anyhow. A corridor, long and bare and flagged, led from the kitchen to one of the great bastion-like walls which bordered the river bank where the château lay. Through a grid of iron and down a flight of steep steps the child went like a sprite. There were more stairs, dark passages, and then a

"WE WERE IN ONE OF THE OLD SUBTERRANEAN DUNGEONS."

ray of light through a loopholed window and a monstrous, dungeon-like door which closed with a clang behind us.

We were in one of the old subterranean dungeons, with an orifice giving upon the still waters of the river. The Uhlans were above in the splendid rooms. We heard their voices echoing from corridor to corridor and understood that this child had saved us, for the hour at least.

III.

THE stables of the château lay upon the opposite bank of the river and were built up from another great bastion-like wall, which rose sheer to a height of forty feet above the lapping waters of the stream. A bridge joined the buildings to the house itself, and was characteristic of an age which delighted in the beauties of security and put up gigantic bars and masterly gates everywhere. Between the two walls the chasm was as dark as night. We were hidden in a dungeon at the depth of the abyss and the water magnified every sound from above, so that a whisper echoed almost like the boom of distant thunder. The fact muted our lips and left us in absolute silence; and for hours which seemed like days of profound stillness we watched and waited in that dismal place.

Would the Uhlans ride on, or did they mean to camp in the house? On this one fact our lives might depend. If they had found the balloon, they would certainly burn the château to the ground before being robbed of their prey. On the other hand, they might not have discovered the balloon, and perhaps would go on presently to finish their patrol. One thing alarmed us greatly. They stabled their horses shortly after their arrival, and we saw the steaming brutes led across the bridge to the buildings on the far side. Just as we could look over the water from our loophole, so could they; and from time to time we perceived a sentinel thrust his ugly head from a little window and examine the river below him. I liked the fact but little; and yet it was a fact which saved our lives. Let me tell you how it came to be and what Harry Spain made of it.

I have said that we waited below in the cellar, afraid to utter a word aloud and scarcely daring to whisper. From the château many sounds came down to us in guttural phrases; we could hear the rattle of dishes jarring upon unpleasant laughter, and then the notes of a piano playing one of Strauss's waltzes. Later on the house became more silent, and the only movement was that of the changing guard. This, I think, first put an idea of our escape into Harry's head, for when another long interval had passed and the short winter's afternoon had begun to draw in, he aroused himself from a dismal lethargy and, crawling to the narrow window, he took stock both of the river and the bridge which spanned it. Coming back to us, he bade us follow him a little way into the passage, where we could talk without much risk; and then he told us what he wished.

"There is a punt in the river," he said to little Claudine; "what do they use that for, mademoiselle?"

"For the servants to go across to the stables, monsieur."

"They don't use the bridge?"

"Not always, monsieur."

"I see a gate on the far side by the stables—can one shut it?"

"If one is strong enough, monsieur."

He thought upon it for a moment, and then went on with more excitement than he had shown since we left Paris.

"If I could get up to the bridge and close the gate the men would be on one side of the river and their horses on the other. That's bright to begin with. The question is, what are we to do with the sentry?"

"Throw him in the river," I suggested.

"Exactly what I meant. Now, if I could reach the bridge by climbing along the stonework, and you two went out in the punt and made him look out of the window, I could shut the gate and give him a bath before the others had got their carbines out. It's worth trying, you'll admit, Beetles."

I said that it was. Better anything than a night of starvation, or perhaps several nights, in that dismal cellar. Little Claudine added her word to mine. A braver child I have never known. Her risk was just my risk, that the Uhlans would fire blankly upon the punt and kill the two of us. She took it as calmly as a girl going to a dance.

We waited until black darkness was upon the river, and then Harry set out, climbing like a cat along a narrow ledge in the great wall, and yet, as it seemed to us, making enough noise to be heard a mile away. To this day I do not understand why the troopers did not take alarm at the falling mortar and the echo of the splashes in the pit. Possibly they slept in the splendid bedrooms above, leaving a guard at the gate, but not by the river. Certainly, I had no head for reasons while I listened to those menacing sounds and waited for the cry,

"Who goes?" When our turn came, and we climbed from a narrow window in a second cellar to a crazy old punt moored by a rusted chain to a rusty iron ring in the wall, the whole plan seemed to me reckless beyond knowledge. They must hear us, I thought. Let ten seconds pass and the alarm would be sounded and the Uhlans out. I blamed myself that I had taken the child with me. And yet, how should I have left her?

The punt was unmoored by this time and one powerful thrust had sent it across the river. The stream here is no wider than a good canal, and I needed no pole to bring the prow beneath that very window from which the sentinel's head had been thrust earlier in the day. Full of Harry's plan, I stood up in the punt and waited for the alarm. It came at last as a great, shaggy head thrust itself almost into my own and a German voice cried, "*Wer da?*" Then I think that little Claudine shrieked aloud; but I struck the German full in the face with my fist, and at the same time I heard the gate on the bridge above go clang, and I knew then that it was shut.

"I HELD ON UNTIL MY FINGERS SEEMED UPON THE POINT OF BREAKING."

Yes, it was an instant a man would never forget if he lived through twenty sieges—the hoarse cries from the windows of the château, the rattle of rifle fire directed haphazard into the pit, the screams of the German I was throttling, who beseeched his comrades not to shoot him—this and the child's entreaties and my own efforts to drag the man through the window that we might escape from the punt. How the fellow yelled and bit and spat and fought! A wild cat had been nothing to him; but I held on until my fingers seemed upon the point of breaking, and, calling to Harry all the time, I remembered that upon the result of it the lives of two men and the happiness of a child depended, and I fought as I have never done in all my life. Would he beat me down or should I throttle the life out of him? I knew not, scarcely cared, I think, in the stress of it.

As a man hauling upon a rope which is cut suddenly, or one who would lift a weight of iron and finds it but paper; as a school-team in a tug-of-war which wins an unlooked-for victory, so at last I went back from the window with the great German on top of me. To this day I can hear his gurgling cry as Harry's strong hand hurled him, neck and crop, from the punt and the waters closed over his shaggy head. But the moment found me without pity. Catching the child in my arms, I forced her into Harry's arms and followed him headlong to the stables above. Nor did one of us speak a single word until three good horses were galloping madly upon the road to Tours, and the falling snow hid the château and its lights from our aching eyes.

We were in Tours at midnight and at Havre upon the morning of the third day after. Harry declares that my first word in England was of Mademoiselle Claudine. It may be so; for she spent her weeks of waiting in my English home, and when she returned to the Château Nogent la Louppe after the war my wife went with her. The Duke's stories of Metz are a little long, but his shooting is excellent.

Making a Fashion-Plate.

By A. D. Davies.

NO longer is the Englishwoman open to the reproach of "dowdiness." She moves towards perfection in attire at automobile speed; and to-day M. Jean Worth smilingly retracts that dreadful taunt uttered only a short decade ago by the founder of his house, "*Elle ne sait pas se juponner.*" Never was there an era when so much time, care, labour, and money were expended on dress; and although the art of dressing may here and there be carried to extremes, yet on the whole a single glance at our streets, our theatres, our drawing-rooms, shows the expenditure to be justified. Doubtless there may be other causes for the improved order of things which has, in the course of a single decade, made the Englishwoman the best-dressed woman in the world. But the chief cause is the revolution in the art of dress design.

The fashion-plate is the written law of dress. Without fashion-plates all would be either arbitrary, stagnant, or chaotic. Modern society has grown too vast for a single personage to be the exemplar for an alteration of cut or colour to be passed about by word of mouth. Society has grown too fastidious to be pleased with a single style, and commerce to-day would be ruined if fashions for women changed only once in ten, or even once in five, years. A century and a quarter ago, when Englishwomen fell under the sartorial spell of the charming Marie Antoinette—and so ceased dressing in the neo-classic attire we see in the canvases of Reynolds—there grew up quite a business in the import of delightful little dressed manikins, most of them made by Mme. Damier and her husband in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and setting forth very vividly the latest Court modes.

By the way, we must not forget that this old-fashioned practice has lately been revived, and dolls, dressed in the latest styles, have become quite a feature in certain Parisian dressmaking establishments. By the courtesy of *L'Art et la Mode* we are enabled to present a couple of these tiny ladies to our readers, showing the fashions for the present season. At the time when the manufacture and apparelling of "fashion-mannequins" was at its height there were no fashion-plates. The leading London dressmakers used to undertake annual journeys to Paris and bring back models ready made, or rough-coloured sketches of what they had seen at Versailles, at the Opéra, or the Comédie Française. The first fashion-plates appeared in 1785 in the *Cabinet des Modes*, and attracted great attention on both sides of the Channel. The idea was quickly taken up by the *Lady's Magazine* and *La Belle Assemblée*,

"FASHION-MANNEQUINS."

These little figures, dressed in present-day style, are a revival of the old method which existed before fashion-plates were known.

FASHION-PLATES DESIGNED BY GREAT ARTISTS.
NO. 1—BY MEISSONIER, 1833.
(From the collection by Mlle. Croisat.)

each of which engaged an artist to make light, airy drawings upon stone, which were coloured by hand and printed as a supplement to these periodicals. Thus was a new profession born, which, like the science of ballooning, made during a century very little progress. In fact, the art became conventional, and no artist could succeed in drawing an acceptable fashion-plate who did not bow to these conventions. It would probably surprise the world if a list could be made of all the celebrated artists who, in their youth, added to their precarious incomes by drawing for the fashion-plate publishers.

The great Meissonier was a lad of only fifteen when he drew his first fashion-plate for M. Croisat, in the Rue de la Paix, for which he is said to have received the sum of five francs. Gustave Doré drew fashion-plates, so on our side of the Channel did Hablot K. Browne and John Leech. But whoever drew them, they were all essentially the same; they were tame, they lacked spirit and distinction. They represented dolls rather than women, and not even beautiful dolls. And instead of improving—instead of idealizing the English female type of the day—between 1850 and 1890—they got steadily less attractive. One cause for this was, of course, that most of the fashion-plates seen in this country emanated from Paris, where a pretty woman is rarely seen and still more rarely delineated; and those drawn in England were feeble copies of the French originals.

It is strange that the artist who is responsible for the great change which, about 1890, came over the home-made fashion-plate should have been a Frenchman, M. Georges Pilotelle. M. Pilotelle has himself now been wholly superseded. But to him, nevertheless, is due the credit of beginning the revolution which has made the English fashion-plate the best in the world, and caused it to have such an important influence on English dress, and perhaps also on English com-

FASHION-PLATES DESIGNED BY GREAT ARTISTS.
NO. 2—BY HABLOT K. BROWNE ("PHIZ"), 1841.

merce and, so some tell us, English female character.

M. Pilotelle began his career as a contributor to *Le Charivari* and *La Vie Parisienne*, and about the middle of the "seventies" he drifted to London, where he made a considerable reputation by his drypoint etchings at the Royal Academy, notably the portraits of Lord Beaconsfield, Lady Warwick, and Lady Dudley, which won encomiums from Professor Herkomer. At that time "tailor-made" dresses were in their infancy. "The first," said M. Pilotelle, "was worn by Lady Dangan, a very beautiful woman. This will give you an idea of what it was like." Soon afterwards Pilotelle found himself designing and drawing costumes for the theatre by way of supplementing his income as an etcher.

M. GEORGES PILOTELLE, THE ORIGINATOR OF THE MODERN FASHION-PLATE.
From a Photo. by Bassano.

"From this point onward," remarked M. Pilotelle, "my transition into fashion work was easy. When the leaders of London society who had sat to me, or who were familiar with my work, appeared at Drawing Rooms and notable weddings, they readily gave me permission to sketch their costumes, which drawings were subsequently published in the *Lady's Pictorial* and the *Graphic*."

M. Pilotelle also once designed a tea-gown—one can hardly write *simple* tea-gown—that cost its wearer one thousand seven hundred pounds—the high-water mark of fashion. As this artist's drawings of women are famous for the ultra-slender waists with which he has endowed the sex, it is interesting to learn that, as an artist, he would be pleased to abolish the corset altogether. "But that," he adds, "will never happen. Women have always loved small waists. In Greece and Rome they wore tight bands which served the same purpose, and did not the Renaissance *belles* encase themselves in iron sheaths? The stays of to-day are nothing to the terrible eighteenth-century contrivances of thick whalebone. Yet I have often been attacked for giving my women wasp-waists, and I can't tell you of all the anonymous letters I have received—especially from clergymen — on the subject."

In his drawings from models and in his original designs this artist struck out a new line for himself. His work became immensely popular, so that in one of her works Miss Corelli speaks of a drawing of her gown by Pilotelle as the crowning act in the presentation of a *débutante* at Court.

As to the designing and delineating of female dress being more properly a woman's vocation, M. Pilotelle reminded us that from time immemorial men had made the fashion for women. "They even made the dresses. Till the close of the sixteenth century men tailors had the monopoly of dress-making for both sexes—even of corset-making. Of course, you know that all the finest artificial flowers are made by men, and all the best embroideries are designed by men. As to designing, I was once asked to design a pair of stockings which were to cost a hundred pounds — and, what is more, I did it."

A FASHION-PLATE, 1896, BY M. GEORGES PILOTELLE.
(By permission of the "Lady's Pictorial.")

Pilotelle may be said to have killed the old fashion-plate. There were a *verve* and vigour about Pilotelle's work which had always been lacking, or had been lacking for many decades, in the delineation of the fashions. Of course, he had several pupils besides hosts of imitators; but many of these succeeded

THE "SARGENT" OF FASHION-PLATE ARTISTS—MR. ALBERT COLLINS AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO.

in reproducing only his mannerisms without his peculiar charm. Pilotelle's peculiarities may be summed up in the words of one of his most successful rivals to-day :—

"In drawing women he set out to emphasize the qualities women strive after most—height and a slender waist. All Pilotelle's women are seven feet high and their waists ten inches in circumference. It was he who first taught us the value of *accent* in a design. But he was essentially an artist in line; and when half-tone reproduction of wash-drawings came along others pressed forward and took his place."

Fashion drawing has now become an art of itself. It requires a distinct training, and demands certain qualities which are by no means common amongst the ablest artists of the day. Classes are in progress in many parts of London, notably at Hatherley's and the Lambeth School of Art, and its professors and votaries may be numbered by hundreds. The leading delineators of dress *à la mode* command almost fabulous prices; the horizon is eagerly scanned by the *costumières* and the editors of the various periodicals devoted to women for the appearance of any new genius, and his or her services are quickly secured. Whereas before the male sex monopolized the production of fashion designs, it is now getting to be the other way about, although it cannot be denied that men still figure at the top of the profession. There are very few well-dressed ladies who are not familiar with the work of Mr. Albert Collins, who has been called "the Sargent of fashion delineators." When a representative of THE STRAND, eager to learn something concerning an art in which more than half the population shows a passionate interest, called at Mr. Collins's studio, a beautiful model was in the act of posing to him.

MR. COLLINS'S BEST FASHION-PLATE FOR 1904-5.
(By permission of "The Ladies' Field.")

A PAIR OF PRETTY GIRLS, BY MR. ALBERT COLLINS.
(By permission of "The Ladies' Field.")

"I have my own idea as to what constitutes a pretty woman," explained the artist, afterwards. "It is a blend of the most beautiful women of the day—the Duchess of Sutherland (whom, by the way, I consider the most perfect type in England), Lady Warwick, Lady Annesley, and, say, Miss Studholme."

This artist—as becomes the "Sargent of dress delineation"—makes a speciality of pretty women. He tries hard to discover what is the type most acceptable to women of the day.

"The type changes. What we regard as beautiful, *chic*, to-day may not be so considered ten or twenty years hence." (Yet the writer is bound to declare his opinion that the type of feminine loveliness then undergoing the process of being sketched by Mr. Collins would not be likely, in any sane man's judgment, to become obsolete in a century. But this by the way.)

"As regards dress, you may say that my aim is to draw a pretty woman in clothes that become her, without going to extremes. If my women are all the same build it is because a certain height and proportions seem to me necessary in order that the garments may be set off to advantage. Of course, one must have, in order to portray the fashions, some knowledge of dress—I won't say of dressmaking. One must know what is correct, for the least blunder in the tilt of a hat or the style of coiffure exposes one's weakness, and the ladies naturally distrust you. I find it necessary to keep my eyes open, to study the costumes of the ladies in Hyde Park and Bond Street, and generally to keep abreast—and, if possible, a little in advance—of the mode."

Hardly less popular and successful in her line is Miss Lillian Young. She also has had a strict art training, and has exhibited frequently at the Royal Academy.

"How did I come to be a designer of fashion-plates?" asked Miss Young. "Well, it came about in this way. Many years ago—fourteen at least—when all my Academy pictures were returned unsold and I was fearfully discouraged, a friend said to me, 'I think I could help you, only I fear your art training stands in your way. I should like to revolutionize—or at least galvanize—the fashion drawings that are appearing week by

MISS LILLIAN YOUNG'S BEST FASHION-PLATE.
(By permission of the "Gentlewoman.")

MISS LILLIAN YOUNG DRAWING FROM THE MODEL IN HER STUDIO.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

week in the papers. I should like to publish some containing live people—not lay figures—and I should like to have these people English instead of French.' I answered I thought I could do this. 'Stop a bit,' was the reply; 'these people mustn't be quite as you see them; you cannot draw them from Nature. In the first place, they must be nine heads high'; and then my friend went off into a catalogue of their peculiarities—the peculiarities of the fashion-plate of the period. No matter—I would try to do what he asked, and in the summer of 1890 I drew my first fashion-plate. Here it is, and you see what a stiff, awkward, unlovely affair it is. At that time everybody tried to imitate Pilotelle. Once that clever Frenchman spoke to me about my drawings. He did it in two words. He said, 'Of wood.' It was uncomplimentary, of course, but I dare say, in comparison with his dashing, effective line-work, it was only too true."

Miss Young has since received many encomiums, not merely in England, but from France.

"Do you think the English-drawn fashion-plates superior to the French?"

"Undoubtedly, now; although there are some clever artists, like Drian, for example, in *L'Art et la Mode*. Their drawings are much influenced by our own artists and the American, Dana Gibson. I think we will grow less and less to depend upon Paris for our ideas. Many of our leading dressmakers have their own designers."

"Do you yourself design dresses?"

"Yes; every week I make at least one original design. But, of course, it can't be too original; it must be merely a modification of something already in vogue. Nobody *invents* a dress. It is evolved by a hundred people, each one adding something. There is no doubt ladies are influenced by what they see drawn in the papers. Photography will never quite replace that, because the best photograph—such as this, you see, which is one of the very best of the Parisian fashion photographers—charming as it is, still allows little folds and creases which mar the general effect. In photography you can idealize only up to a certain point. You can embellish, but you can't produce a line, or a fold, or a curve that isn't there."

"But couldn't these blemishes be avoided?"

"Yes; if the photographer had the skill and knowledge of dress to pose his sitter to perfection. I've often thought that if such an atelier were established in London, I should like a hand in it. In fact, I can't help thinking photography on these lines will produce the fashion-plate of the future."

Other delineators of female dress who have won a considerable reputation are Miss Hoare, of the *Lady's Pictorial;* Miss Spiller, and the artist who is known as Findiville. Then there are several artists who, like Pilotelle, work almost exclusively in line, which method of treatment has by no means yet lost all its popularity. In the case of the daily papers

A PAIR OF GIBSON GIRLS. FASHION-PLATE BY MISS ELSA HAHN.
(By permission of the "Daily Chronicle.")

line drawings are a necessity. Perhaps one of the best known as well as the cleverest of the draughtswomen of the day is Miss Rose Le Quesne, whose touch is highly artistic and in no sense an imitation of any other artist in her line of work. Then amongst the newcomers not uninfluenced by Mr. Dana Gibson are Miss Elsa Hahn, of the *Daily Chronicle*, and Miss Olga Hentschel. A few years ago Mrs. Claxton's work had a great vogue, this lady being quite famous for her drawing of babies' and children's fine garments, especially delicate embroideries.

But, after all, these are the aristocrats of the profession. It would surprise many readers to know how vast the army of fashion delineators has grown of recent years, and perhaps some curiosity may be expressed as to the remuneration paid to the rank and file. For it must be understood that, besides the great numbers of fashion papers and fashion departments in the other periodicals, swelled with advertisements, there are the countless trade catalogues to be filled. Again, the successful artists of whose work mention has been made rarely achieve the whole of a drawing themselves. In fact, considering the amount turned out, it would be almost a physical impossibility. Much of it is done by pupils who have caught their style. A rough sketch is made, the figure being drawn in in a manner no novice could attempt, and then the sketch is handed over to the assistants, one of whom may excel in some particular detail. One will do check patterns, lace, tucks, and embroidery; another will manage the sweeping strokes

EVOLUTION OF FASHION-PLATE ANATOMY.
THE MODEL. *From a Photo. by Reutlinger.* THE DRAWING.

necessary to a broadcloth skirt; another is good at drapery or backgrounds. These pupils pay from twenty pounds to one hundred pounds each as premium, and commence at ten shillings a week, rising after six months to one pound. And what is the price generally paid for the average fashion drawing which confronts one out of the pages of a hundred different publications weekly in these islands? The average price is thirty shillings for a full-page drawing, or two guineas for something especially clever.

"So that," as one expert artist remarked, "if you are particularly diligent and have an exceptional staff of pupils, you can turn out fifteen drawings a week."

Yet double—and even treble—that number has been heard of, and it is certain that several eminent artists earn well over one thousand pounds a year.

At one school of fashion delineation, visited for the purposes of this article, some fifteen female pupils were grouped around a model, who was attired in what the milliners' advertisements would doubtless describe as a "charming Paris confection." The materials used by the students were cardboard and lead-pencil, the preliminary sketch being made on the spot and the ink or "wash" applied later. It was exceedingly curious to note how strong was the influence of certain successful fashion draughtsmen upon these novices. If they had been drawing from the antique or from life in an ordinary art class, the result in many cases would have been surprisingly different. But many of them seemed impelled to look upon the model before them with different eyes, or at least to transcribe her in different terms — the conventional terms of the fashion-plate. On the previous page is a drawing selected from one student's portfolio, showing how the female figure in the accompanying photograph is metamorphosed to suit the supposed taste of the feminine public, or at least that section of it which does not care for a too literal transcription of Nature. Such an artist in drawing Sir Richard Calmady would quickly lengthen him out to the god-like stature of one of Ouida's heroes.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC FASHION-PLATE OF THE FUTURE.
Taken from life by Reutlinger.

There are two or three of these ateliers at present in Paris which make a speciality of fashion-plates. In the example we give here it will be seen that the expedient of posing the model upon the edge of a step has been resorted to; but even this has not prevented certain not wholly artistic folds appearing, which somewhat mar the symmetry—what is called the "hang" of the skirt, especially when compared with some of the drawings. As one lady confessed to the writer, "No one ever dresses exactly like a fashion-plate, nor does any dress ever hang like a fashion-plate dress. But we all try to make them do it, and by stopping short of perfection we reach a 'good form.' A photograph always makes a woman look dumpy, and dumpiness is out of fashion in 1904!"

A ZOOLOGICAL NIGHTMARE.

A Story for Children.

CHAPTER V.

ABOUT NINEPENCE AND A PROPOSAL.

"THERE he is, over there," said the secretary-bird, pointing to where a strange-looking creature with an enormous beak was perched on the back of a garden seat in a lonely spot by himself. "You'll hear your name called when you have to recite," he added. "And now I'm off," and Mr. Secretary whisked around and started back in the direction of the band-stand.

"But stop," cried Girlie, hurrying after him. "I must know if——"

But the secretary-bird, taking enormously long strides, was soon out of sight, and Girlie was forced to return disconsolately to the toucan.

"He doesn't look much as if he could help anybody," she mused, gazing at the ungainly-looking bird, "and I do believe he's asleep, too," she added, going up and looking at him more closely.

"Hey?" said the bird, suddenly throwing his great beak back, and yawning till it looked as though his head must split in two. "What?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Girlie. "I thought you were asleep, you know. How do you do?" she added, smiling pleasantly.

The toucan stared at her suspiciously for a moment before replying, and then said, in a husky voice:—

"Is that a riddle?"

"Why, no," replied Girlie, laughing.

"What did you say?" asked the bird.

"I only said, 'How do you do?'" repeated Girlie.

"Do *what?*" inquired the bird, with his head on one side.

"I mean," said Girlie, becoming a little confused, "I mean I hope you are quite well."

"I hope so, I'm sure," replied the toucan. "Is that all you have to say?"

"No," said Girlie; "the secretary-bird told me you wished to see me."

"Well, I *have* seen you," remarked the toucan, "and there's an end of the matter," and he closed his eyes and began nodding again.

"Well, I thought it was something important you wished to see me about," said Girlie, in rather a disappointed voice, for it seemed such a very unsatisfactory ending to the interview.

The toucan didn't reply to this remark, but let his head sink down heavily till the enormous beak rested on the seat.

Girlie waited a moment, but the bird continued motionless.

"Well, there doesn't seem anything to stop for," thought Girlie. "I've never seen such a stupid creature before in all my life," and she was just turning to go away when the great beak flew up once more and the toucan gave a gasp and ruffled his feathers.

"Hey? What?" he said, blinking his eyes very quickly.

"I didn't say anything," said Girlie.

"Yes, you did," asserted the toucan. "You said you thought it was something important I wished to see you about. So it was."

"Well, what was it, please?" asked Girlie.

"H'm!" said the toucan, "let me think. I know it was something, because if it had been nothing, you see, I shouldn't have wanted to have seen you about it, should I?" he asked.

"I suppose not," answered Girlie.

"No, of course not," agreed the toucan.

"I wonder what it was? I have an idea it began with a 'T,' do you know. Just mention one or two things beginning with 'T,' will you, please; it may help me to remember."

"Tomatoes, tin-tacks, time-tables, tarpaulins, tea, telegrams," began Girlie.

The toucan shook his head after each of these words.

"Tambourines, tickets——"

"Stop!" said the toucan; "that's near it. I feel sure it was something like tickets."

Girlie tried hard to think of something else beginning with "T" which resembled tickets, but could not recollect a single word.

"I have it," at last cried the bird, who had been sitting with one claw touching his forehead in a very learned attitude.

"It was ninepence," he said.

"But ninepence isn't anything like tickets," objected Girlie; "and, besides, it doesn't begin with a 'T.'"

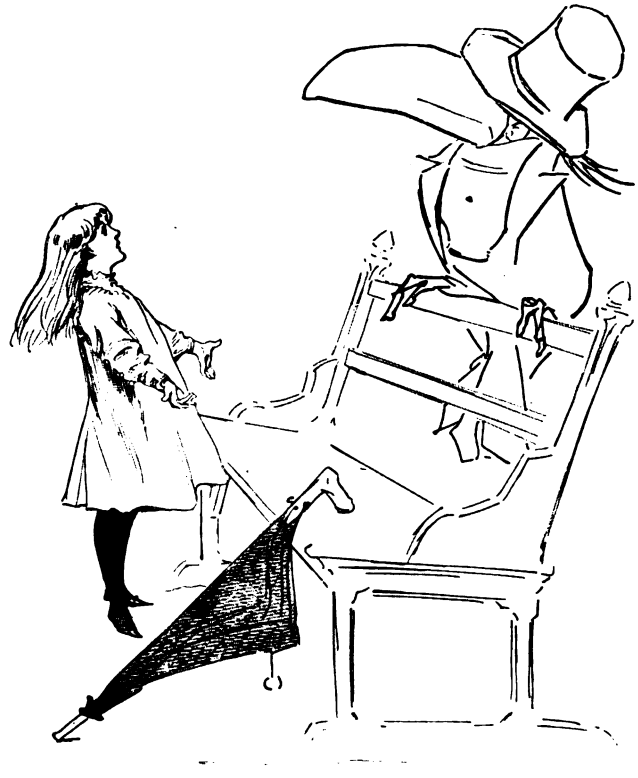
"Well, give it to me," said the bird, stretching out a claw. "I'll find a use for it somehow. Ninepence, please."

"But I haven't got ninepence," protested Girlie, "and so I can't give it to you."

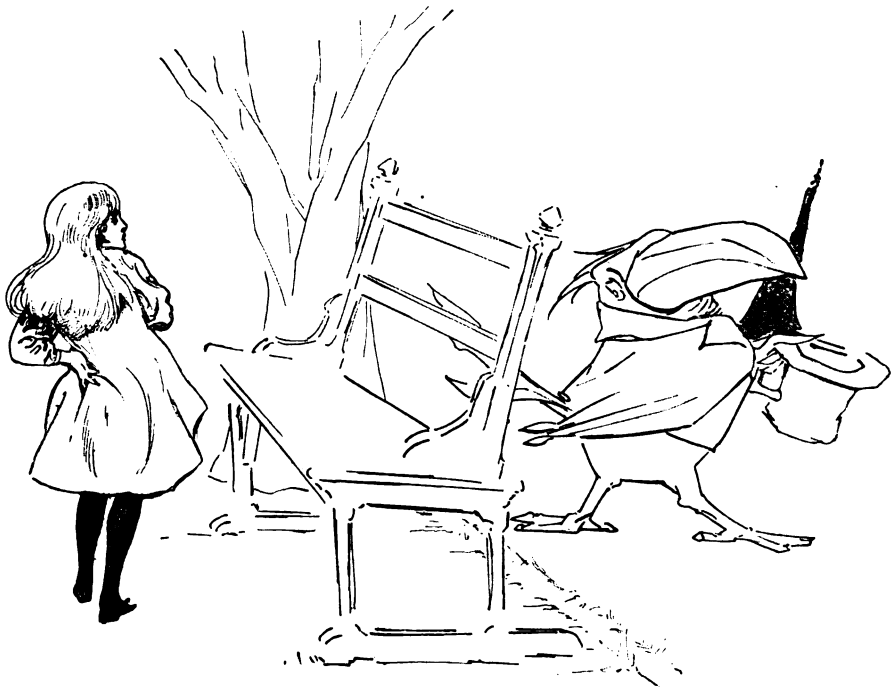
"Very well, then, I shall put it down in my book as a debt of honour," said the bird, taking out a pocket-book, making a memorandum of the amount, and then getting down off the seat. "You will find that it is a matter of consequence before long," he said, in a warning voice, as he walked off.

"Dear me," cried Girlie, sinking down on to a bank of grass, "what a muddle I'm getting into, to be sure! What with having to recite and sing before a lot of strangers, and being expected to play upon instruments that I have never seen; and now to owe that horrid bird ninepence, I declare I am getting quite bewildered."

"He, he! He, he!" giggled a voice behind her, and turning around Girlie beheld an ant-eater, one of those curious little



"I ONLY SAID, 'HOW DO YOU DO?'"



"YOU WILL FIND THAT IT IS A MATTER OF CONSEQUENCE."

creatures with the very peculiarly-shaped head and long red tongue.

"How thingular!" he exclaimed, with a lisp, when he saw Girlie. "You are the very perthon I wath withing to thee."

"You wished to see me?" exclaimed Girlie, trying hard not to laugh, for the ant-eater was really such a funny-looking little chap that she had hard work to keep her countenance.

"Yeth," lisped the creature, "I've thomething to thay to you."

"Yes?" said Girlie, inquiringly.

"Oh, I can't thay it all at oneth," simpered the ant-eater, turning his head away. "I'm too thy."

"Oh, don't be shy," said Girlie, encouragingly; "you needn't mind me, you know."

"But it theams tho thilly," said the creature, giggling foolishly.

"What does?" asked Girlie.

"What I withed to thay," was the reply.

"Well, what do you wish to say?" cried Girlie.

"I—I," began the ant-eater, bashfully, "I with to propothe."

"You wish to propose?" said Girlie, laughing; "who to, pray?"

"Can't you gueth?" asked the ant-eater, gazing at her in the most comically affectionate manner.

"No, I certainly can't," declared Girlie. "You see, I don't know many people here to speak to," she added.

"What would you thay if I wath to propothe to you?" asked the ant-eater, nervously, turning away his head and looking at her sideways.

"Why," said Girlie, laughing in spite of herself, "I should have to decline, I am afraid. You see, I'm only a little girl, and not nearly old enough to be engaged."

"Oh, *thath* not what I wath going to propothe," said the ant-eater, hurriedly, in a horrified voice; "I wath only going to propothe that you thould thit nexth to me at thupper and call me Thamuel."

"Sit next to you at supper and call you Samuel?" laughed Girlie, mortified that she should have been so hasty at jumping to conclusions. "If *that's* all," she went on, "I think I may certainly promise to do as you wish; but why are you so anxious for me to sit next to you?"

"Well, you thee," exclaimed the little creature, "Thuthan ith vexthed with me, and——"

"Who's Susan?" interrupted Girlie.

"My thweetheart," said the ant-eater,

blushing; at least, his face turned a sort of blue colour, by which Girlie supposed he must have been blushing.

"Well, what has that to do with your wishing to sit next to me at supper?" asked Girlie, greatly puzzled.

"Why," explained the little creature, "if the thees me thitting nexth to you it will make her jealouth, ethpethially if you call me Thamuel, and the will try and make it up with me, don't you thee?"

Before Girlie could reply a sound of vigorous clapping came from the direction of the band-stand, and she could distinctly hear a loud voice announcing:—

"The next item on the programme is a recitation entitled 'The Pelican and the Pie,'" and immediately afterwards she heard her name called out in rather an impatient way by the secretary-bird.

"CALL ME THAMUEL."

CHAPTER VI.

"THE PELICAN AND THE PIE."

"GOODNESS gracious!" exclaimed Girlie, clasping her hands; "they're calling for me to begin my recitation. Whatever shall I do?"

"Go and give it, of courth," lisped the ant-eater.

"But they expect me to recite 'The Pelican and the Pie,'" said poor Girlie, "and I don't know it in the least."

The clapping continued and her name was called again, this time by several voices.

"Oh, dear me," she thought, "I shall have to go, I suppose. Well, I certainly *can't* recite 'The Pelican and the Pie,' she mused, as she walked slowly towards the band-stand. "So I must give them something else. Let's see—shall it be 'The Wreck of the *Hesperus*' or 'Mary Had a Little Lamb'? Neither of them has anything in it about a pie, though, or a pelican either. Oh, I know!" she thought, stopping suddenly, "'Sing a Song of Sixpence' has a pie in it—and some birds, too. To be sure, they were blackbirds, but I could easily turn them into pelicans—'Four-and-twenty pelicans baked in a pie,' you know. Yes, that's what I'll do," she cried, delightedly.

Just then the secretary-bird came hurrying into the shrubbery.

"Come along," he cried, impatiently; "we are all waiting for you to begin; there's an immense crowd, for everybody is anxious to hear you."

Girlie could see that he had spoken the truth, for as they came in sight of the band-stand she saw that it was surrounded by a great number of birds and animals of all sizes—more, in fact, than she had imagined the whole Zoological Gardens contained altogether.

"Here she comes!" they all cried, when she came in sight, and the clapping commenced again, more vigorously than before.

"Oh, dear me," sighed Girlie, "I do feel so nervous."

"Rubbish," said the secretary-bird, unsympathetically. "*I* don't."

"But you haven't to recite," Girlie replied.

"No, but I have to listen," said the secretary-bird; "that's worse."

"Where am I to stand?" whispered Girlie, feeling horribly nervous as the crowd made way for her to pass.

"On the platform, of course," was the reply.

And so Girlie mounted the steps of the band-stand, and in a moment stood in full view of the large audience gathered around.

She could see the toucan perched on a seat in the front row, and to her dismay he remarked in a loud voice to an iguana sitting next to him, "She owes me ninepence," to which the creature replied, "Disgraceful," in an indignant voice.

This incident so disconcerted Girlie that she almost forgot to curtsy before she commenced her recitation.

At first her voice trembled so that she could scarcely be heard, but after several voices had shouted encouragingly, "Speak up! Speak up!" she made another effort, though somehow, when she began to speak, she found herself mixing up "Mary Had a Little Lamb," "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*," and "Sing a Song of Sixpence," in the most confusing and absurd manner.

It sounded something like this:—

THE PELICAN AND THE PIE.

Mary had a pelican,
Its fleece was white as snow,
Upon the schooner *Hesperus*
(A sailing ship, you know).

It followed her to school one day,
But a scornful laugh laughed he,
For the skipper had taken a little pie
To bear him company.

When the pie was opened,
It was against the rule,
It wasn't thought a pretty dish
To set before a school.

It made the children laugh and play,
And water at the mouth,
To see the veering flaw that blew
The steam now west, now south.

"Come hither! Come hither! my pelican,"
The skipper then did cry;
And so the teacher turned him out
With a pocket full of rye.

To Girlie's infinite surprise and great relief this poem seemed to please the company very much indeed, and they clapped and applauded in the most enthusiastic manner, and a great many of the creatures cried, "Encore! Encore!"

"THE PELICAN AND THE PIE."

A party of macaws and parrots, however (who were to sing a chorus as the next part of the programme), objected so loudly to this, protesting that it was their turn now, that Girlie, fortunately, got out of having to recite again.

She hurried through the crowd, followed by all sorts of curious remarks from the audience.

She had got clear of the crowd and was

walking towards the terrace when she heard a quick pattering behind her, and turning around she saw an amiable-looking flamingo trying to catch her up.

He carried a flageolet under one wing and a roll of music under the other.

"I hope that you will pardon me for speaking to you without an introduction," he began, politely, "but I felt that I *must* come and congratulate you on the success of your charming recitation—everybody is delighted with it."

"Oh, thank you," said Girlie; "I was afraid that it was very bad indeed."

"Oh, no, I assure you," declared the flamingo; "a little obscure, perhaps, and above the heads of some of the audience—we are obliged to have a very mixed lot here, you know—but to the educated amongst us it was an intellectual treat."

"Oh, really!" said Girlie, blushing at what she felt was unmerited praise. "I am afraid you are flattering me."

"Oh, no; not at all," protested the flamingo; "it was really remarkably deep—I confess to being unable to understand *some* parts of it myself; for instance, would you mind explaining to me exactly what a 'veering flaw' is?—'the veering flaw did blow'—you remember the line, don't you?"

"Oh, I can tell you what a 'veering flaw' is," said a voice at their side, and a most extraordinary bird stepped from behind a tree, where he had evidently been standing and had overheard the conversation. He was one of the most remarkable-looking creatures which Girlie had ever seen. To begin with, he had no wings at all, an enormously long and thin beak, and large, clumsy-looking feet; he was covered with a mass of ragged-looking feathers, and wore a number of brightly-coloured ribbons tied round his legs, and these were continually getting in his way, so that he stumbled forward every now and then, sticking his beak into the ground and only releasing himself and getting on to his feet again after a considerable amount of trouble.

"I can tell you what a veering flaw is," repeated this strange creature, whom Girlie afterwards discovered was called an apteryx, and who came from New Zealand.

"I don't think it is at all polite of you to interrupt our conversation in this way," said the flamingo, haughtily.

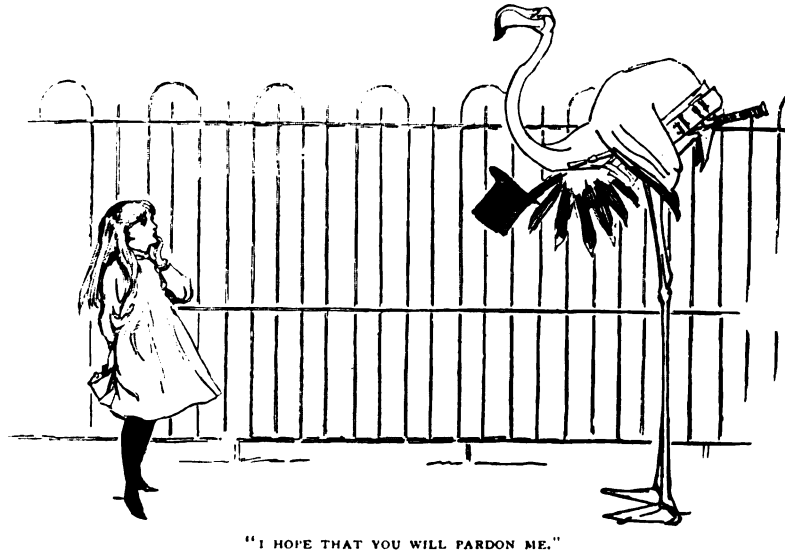
"Well, *you* spoke to her without an introduction," declared the apteryx; "why shouldn't I?"

"Oh, don't quarrel, please," said Girlie. "I'm sure we shall be very pleased to hear what a 'veering flaw' is, if you will kindly tell us."

"There you are, you see!" said the apteryx, tauntingly, making a grimace at the flamingo.

Girlie was afraid they were going to quarrel again, so she asked, hurriedly, "What is it, please?"

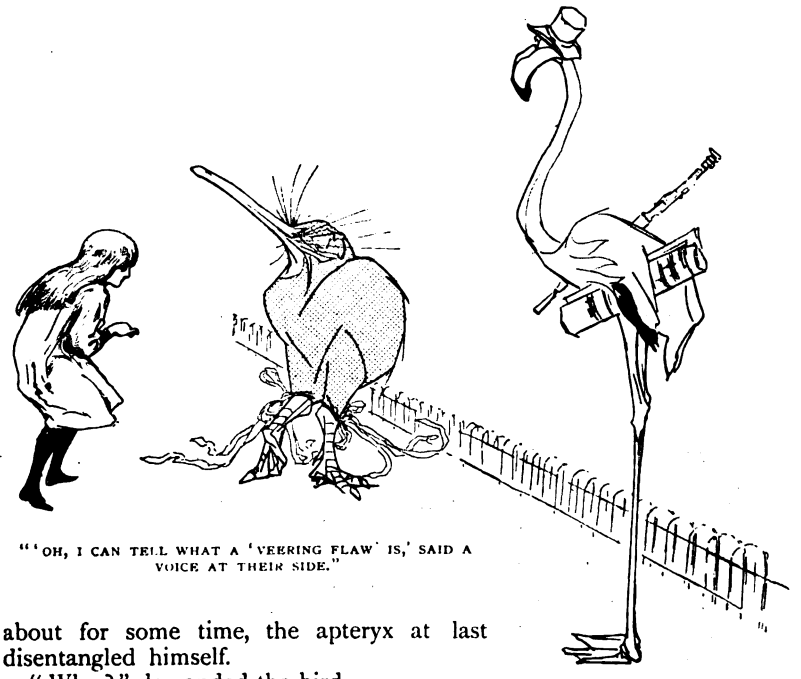
"Well," explained the apteryx, "to veer is to hop round very quickly in all sorts of directions at once, and a flaw is a defect, you know; so a veering flaw is a hopping defect. Do you see?" he added.



"I HOPE THAT YOU WILL PARDON ME."

Before they could reply he had again caught his feet in the ribbons tied around his legs, and trying to disentangle himself he skipped about in the most diverting manner.

"I know how it was that you knew what it meant," said the flamingo, when, after twisting and turning



"'OH, I CAN TELL WHAT A 'VEERING FLAW' IS,' SAID A VOICE AT THEIR SIDE."

about for some time, the apteryx at last disentangled himself.

"Why?" demanded the bird.

"Because you *are* one," was the reply.

"One what?"

"A 'veering flaw'" said the flamingo.

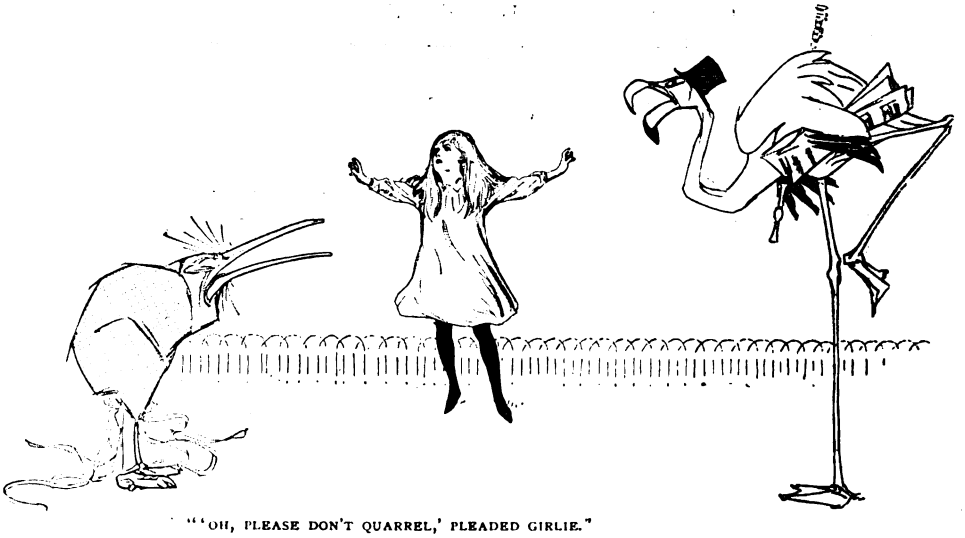
"I'm a 'veering flaw'?" cried the apteryx.

"Yes, you are a *hopping defect*, you know."

"Oh, am I?" shouted the bird, ruffling up his feathers and looking very angry. "Very well, then. I challenge you to a duel. Come on!" and he rushed at the flamingo furiously.

"Don't be absurd," cried that creature. "You don't suppose I'm going to fight with a hopping defect, do you? Why, you haven't any wings," he cried, tauntingly.

"Oh, please, please don't quarrel," pleaded Girlie, who was terribly alarmed at the turn affairs were taking; and just then, to her great relief at this moment, there was a noise on the gravel path, and another creature came up, evidently attracted by the noise.

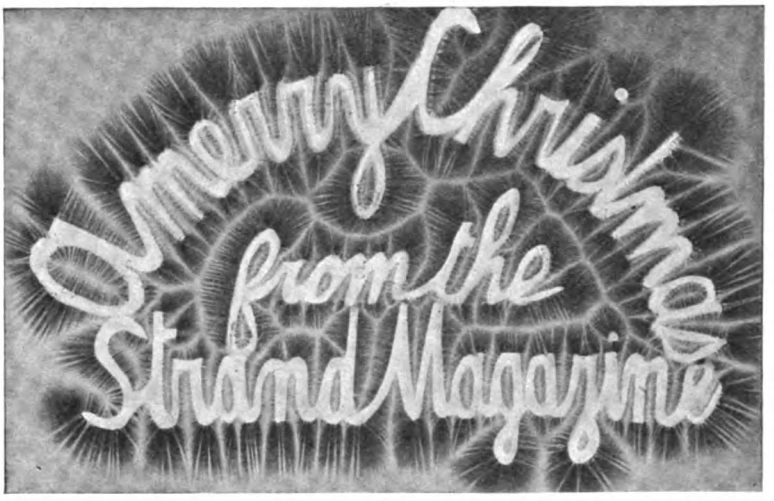


"'OH, PLEASE DON'T QUARREL,' PLEADED GIRLIE."

(To be continued.)

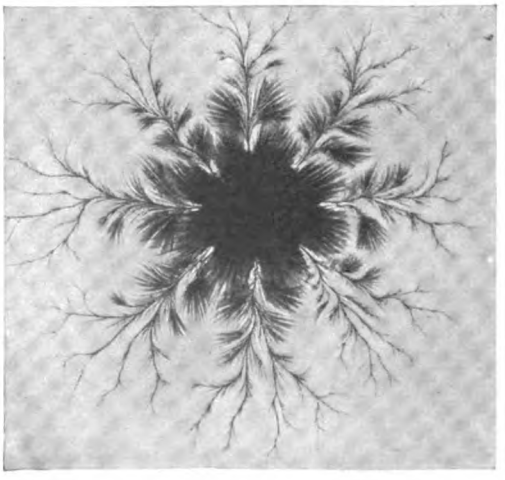
Designs by Electricity.

By George Dollar.



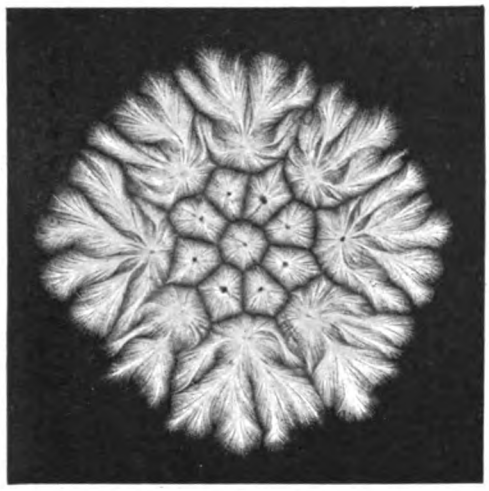
IN unusual fashion, the like of which has not before been seen, but with the usual heartiness, we extend to each of our readers the compliments of the season. Our message, written near by, is not expressed in the cold script of a Christmas card or in the type of a modern Caxton, but through a medium more brilliant far than these. Let us say simply that the messa e of Merry Christmas sent by us to you has been written by Nature in letters of light.

With an equipment such as may be found in any small electric laboratory and with a slight knowledge of photography, particularly of the speed of plates, any amateur electrician may turn out the beautiful designs shown in the accompanying illustrations. They are merely the results of electric discharges, and the number of the designs is limited only by human ingenuity. Both pleasure and profit may be gained from the experiments. The pleasure comes from a continual appeal to the artistic sense, and the profit arises from the use to which the designs, commercially, may be put.



The interest in these photographs of electric discharges is so widespread that great professors of electric science have not thought it beneath their dignity to place on exhibition their handiwork, and there is one professor at least who has spent many of his leisure hours in making photographs simply to satisfy the pleasure of his friends. The method of making these beautiful figures, so like the snowflake crystals of the winter time, is here described.

First must be obtained a number of sensitive plates, and these may be got at any photographic store, dry plates with a coating of gelatino-bromide of silver being most effective for the purpose. As the object is to obtain designs both symmetrical and regular, scissors and pasteboard are necessary. With these may be cut out any number of designs — stars, triangles, circles, squares, leaves of plants, or what you will — in the knowledge that when the discharge is made the



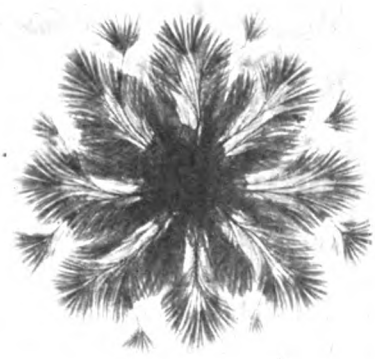
resulting design will be approximately like the design of the pasteboard. The operation of placing the pasteboard star or circle upon the sensitive plate must be done, of course, in a dark room, under red light. When the pasteboard has been placed upon the plate the first operation is complete.

The next step is to sprinkle upon the plate around the design an insulating powder, preferably a metallic salt or a powdered oxide, although starch, sulphur, or fecula may be used. The sprinkling may be done by means of a fine sieve. When the plate, with the exception of the space occupied by the design, is thoroughly covered, the pasteboard may be removed, thus leaving on the sensitive surface of the plate a well-formed design.

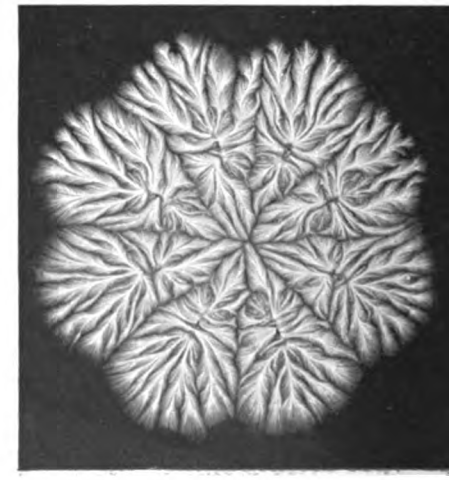
Should the foregoing instructions be carefully followed, success is not far distant, and the amateur at this stage may well wonder what the result is really going to be, for it is here that electricity steps in and shows its wondrous force. The sensitive plate must now be placed on a leaf of metal, with its sensitive surface uppermost, and connected below with one of the poles of a small induction coil or generator of static electricity. There is, by the way, little necessity to use large generators such as are found in the best physical laboratories, although the best results are sometimes gained when the experiments are performed on a large scale.

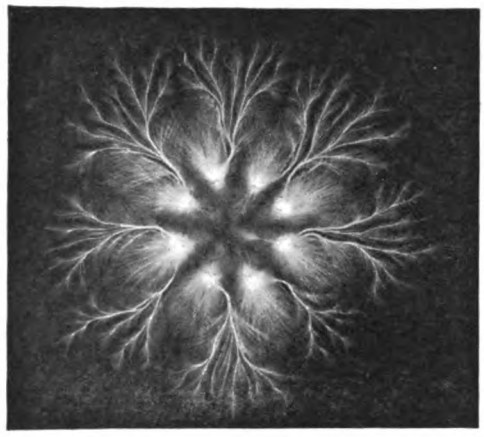
Care should, of course, be taken that the plates be not moved in such a way as to disturb the powder, otherwise the design may be spoiled. In the exact centre of the space left by the pasteboard, or stencil, arrange a connection by means of a metal point with the opposite pole of the generator, and when all is ready make the discharge. Then dry the plate with care by means of a cloth, dusting away the superfluous powder, and in the ordinary manner develop the plate. Gradually will appear upon its surface a beautiful, although thoroughly conventional, design, such as we may see in our illustrations.

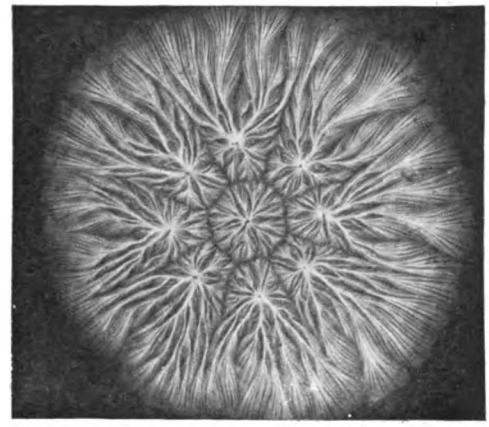
A collection of such designs may be indefinitely extended. The simple conventional form familiar in elementary drawing may first be used, to be followed later by more intricate forms. These may be obtained by distributing upon the plate little bits of metal — say of copper, lead, or tin — each cut in varied shapes and sizes, before the powder is finally applied. Words, and sentences like that in our Christmas greeting, may also be written. The limit to such designs is infinite.



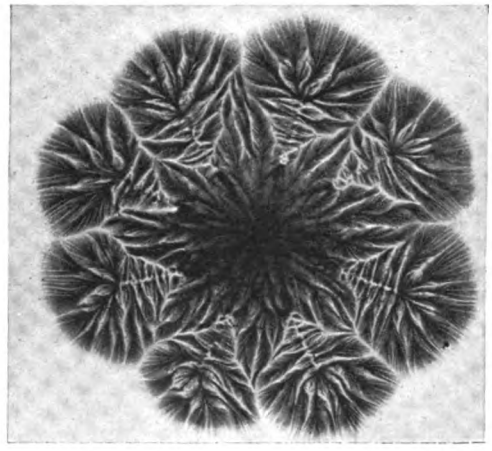
Our illustrations are taken from photographs made by M. Stephan Leduc, the noted professor of Biological Physics at



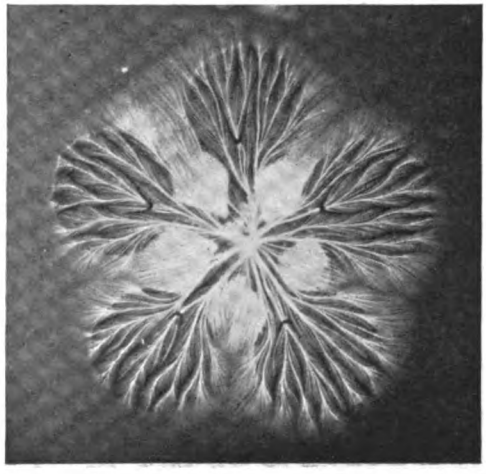


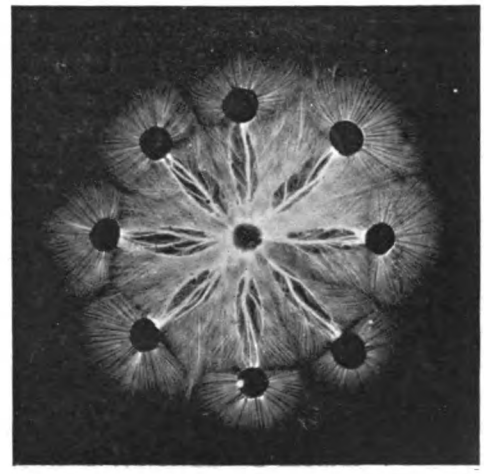


the Medical School at Nantes, and were shown by him at an exhibit of the French Physical Society. Being the work of an expert they are much better than will be obtained at first by an amateur, and show probably the highest point yet reached in the photography of electrical discharges.



Many of the designs may be put to a practical use. There is a continual demand for striking variations of conventional ornamentation, especially in the manufacture of wall-papers and carpets. Large amounts of money are expended each year by manufacturers in the pursuit of new decorative ideas, and electricity may well step in to supply a deficiency in ingenuity. The electric discharge, remarkably pretty in itself and ever-surprising in its product, should easily provide the initial idea in a new line of decoration. The draughtsman and the manufacturer should be able to do the rest.





Curiosities.

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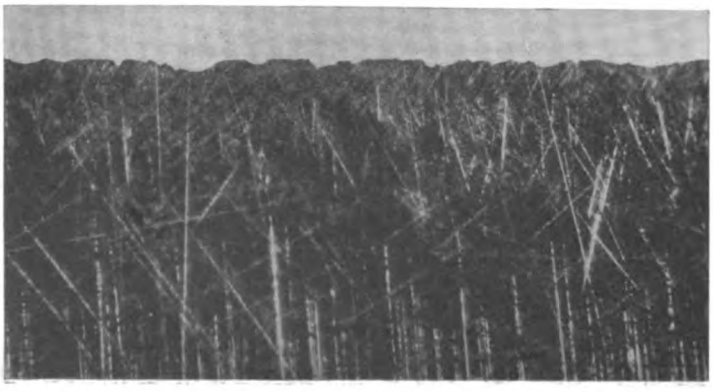
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

A WINDOW WHICH CURES BACKACHE.

"The photograph above represents the window in an old ruin situated about six miles from Dingle. If tradition speaks truly the window is remarkable in two respects: firstly, that no one, however stout, has ever failed to pass through it; and secondly, that all those who do so are never again subject to backache. The 'young lady' in the photograph has just undergone the operation."—Mr. Thomas L. O'Donoghue, Dingle, County Kerry, Ireland.

THE EDGE OF A RAZOR.

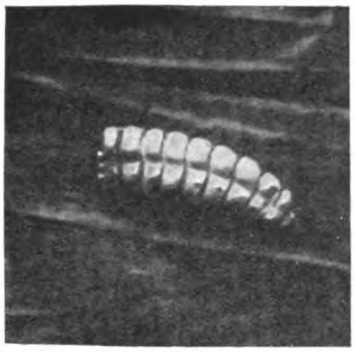
"The curious photograph shown here is that of the edge of the keen, polished blade of a razor, highly magnified. In order to obtain the picture the razor was supported upon its side on the stage of a microscope. The microscope was connected with a camera and the picture made by photomicrography. This picture represents a very minute portion of the edge of the razor-blade, not so large in area as the top of a pin's head. This small surface was magnified in the picture till it appears several inches across."—Mr. W. F. Watson, Professor of Chemistry and Biology, Furman University, Greenville, South Carolina.



A TARANTULA SPIDER'S NEST.

"The following photograph of the tarantula or trap-door spider and its nest may be of interest to some of your readers. They were brought home from Jamaica lately by my brother, and were dug out of the ground when cutting down timber. The spider is a crab-like-looking little animal with a hard shell covering its head, and a round, hairy body with ten legs, six in front and four behind, as seen in the photo. The head and body measure about an inch in length and are of a dark-brown colour. This ingenious little creature builds its nest far down in the ground, of a fibrous-looking skin, and then finishes it off at the top with a beautifully-made trap-door, which

he can open or shut at will, and which is made from the bark of a tree. When the nest is finished the spider takes a supply of food and retires to the bottom of the nest, which measures eight inches in length, and closes down the door, which is shown open in the photo. The bite of the spider is most deadly, and it requires great skill to dig up the nest in perfect condition, as it is difficult to induce the spider to leave his retreat."—Miss M. Hill, 3, Park Road, Winchester.



THE RATTLESNAKE'S RATTLE.

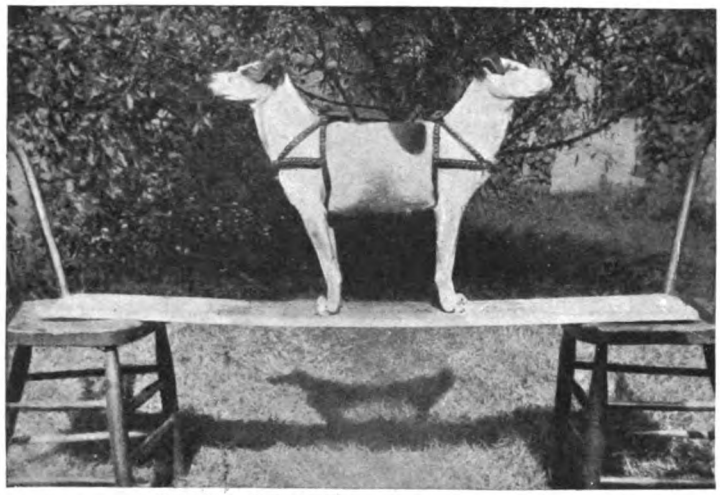
"The foregoing is a photo. of the rattle of a common rattlesnake killed on the Canadian prairie. In appearance it is of a yellowish-cream colour, and looks as if made of celluloid. The specimen photographed is just two inches long and nearly three-quarters of an inch at the widest part. It is supposed that every year of the snake's life a new joint in the rattle grows."—Miss M. Hill, 3, Park Road, Winchester.

PAVEMENT OF WHALES' BONES.

"One of the oldest towns on the Pacific Coast of North America is Monterey, about one hundred and twenty-five miles from San Francisco, California. While Alta (or Upper) California was still a part of Mexico, and under the domination of Old Spain, Monterey was a gay and important city, being the capital of the province and the residence of many rich landed proprietors. It is still a picturesque town, with many buildings that bear witness to its former importance. On June 3rd, 1770, Father Junipero Serra, one of the Spanish priests who founded the missions which abound in California, landed at Monterey. The San Carlos Mission Church is still in excellent preservation, and is regularly used for Divine service. Besides being the seat of government, Monterey was also a large whaling station, whales abounding in Monterey Bay during the early part of last century. The broad walk leading from the street up to the main door of San Carlos Mission Church is paved with whales' bones. The large, mushroom-like circles shown in the photograph are the vertebræ of the great mammal, and the straight pieces of bone are its ribs. The pavement is so curious in appearance that, on my last visit to Monterey, I made a picture of it. Hardly anyone to whom I have shown the photograph is able to tell what it represents." — Mr. Arthur Inkersley, San Francisco.

FOUNTAIN OF ICE.

"The fountain shown in the following photograph is situated in Washington Park, in the centre of the business portion of the city of Detroit, Mich. The water-jets of the fountain consist of some ten narrow streams rising to a height of forty-five feet. In order to prevent, as they thought, the fountain being frozen up through the intense cold, the authorities decided to leave the water running throughout the winter. Much to their disappointment, however, the mountain of ice began steadily to grow in size, and the constant supply of rapidly freezing water, aided by several heavy falls of snow, soon built up an enormous cone of ice. The golden rays of the midday sun occasionally transformed the fountain into a fairylike structure of unsurpassable beauty." — Mr. A. Hutson, 17, Liverpool Street, King's Cross.

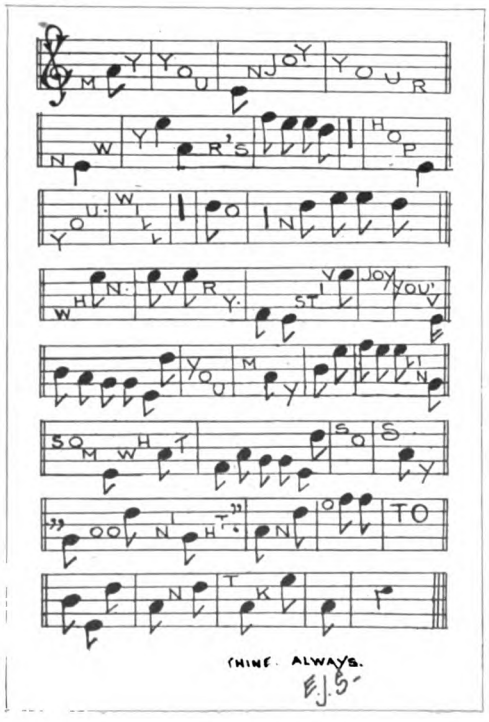


A CANINE CURIOSITY.

"This photograph was taken by exposing half the plate, then turning the dog round and exposing the other half."—Mr. W. H. Flood, 3,121, Vernon Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

A MUSICAL MESSAGE.

"This novel message is reproduced from the back of a post-card. The address, I may add, was written in similar style, but seemed to offer no difficulties to the ingenious Post Office officials, who take such great pains in the performance of their arduous duties. It may amuse your readers to work out the message for themselves, so I refrain from sending a solution."—Mr. A. G. Potter, 15, Brookland Road, Old Swan, Liverpool.



STATUE OF TWO PEOPLE AT ONCE.

"In Madison Square, one of the most conspicuous positions in the city of New York, there stands a statue which, in its own way, is probably the most extraordinary in the world. It purports to represent William H. Seward, a former Governor of New York State, and the head is really Mr. Seward's. But the body is Abraham Lincoln's. A fund was raised by the grateful citizens for the purpose of erecting a Seward statue, but the committee entrusted with the erection, desiring a 'secret commission' for their trouble, approached the sculptor and

asked him to abate his price. 'I cannot do that,' said he, 'but I will tell you what I will do. I have a statue here which has been left on my hands by a defaulting Western city. It is a statue of Abraham Lincoln, with the declaration of emancipation in his hand and the books of the Constitution at his feet. But I will take off his head and put on Seward's, and fix it that way.' He did, and the head of William H. Seward has stood upon the broad shoulders of Abraham Lincoln from that day to this."—Mr. Harold Steevens, Savage Club, 6 and 7, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

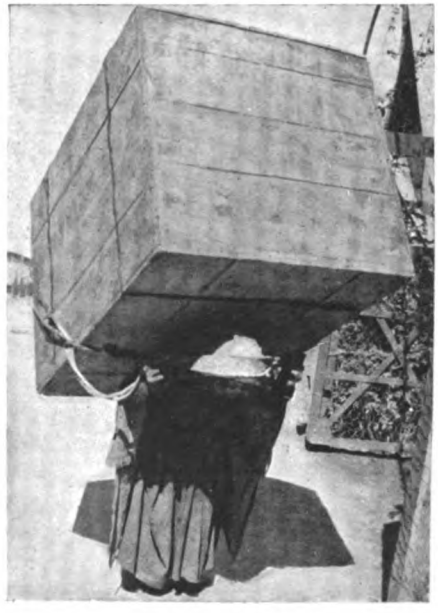
REMARKABLE COIN.

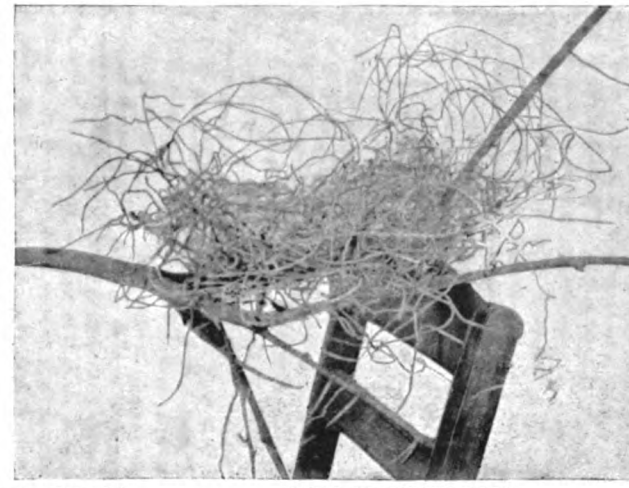
"The following photograph is that of a truly remarkable coin. In appearance it is an ordinary penny, and, indeed, was handed over as such to the present owner at one of His Majesty's post-offices. On closer examination the markings on the head disclosed the fact that the coin was a curiosity. These markings are in relief, and form a part of the coin itself. They are not merely attached. The authorities at the British Museum have been unable to explain this curiosity beyond stating that it is a

forgery, and (which is remarkable) was forged from a worn coin, and not a new one. It has been suggested that the coin was made for the Rajah of Sarawak. Perhaps some reader of THE STRAND might be able to throw light on the origin of this curiosity."—Mr. H. B. Vogel, Angle House, East Molesey.

THE MOST POWERFUL WOMEN.

"I send you a photograph taken by myself whilst on a holiday trip to Darjeeling. It is of a Bhootia woman carrying a box full of clothing for one of the leading firms in India. These women are said to be the most powerful in the world. One having carried a grand piano to the same place, the height being nine thousand feet above sea-level, she deposited her burden, drank some water, and fell down dead."—Mr. James Caldwell, 4, Ripon Street, Calcutta.





NEST MADE OF WIRE.

"The above photograph represents a crow's nest made entirely of pieces of thin telegraph wires, found at Manmar, in the Bombay Presidency, in 1899, just after extensive improvements had been carried out to the telegraph lines in the neighbourhood. The workmen had left behind pieces of the thin wires used for binding the wire to insulators, which were made use of by the crows. It is a very common thing for birds to cause interruption to communication by carrying away pieces of old wire left about by accident (usually such pieces are buried under the ground) and letting them fall on the wires, touching all of them. Some years ago there used to be exhibited in the Madras Museum a crow's nest made entirely of the pieces of wire used in fastening the corks to soda-water bottles before the introduction of Codd's patent bottles. The photograph was taken by Mr. T. W. E. Axford, Sub-Assistant Superintendent, Indian Telegraph Department."

TO PROVE THAT FOUR IS EQUAL TO FIVE.

"I see that you have been publishing some curious mathematical fallacies, and think your readers may find the enclosed of interest. It has not, so far as I know, been published as yet in any English paper."—Mr. W. E. Hiley, Ebbor, Wells, Somerset.

To prove that $4 = 5$.

$$16 - 36 = 25 - 45$$

$$16 - 36 + \frac{81}{4} = 25 - 45 + \frac{81}{4}$$

$$\left(4 - \frac{9}{2}\right)^2 = \left(5 - \frac{9}{2}\right)^2$$

$$4 - \frac{9}{2} = 5 - \frac{9}{2}$$

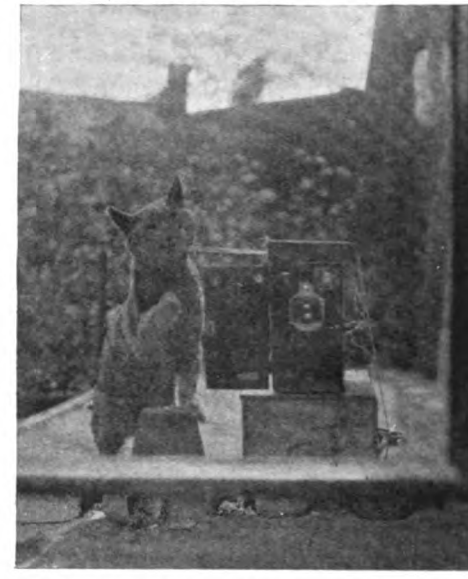
$$4 = 5.$$

A PECULIAR BELFRY.

"The photograph given above represents the belfry of the parish church of Kildalton, Islay. The belfry stands on a hillock about fifty yards from the church, which is also shown, and the manse in the background. As far as I know there is no other belfry of this kind in Scotland."—Mr. Norman Norrison, Frederick Crescent, Port Ellen, Islay.

A CAT WHICH PHOTOGRAPHED ITSELF.

"I did not take the photograph which I send you, because my cat did! I tied a piece of wood to my magazine camera and fixed a piece of meat at the end thereof, so that when the cat started eating the meat it would release the shutter and take a photograph of itself. A large mirror had to be



used, of course, and this photograph was the result."—Mr. R. A. Phillips, 169, Parkdale Road, Plumstead, S.E.

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See Page XXII.

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VOL. 28

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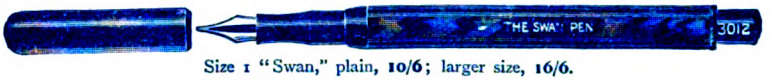

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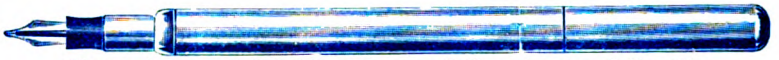

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THE Publishers of "THE STRAND MAGAZINE" have pleasure in directing the attention of readers to the Index of Advertisers which will be found on pages cxxxii. and cxxxiii. of this issue. It is hoped that this classification will prove of utility to all subscribers who take advantage of the offers of our numerous advertisers.

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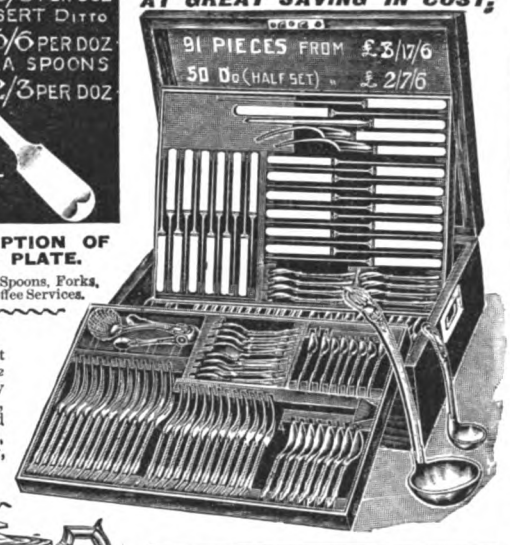

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STRAND MAG., Dec., 1904.

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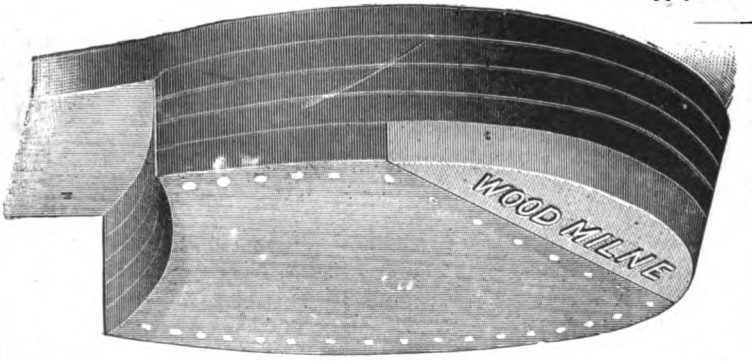

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Go to your chemist or dealer and ask him to supply you with an 8-oz. bottle of MALTICO, 1/6, return us the outside wrapper, stating your opinion of this great food; we will then refund you the price paid.

CAUTION.—There are many foods at present on the market, but only one "MALTICO." If your chemist or dealer does not stock, ask him to get it for you at once, you will thus make sure of having the only genuine article, and the trouble will be amply repaid by the satisfaction you will receive.

This offer is only available for a limited time, as it must be obvious to everyone such a great expense could not be maintained indefinitely.

DON'T LET YOUR CHILD DIE. Dr. EDWARD MALIN says: "80 to 85 per cent. of children are born healthy; why, then, is the rate of infant mortality so high?" The answer is, because the choice of food is altogether wrong. MALTICO will nourish and sustain and build up the constitution.

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SEND TO-DAY CERTAIN.

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Works: PORTSMOUTH.

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A Leading Line in Coats and Skirts at **Half-a-Guinea**, made in ALLEN FOSTER & Co.'s world-renowned **Specialite Serge or Zibeline Tweed.** All colours. Chesterfield Coat, sacque or tight-fitting back. Well-made Skirt, cut full. Costume complete, **10/6**; carriage, 6d. extra. Skirt by itself, **5/6**; carriage, 5d. extra. This Costume, produced in A. F. & Co.'s heavy **Frieze Coating**, will be **17/6**, carriage 6d. extra; or in their new **Hopsack Tweed, 19/11**. Any Coat can be lined for 3/- extra, or Skirt lined 2/- extra.

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10/6

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"The Glenburn" Drawing Room Suite consists of Double Ended Settee 2 Tub-shaped Arm Chairs and 4 Small Chairs. Frames Polished Chippendale covered in various shades of Tapestry and Genoese Velvet. Soundly upholstered spring seats, large pieces mounted on Brass Castors. Splendidly finished and artistically designed in every detail. **When ordering please state colour or shade of covering required.**

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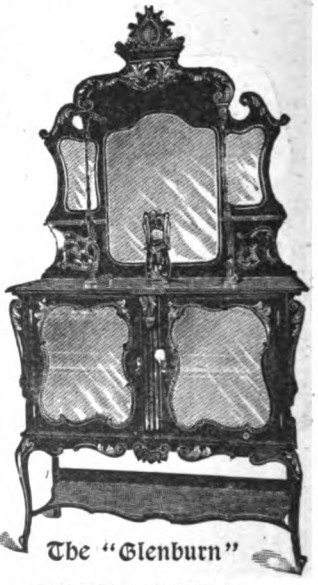

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Suite combines superiority in quality, handsome and substantial appearance, and minimum price, and can be had in our artistic "Raldic" Saddlebags, and suitable Velvet Borders—this Saddlebag is of a special make and fully equal in appearance and wear to those used in the making of suites sold at three times the price. It can also be had in Crockett's Crocodile Grain best quality English Leather Cloth, plain or richly embossed figured Velvet, the backs in each instance being padded with same material. The Suite consists of Couch, 2 Easy Chairs, both with Arms, and 4 small Chairs, all mounted on sound quality brass castors, and every article well polished and upholstered in a thorough workmanlike manner, and all spring-seated. Can be had in either Walnut, Oak, or Mahogany. **Solid throughout.** Extra small Chairs can be had at One Guinea each.

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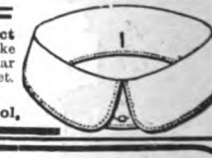

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WITHOUT SMOKE OR SMELL.

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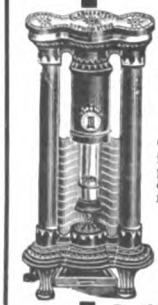

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Baby, 6½ months of age. Fed from birth on the 'Allenburys' Foods.

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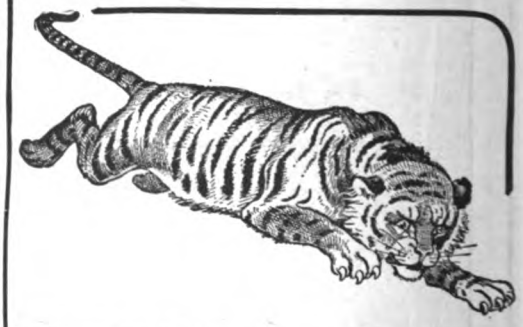

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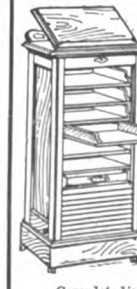

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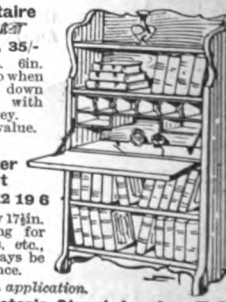

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About eight years ago I had Bleeding of the Lungs, and my physician pronounced me Consumptive. I have had an attack of Bleeding from the Lungs every August for six years; the last bleeding occurred about two years ago, and that time I vomited about one pint of blood from the lungs. My doctor said I could not have vomited more and lived. Four years ago I was examined by a physician, who said I had two years to live. I always felt tired and exhausted when doing my work. I was laid up several times. The shortest eight weeks, the longest seven months, and also had Night Sweats. My friends had given me up, and I thought there was no cure. Two years ago I commenced the Weidhaas Home Treatment, and to-day I never felt better and stronger in my life. I have not had the slightest bleeding from the lungs since I commenced this treatment. *Two physicians have recently examined my lungs, and have failed to find the least trace of consumption.* You may make what use you like of this statement for the sake of others who suffer in a similar way.—Yours, &c.,

E. FOSTER.

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Witness to the Signature,
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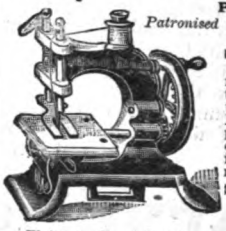

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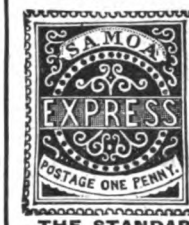

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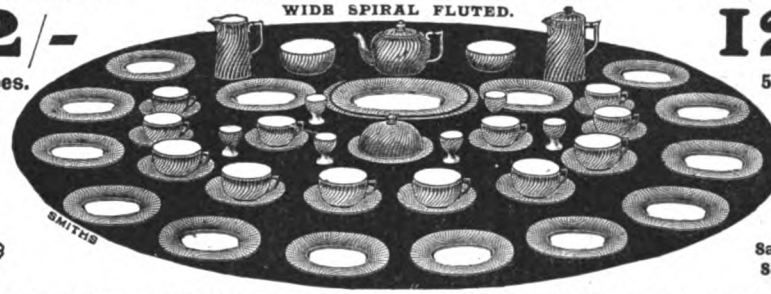

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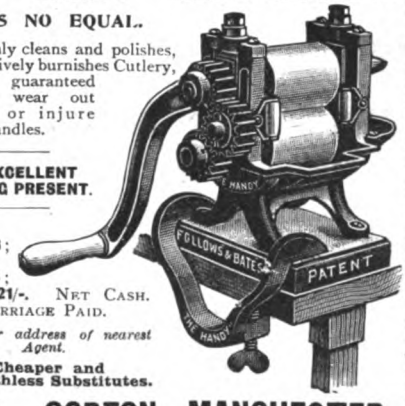

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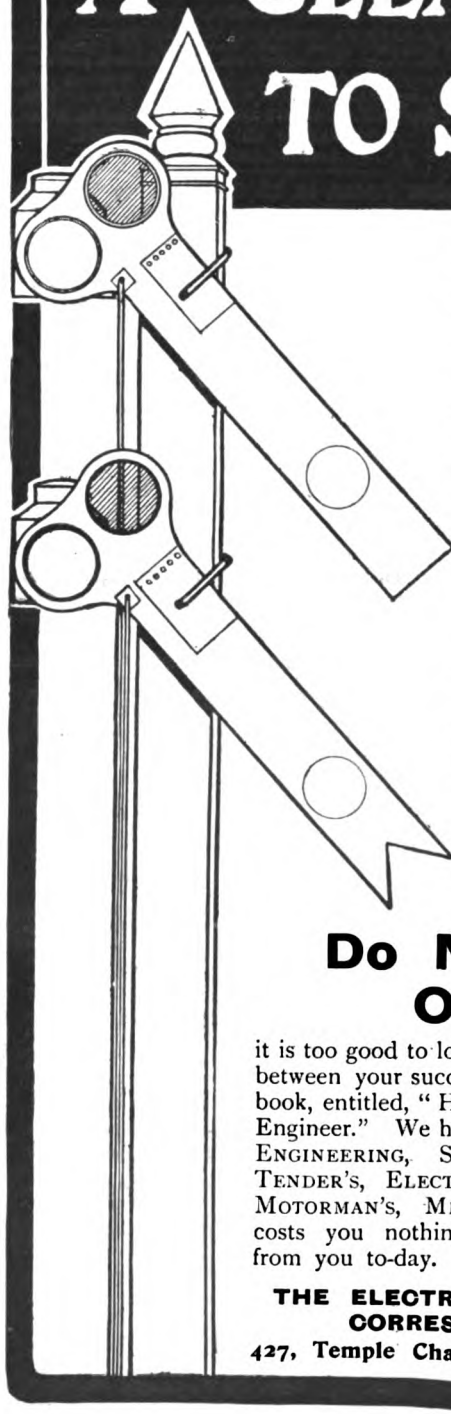

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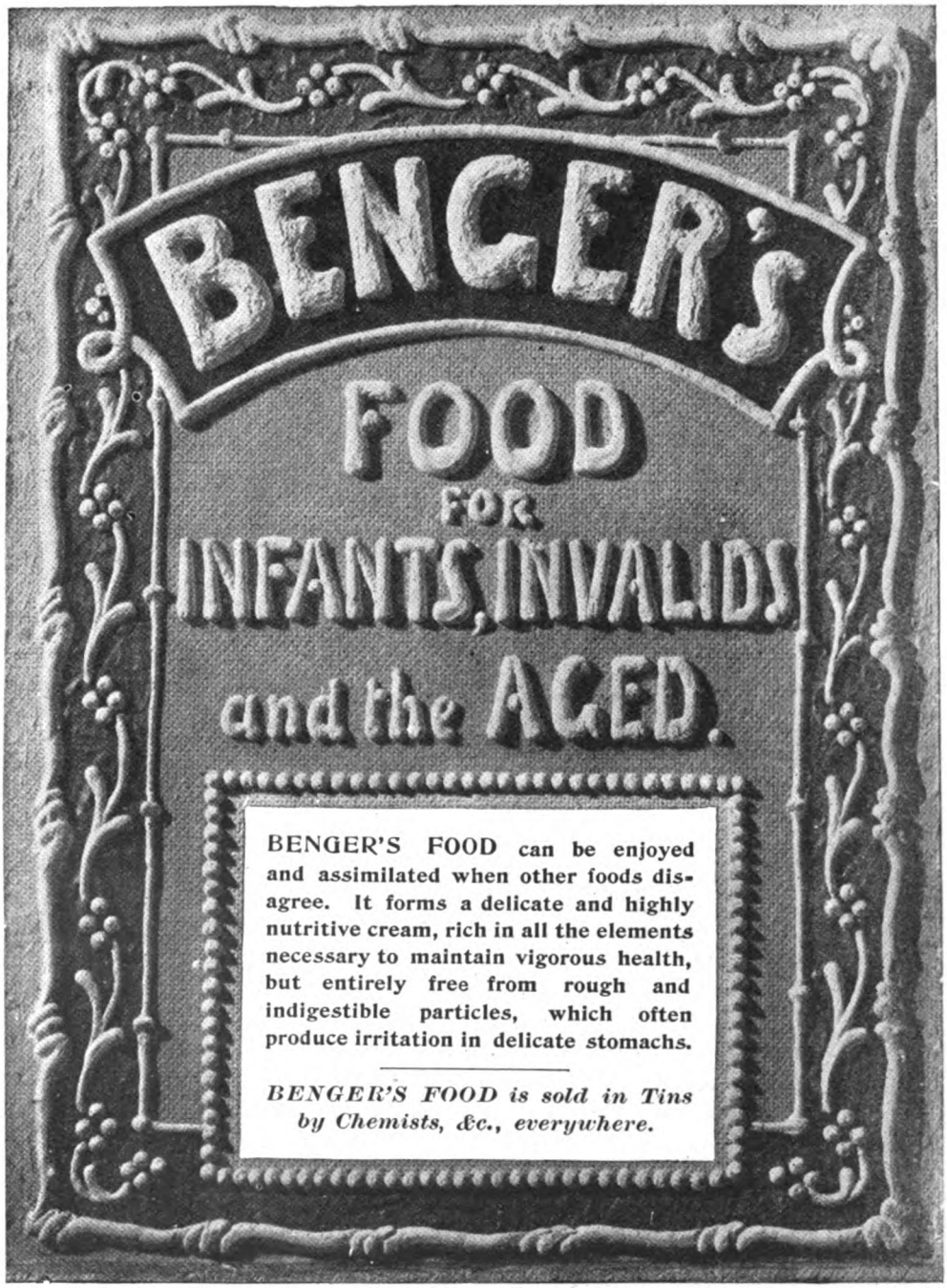

LEWISHAM, September 20th, 1903.

GENTLEMEN,—Enclosed I am sending you a photograph of our little son, which we have just had taken at 1 year 11 months. He has been entirely brought up on "Benger's" Food, and a more healthy child could not be wished for. I have recommended your food to all my friends, and should this letter be of any use please use it.

A Nurse writes:—

BLACKHEATH, June 29th, 1903.

SIR,—I am sending you a photo of little baby. He is nearly eight months in his photo, and has had "Benger's" from two months; he is the best tempered and dearest child it is possible to be nurse to. I have been a nurse for ten years, and he is without a doubt the best child I have had, and after having your food, he has been no trouble at all. I am writing with my mistress's consent, but she would rather you did not publish her name, but if you like to make use of this letter and photo you can, but I should like the photo returned.

"The human infant, like all animal young, has a defective digestive apparatus."
66 Dr Koch in "Medicinische Wochenschrift" 99

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I am not a paper theorist, but an exponent of my own unique and successful experience. As a youth I was no better than the average as far as strength and health were concerned. But one day my imagination was stirred by the exploits of a famous wrestler. I set out to learn all I could on the subject of how to be strong. At this critical stage I made the acquaintance of a Polish nobleman, also a doctor. Both were Physical Culture enthusiasts, and the finest specimens of manhood I think I have ever seen. They helped me with advice and encouraged me to look more carefully into the science of physical development.

What I learned I practised in secret, for I did not care to air my ideas until I had fully satisfied myself of their soundness. I made rapid progress, so much so that my friends urged me to try my strength and skill against a champion wrestler at that time challenging all comers in St. Petersburgh. I was somewhat nervous at the meeting, but it was not long before I discovered that my training had made me more than his match for agility and endurance. My defence turned to attack and I grew bolder and more determined every minute. At last I threw my opponent—but I scarcely know who was the most surprised, the hitherto undefeated champion or my novice self. I relinquished the engineering profession which I had been sent to learn at St. Petersburgh, and centred my ambition on becoming the undisputed wrestling champion of the world. I studied and practised hard and—I succeeded. **My system changed me in a comparatively short period from the average and even somewhat delicate into a specimen of vigorous and superb manhood.**

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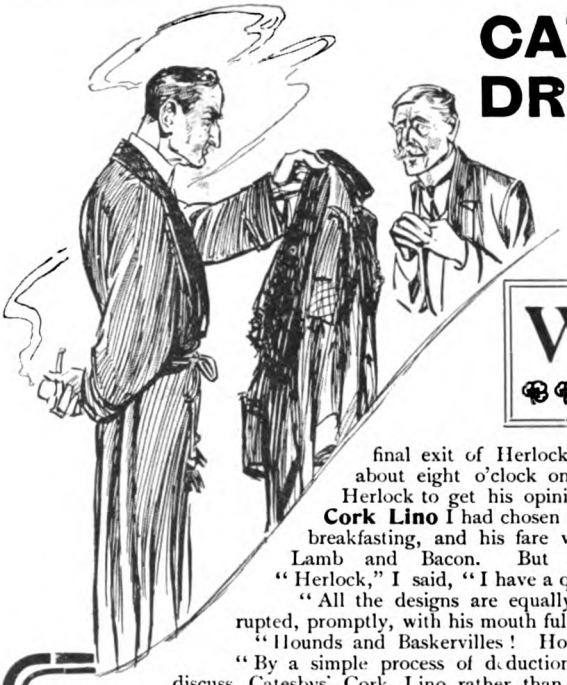

CATESBYS' DROLLERIES.

Herlock Shomes' Farewell.

The reason related by Dr. Potson.

WHEN people leave off talking about the blessings of Catesbys' Cork Lino they start asking one another why Herlock Shomes has given up detective work, and so many false rumours are in circulation that I feel it my duty, as a medical man, to publish the true facts of the final exit of Herlock Shomes. You must know, then, that at about eight o'clock one Monday morning (rent time) I called on Herlock to get his opinion about the colour of some **Catesbys' Cork Lino** I had chosen for my floors. The extraordinary man was breakfasting, and his fare was, you will hardly believe me, a Plato' Lamb and Bacon. But Shomes was always peculiarly studious.

"Herlock," I said, "I have a question for you which——"

"All the designs are equally good. Leave it to Catesby," he interrupted, promptly, with his mouth full.

"Hounds and Baskervilles! How did you guess my errand?"

"By a simple process of deduction, my dear Potson. Everyone prefers to discuss Catesbys' Cork Lino rather than any other topic, and my landlady, Mrs. Hudson, was only a moment ago consulting me as to samples similar to those you are carrying in your hand." The corners of his mouth stretched from ear to ear—a sure sign he was amused. "To-day," he went on, "I shall devote to tracking the missing Russian Chief of Tactics, General Kutusoff, who is somewhere in this country. General Kuropatkin wires that 'one man may make all the difference.' He implores me to spare no pains, and has sent a wax impression of the General's foot. It is a yard long, so that I shall easily recognise the trail. Meanwhile, as it is necessary for me to be in good form, I'll now play 'Hiawatha' two or three times on my violin and then——"

At that point I left.

Late that night, when I sat writing the strange case of *The South-Western Railway Guard Who Did Not Wear a Red Tie*, a message summoned me to Bow Street—I mean Baker Street.

Directly I entered the room I felt something terrible had happened. **"Potson," said Herlock Shomes, sadly, "I wish to return you your long ulster, which I've been wearing for many years. It represents the conquest of CATESBYS' CORK LINO and the departure of dust. I shall never wear this garment again."**

"You are not yourself," I muttered, hoarsely.

"Potson," he continued, "Catesbys' Cork Lino has brought my career as a detective to an end. It ended the reign of floor scrubbing, and it now ends the reign of all signs of dust. I am unable to fulfil my promise to the Russian Army, which must struggle on without the General with the large feet. *The fact is, Catesbys' Cork Lino has rendered useless my famous foot and finger-print investigations, on which I entirely rely. To-day I have examined with my powerful magnifying glass, palaces, cottages, country houses, London flats. All in vain. Catesbys' Cork Lino is on every floor, and, unlike dust-ridden oilcloth or carpet, the Lino keeps scrupulously clean and does not harbour a particle of dust. Not a trace of a footprint is allowed to remain on it, because it is so easy to clean.* It can be kept spotless without the slightest trouble or toil, and the occupation of Shomes is gone. Catesby has beaten me, Potson; but I bear him no grudge. I used to think a lot of Moriarty, I now see that Catesby is the greatest man on earth. I beat Moriarty, Catesby has beaten me."

I was deeply moved, and could only nod my assent; for, from a medical point of view, I knew that Catesby, by lightening the labour of the households, was conferring health and strength on countless British housewives. And so, the end of Herlock. Still, if you cannot have always with you Herlock Shomes, you can have—"Catesbied" Homes.

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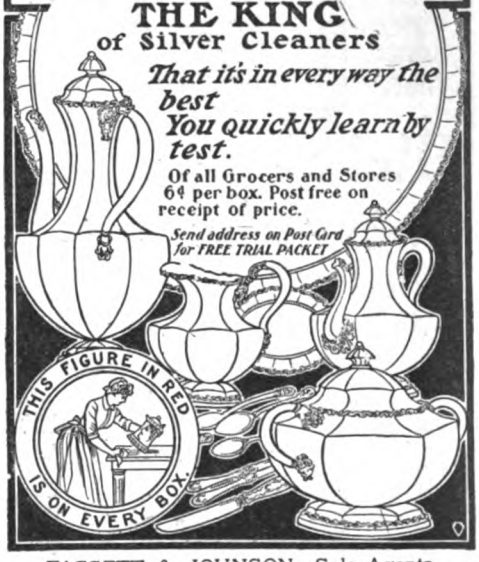

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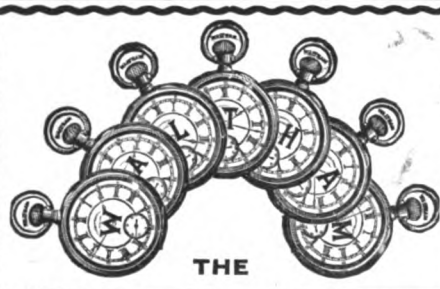

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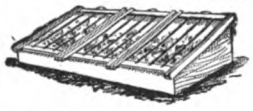

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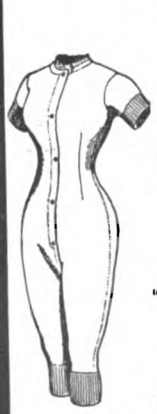

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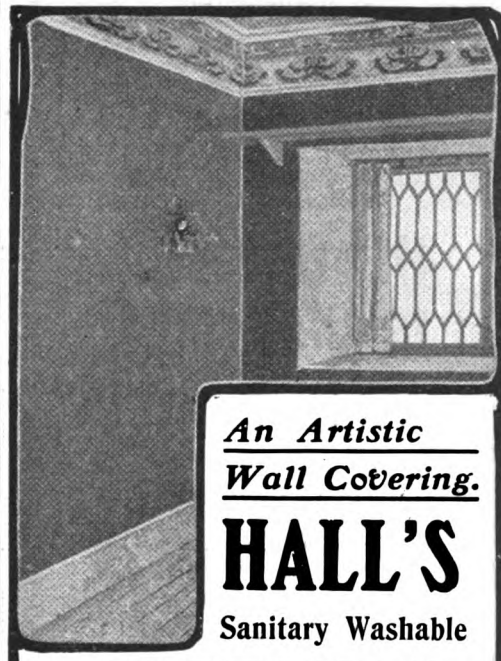

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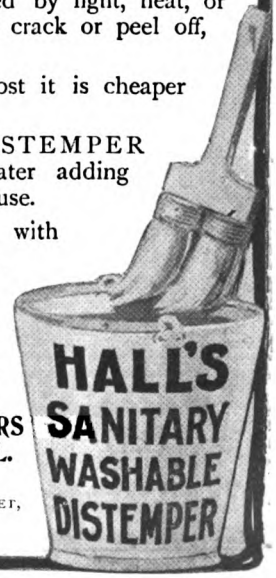

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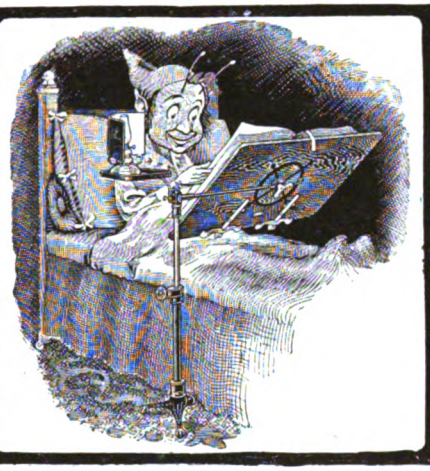

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A sure and speedy remedy for this distressing affliction. Mackill's is no NEW cure, but has been in operation for over 30 years, and its fame rests on the solid foundation of efficacy.

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The World's Best Typewriter.

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It is built on correct mechanical lines.

It is strong in every part.

It is simple and direct in operation, and almost frictionless.

It does the speediest and most perfect work of any writing machine, and under the severest tests of actual business it

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Send to-day for our little book, "The Premier," or for our Illustrated Art Catalogue, or better still, let us send you the machine itself on trial without cost to you if you don't keep it.

THE . . .

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"There are no Mantles so good as Welsbach"

which last longest and burn brightest. One quality only—The Best. Welsbach Mantles are British made by British Labour, and carry the usual Warranty of replacement. See the registered Trade Mark "AUR" on every Mantle.

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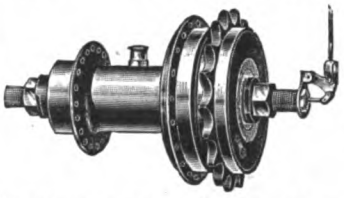

Variable Gear, giving reduction of 23 per cent. from High to Low.
Comfort in hill climbing. Free-Wheeling on both gears.

No Bicycle can be considered to be UP-TO-DATE unless equipped with one of the

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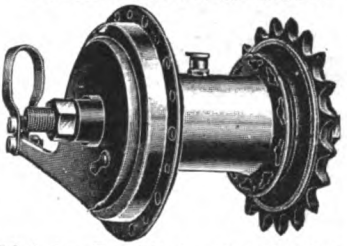

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The fastest Free Wheel made. Never Beaten in Competition.

Your local Cycle Builder will fit any of our Specialties.
We will send post free Illustrated Booklets on receipt of postcard.
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WORLD-RENOWNED

"GLYCERINE & HONEY JELLY."

PATENTED TRADE MARK

"Glymel" Jelly.

For CHAPS,

ROUGHNESS OF SKIN, &c.

Occasioned by COLD or HEAT.

It Softens and Improves the *Hands, Face,* and *Skin* generally.

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For over 60 years, in all parts of the World,

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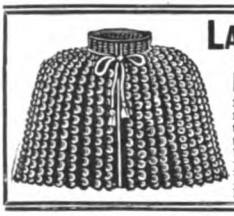

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Kaye's WORSDELL'S Pills.

In Use 100 Years.

Are a certain cure for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Complaints, &c. Invaluable for Ladies.

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You can easily and quickly get rid of your cold by using

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CATARRH-CURE

Smelling Bottle

It instantly Relieves and quickly Cures Cold in the Head and Headache; Arrests Influenza. Is the best remedy for **Faintness, Dizziness, Neuralgia in the Head,** and **Hay Fever.**

Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Price **1/-**; or if you cannot obtain it at your Chemists (**refuse worthless imitations**) send 14 Stamps and it will be sent Post Free from

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WRITE NOW FOR SPECIMENS. POST FREE.

FASHIONABLE AND REFINED DESIGNS with your Name, Monogram and Address Beautifully Printed, Post Free, from 2s. a Doz. Printed and Despatched within 3 days.

BEING ACTUAL DESIGNERS AND PRINTERS, WE SAVE YOU AGENTS PROFITS 40 PER CENT.

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Consumers' Benefit Plan.

True and practical economy is saving money on the things you have to buy—not going without the things you need. Our Consumers' Benefit Plan of Advertising enables Quaker Oats' customers to exercise true and practical economy by obtaining from us home and personal necessities and luxuries for a cash outlay of less than their actual value and far below prices usually charged.

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Any of these pieces of silver sent for ONE WHITE SQUARE and the price stated. All the smartness and life-long durability of sterling silver. The designs are most artistic and rich. Each article is covered with a deposit of silver heavier than on the best triple plate. Coffee Spoon, 6d.; Tea Spoon, 8d.; Porridge Spoon, 1s.; Dessert Fork, 1s.; Dessert Knife, 2s.; Table Spoon, 1s. 3d.; Table Fork, 1s. 3d.; Table Knife, 2s; Fruit Fork, 1s.; Fruit Knife (saw back), 2s.; Pickle Fork, 1s. 4d.; Cold Meat Fork, 2s.; Sugar Spoon (gilt bowl), 1s. 6d.; Baby Spoon, 2s.

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SEND FOR IT.

All goods delivered carriage paid in Great Britain and Ireland.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED.

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In order that everyone may prove for himself the *quality* of the articles we offer, and the advantage of obtaining Christmas Presents by our Consumers' Benefit Plan, we make the following

SPECIAL OFFER.

For any article you may order from us on or before December 12th, 1904, we will accept the Coupon below to count as one white square, if accompanied with the small cash payment required. Coupon printed below must be enclosed with your order.

Commence to save White Squares now by cutting out Coupon below. No need to wait. If you have not enough White Squares to secure the article you want, borrow them from your friends or neighbours.

Between now and Christmas you will be able to secure many excellent and acceptable gifts for very little money.

START NOW

By Cutting out this Coupon, which counts as one White Square when returned with balance of required number cut from front of Quaker Oats packets.

Cut this out at once; it counts as one.

To give you a start towards the required number of White Squares, we will receive this as one when returned with balance of required number.

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Name.....

Address.....

Dept. S.M. .....

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DELIGHTFUL!

"Is it really a Machine?"

This is what everyone says when they hear the wonderful "PERFECTA" Sound-Reproducing Instrument. And it is not surprising

We have succeeded where others have failed, in bringing out a sound-reproducing instrument known as the **"PERFECTA,"** whereby the nasal twang and hard, brassy sounds which have hitherto characterised this class of instrument have been entirely eliminated.

The "PERFECTA" Costs £3 5s.

You hear the actual voices of the singers, as from the stage and concert platform.

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have all sung for us, and testified to the splendid results achieved.

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WEIGHTY TESTIMONIAL

FROM

BILLY BONNO,

who weighs **40** *stone.*

HE SAYS:

"It's a Cracker Jack."

FINEST HOLLOW GROUND. "RUBY,"

Sheffield Made Haft & Blade,

2/6

FIT FOR THE "KING." NO MIDDLE PROFITS. THE "LITTLE JAP,"

1/6

POST FREE.

Prices:—Black Handles, **2/6**; Ivory ditto, **3/6**; Pair in case, Black, **7/-**; Ivory, **9/-**. From quality steel **£60** per ton. Sent by Return Post. Cash returned if not satisfactory.

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Mr. W. Ashton, 21 Amwell Street, E.C., writes that he had been operated upon for a poisoned hand at St. Batholomew's Hospital. Another operation being declared necessary, he tried LION OINTMENT, which restored his hand completely.

BURGESS' LION OINTMENT

Cures Ulcers, Abscesses, Tumours, Polypi, Poisoned Wounds of all kinds, Eczema, Psoriasis, Ringworm, &c. Invaluable for all Inflammatory Diseases of the Chest and Throat. Of all Chemists, from 7½d., 1/1½, &c., each per box, or post free for stamps from Proprietor, E. BURGESS, 59, Gray's Inn Road, London. Advice Gratis.

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1/- **NO. 2.—THE "SEASONS" PACKET.** Twenty-four Splendid Cards, all of which are choice Folding Cards, usually sold at **1d., 2d.,** and **3d.** each. A very welcome assortment when quality and quantity are required. Sent post paid, **1/1.**

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The Most Remarkable Value ever offered by any Firm.

Any of the above Selections will be sent on receipt of Postal or Money Order.

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18 & 20, Sidney St., Commercial Rd., London, E. *Est.* 1851.

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Nothing is so trying, even to a perfect complexion, as a night in the train, or at a sick bedside, or at a ball. The skin appears drawn and feels clammy, the eyes have black circles, and incipient lines show plainly. Rub **Icilma Fluor Cream** well into the skin, avoiding the eyes, then spray **Icilma Natural Water** on the face and into the eyes, wipe off after a few seconds, and the effect is marvellous. The skin is clean, fresh and clear, the tired looks disappear, and friends and strangers wonder how well one can look after such a night. Do not use soap papers or powder, they only choke the pores and cannot cleanse them. Remember that **Icilma Water** and **Cream** pack small and last long, and that **Icilma Natural Water Soap** is invaluable for hard waters. Water, **1/-**; Cream, **1/-**; Soap, **10d.**

For two penny stamps we send samples of soap and cream and illustrated booklet containing advantageous coupon for those who do not possess a spray.

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Solid 18ct. Gold, set with four real Diamonds and three Cape Rubies, **£2 2s.** Hall Marked.

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Extraordinary BARGAINS!!! GIFTS!!!

Superior Quality, Very Heavy, Perfectly Cut.

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36 in Limp Cloth Case, **1/-**, 3 for **2 9**
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The Toilet Novelties Co.
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10/6 Diamond Star Gold Fountain Pens for 2/6

Fitted with guaranteed **SOLID 14-CARAT GOLD NIB,** iridium pointed.

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Some points to remember: One gold nib will last for many years, always ready to write, steady flow of ink, absolutely reliable, improve in use, glide smoothly over the paper, make writing a pleasure. **Fine, Medium, Broad, or J points.**

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Every blade bears a reputation of 25 years' standing. Recommended by Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES in his book, "Our One Hundred Days in Europe." Quick, Easy, Reliable, and Safe. In Morocco Cases, 2 blades, **14/6**; 3, **18/6**; 4, **22/6**; 7, **40/-**. Handsome Combination Cases, **23/-** to **100/-**. Solid Silver and Ivory 7-day Set, **80/-**. Most suitable for Presents. **Write at once** for List (free) and full particulars—

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1/3, 2/10, 3/4, 3/11.

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YOUR FEET DRY AND WARM

this Winter? Then **WEAR** a pair of

KYRTONIA BOOTS

which have the most perfect and quickest fastening known. No knots to untie. No ends to dabble in the dirt.

Price List Free from—

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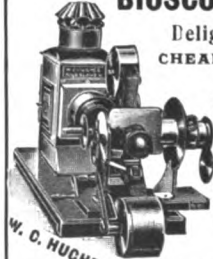
CHEAPEST AND BEST IN THE WORLD.



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GEM HOT AIR and VAPOUR BATH

cleanses and vivifies the whole system, builds up health, and banishes disease.

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From **30/-**

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2/6 **FOR WELL DRESSED MEN AND WOMEN.**

Per pair.

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BOOTS LIKE NEW.

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promotes
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Grand Prix, Paris,
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SUCHARD'S
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Specialities:

VELMA, regd., the wonderful new pure Chocolate, is a big success.

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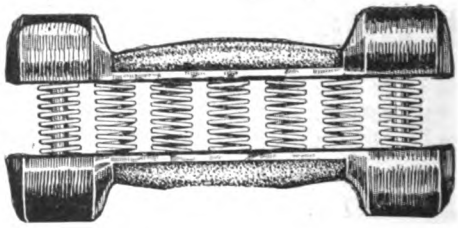

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It is well known that if you concentrate your **will-power** on a particular muscle **the blood flows to that muscle** in larger quantities than usual. **The muscle-building substance is carried by the blood;** therefore, the concentration means a more rapid development of that muscle.

Compressing the springs of the dumb-bell during the exercise keeps the will-power actively engaged, hence the **immense superiority** of Sandow's dumb-bells for making your body healthy and strong, and fit to resist disease. The ordinary dumb-bell is **only a dead weight** to lift and move about—no more.

Prices: 12/6, 10/6, 7/6, 5/- per pair. Sold by Stores, Athletic Outfitters, and by SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELL CO., SAVOY CORNER, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON.

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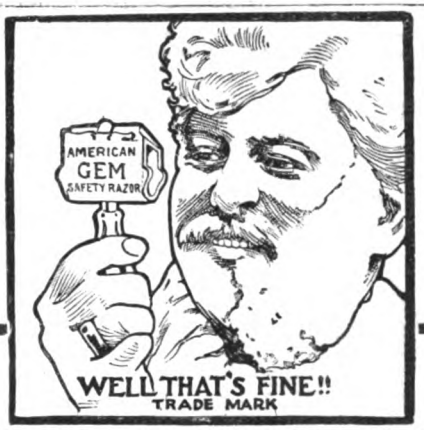

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The secrets which Mr. Minges has discovered will enable you to get taller, more graceful, and improve the symmetry of your figure, and this can be accomplished **in your own home**, no matter what your age, your sex, your height may be. And, in order to put these benefits within the reach of all, there has been prepared for free distribution among short people a limited edition of a book explaining this discovery in detail. If you wish to add from 2 to 5 inches to your height, if you want to be graceful and have a symmetrical figure, if you want to be a "proper height to dance with," to be able to "see in a crowd," and to reach the correct height, you should write for this book at once. It fully explains how you can obtain these benefits, and is free.

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Their economic advantages are apparent at a glance. By permitting the shirt to be worn twice with absolutely fresh cuffs each time, they reduce the laundry bill by one-half, and the shirts with less frequent washing wear twice as long. **The invention has commended itself to thousands of customers all over the world.**

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NOTE! They are sent out unlaundried just as they leave the factory, and are guaranteed equal when dressed to the 6/6 Shirt of the ordinary Trade.

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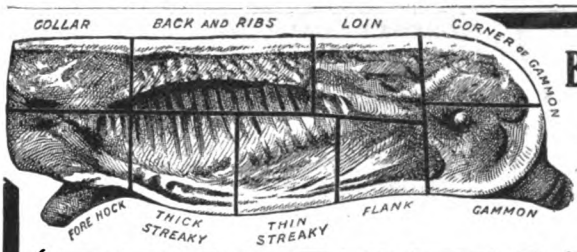

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For the
RISING GENERATION.

The Polish of the Future. The most BRILLIANT—COMFORT GIVING—HEALTH PROMOTING—EASIEST—CHEAPEST—BEST.
Keeps damp out—makes boots last longer—makes Servants smile because there is NO HARD BRUSHING.
EASIEST TO USE—CHEAPEST TO BUY—**2d., 4d., 6d.** OUTFIT, **1/-**.

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How seldom one gets it. Yet really good coffee is quite easy to make, and no expensive apparatus is necessary. The Continental Coffee Company, of Haydon Street, Minories, London, will gladly send a large Sample of their Coffee (either ground or in berry), and also simple recipe, by well-known expert, gratis and post free on request. Owing to the enormous crops, they are able to sell their famous Continental Coffee, carriage paid to any part of the U.K., at 5s. for 4lb., or 10/6 for 9lb. State whether berry or ground is required.

4 lbs 5/-

LARGE SAMPLE FREE

Same quality as used in highest class Continental Cafés.

9 lbs 10/6

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INSTANTLY BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION

A brilliantly clear skin after two or three applications. Speedy disappearance of **Roughness, Greasiness, Pimples, Unnatural Whiteness, Redness, Freckles, Tan,** etc. Gentlemen find it cooling after shaving. Recommended for Red Noses. This excellent preparation **differs from all others.**
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Will keep in curl always. Makes the hair soft and silky. **Produces the fashionable wave.** Neither sticky nor greasy. For Ladies', Gentlemen's, or Children's hair. For keeping the hair in curl **in a heated ballroom** it has no equal.
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Claxton's IMPROVED EAR-CAP

For Remedying Prominent Ears, Preventing Disfigurement in after life.

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In 21 sizes. Send measure round head just above ears. Price **4/-**, post free.

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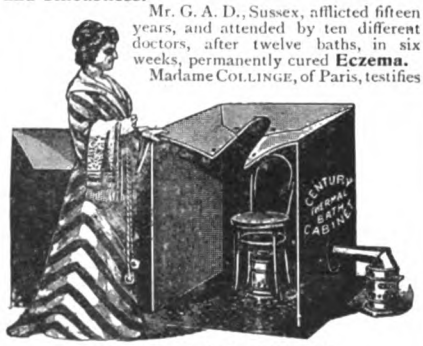

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it **cured her of Bright's and Kidney disease.**

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quickens and strengthens the blood, imparting a healthy vigour to the system, and enabling it to resist effectually the trying changes of climate. For Anæmia and general weakness and debility it is the true scientific remedy.

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A 2-pint Porringer for 30 2-lb. Coupons, or 2/- Cash.
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The great success which has attended this article is leading unscrupulous dealers to sell to the public inferior preparations bearing similar names, none of which are capable of cleansing and disinfecting the mouth as Eucryl Tooth Powder does.

THE PUBLIC

should insist upon being supplied with Eucryl Tooth Powder.

The word "Eucryl" is pronounced "U-kril," and spelt E-u-c-r-y-l.

A 6d. tin of EUCRYL TOOTH POWDER sent as Sample, together with a best quality Tooth Brush, on receipt of 6d. in stamps; or a 6d. Tin of Eucryl Tooth Powder, as Sample, on receipt of 3d. in stamps. 6d. per tin, of all Chemists and Stores.

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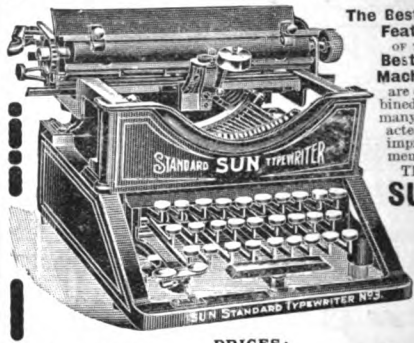
THE "SUN" TYPEWRITER

is the highest development of the art.



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SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable, and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, etc. Trial Bottle, 7d.; Large Bottle, 3/9, post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

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(Awarded Grand Diploma of Honour, Edinburgh, 1890; Two Prize Medals, Paris, 1889.)

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Collars—Gentlemen's four-fold from **4/11** per doz.
Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen from **5/11** per dozen.

PRICE LISTS POST FREE. **COLLARS,** *Write for Samples of Damasks, &c.*

CUFFS, & SHIRTS.

Matchless Shirts. Fine quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold Pure Linen Fronts, **35/6** per ½-doz. (to measure 2/- extra).

Manufacturers to His Gracious Majesty the King.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter-Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

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Solid Silver Cruet, practical and quaint design. Mustard Pot, Pepper, Salt Cellar, 2¼in. dia., **10/6.** 3in. high, **7/9.** 2¼in. dia., **7/9.** Set 2 Salts, as above, **15/-**; Glass Linings for Salts or Mustard Pots, **1/-** each extra.

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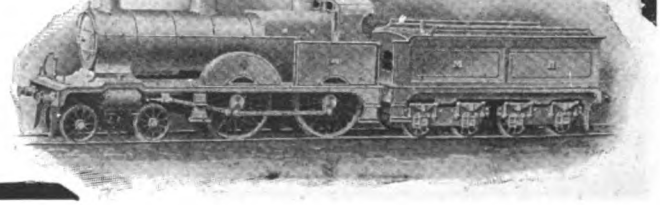

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What About Your Feet ?

You needn't worry about wet or cold feet this winter; you can knock about in

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in any weather and all weathers. The **NORRIS "KNOCKABOUT"** is a most comfortable boot too. It's made of our celebrated Horse Skin, and that means wear. **14/6, 21/-** the cost. Send outline of foot standing. That's all. Money back IF you want it.

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Pure white, spiral, transparent China. Dainty, handsome, and always in favour.

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6 Tea Cups and Saucers, 6 Breakfast Cups and Saucers, 6 Tea Plates, 6 Breakfast Plates, 6 Egg Cups, 1 Covered Butter, 1 Teapot, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Slop Basin, 1 Sugar Basin, 1 Milk. Packed Free, **15/-**. With Solid Gold Handles, **19/-**. BAZAAR PACKAGES from £1 to £5 always in stock. Crest and Badge Ware a speciality. Write for our Illustrated Catalogue. You will save money by getting it. Money returned if not approved. *All orders between now and Xmas will receive a Free Gift of 1 pair transparent China Vases, Decorated and Gilt, value* **2/6.** Sample Cup and Saucer, 6 Stamps.—**The China Street Pottery Co.,** Dept. A, **China Street, Fenton, Staffs.**

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You will feel relieved promptly, and the full cure will follow. **A SCIENTIFIC REMEDY,** with absolutely guaranteed success, or not a farthing to pay for **KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS.**

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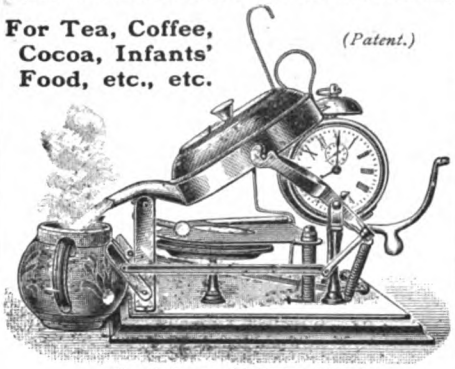

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The "Ever-Ready" **CHRONOS CLOCK** marks a new era in clock-making. The time is displayed in large black figures on a white ground, and changes minute by minute. Can be easily read from a considerable distance. The **CHRONOS** is the only clock of the kind made.

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Illustrated Catalogue "A" post free on application.

I will give you absolutely Free
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Use it--Test it. The result will surprise you.

The truth of my assertion that the **John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower** does actually produce hair is amply verified by the thousands of complimentary letters I am continually receiving. As you can see by the few reproduced below, these letters are not from "Society" men and women, but from plain ordinary people, who are grateful for the benefit they have derived from the use of my preparation.

The **John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower** is a real boon to the bald. It effects really astounding results. After having been bald for ten, twelve, fifteen, and even twenty years, people of both sexes have obtained a strong healthy growth of hair. If **you** are bald and have tried all the largely advertised so-called "Hair restorers" without deriving any benefit, you are the very person whom I want to try the **John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower**, for the failures you have previously experienced will serve to emphasise the merits of my preparation when you find the hair appearing after just a few applications.

My compound is quite different to anything else. It is not a liquid, but is in pomade form, and is very easy and pleasant to apply. All you have to do is to rub a little on the bald part—rub it gently but thoroughly, and in a very little while you will observe the new hair growing. Think what it means to you—think what a difference it will make to your social and business position.

The **John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower** is not only for the bald. If you have hair and it is weak, it will make it strong; and if it is thin it will make it thick, and if it is falling out, it will cure it. Do not delay writing to me, for "to-morrow never comes." Write to-day—a postcard will do—and I will send you a sample of my true hair grower absolutely free of charge.

Free consultations to callers.

TESTIMONIALS.

BALD FOR TWELVE YEARS.
A Well-known Editor writes:—

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BEST HE EVER USED.

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By Royal Warrant to His Majesty the King.

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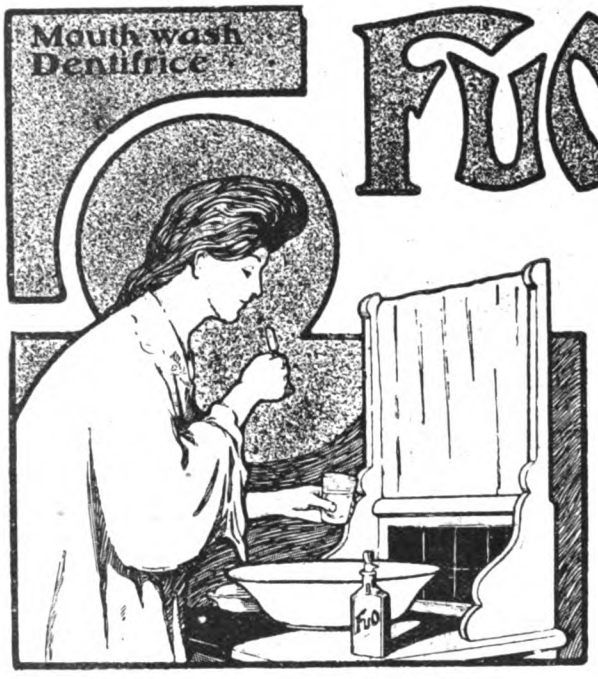

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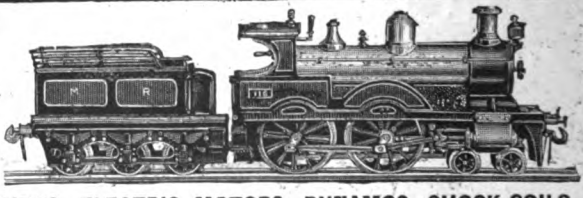

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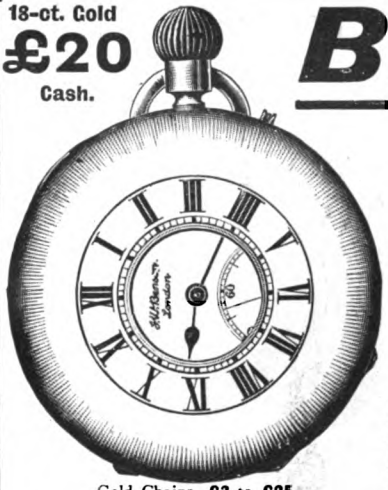

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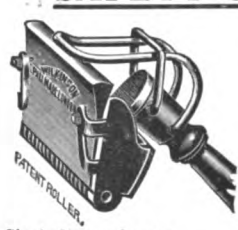

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(Signed) "*A. C——.*"

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(Signed) "*A. C——.*"

"Can now keep her father from the public houses."

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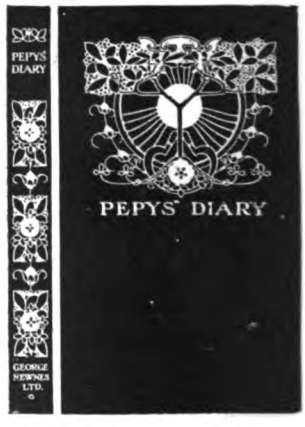

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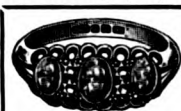

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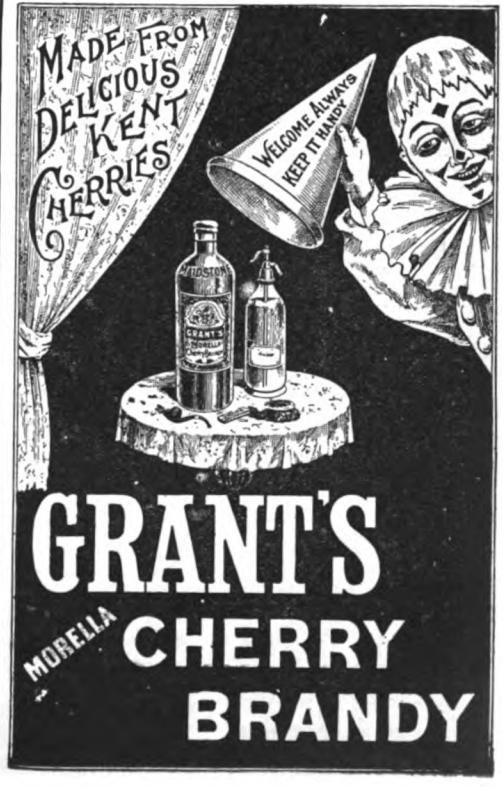

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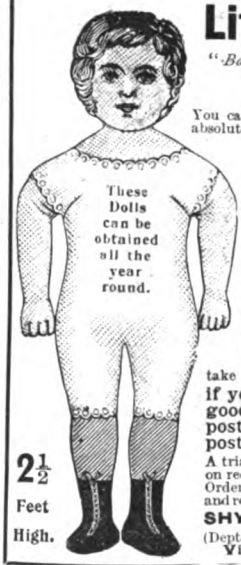

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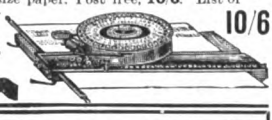

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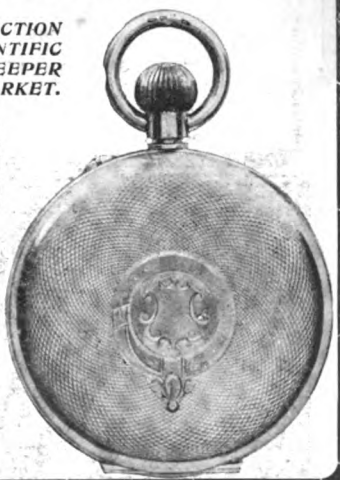

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NON-MECHANICAL TOUCH. EASIEST TO PEDAL
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THE WOMAN AT THE WINDOW: The sort of tale you like to read at Christmas time. Desirous of rest and change, the author took up his residence in a Manor-house in Gloucestershire. One night, while sitting up alone, he met with a most uncanny experience, which makes good reading.

HOW THE BUSHRANGERS CAME TO NULLA: An Account of an Exciting Christmastide in the Bush. An Australian Goldfields Commissioner, who had aroused the enmity of the "Starlight" gang of bushrangers, was attacked at night in his house by the band. The author tells the story of the siege and the curious sequel thereto. It is interesting to note that Rolfe Boldrewood utilized this incident in somewhat different form in his famous work, "Robbery Under Arms"; but this is the first time the story has ever been related "first-hand."

A PRINCESS'S LOVE STORY: A charming real-life romance from the South Seas. How a bold young sea-captain wooed the native princess, and, after many adventures, carried her off and married her in spite of formidable obstacles.

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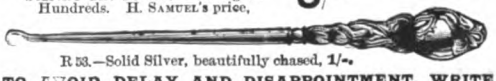

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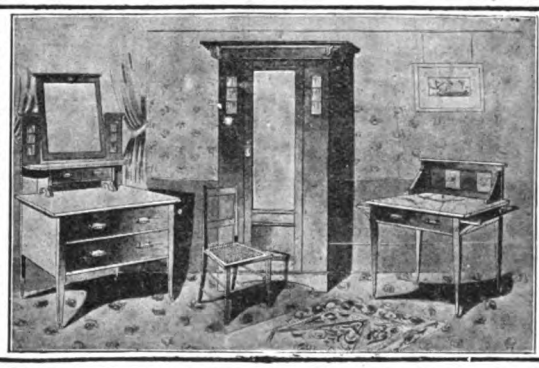

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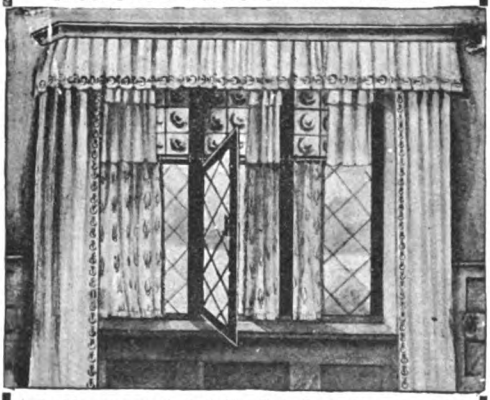

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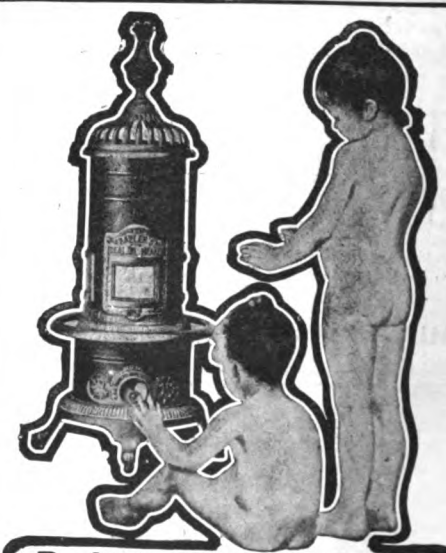

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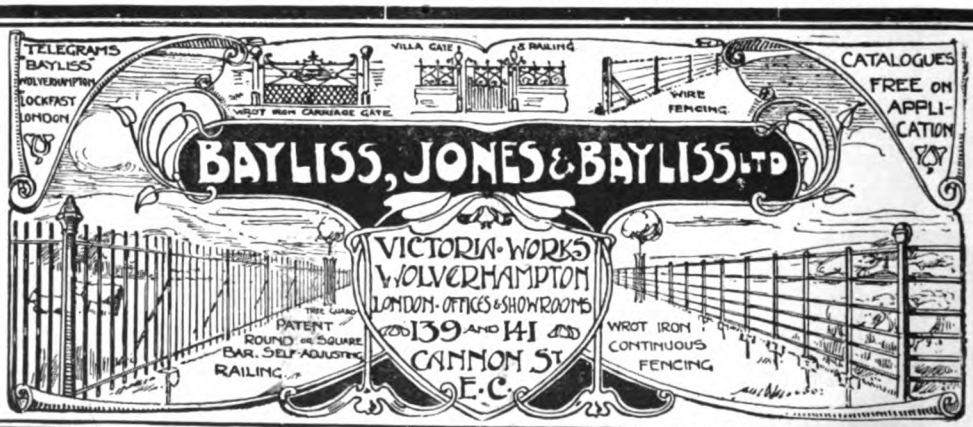

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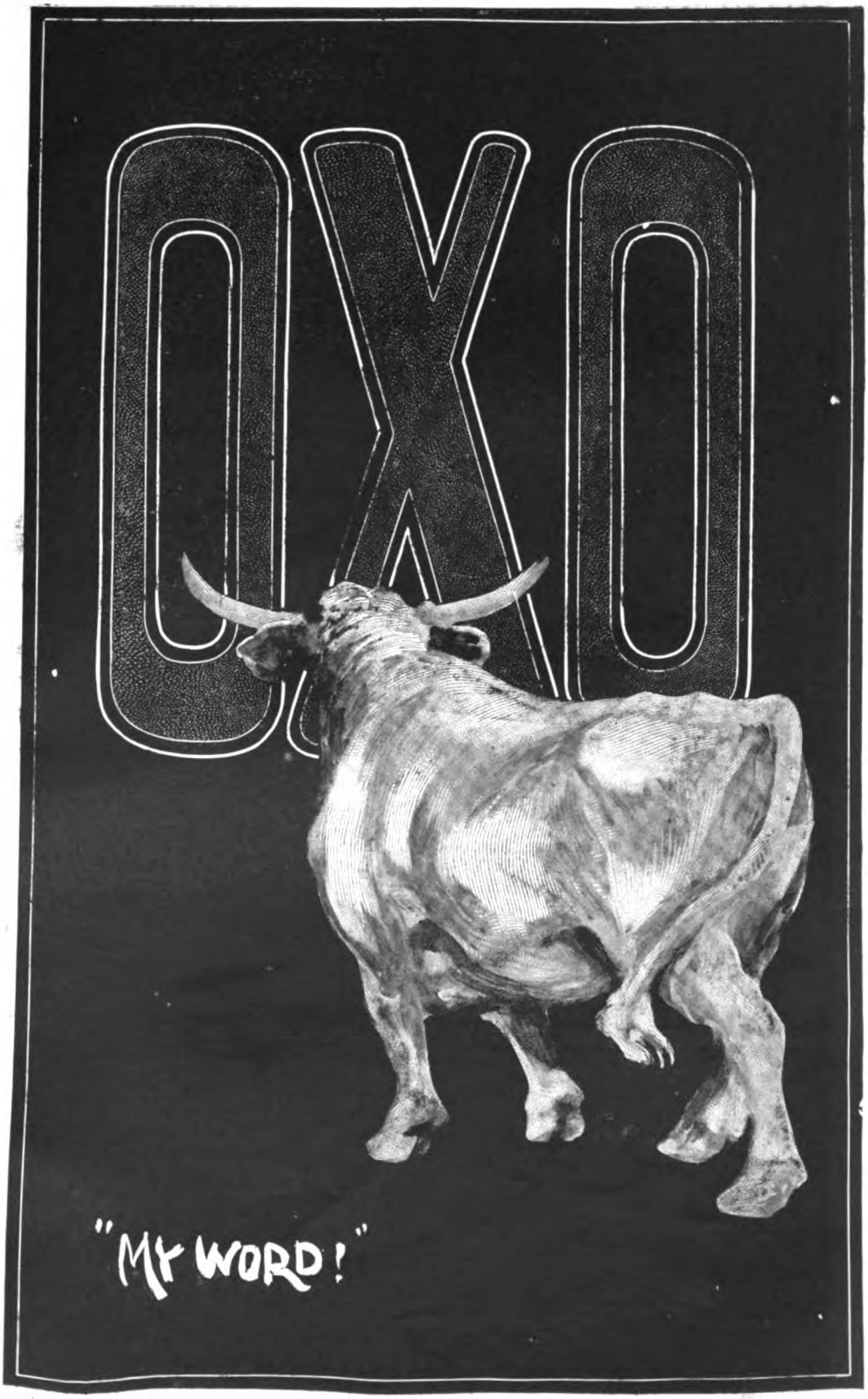
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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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THE

KEELEY TREATMENT

For the Cure of Alcohol and Drug Inebriety.

THE Keeley treatment has been employed in this country for many years under the auspices of a committee of broad-minded men of affairs, who have satisfied themselves by personal investigation, not only of the efficacy of the Cure, but of its permanency in nearly every case. This committee is composed of the following gentlemen, the Chairman being the Rev. James Fleming, B.D., Canon of York, Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty the King; Mr. W. Hind-Smith, National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations, Exeter Hall, London; Lord Braye; Lord Montagu of Beaulieu; who keep in constant touch with the operations of the Keeley Institute. Here are some facts from prominent men regarding the Keeley Cure for the Drink and Drug Habit.

"It really cures. It does what it professes to do." Such is the emphatic testimony of Mr. Eardley-Wilmot, the well-known secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society, who for some years has had the Keeley method under close observation in this country. He adds: "I do not wish to use high-flown language, but really and truly I look upon the Keeley Cure as a modern miracle." And then he tells how case after case that had been considered hopeless has yielded speedily to the Keeley Cure, the patients returning to their work full of vigour, and happy in the restoration of all that makes life worth living.

He has sent bad cases which his society were unable to deal with. These cases numbered in all forty, and Mr. Eardley-Wilmot says that out of these only four have lapsed, while the remaining thirty-six recovered, and have been total abstainers ever since.

Furthermore, Mr. W. Hind-Smith, of the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Associations, declares that in his opinion, after ten years of constant service on the Investigating Committee of the Keeley Cure, it is the only effective cure for chronic alcoholism and drug addiction of which he is aware.

Why does the inebriate continue to drink? He drinks because he is a slave of alcohol. He is no more responsible for drinking—when a drunkard—than a man is for having a chill or fever when he is poisoned by malaria. The inebriate will stop drinking for a few days, or weeks, or months perhaps. You may say then, why not stop continuously? But this is a law of the disease of alcoholism. A man may have an attack of ague, and may then go two days, or a week, or two or three weeks, or even a year, without a paroxysm. You may say, if a man can throw off the disease for a week, or a month, or a year, why can't he do so continuously? The reason he can't is because the nature of the disease is to cause these paroxysms periodically. If the malarial disease is cured the paroxysms will cease for ever, and the same law is found to hold good with alcoholism.

The man so diseased will continue to drink rhythmically. His persistence in drinking is a part of, and a main part of, his disease. Can we make it clear and plain to you why a drunkard will continue to drink in spite of everybody and everything good? I think if we examine the laws of disease relating to the action of poisons, and compare them with similar laws in the physical and mental world, that we can make the question and its answer plainly understood.

It is true that his disease is caused by alcohol; but it is also true that in this disease, when once it is established, alcohol is a necessity. The inebriate is diseased because he drank whisky with his friends, or socially, or took it as a medicine, or for any reason whatever that caused him to begin drinking; but he continues to drink because his disease DEMANDS alcohol.

Persons prevent epidemics by fighting their rhythmical returns. They combat disease by interposing remedies which break up the settled rhythms of chill and fever.

Right here is the secret of the cure of inebriety. The chronic inebriate acquires a resistance to alcohol when he has a drunken bout. His family, friends, his will, and his tissue cells resist it. All these things make such an impression on his mind that he stops drinking for a while. But these resisting forces lose their power in time, and then the glamour of tissue cells for alcohol is again predominant, and he goes off again on another spree.

From this standpoint a drunkard is made up of the rhythmical predominance of all the forces which lead him to drink, and of the forces which prevent him from drinking. If all these forces could remain equal, he would be naturally cured; but they never remain equal. The Keeley remedy breaks up this rhythm. It puts the inebriate into an entirely new sphere, externally and internally. It is very like and just as effectual as giving a man who has the ague a quantity of quinine and a change of climate. It breaks up the regular swing of the pendulum which ticks against sobriety at one extreme and into debauchery at the other.

The principles of it are easily explained. The man or woman upon whom has fallen the disease of intemperance goes to the Keeley Institute as he or she would go to any hospital or nursing home. They go of their own free will, or they are not admitted. If they do not wish to be cured the administrators of the Institute will have none of them. Even when they consent to come they are left free agents to go in and out at will, so long as they are there at stated hours of the day when the treatment is administered.

The treatment takes four weeks, and is carried out in the United Kingdom only at the Keeley Institute, 8 and 9, West Bolton Gardens, London, S.W. It consists of hypodermic injections four times a day, and Dr. Keeley's remedies, which are taken every two hours during the day.

At the beginning of the treatment the patient is provided with a liberal amount of the best whisky, if he desires it; or, if the addiction be in the category of drugs, the accustomed dose is allowed, but after two or three days the old craving for alcohol disappears for good and all; for drugs it takes longer.

About one-third of the patients are ladies, all of whom have apartments outside the Institute, of their own selection.

A discerning British public appreciates hard facts. The published Annual Reports of Canon Fleming's Committee can be had for the asking. These reports are highly interesting, containing, as they do, authentic information as to the cures effected, whether the trouble had been alcoholism, morphinism, or nervous prostration.

Some of the patients had been victims to the drink or drug habit for very many years. Cures are the rule, and, what is more, they are permanent. Among the patients are physicians, lawyers, clergymen, journalists, and men generally who do the brain work of the world.

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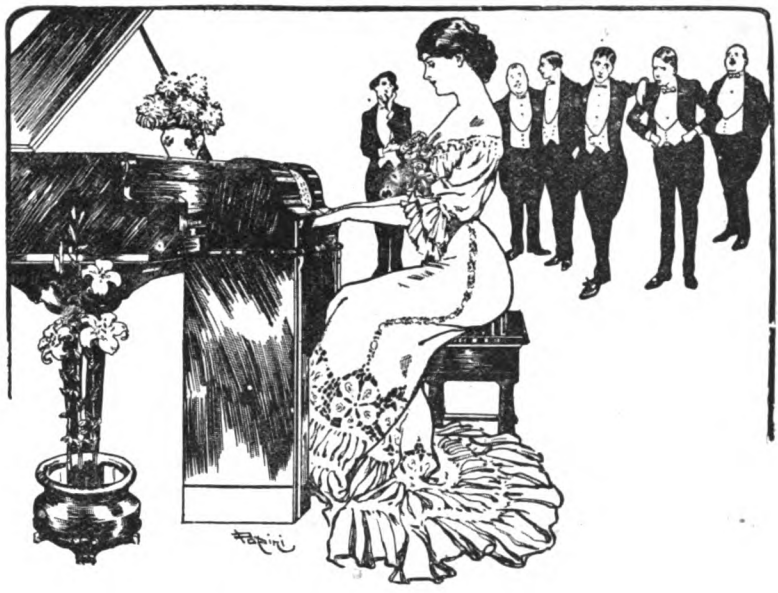

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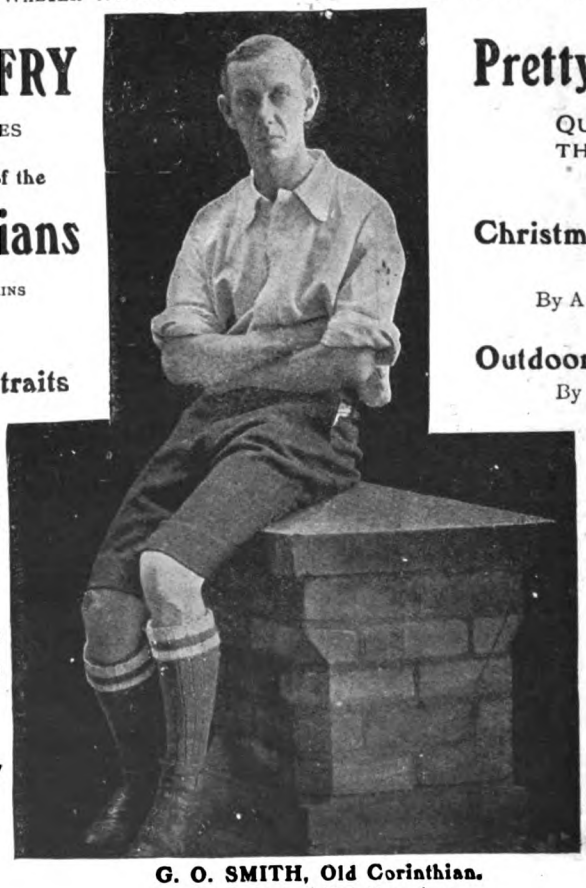

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Beyond this there are other points that I desire to mention to those whose minds are ever receptive for points in refinement—I allude to the

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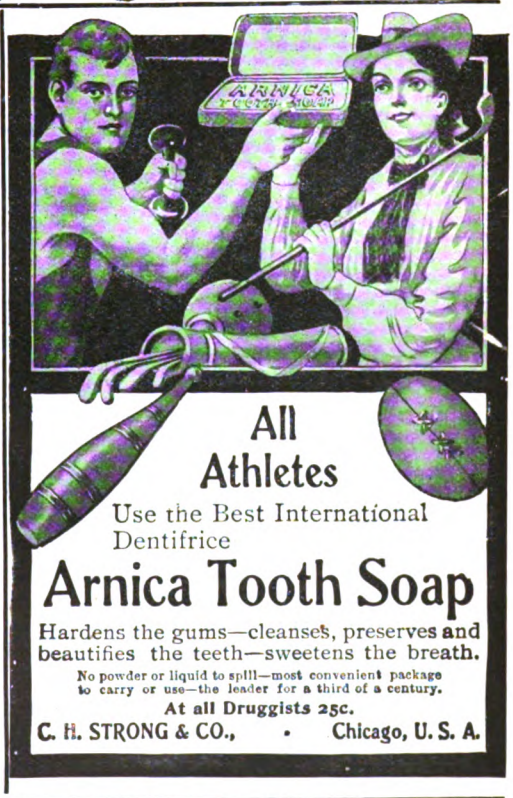

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A recent case is given below:

Abscesses and Boils Cured.

Mr. David Evans, of 7, Orchard Place, Severn Road, Canton, Cardiff, writes: "I had been suffering for two years with abscesses and boils, there being at one time as many as twenty-six abscesses on my thigh. I was under the treatment of two doctors at different times, but they seemed to do me no good, and I began to think I should never be cured. At last one of my friends persuaded me to try Clarke's Blood Mixture, and I am glad to say that after taking three bottles I was able to get to work again. I believe I took eight bottles in all, and ever since have had good health, and not had even a pimple about me. This is over twelve months ago, and I wish I had tried your Blood Mixture before, for it would have saved me pounds in doctors' bills, besides the pain and agony I suffered."

Of all Chemists and Stores, **2/9** & **11/-** per bottle.

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CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

The World Famed Blood Purifier and Restorer.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

'What Do We Live For, If Not To Make Life Less Difficult For Each Other.'—GEORGE ELIOT.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.—WHITTIER.

Light When Thou Else Wert Blind!

SYMPATHY!—Strength When Life's Surges Rudest Roll.

Millais' Great Xmas Heart!

"Millais himself was occasionally induced to repeat the following anecdote, which is said by a personal friend to be new: I found myself (said the late P.R.A.) seated one evening at a rather grand dinner, next to a very pretty, gushing girl, to whom I had not been introduced. She fired into conversation directly she had finished her soup, and as it was May began it with the inevitable question, 'I suppose you've been to the Academy?' I replied that I had. 'And did you notice the Millais'? Didn't you think they were awful daubs? I can't imagine how such things ever get hung—!' She was going on gaily in the same strain, while I sat silent, when suddenly the amused smiles of those around her and the significant hush brought her to a sudden *stop*. She coloured rather painfully, and whispered to me in a frightened voice, 'For Heaven's sake what have I done? Have I said anything dreadful? Do tell me.' 'Not now,' I replied. 'Eat your dinner in peace, and I'll tell you by-and-by.' She did so, rather miserably, vainly trying to extract from me at intervals what the matter was, and when the dessert came I filled up her glass with champagne, and told her to gulp it down very *quickly* when I counted three. She obeyed without protest, and I took the opportunity when she *couldn't speak. I grasped her hand and said, 'I am Millais, let's be friends.'*"

MORAL:—*Never to blend our Pleasure or our Pride, with Sorrow of the Meanest Thing that Feels.*—WORDSWORTH.

And such is Human Life—So Gliding On; It Glimmers like a Meteor, and is Gone!

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.—Did the world stand still, or did the generation that is to be, benefit very fully by the experience gathered by their predecessors, but little necessity would exist for dwelling upon the special recommendations of ENO'S world-famed 'FRUIT SALT.' ***It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.*** In view of the constant and steady influx of new buyers into all the markets of the world, it is impossible to rest on laurels, however arduously won or freshly gathered; and for this reason I have pleasure in again, though briefly, directing the attention of readers of this Magazine to the genuine qualities possessed by ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' ***Residents in fever-haunted regions to be found in some of our colonial possessions, travellers at home and abroad, dwellers in the tropics,*** the ***bon vivant*** no less than the man to whom the recommendation, "Eat and be merry," is a sarcasm and a gibe—one and all may, with advantage to themselves, be reminded of a remedy that meets their special requirements with a success approaching the miraculous.

The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' upon any Disordered, Sleepless, Feverish Condition, or for Sea-Sickness, &c., &c., is Simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and is an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—*Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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can . . . .
Possibly .
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Science . .
has . . . .
Proved . .
this . . . .
Internal .
Treatment
cannot . .
fail to . . .
Cure. . . .

The Misses CLARKSON.

10, Devonshire Road, Blackpool, Sept. 8th, 1904.

Dear Sir.—My sister and I have lived all our lives in Blackpool, and I have been ailing for many years, and during that time my hair has been in a very bad condition. It has had no lustre, and has been faded, and has also fallen out very much. My sister's hair has been in a very similar condition. We have both taken your Capsuloids for several weeks, and the change in both hair and health is remarkable. All of our friends speak of it with surprise, and during the past week three families have started taking Capsuloids simply because of the great change they could see in both our hair and health. The change in my own hair is so marked that it is constantly referred to by my friends. My sister and I have had our photos taken together, and are sending you one, as it will give us pleasure to do anything that will make Capsuloids known to persons who have suffered as I have.

Yours gratefully, Miss CLARKSON.

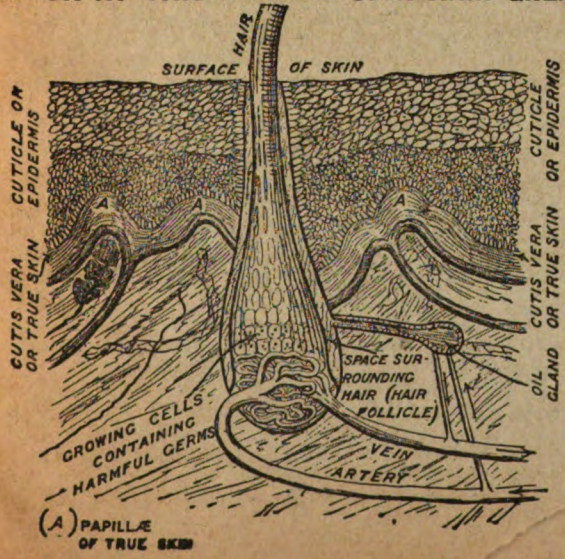
FALLING OUT AND PREMATURELY GREY HAIR

IS ALWAYS ABSOLUTELY CURED BY TAKING

CAPSULOIDS

Because Capsuloids is the only medicine which Enters the Blood, Kills the Germs, and RESTORES THE HAIR.

LOOK AT THIS PICTURE OF A HAIR GREATLY MAGNIFIED



growing from the skin, and learn exactly how the hair grows, that is, from the bottom of a follicle in the skin, how it is nourished, and grows entirely from the blood which reaches it through the little artery at the bottom, and how the blood then passes out through the vein.

The hair grows entirely by the multiplication of the **growing cells** which are shown to form the bottom or lowest part of the hair. The harmful germs settle in those **growing cells**, and are represented by the little dots shown in the cells.

"That little scheme of yours," said a Liverpool man recently, "is clever. I suppose it catches the public?"

"Yes," we replied, "it does catch the public and it is clever, but not in the way you mean. It is clever because it is the absolute truth made clear and plain."

Send for Free Hair Booklet, and copy of what "The Lancet" says.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, ...ONERS'R...

HOW THE HAIR GROWS.

HOW THE HAIR IS SUPPLIED WITH OIL.

HOW THE HAIR IS ATTACKED BY GERMS.

WHY THE HAIR FALLS OUT.

WHY THE HAIR BECOMES PREMATURELY GREY.

WHY CAPSULOIDS MUST AND DO CURE.

WHY EXTERNAL TREATMENT IS SIMPLE NONSENSE.

WHY OLD-STANDING BALDNESS CAN NEVER BE CURED.

When a hair is pulled out it breaks off generally at the upper part of those growing cells at the bottom of the hair shown in the picture on front page, but so long as the lowest layer of cells remains—that is, those which lie right against the little blood vessels on the under side—a new hair is certain to grow, for the cells go right on multiplying and growing, pushing upwards, and before long, if you were to watch the surface, you would see a new hair peeping out at the surface of the skin, and daily growing longer.

All the strength, vitality, colour, and character of the hair is dependent on the blood, as it grows entirely from the little cells which draw their nourishment and colour from the blood, and it is the red corpuscles of the blood (WHICH ARE FORMED BY TAKING CAPSULOIDS) that supply all the colouring matter, and which also make the roots grow and the hair become long and luxuriant.

You can also see from the picture that the harmful germs are found only in the cells in the lower part of the hair root; those germs multiply very rapidly, a great many being found in a single growing cell, but they can only multiply when the blood has lost a great many of its red corpuscles. When they multiply rapidly they spread around into all of the cells of the lower part of the root, and make the whole of that part soft and spongy, so soft, in fact, that the hair easily pulls away from its connection, and as it is firmly held only at the bottom, it then falls out. Clearly, you can only cure this falling out by FIRST KILLING THOSE GERMS, that is something your Common-sense will at once tell you, and therefore, any treatment which does not with certainty kill the germs cannot be of any use whatever; even nourishing the root of the hair will do no good so long as the germs are still alive, but when you have a remedy that will kill the germs, and then nourish the roots, YOU KNOW POSITIVELY THAT YOU HAVE A GENUINE SCIENTIFIC CURE, no matter what anyone may tell you.

Science has taught us that the only way to kill the germs is by making millions of new red blood corpuscles. Your Common-sense will tell you also that it is important to kill the germs rapidly before they have completely destroyed the life of the growing cells. As it has been proved scientifically that nothing which has ever been discovered equals Capsuloids for rapidly making millions of new red corpuscles, and making them of such a character that they quickly bring about the death of those germs, IT IS CLEAR THAT THE ONE AND ONLY CURE FOR PREMATURELY GREY AND FALLING HAIR IS FOUND IN CAPSULOIDS.

Two persons may have a disease, Typhoid Fever for example, which very quickly uses up the red corpuscles, both quite recover, one is restored to complete health very rapidly by taking Capsuloids, the other recovers very slowly by taking tonics, etc., the hair has fallen out in both cases, the first one will find his hair growing again, while the latter has lost his for ever. The explanation is simply this, that in the slow case the harmful germs had completely destroyed the growing cells before the new red corpuscles had been formed, that is, the new red corpuscles were not formed quickly enough to kill the germs before they had destroyed the growing cells, and when those growing cells are dead, there is nothing from which to produce hair, and the baldness must remain all through life, nothing being of the slightest use.

When there is the least bit of life left in the growing cells, so that they can be made to begin multiplying, and pushing upwards, a new hair is soon peeping above the surface; the hair continues to rise higher and higher until a splendid head of new hair is obtained. If only a few of the cells have life the Capsuloids will bring about the cure.

That little oil gland which you see at the side of the hair discharges its oil around the hair. When the red corpuscles are so altered that the hair falls out or becomes prematurely grey, the little oil glands are also affected, and do not supply enough oil, or it is unhealthy, and thus the hair becomes dry and brittle. These glands get all their nourishment from the red corpuscles of the blood. Therefore, they are cured by taking CAPSULOIDS quite as quickly as the falling out and premature greyness of the hair.

THE EFFECT OF RUBBING THE SCALP.

IT is the changed condition of the blood corpuscles that allows the hair germs to settle and multiply in the hair roots, and thus cause them to loosen and let the hair fall out. Now is it not clear that it is useless to try by rubbing, etc., to bring those same weak or unhealthy corpuscles back again to the hair roots with the idea that they will make the roots grow firm again? Clearly you must first change and enrich those blood corpuscles and increase the number of healthy corpuscles in the blood, and it must be done very, very rapidly. The same effect produced slowly is useless.

18, Stanbridge Rd., Putney, S.W.

Gentlemen,—I cannot thank you enough for sending me your little Hair Booklet, for that caused me to try Capsuloids for my hair, which was falling out so rapidly that I feared I would lose it altogether; and so much had fallen out that I had been using a wig for six weeks. I enclose my photograph which I have just had taken so that you may see how splendid my hair now is.

My hair was formerly of a very light colour, and it was considered very beautiful, and it is now even more beautiful, for it is almost golden, that is, a richer colour.

If Capsuloids were a guinea a box I would not be without them. I have taken many boxes, but I am repaid a thousandfold.

Gratefully yours,
(Mrs.) F. OTTO PASSMORE.

LATER TESTIMONY.

It is now about a year since I stopped taking Capsuloids. My hair is still in just as good condition, and I have pleasure in sending you another photo as requested.

Mrs. OTTO PASSMORE.

10, Moreton Terrace,
Frodsham.

Dear Sir,—I take great pleasure in writing to inform you of the benefit I received through taking your Capsuloids, I having suffered a great deal from dreadful biliousness and weakness, in fact, I might fill a book if I were to state all the ills I have suffered from, but so much good have your Capsuloids done me that I feel better in every way; also my hair, which had fallen out in handfuls every time I put a comb in it, is beginning to stop falling out, and growing quite thick again, and my hair is a nicer brown than it was. I can, therefore, safely say your Capsuloids are a grand tonic, both for strengthening me, and also for my hair.

I remain, dear sir,
Yours truly,
MRS. GATLEY.

The Barracks, Bedford, August 9th, 1904.

Dear Sir,—Many thanks for letter to hand, and certainly I am very pleased to forward you a statement with regard to the splendid effect of Capsuloids.

Through taking Capsuloids I have derived great benefit, not only to my hair, but to my health in general. As I have been abroad a number of years, and also on active service, I consider Capsuloids a splendid medicine, when one's system is fairly run down from the terrible hardships of field service.

At the close of the South African campaign my hair commenced to fall out terribly, and I was advised to try certain remedies, but all proved useless, and I then discovered that what hair I did have was slowly turning grey. A few months ago I saw Capsuloids advertised, and gave them a good trial, with the result that I have a splendid head of hair as black as jet, the grey hairs slowly, but surely, disappearing.

I am unable to forward you a photograph at present, but will do so in the course of a few weeks. I must also thank you for your kind offer to pay me for the photograph, but I feel it my duty to decline the offer, on the ground that, owing to Capsuloids being such a splendid medicine, both for the system and the hair, it is only right that I should supply the photograph myself. I intend to continue taking Capsuloids for some time yet.

You are at liberty to make what use you like of this statement. Believe me to remain, dear sir,
Yours very truly, F. PAPWORTH, Sergt., Bedford Regt.

54, Cavendish Street,
Ashton-under-Lyne.
April 27th, 1904.

Dear Sirs,—I have very much pleasure in testifying to the good Capsuloids have done in my case. I was a great sufferer from Anæmia, and my hair commenced turning grey and falling out. After taking Capsuloids I felt myself growing better and stronger in every way, the falling out ceased, and all the grey hairs disappeared. I have now a robust healthy colour, and I can eat anything. I think Capsuloids ought to be called a "Complexion Beautifier"; they are indeed a wonderful medicine.

You can make what use of this you like.

Faithfully yours,
(Mrs.) L. BAXTER.

Mrs. L. BAXTER.

Testimony from Miss NORA MOORE, who was one of the four "Pretty Maidens" in the "Belle of New York."

51, York Place,
Buckingham Gate,
30th May, 1904.

Dr. Campbell.

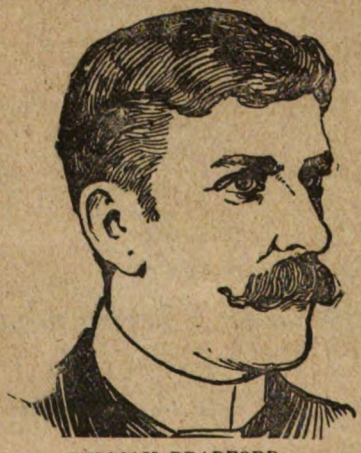
Dear Sir,—I am delighted with the effect of Capsuloids on my hair; they quite stopped the falling out which nothing else seemed to even influence, and they have given me this splendid growth of new hair, which is softer and richer in colour than any I have ever had before.

Truly yours,
NORA MOORE

SPECIAL NOTE.—The growing cells which form the roots of the small fine hairs on a lady's face or limbs cannot be made to grow so as to produce long hairs, because they are by Nature of such character and size that they are, even in perfect health, only little fine hairs. CAPSULOIDS act with Nature and not against Her, and therefore cannot make hairs grow unnaturally.

CAPSULOIDS

NEVER contain either germs or the slightest trace of blood, although the pure Hæmoglobin which they do contain is extracted from blood. By our scientific process, Capsuloids are absolutely FREE from all germs, and are lately put up in germ-proof gelatine cases, which hold 36 Capsuloids. These are enclosed in neat cartons, and will keep a lifetime. Read what "The Lancet" says about Capsuloids, which appears in our free hair booklet.



WILLIAM BRADFORD.

20, Ashville View,
Cardigan Road, Leeds.

To Dr. Campbell.

Dear Sir,—I am sure that you will be pleased to know that the severe Neuralgia which I described to you in my last letter, and which has caused me such pain for years, has quite disappeared through taking Capsuloids, and also that as the Neuralgia disappeared so the greyness has gradually disappeared. I always believed that the greyness was caused by the Neuralgia; now I am sure of it. My hair is not altogether restored to its natural colour, but it is changing steadily. The slight amount of falling out has also quite disappeared; indeed, I do not appear to be losing a single hair at the present time. Capsuloids agree perfectly with me, and there is a great improvement in my general health. I do not fail to recommend Capsuloids to all my friends, because most, if not all, have been so often disappointed after rubbing on lotions and pomades.

I remain, Gratefully yours,
WILLIAM BRADFORD.

KATHLEEN O'CONNOR.

Dean House, 116, Great Tichfield St.,
London, W., Aug. 12th, 1904.

Sirs,—I never required anything for my hair until recently, when it lost its lustre, and started coming out when combed. Your advertisements convinced me, and as I found some of my friends were also taking Capsuloids, I commenced doing the same. My hair is now, after about three months, much finer than ever before, and it is steadily becoming thicker and longer. I never felt so well in my life before.

Capsuloids have a great future, I am sure, Very truly yours,

KATHLEEN O'CONNOR.

MOTHERS

who lose the Hair after child-birth can always restore it by taking CAPSULOIDS.

Dose.—Two just before each meal, three times daily.

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